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The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and as such, it is not possible to understand it by looking at its parts in isolation. The system is a whole, and its behavior is determined by the interactions between its parts. This is a fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design. The second of these is the fact that the system is not a static one. It is a dynamic system, and its behavior changes over time. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design. The third of these is the fact that the system is not a linear one. It is a non-linear system, and its behavior is not predictable by simple linear models. This is a third fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design.

The fourth of these is the fact that the system is not a closed one. It is an open system, and it interacts with its environment. This is a fourth fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design. The fifth of these is the fact that the system is not a single one. It is a multi-actor system, and its behavior is determined by the interactions between its actors. This is a fifth fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design. The sixth of these is the fact that the system is not a single one. It is a multi-actor system, and its behavior is determined by the interactions between its actors. This is a sixth fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design. The seventh of these is the fact that the system is not a single one. It is a multi-actor system, and its behavior is determined by the interactions between its actors. This is a seventh fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional engineering and design.

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PART I.

THE
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THE
BRITISH MISCELLANY.

THE EDITOR'S (KNOWLEDGE) BOX.



MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE
BRITISH MISCELLANY.

In how many ways has it not been said that an introduction is one of the most difficult things in the world, and that doubly difficult is the task, when the introduced and the introducer are the same. We therefore feel ourselves excused from adding to the number of the apologists for preliminary awkwardness, and consequently waive all

No. I.

B

excuse-making, and begin at once, as if we were old and familiar faces, well known and recognized by the public. We intend to make for our place at once. What that place eventually will be, in the periodical literature of the country, must be decided by a different tribunal from our own.

In a brief Prospectus, which we issued a short time ago, we gave the general outline of our plan. We intend to publish, at a very cheap price, a weekly part, four of which are to combine into a monthly number. It will be, in the end, a monthly magazine, published in the most commodious and popular form, uniting the piquancy of the temporary topics of the week with the more solid and digested information of the month. We shall partake of the character of newspaper and magazine, embracing, we hope, the best points of both. The experiment has not been as yet tried, and it has, at all events, a chance of being successful. No pains or exertions, in our power, shall be wanting to make it so.

Objections, which, not a very long time ago, might be made to the weekly publication of literary works, are now set at rest, by the success that has attended those of Mr. Dickens, or to call him by his popular, and universally welcome title, "Boz." He has shown that the public can bear small doses of literature, unalloyed by politics or scandal, with as much patience as the votaries of the homœopathic system. Why, then, to continue the metaphor, if one simple substance is found to be taken with so much avidity, may it not be concluded, that a mixture of divers ingredients, extracted from various cells of the sanative box, may not be exhibited with advantage to the recipient, to say nothing of profit to the compounder? Or, to leave aside metaphorical writing, and, what in the long run is always found to be the safest way, come to plain English, is not it probable, or at least possible, that, as the single stories of the peregrinations of Pickwick, the trials of Twist, the—we cannot at the moment think of an alliteration—the quixotisms of Nicholas Nickleby, and the constant tick—tick—tick of Master Humphrey's clock, have afforded pleasure, instruction and entertainment to the reading world, though confined to a single series or class of topics, so a more varied and miscellaneous collection might, in its turn also, command a share of favours? We anticipate the ready answer, which, however, shall be put in the shape of a question. "Ay—very true—good miscellany-monger—but are you 'Boz'?" To which we reply, "most certainly not," as we are very sure our readers will pretty soon discover.

No—we are not “Boz”—nor do we pretend to his talents or his ingenuity. But we may make up for that deficiency, in some sort, by the variety, which no man, no matter how diversified his talents, or how diffusively scattered his reading may be, can supply. Every persevering handler of the pen becomes manneristical at last. One of the most celebrated magazine writers of the day is discoverable, in his comic articles, by the unvarying and infallible introduction of corned beef and greens at some part or other of his article, be it tale, review, satire, or panegyric. In Theodore Hook’s novels, we may be sure of finding that the denouement of his story turns upon a dinner party. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer must have philosophical Members of Parliament philandering with young ladies, equally philosophical, at least on the point of matrimony. Lady Bulwer will, as assuredly, introduce a deserted wife, of the most amiable temper, and admirable character, with a most abominable husband, and detestable family to match. Ladies, in general, make all the great events of life turn upon love—as, why should they not? and you cannot read three pages without discovering, by the description of the heroine, whether the lady who guides the pen, be fair or brown, tall or short—(no, not short)—tall, or of fairy-like grace and proportions—blue, black, hazel, or grey of eye—witty or sentimental—facetious or forlorn. In the queen of the tale, the authoress will, beyond question, give a full length portrait of herself. Lord Byron hardly affected not to draw from himself, and therefore we were prepared to find Giaours, Corsairs, Childe Harolds, Laras, and the rest (including Don Juan, for he is only a comic, and not always a comic, variety of the same genus), almost identical in character. But, even Sir Walter Scott, who had the most miscellaneous variety of characters and phases of situation germinating in his head, and ready at his fingers’ ends, did not conceal himself when he put on the mask of Waverley. He could not get through his business without a law-suit, or a Jacobite plot. All this, admirable in its place, is not quite in accordance with magazine literature, the soul of which should be variety. Now, without having the impertinence of comparing our resources with those of the great Pickwickian, we may yet be of opinion, that united efforts may keep afloat a weekly publication through the waves and breakers that surround the hardly attained coasts of popularity, though no single arm among us would have, like his, the power of doing so unassisted. We may club to set up a “curiosity-shop” of our own, which will not interfere with that of the grey-pated and gambling grandfather of the exemplary Ellen,

degraded to the familiar nick-name of Nell, leading her ancient progenitor on a wildgoose chase through a course, apparently as endless as that of the Wandering Jew.

What the curiosities are which we mean to put into our shop, time only can tell. We shall pick them up as rich and rare as we can find them ; and for that purpose, intend to resort not only to the long established marts for such commodities, but to explore other quarters not yet ransacked. Without wishing to say a word in disparagement of the established reputations or notorieties of the magazine world, but, on the contrary, cheerfully admitting to each all the merit that can be claimed, we feel that there is an opportunity for younger or newer hands to signalize themselves, whom the present monopoly, for it nearly amounts to that, keeps aloof. Of those we have enlisted a burly band, who, we trust, will be found to do the state literary good service ; but, let it not be for a moment imagined that we have not also upon our list, those who are long trained and practised in periodical campaigning, and can manage reviews, or bring up columns with as much skill, firmness, and intrepidity, as the Duke of Wellington himself. It will be soon found that we are, at least, a perfectly independent squadron,—sold to no masters, bond-slaves to no cause,—but ready to fight for our standard, that which we now hoist, and no other.

The mention of the Duke of Wellington, whose name tumbled accidentally from our pen, puts us in mind that some may think it necessary for us to say something of our politics ; and yet we have very little to say. Attached to our country, we wish to think well of all its institutions, and always are inclined to hope that they will be so managed and administered, as to conduce to the honour of the land, and the welfare of all its inhabitants. With party, we have absolutely nothing whatever to do. The Whigs and Tories, the Unionists and Repealers, and all other classes of warring politicians, must find other quarters to discuss their disputes ; and, in fact, we shall, as much as possible (we know that it is not easy in a free country to do so altogether), totally eschew political matters ; and, beyond all question, will never enter into their angrier departments. On the infinitely more serious subject of religion—for, after all, what are the most important things temporal, compared with things eternal?—we prefer being silent in this place. We merely say, that we shall, to the utmost of our feeble power, advocate the vital truths of Christianity, and espouse every cause

which seems to us consistent with its divine mission ; and therefore that, without being blind to the abuses which must, of necessity, grow up in all institutions administered by man, fallible and corrupt, as we know, even without Scripture warrant to confirm us in the opinion, man's nature to be, we shall cling faithfully to the interests of the churches established in these realms. There is something, however, higher still to be considered than establishments, and in looking to that, we trust we shall not be found wanting. But enough of this, here. Turn we now to subjects less sacred.

In literature, it has been promised by almost every magazine, or review, or gazette, or journal, which undertakes the art of contemporary criticism, that no sinister bias for or against author or publisher shall sway their sternly and rigidly impartial judgments. Vain promise ! Serious and sincere, perhaps, when made, but broken miserably before six numbers had dawned upon the world. The plain truth is, that *all* our regular vehicles of criticism belong to publishers. *Colburn's New Monthly*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Tait's Magazine*—and although the name of *Murray* does not shine in front of the *Quarterly*, or *Cadell* before the *Edinburgh*—is it any secret who it is that supplies the sinews of war, and demands the muscles of compliance from those renowned reviews ? Of others, whose rank is minor in the literary world, but whose influence is, nevertheless, potential, we need not speak ; for, to those who know the Literary or Athenian world, it is needless to explain, and to others it would be useless. Do not, then, the very names connected, avowedly or without concealment, with those clever works, of which we speak in no other terms than those of the highest respect, tell a plain story, that there are certain quarters where the publications of Messrs. Colburn, Bentley, Fraser, Blackwood, Murray, and Cadell, will find favour—and, do we not know where Longman, or Duncan, or Moxon, may ensure a kindly critique for a customer ? Now, with this we do not quarrel—it is perfectly right, as indeed all things are in this best of all possible worlds ; but, perhaps, it would be no harm if there could be established a publication, reflecting the literature of the day, without any such peculiar colouring flung over the mirror.

We confess, at once, that reviewing is not one of the principal parts of our plan. Whatever may be thought of the angry dictum of poor Dr. Southey, while he was yet one of the reviewed, and had

not turned reviewer, viz.—that it is an ungentle craft—it is certain enough, that a determination to *cut up* books is any thing but gentlemanlike. On the very worst volume that ever was written, some pains have been bestowed, and from it some apportioning of fame or profit anticipated. *This* is the first thing a generous reviewer ought to think of; and his wrath, if he feel any, should be aroused only by ignorance impertinently aping knowledge—ignorance, of itself, is no fair object of taunt or ridicule; conceited, *if intrusive*, folly, meanness, or falsehood. These are more than literary offences, and these, the critic, by caustic irony or blunt outspoken severity, may do good; but these cases are rare, and still rarer is it that they occur in positions worthy of notice. In general, it is far easier to pass by a bad book, than to review it unkindly. The public inflicts the more substantial punishment of suffering it to remain unsold upon the shelves of the publisher, which is a far unkind cut than any which could be inflicted by the severest thong of the most flagellatory of critics. We shall not, however, be altogether so bland as not, occasionally, to wield some instrument of punishment, if necessity requires it—all that we promise is, that it shall not be the knout. We shall never forget the Horatian precept:—

“*Nec scuticâ dignum horribili sectare flagello.*”

Which we may thus render:

Cut not with cat-o'-nine-tails' gash,
Backs calling but for horsewhip lash.

Little now remains for us to add. Our name implies what we propose to be. We shall be *miscellaneous*—if our readers will pardon us for the pedantry of another Latin quotation—and that, sooth to say, a very hackneyed one, we intend to assume, not as our motto, but as our principle,

“*Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.*”

The doctrine of which line we shall endeavour to spin out into as many concluding verses as will fill the page.

Whatever men think, say, or do,
As they on life's wide way go,
We, as our object shall pursue,
To mix in our farrago.

Our eyes shall stretch from East to West,
 From China to Tobago ;
 And cull from them what seems the best,
 To flavour our farrago.

We don't pretend to caustic wit,
 Like Smollett's Lismahago ;
 But still we'll try to make some bit
 Of fun in our farrago.

Yet whiles pathetic shall we be,
 As if we lived on sago ;
 And draw on tears most piteously,
 In parts of our farrago.

That we won't mix in politics,
 We swear by San Diego ;
 Elsewhere such quarrels men may fix,
 But not in our farrago.

Good readers, now adieu in haste,
 Round shall our varied tray go ;
 May each find something to his taste,
 In this our mixed farrago.

Quoth the Miscellanist.

A TAIL PIECE.



A THING OF STRIKING POINTS.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY AND MODERN LEARNING.

BY F. TRITTON, Esq.

“ Multa ignoramus quæ nobis non laterent si veterum lectio nobis fuit familiaris.”

LORD COKE.

We are ignorant of many things which would not lie hidden from us, if we were acquainted with the readings of old authors.

It has been observed by a popular writer of the day, that every great movement in a civilized age has its reflection, and that this reflection may be considered the philosophy of the period. If this were true, it would follow that every variety of movement would produce a correspondent variety of reflection, and, consequently, a different species of philosophy ; so that what is philosophy at one period, would not be so at another. It would have been more accurate, perhaps, if the author in question had said, that the reflection of which he was speaking, would be represented by the type or character of the literary spirit of the age ; because, an inference might be drawn from the passage as it stands, that all inquiries after truth have been, and ever will be, attended with an uncertain result ; or, in other words, that what is discovered to be true in one age is destined to appear a fallacy, according to a different reflection, in another. If this were so, we could never with certainty say we had ascertained a thing to be true ; for what we might term a fact to-day, would, probably, by another reflecting movement, be made to appear an error to-morrow. To call this uncertain state of things, therefore, by the name of philosophy, is (with deference be it spoken) somewhat absurd, and savours of what the school-men call *argumentum ad populum*. What should we say, for instance, of a writer in the present day, if he were to describe the movement of that great moral pest which is now unhinging the social compact, and designate it the philosophy of socialism, as reflected in the disgusting dogmas of its founder ? would it not ruffle the serenity of our minds, and cause a feeling of disgust too bitter for expression ? Not only in particular, but as a general proposition, this doctrine can never be admitted ; for it would leave the understanding in such an extremely unsatisfactory condition, that we could not only never arrive at a certainty, but all hope of attaining to it would even be shut out. This is giving birth to a species of scepticism that would carry delight even into the grave of a Hume—verily, how true is the exclamation of Pliny, “ *Est natura hominum novitatis avida.*”

That the character, or type of an age, is exemplified by the inclination or predisposition of the literary spirit of the times, is not questioned ; for its history contains abundant proofs that the bias or taste of one period is frequently at variance with that of another. This, however, does not militate

against the fact, and it is material that this should be borne in mind, that notwithstanding the speculative inquiries of the mind in different ages may diverge into various rivulets of thought, the stream of truth flows onward into every age with the same unchangeable distinctiveness of character, which all the revolutions of opinion, or different conformations of *mind*, can never really controvert, however they may question it. True philosophy is the science which conducts the mind down this stream of truth, and saves it from shipwreck amid the shoals and quicksands of error and infidelity; and not that disposition of mind found to be most prevalent and popular, which is generally shallow and unstable; for, according to the poet,

“ Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

It is somewhat remarkable, that now, when education is so rife as to have found an entrance into the dwellings of the humblest peasant of the land, and its spread deemed a matter of sufficient importance to claim the fostering hand of the legislature, as well as the careful watching of the church, the wisdom and experience of the past is studiously avoided, and the public appetite for an increase of knowledge apparently supplied, with a studied exception to the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and the earlier writers of our own country. This is the more to be lamented, because, in the present day there appears to be such an unwholesome anxiety to trust to the progress of knowledge, hoping that it may lead to some new discoveries in the science of mental cultivation. The consequence of this is, that the mind is placed entirely under the guidance of a spirit, ever seeking out for new inventions, and which has been shewn to be alike void of truth, and leading to scepticism. However tempting the spirit of novelty may appear, experience sadly teaches us, that all departures from first principles are attended with evil to mankind; and we must remember, too, that it was this same desire of a change from an existing state of things, which led our first parents to partake of the fruit

“ Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.”

In these remarks, let not the author be misunderstood. He does not wish to stem the increasing desire of having the public mind informed; he would, on the contrary, carry this out to the utmost extent, believing, as he does, that the expanding of the intellectual faculties is, *per se*, laudable, and to be encouraged. He merely contends, that the present mode of education does not go far enough, inasmuch as it neglects, altogether, (speaking in reference to the great mass of the people) the culture of the moral sentiments; and he holds, that after we have called into action that powerful property of our nature, mind, and given it a consciousness of existence, man is guilty of a high sin, if he afterwards neglect it, and leave it to pursue those studies which may be most congenial to its opening fancy, with a certainty,

almost, in a majority of instances, of its falling a prey to the first false spirit with which it may meet, and who will, in return, take to himself seven other spirits more false than the first. Knowledge is a power possessing a twofold capacity—a power to do good, and a power to do evil. The system, at present acted upon, may be good enough for enlarging the mental faculties; but why are the rules of moral government, so essential to the happiness of man, so little thought of, or cared for? Why are the productions of those old and tried friends of virtue and education of Greece and Rome so utterly neglected? Their wisdom was the offspring of experience and old age, and their learning tutored by the strictest moral discipline. Their celebrity has been acknowledged by every civilized age and nation, and a knowledge of their writings might be imparted by good translations. Then why, it may be again asked, has it been reserved for the present generation to be the first to turn their backs upon them, and to trust rather to the vague and speculative theories which have neither age to hallow them to our use, nor experience to make them profitable to our lives? It is the frequently reverting to the history of past ages, that gives health to the political condition of a nation; and there can be no valid reason, urged by a lover of his country, why the study of the old authors should not be commended, as one of the best means of insuring its social welfare.

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
 Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
 Aliquid moneat; ut illa, quæ te scire credas nescias
 Et quæ tibi putaris prima in experiendō ut repudies.

HORÆ SOLITARIÆ.

PART I.

LET it not be supposed from the title of this paper, that the writer is a sickly sentimentalist, or that he looks upon the busy scenes of this world with the jaundiced eye of aversion; the fact is far otherwise. Thrown at an early age among the storms and anxieties of life, and ever since a struggler amidst its perplexities; at times threatened with shipwreck and annihilation by the waves of adversity and sorrow,—at others cheered on by the hope of better days; he nevertheless loves the bright world in which God has placed him, and the beings with whom his destiny is cast, and altogether repudiates the gloomy forebodings of the hypochondriac. But there are moments when he turns with something like eagerness from the crowded thoroughfares of life, to hold communion with himself in the quiet and seclusion of his own fire-side; and, on these occasions, expatiating upon the mighty structure of the universe,—the high destinies of man, his powers and his attributes,—gathering experience from the chronicles of past ages, holding converse with the mighty dead,

and not infrequently sipping the sweets of modern literature, he has found a delightful calm steal upon his heart, and if he has not passed from his "*Horæ Solitariae*" a better man, he has, at least, contracted gentler thoughts and a more patient spirit. It is, perhaps, a vain idea, but the writer hopes that a faithful record of some of these meditations and communings may be fraught with interest for the readers of the "*British Miscellany*"; he therefore offers them in all humbleness of spirit, claiming as his guerdon only that charity and indulgence which should ever be extended to private thoughts and feelings.

It was once asked, whether it was possible that a man could grow weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? The inquiry will be found by no means so capable of solution as it would seem to be "*au premier abord*." The elegant and accomplished Steele considered "that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniences, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyment." And, in another place, he asks, "When a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below? The spectacle, indeed, is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is, in this life, filled with a confused idea of the next." However this may be, there can be little doubt of the fact, that there is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness, and that nothing can be more deceptive than the progress of the pursuit. At one time we think that if we can but arrive at a certain point, human felicity will be consummated. Having attained that goal, the delusion, alas! becomes apparent, and we find ourselves but little, if at all, removed from our former position—the light of happiness still shining in the distance—still inviting pursuit, and when, yielding to the impulse of our nature, we strain onward to its attainment, we find ourselves once more cheated—the close of life at hand, and the fever of human ambition failing beneath the natural decay of our faculties. Does it not seem very strange, that, with the experience of ages before us, we should still madly pursue the phantom dream of human happiness, instead of looking upon the world as but the vestibule to a better and happier state of existence? In the latter view, we have the consoling reflection, that, although the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are fleeting and transient, they are to be succeeded by those, which the inexhaustible power of God will supply to eternal ages. Addison tells us, that if we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, than from the more real pains and calamities of life; which opinion is fully borne out by the catalogue of human vexations given to us by the immortal Shakspeare:

. " the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Let us examine the evils here enumerated dispassionately, apart from the many and unimportant considerations to which we are in the habit of giving way, and we shall at once perceive the philosophy of the reason assigned for our not betaking ourselves to the "quietus" of which he speaks:

" But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns ;—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of."

It will be well for us, therefore, to remember that the true happiness of life consists in serenity of mind and virtuous enjoyments; and that it behoves us to preserve an even temper of mind in times of difficulty, as well as to guard ourselves against insolent exultation in the hour of prosperity. Perhaps it may be urged, that the frame of mind here recommended, partakes too much of perfection ever to be attained by man in this world, and that, although it sounds well in theory, there are too many contending elements in his nature and disposition to render the cultivation of this inward peace in any way practicable. This is the most usual defence resorted to, by those who feel themselves closely pressed by arguments of the description above advanced; and it is one which deserves particular notice, for it is founded in the presupposed weakness of our nature, and is therefore calculated, at the same time, to enlist our sympathies, and mislead our judgment. Let us, however, fearlessly and fairly examine the nature of the excuse. Is it any reason, because we conceive it hopeless to arrive at perfection in this world, that we should wholly abstain from endeavouring to regulate our conduct? It might as well be contended that, because we cannot hope to attain the most infallible notions of justice, therefore the boundary lines of justice and injustice should remain for ever undistinguished. Here, reader, lies the solution of this controversy. Examine it well, and, having satisfied yourself of the fact, let its truthfulness sink deeply into your heart.

There is but little consolation for the writer of this paper, in a remark made by the *Sieur de Charron*, in his admirable treatise on wisdom. In speaking of truth, this writer tells us, that, "in affairs merely humane, he that sets it before us, is esteemed our enemy. Truth and plain-dealing are disobliging things." But let us never forget the glorious maxim:

" Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

Truth is great, and must prevail.

PROTEUS.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Hours that were wasted in pleasure or grief,
Howe'er ye were checkered, your sojourn was brief;
Ye have glided away in your rapid career,
And have brought us again to the close of the year.

Ye are faded and gone like the flowers of the Spring,
Or the glories which beam on bright Summer days fling,
Or the leaves that were scattered by Autumn's rude gale,
Or the snow-wreaths that melt as they sink in the vale.

Ye are blent with the shadows of ages gone by,
That veiled in the mists of obscurity lie;
And have fled like clouds that at sunset were seen,
Yet left not a trace that they ever had been.

The days that are gone are like dreams of the past,
And the hours of the future shall vanish as fast,
Till they silently lead to that moment when life
Shall recede on their wings with its hopes and its strife.

The joys and the sorrows ye brought in your course,
That brightened or saddened—whate'er was their source,
Shall soften in distance till all shall appear
Like the storms and the sunshine that vary the year.

Oh, years that so swiftly have glided away,
I'll not mourn your departure, nor court your delay;
Your flight does but lead to that season when peace
Shall descend on the heart and its tumults shall cease.

When youth with its envied enchantments shall seem,
As we musing look back, like a feverish dream;
Oh, who for its fairest possessions would bear
Again its wild conflicts of hope and despair?

Oh, who would retrace life's best journey, if they
Must recal with the roses the thorns of their way,
The pangs they have suffered, the cares they have known,
In the troubled review of the years that are flown?

Then days of the future, though fancy no more,
Your perspective shall paint in bright times as of yore;
When I joyfully greeted each year as it rose,
Nor dreamed of the griefs that should sadden its close.

Ye yet in your course may divinely bestow
A charm that shall soften and heal every woe,
That Time has inflicted, whose wing, as he flies,
Brings peace to the good, and fresh joys to the wise.

THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ENOUGH has been said, in this quick and graphic age, respecting coachmen and cabmen, and conductors, and horses, and all the exterior phenomena of things vehicular; but we are not aware, that an "article" has yet been devoted to the subject before us.

Come then, our old friend Truth; do what thou canst for us. If thou dost not, we know, that with all our trying, we can do nothing for ourselves; nor will men have any thing to do with our representations, though we paint for them the prettiest girl in the world,—unlike!

By the invention of the Omnibus, all the world keeps its coach!—And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No "plague with servants;"—no expense for liveries;—no coach-makers' and horse-doctors' bills;—no keeping one's fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it, till we want it; and then it either comes to one's door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it hulling up the street,—the man-of-war among coaches,—the whale's back in the metropolitan flood,—while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

We cannot say much for the beauty of its appearance; but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk, which supersedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea we entertain of Doctor Johnson, who shouldered porters as he went, and "laughed like a rhinoceros." Virgil metamorphosed sea-nymphs into ships. The Doctor, by a process certainly not more violent, might be supposed transformed into a vehicle for his favourite London streets; and, if so, he would undoubtedly have anticipated the date of the present invention, and become an Omnibus. His mouth seems to utter the word.

BOSWELL (*in Elysium*). "Sir, if you were living now, and were to be turned into a coach, what sort of coach would you become?"

JOHNSON (*rolling about, and laughing with bland contempt*). "Sir, in parliamentary language, you are 'frivolous and vexatious;' but the frivolity surmounts the vexatiousness."

BOSWELL (*tenderly*). "Nay, Sir, but to oblige an humble, and, I hope, not altogether undeserving friend."

JOHNSON. "Sir, where reply is obvious, interrogation is disgusting. Nay, Sir (*seeing the tears in Boswell's eyes*), I would not be harsh or uncomplying;

but do you not see the case at once? I should formerly have chosen to be a bishop's carriage perhaps, or a chancellor's, or any respectable lord's."

BOSWELL (*smiling*). "Except a lord mayor's."

JOHNSON (*angrily*). "And why, Sir, should I not have been a lord mayor's? What have I done, that it should be doubted whether I would countenance the dignity of integrity and the universality of commerce?"

BOSWELL (*in confusion*). "Sir, I beg pardon; but to confess the truth, I was thinking of Mr. Wilkes."

JOHNSON. "And why, Sir, think of Mr. Wilkes, when the smaller idea should be merged into the greater? when the great office itself is concerned, and not the pettiness of an exception? Besides, Sir, Wilkes, though a rascal and a Whig, was a gentleman in manners, as well as birth (*looking sternly at Boswell*). He would not have made such a remark. To be sure (*relenting a little, and looking arch*) he got drunk sometimes."

BOSWELL (*interrupting*). "Dear Sir!—"

JOHNSON. "Neither was he scrupulous in his admiration of beauty."

BOSWELL. "Dearest Sir!—"

JOHNSON. "Though whatsoever the frenzy of his inebriation, or the vagrancy of his nocturnal revels, he would hardly have mistaken the plethora of an oyster-woman for a prohibited attraction. Well, well, Sir, let us be mutually considerate. Let us be decent. To cut this matter short, Sir, I should be an *Omnibus*."

BOSWELL (*with grateful earnestness*). "May I presume, dear Sir, to inquire the reason?"

JOHNSON. "Sir, I should not be a cart. That would be low. Neither should I aspire to be the triumphant chariot of an Alexander, nor the funeral car of a Napoleon. Posthumous knowledge has corrected those sympathies with ambition. A gig is pert; a curricule coxcombical; and the steam-carriage is too violent, perturbed, and migratory. Sir, the Omnibus for me. It suits with my past state and my present; with the predilections I have retained, and the humanities I have acquired. Sir, it even makes me beg pardon for what I have said of Wilkes. *Mors omnibus communis*. Like death, it is common to all, and gathers them into its friendly bosom. It is decent, deliberate, and unpretending; no respecter of persons; a king has been known to ride in it; and opposite him may have sat a republican weaver."

BOSWELL. "But you would choose, Sir, to be a London Omnibus, rather than a Parisian one, or even a Litchfield."?

JOHNSON (*with bland indulgence*). "Surely, Sir; and to go up the Strand and Fleet-street, and occasionally to stop at the Mitre. And, Sir, I would not be driven by everybody, though I can now tolerate every body. I would have a humane and respectable driver; an elderly man, Sir; and my windows should be taken care of, that the people might not catch cold."

Here Boswell, begging a thousand pardons, with shrugged shoulders, lifted

eyebrows, and hands spread out in deprecation of offence, bursts, nevertheless, into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, at the idea of the solemn and illustrious Johnson converted into an Omnibus. And the Doctor, though a little angry at first, recollects his Elysian experiences, and at length contributes to a roar worthy of the inextinguishable laughter of the gods in Homer.

JOHNSON (*subsiding into a human measure of joviality*). "Sir, it was ludicrous enough, if you consider it as a man; but if you consider it as a child or a divine person (to speak in the language of our new friend Plato), the subject will be invested with the mild gravity of an impartial universality. I see, however, that it will take many more draughts of Lethe, before you, Boswell, can get the fumes of the old tavern wine out of your head; so let us consult your capabilities, and return to human measures of discourse;—let us have *reason* once more, Sir;—Sir (for I see you wish me to say it), let us be good mortal jolly dogs, and have t'other bottle."

Vanish the ever pleasant shades of Johnson and Boswell, and enter the Omnibus in its own proper person.—If a morning Omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens, and fathers of families; if a midnight, of play-goers, and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy-and-water.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an Omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger; and having no book with us, we make intense acquaintance with two objects: the one being the heel of an outside passenger's boot, who is sitting on the coach-top; and the other, that universally studied bit of literature, which is inscribed at the further end of every such vehicle, and which purports, that it is under the royal and charming jurisdiction of the young lady now reigning over us,

V. R.

by whom it is permitted to carry "*twelve inside passengers, AND NO MORE*;"—thus showing extreme consideration on her Majesty's part, and that she will not have the sides of her loving subjects squeezed together like figs.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly "well off," who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the Omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems, and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and

reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness, and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the Omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colours and big ear-rings, and excessively flounced and ringletted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two other young ladies, in white, who pass to the other end in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who go out. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the reds and ringlets; who, for her part (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together), looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and, luckily, unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman; then, a very fat man; then two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodious presence of her likenesses, while the other, full of good humour, is comforted by it. The youngster has in the mean time gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neck-cloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care,—an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! How he would get up, and walk away! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be “good fellows,” unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that every body in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsy of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend, and the more ill-humoured of the two fat women; and enter, in their places, two young mothers,—one with a good-humoured child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked wilful boy, all flounce and hat and feathers, and red legs, who is eating a bun, and seems resolved that the other child, who does nothing but look at it, shall not partake a morsel. His mother, who “snubs” him one instant, and lets him have his way the next, has evidently been a spoiled child herself, and is doing her best

to learn to repent the sorrow she caused her own mother, by the time she is a dozen years older. The elderly gentleman compliments the boy on his likeness to his mamma, who laughs and says he is "very polite." As to the young gentleman, he fancies he is asked for a piece of his bun, and falls a kicking; and the young lady in the ringlets tosses her head.

Exit the Methodist, and enter an affable man; who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an Omnibus in point of time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent good-nature, tells him, in an under tone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of Omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as "Ah"—"Oh"—"Indeed"—"Precisely"—"I dare say"—"I see"—"Really?"—"Very likely;"—jerking the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime the good-humoured fat woman having expressed a wish to have a window closed which the ill-humoured one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardour of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, "Permit *me*;" and jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast, and, only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavour. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. "He knows the trick," says the elderly gentleman. "It's only a little bit new," says the conductor; who hates to be called in.

Exeunt elderly and the maid-servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman who has bought an orange, and must needs eat it immediately. He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the gigglement of the two young ladies, and his doubt where he shall throw the peel. He is "in for it," however, and must proceed; so being unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the Omnibus, and covers the whole of the lower part of his face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he, into his own mouth, the whole of the rest of the fruit, "sloshy" and too big, with desperation in his heart, and the tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an Omnibus. He doubts whether he shall even venture upon one at all in the presence of his friends, the Miss Wilkinsons.

Enter, at various times, an irascible gentleman, who is constantly threatening to go out; a long-legged dragoon, at whose advent the young ladies are smit

with sudden gravity and apparent objection ; a young sailor, with a face innocent of every thing but a pride in his slops, who says his mother does not like his going to sea ; a gentleman with a book, which we long to ask him to let us look at ; a man with a dog, which embitters the feet and ancles of a sharp-visaged old lady, and completes her horror by getting on the empty seat next her, and looking out of the window ; divers bankers' clerks and tradesmen, who think of nothing but the bills in their pockets ; two estranged friends, *ignoring* each other ; a pompous fellow, who suddenly looks modest and bewitched, having detected a baronet in the corner ; a botanist with his tin *herbarium* ; a young married couple, assuming a right to be fond in public ; another from the country, who exalt all the rest of the passengers in self-opinion by betraying the amazing fact, that they have never before seen Piccadilly ; a footman, intensely clean in his habiliments, and very respectful, for his hat subdues him, as well as the strange feeling of sitting inside ; four boys going to school, very pudding-faced, and not knowing how to behave (one pulls a string and top half-way out of his pocket, and all reply to questions in monosyllables) ; a person with a constant smile on his face, having just cheated another in a bargain ; close to him a very melancholy person, going to see a daughter on her death-bed, and not hearing a single one of the cheater's happy remarks ; a French lady, looking at once amiable and worldly,—hard, as it were, in the midst of her softness, or soft in the midst of her hardness,—which you will,—probably an actress, or a teacher ; two immense-whiskered Italians, uttering their delicious language with a precision which shows that they are singers ; a man in a smock-frock, who, by his sitting on the edge of the seat, and perpetually watching his time to go out, seems to make a constant apology for his presence ; ditto, a man with some huge mysterious accompaniment of mechanism, or implement of trade, too big to be lawfully carried inside ; a pedant or a fop, ostentatious of some ancient or foreign language, or talking of a lord ; all sorts of people talking of the weather, and the harvest, and the Queen, and the last bit of news ; in short, every description of age, rank, temper, occupation, appearance, life, character, and behaviour, from the thorough gentleman who quietly gives himself a lift out of the rain, secure in his easy unaffected manner, and his accommodating good-breeding, down to the black-guard who attempts to thrust his opinion down the throat of his neighbour, or keeps his leg thrust out across the door-way, or lets his umbrella drip against a sick child.

Tempers are exhibited most at night, because people by that time have dined and drunk, and finished their labours, and because the act of going home serves to bring out the domestic habit. You do not then, indeed, so often see the happy fatigue, delighted with the sudden opportunity of rest ; nor the anxious look, as if it feared its journey's end ; nor the bustling one, eager to get there. The seats are most commonly reckoned upon, and more allowance is made for delays ; though some passengers make a point of always

being in a state of indignation and ill-treatment, and express an impatience to get home, as if their house were a paradise (which is assuredly what it is not, to those who expect them there). But at night, tongues are loosened, wills and pleasures more freely expressed, and faces rendered less bashful by the comparative darkness. It is then the jovial "old boy" lets out the secret of his having dined somewhere, perhaps at some Company's feast in Goldsmith's or Stationer's Hall; and it is with difficulty he hinders himself from singing. Then the arbitrary or the purse-proud are wrathful if they are not driven up to the identical inch of curb-stone, fronting their door. Then the incontinent nature, heedless of anything but its own satisfaction, snores in its corner; and politicians are loud; and gay fellows gallant, especially if they are old and ugly; and lovers, who seem unconscious of one another's presence, are intensely the reverse. Then also the pick-pocket is luckiest at his circumventions; and the lady, about to pay her fare, suddenly misses her reticule. Chiefly now also, sixpences, nay, purses, are missed in the straw, and lights are brought to look for it, and the conductor is in an agonizing perplexity whether to pronounce the loser an impudent cheat, or to love him for an innocent and a ninny. Finally, now is the time when selfishness and generosity are most exhibited. It rains, and the coach is full; a lady applies for admittance; a gentleman offers to go outside; and, according to the natures of the various passengers, is despised or respected accordingly. It rains *horribly*; a "young woman" applies for admittance; the coach is overstocked already; a crapulous fellow who has been allowed to come in by special favour, protests against the exercise of the like charity to a female (*we have seen it!*), and is secretly detested by the least generous; a similar gentleman to the above, offers to take the applicant on his knee, if she has no objection; and she enters accordingly, and sits.—Is she pretty?—Is she ugly?—Above all, is she good-humoured? A question of some concern, even to the least interested of knee-givers. On the other hand, is the gentleman young or old, pleasant or disagreeable; a real gentleman, or only a formal "old frump," who has hardly a right to be civil? At length the parties get a look at one another, the gentleman first, the young woman suddenly from under her bonnet.—Ought she to have looked at all?—And what is the particular retrospective expression which she instinctively chooses out of many, when she has looked? It is a nice question, varying according to circumstances.—"Making room" for a fair interloper is no such dilemma as that; though we may be allowed to think, that the pleasure is greatly enhanced by the pleasantness of the countenance. It is astonishing how much grace is put, even into the tip of an elbow, by the turn of an eye.

There is a reflection which all Omnibus passengers are agreed upon, and which every one of them perhaps has made, without exception, in the course of their intellectual reciprocities; which is, that Omnibuses are "very convenient;"—"an astonishing accommodation to the public;"—not quick,—

save little time (as aforesaid),—and the conductors are very tiresome; but a most useful invention, and wonderfully cheap. There are also certain things which almost all Omnibus passengers *do*; such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new comer further up than he likes; and every body stumbles, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavour to convenience themselves at every body's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new comer,—the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity, that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous,—the inflictor, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say “Very sorry” in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the Omnibus finally to yourself, re-adjusting yourself in a corner betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though as the will becomes piqued in proportion to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

The last lingerers on these occasions (with the exception of play-goers,) are apt to be staid suburb-dwelling citizens,—sitters with hands crossed upon their walking-sticks,—men of parcels and eatables, breakers of last baskets of oranges, chuckling over their bargains. There's one in the corner, sleeping,—the last of the dwellers in Paddington. To deposit him at his door is the sole remaining task of the conductor. He wakes up; hands forth a bag of apples,—a tongue,—a bonnet, and four pairs of ladies' shoes. A most considerate spouse and “Papa” is he, and a most worthy and flourishing hosier. Venerable is his lax throat in his bit of white neckcloth (he has never taken to black); but jovially also he shakes his wrinkles, if you talk of the stationer's widow, or the last city feast.

“Don't drop them ladies' shoes, Tom,” says he, chuckling; “they'll be worn out before their time.”

“Wery expensive, I believe, Sir, them 'ere kind o'shoes,” says Tom.

"Very;—oh, sadly. And no better than paper. But men well to do in the world, can't live as cheap as poor ones."

Tom thinks this a very odd proposition; but it does not disconcert him. Nothing disconcerts a conductor, except a passenger without a sixpence.

"True, Sir," says Tom; "it's a hard case to be forced to spend one's money; but then you know—I beg pardon" (with a tone of modest deference and secret contempt), "it's much harder, as they say, where there's none to spend."

"Hah! Ha, ha! Why, yes, eh?" returns the old gentleman, again chuckling; "so there's your sixpence, Tom, and good night."

"Good night, Sir." And up jumps Tom on the coach-box, where he amuses the driver with an account of the dirt which the hosier has got from the coach-wheel without his knowing it; and off they go to a far less good supper, but, it must be added, a much better sleep, than the rich old citizen.

HOPE.

HOPE is the sweetener of every bitter draught in the cup of life. It cheers the destitute, sustains the sinking, animates the drooping spirit of incipient despair, comforts the afflicted, and consoles and supports the dying. Through the pilgrimage of life it gives strength to our fainting courage, and inspires us with a heavenly and abiding faith, as it lures us by the prospect, and stimulates us by the desire for another, a better, and a happier world. To the weary of foot, and the desolate in heart, to the poor and the wretched, Hope, like a precious restorer, comes to pour balm into their wounds, and to assuage and mitigate their griefs. At the same instant with the primeval curse pronounced upon the sinfulness of our first parents, Hope was born into our world, the companion of sorrow, suffering, and ill. Hence, wherever the shaft of affliction darts its poisonous sting, there Hope is ever to be found. As it was the first thing born into our world, to cheer poor fallen humanity through its chequered course of existence, so, as Rochefaucault has beautifully said, is it the last thing that dieth in man. Mourner, whoever thou art, and whatever be the source and the character of thy grief, let this win a smile from thee, in the midst of thy tears, that when the box of Pandora was emptied of its fancied treasures, and misery and evil were spread over the earth, Hope yet lingered in the depository of pain, to soothe our sorrows, and to lighten our burthen of care.

ON THE POPULAR TASTE OF ENGLAND IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. HEMMING WEBB.

THERE is not a more striking characteristic of the present age, than the almost insatiable desire for information which is evinced by the public mind. In art, science, literature, and philosophy, stupendous advances have been made, and yet this mental craving is far from being appeased; daily and hourly, indeed, it seems to gather strength.

In this, and, in fact, in all that surrounds us, there are admonitors of the causes, and traces of the effects, of an enlightened and progressive civilization. It is observable in the sanctity that has been cast around the domestic altar and the "hearth of home affection," in the refinement of the popular manners, in the elevation of the popular taste, and in the better direction that has been given to the popular will. The rich and the poor, the highly educated and the meanly taught, are all so many tokens of its blessings in the physical comfort it has created, the mental endowments it has displayed, and the moral superiority it has imparted.

No one who has attained to the autumn of life, and can remember the period of the French Revolution, and the state and condition of society during the whole of that eventful era of European history, can look back upon his earlier life without experiencing a feeling of glad surprise at the altered tone of mind, and the superiority of manners and habits, which are now so plainly discernible among all classes of the community. Then, aye, even from the palaces of the great, and the court around the throne, to the home of the artizan, and the cottage of the peasant, vice rode rampant through all ranks, and left the marks of his hot hoofs imprinted upon the hearts of men, and upon the general fabric of society. The prostration of intellect and energy, the perversion of power, and the abuse of station, together with the profligacy, the corrupt affections, and the depraved taste which, in those days, too frequently tracked many of the higher walks of society, and hence communicated the infection to the lower, have now happily almost entirely given place to the sway of public morality and of private virtue, and to a more dignified sense of the duties, personal and relative, social, civil, and political, consequent upon the high position of the great and the noble of the land. And, among the humbler classes of society, an equally or perhaps more remarkable change has been wrought. Education and example have, in part, performed their office, and are still pursuing their kindly work in effecting the moral and mental regeneration of the people. This is more particularly observable among those large bodies of men incident to every commercial and manufacturing town, which are

composed of the artizan, the mechanic, the labourer, and the operative in general. With respect to these latter, what a contrast is presented by those features of order, cleanliness, sobriety, and correct demeanor, and by the anxiety for instruction, leading to nobler pursuits and more rational amusements, which note them now, as compared with the state of discord and disorder in which they were so lately to be found, in their unemancipated thralldom of ignorance and vice. "Formerly, and even within my own recollection," says one who was himself a working man, and, consequently, cannot but be well acquainted with the habits of his fellow workmen, and who has done much to improve and elevate their character,* "the education and manners of all sorts of workmen in London were so nearly alike, that they may be said to have differed in no material particular. The most skilled and the most ordinary workmen were equally ignorant and dissolute; few could write, none read books of any use to them, and very few ever looked at a book of any sort." And what was thus written of the working men of London in the year 1834, may with equal justice be applied to the whole of the operative classes of England now.

The growing enlightenment of the public mind is further demonstrated by the altered nature of our popular amusements. The character of our pastimes is altogether changed from what it was. It is true, that our village greens are, in a sense, deserted; but, we believe the fact to be, that those rustic and innocent sports—the summer evening games—the blithsome merry-making—"the festal dances, and the choral strains"—of which we have heard so much, are indebted for their existence to the glowing fancy of the poet, and belong rather to the region of fiction than of fact. Indeed, the sports of our forefathers were much more rude, and far less intellectual, than those of the present generation; and consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of merely sensual enjoyments and physical gratifications.

The great number and variety of natural, artistical, scientific, and philosophical exhibitions which now exist, also evidence the change that has taken place in the popular taste. Witness the Gallery of Practical Science, the National Gallery, the different private and subscription exhibitions of painting, sculpture, and natural and physical phenomena, the British, and other museums, the Zoological Gardens, the musical concerts, and the hundreds of other amusements of a highly refined and intellectual character, which invite the public attention, all of which are not only well attended, but are largely visited by classes of persons who, formerly, were altogether incapable of comprehending their various excellences.

In an appreciation of the fine arts, it is true that the public taste may still be deficient; but it has, at least, become sensible of their hallowed and softening influence, and been rendered susceptible of a love of beauty and

* Francis Place.

harmony, to which, heretofore, it was comparatively strange. With the sciences, the pure and the mixed, the theoretical and the experimental, it is gradually attaining to a nearer acquaintance; whilst with philosophy and religion, it is growing into an intimacy which cannot but be highly conducive to the further melioration of the character, and to the promotion of the highest happiness, of the people.

Mechanics' institutes, and literary and scientific societies, again, have spread a new appearance over the middle and lower class of society, and by the diffusion of knowledge have disseminated truth and happiness on every side; so that, not only have the means of rational, intellectual, enjoyment been provided for the recreation of the public mind, and the cultivation of the public taste abroad, but they have also been brought home to the hearths and to the hearts of the poorest and meanest in the country. These institutions afford the most striking proof of the activity and intelligence of the public mind, for they are literally the offspring of the public will—the creations of the popular desire; and they are supported, moreover, for the most part by those whose bread is earned by the labour of their hands, or by the sweat of their brow. The State, indeed, until very recently, has done nothing towards educating the popular mind, directing the popular will, or refining the popular taste; and it is, consequently, to this neglect on the part of the Government, that the great distance in intellectual development at which the mass of the people in England find themselves placed behind the Continental States, particularly of Holland and Germany, is mainly to be ascribed. But in this respect, also, a brighter era is dawning upon our country; for it is not to be questioned, that when a system of sound, scriptural, national education shall have been introduced amongst us, if it be but wisely planned, effectively supported, and vigorously prosecuted, the national enlightenment and virtue of which, at present, we see but a few glimmering rays, will ultimately pervade all minds, and improve all hearts.

It has been argued, that the decline of the drama, and the desire for show and scenic effect which has superseded it, display a retrogression rather than an advancement of the public taste. This, however, is an assumption to which assent must not be too readily given. The decline of the legitimate drama is hardly to be considered as the consequence of an altered taste on the part of the people, in favour of extravagant representations. If, therefore, the objection hold at all, it does so only in a slight degree. The truth of the matter is, that it is not the public taste which has sought to have our theatres turned into beast-shows, and our tragedies into travesties. But, the directors of this department of the popular amusements, in their desire to obtain the applause of the vulgar, and to administer to their gratification, rather than to the pleasures of those who possess more refined taste, have encouraged the exhibition of these things, to the depreciation and neglect of popular talent in the histrionic art, on the part both of authors and of performers.

But it may be objected again, that the recent efforts which have been made to restore the legitimate drama, have not met with the success which our argument demands for its support. Upon this head we are also dubious. At first, this might not have been the case; but how is it now? Let a new play, by a popular author, be announced for representation, and there will be no lack of audience; and the better the play, the more often will it be repeated, and the more rapturously will it be received. It is true, that our great dramatist is not worshipped as he deserves to be; but we suspect the secret of the matter lies in this, that the better informed portion of the popular mind is becoming so discriminative, as to prefer a *moderate play, acted up to*, rather than to witness *a sublime one, marred*.

But to look at this question in another point of view. It is by no means a sequitur, that because our theatres are comparatively deserted by the intelligent and the learned, hence there is evidence that the popular taste has become deteriorated. That this should be so, when there is an absolute dearth of dramatic talent upon the boards, and (until recently) a non-employment of it in the closet, is almost a matter of course, as the consequence of the enlarged powers of the press. One great cause of this decline may, perhaps, be found in this, that the lessons which the dramatist teaches, the interest which his incidents excite, and the play of the passions which his skill keeps up when exhibited upon the stage, are now, for the most part, transferred to the library and to the closet. Added to which, it may be doubted whether, after all, the acting drama (and there is a great difference between the acting and the reading drama,) is not better suited to a rude age than to a refined one; and, whether it has not always been more flourishing in the former than in the latter. But, that it is not agreeable to our present purpose, we think that it would be by no means difficult to trace this declension to its more subtle causes, and to show how, by the improved condition and character of a people, by the different modifications of society, and by the process of mental action in more civilized times, the mind becomes thrown upon its own resources, and so conducted through channels of thought and study, which, if not positively adverse, are certainly far from being favourable to dramatic display.

The diffusion of popular intelligence, and consequent development of the popular mind in this country, has long been silently and steadily going on; but, within the last few years, it has become visibly more marked, and its effect has been pleasingly illustrated by the fact, that the lines of demarcation which have hitherto subsisted between the powerful and the lowly among men, have been lessened, and MIND, rather than WEALTH, has been recognized as the standard of society. An important era, then, has burst upon our land—one, wherein the savage and merely animal portions of our nature are being subdued by the more sublime and powerful influences of intellectual and religious culture acting upon the feelings, the passions, and the heart—in which the immortal principle stirring within the bosoms of men asserts

its supremacy over the things of time and sense, and asks for the aliment needful for its sustentation in that pre-eminent position in the moral universe which it was intended, at its first creation, that it should fill; and as well might we attempt to roll the cataract back upon itself, and to hush its voice into an eternal stillness, as to endeavour to drown the popular demand for mental illumination, or to stay its investigation into the principles and truths of philosophy and science. The fact is, there is a principle of progression implanted in the human soul which leads its thoughts still upwards and onwards, and which necessarily occasions its desires to expand into greater comprehensiveness, and its grasp to grow more tenacious and gigantic. That the operation of this principle may not be always alike apparent, we readily grant; but, however it may be retarded, and thwarted, and crowded upon by a host of fortuitous circumstances, the principle itself nevertheless exists, and sooner or later it must break the fetters which have bound it, and cast aside the obstacles which have opposed and obstructed it. And thus it is that, in this country, so great and goodly a change is being wrought.

That with this dissemination of knowledge some latitude of opinion has been engendered, is not to be denied; neither is it to be questioned that, upon some of our darker and more remote villages, the light of this higher civilization can scarcely be said to have dawned. But in our capital, our flourishing manufacturing towns and commercial cities, it has made itself known and felt; and from these over the length and the breadth of the land the "healing stream" must flow, until the universal spirit of man shall have been stirred into strife against ignorance and crime, and shall have repressed if not crushed them. We speak not now, however, of isolated cases, or of peculiar classes of men, we allude rather to the great congregation of mind, and to the general characteristics of the country.

To satisfy this newly awakened principle in the public mind, the press teems with periodical and permanent literature. Not only do modern journals, magazines, reviews, and books pour their tides into the exhaustless stream, but even the ocean of ancient learning is fathomed to swell the rushing torrent, and to extract from the bosom of that mighty deep, its pearls, its sparkling gems, and its golden treasure, whilst temples of knowledge, and seminaries of instruction, are every where being erected for the dissemination of wisdom, of righteousness, and of truth.

In the development of the mind of a people it is absolutely requisite, however, that the greatest care should be taken to direct its energies aright, lest, in its breathings after the *intellectual*, the *spiritual*, the *eternal*, and the *true*, it should be misled into a longing for the *vague*, the *visionary*, and the *false*. The natural impulse of the just opening mind in a child is to break loose from all restraint, and to bid defiance to the slow march of reason and the cautious steps of a matured judgment. Of its natural desires, how small a part are pure; of its conclusions, how few are correct; of its aspirations,

how few, if any, are dignified and noble ! and with the individual, so with the general, mind ; and the more prone it is to wander, the more easily is it tempted to stray from the highway of truth, into the tangled and thorny paths of error.

The cultivation of this great mass of intellect is to be regarded as a sacred trust. It is a religious duty, obligatory upon those to whom it is confided—the intelligent and the refined ; and what a rich and luxuriant field of labour is daily presented to the directors of the popular literature, and what a glorious aim, and what a triumphant achievement to attract the spirit of men, more particularly of the untutored, to a reverence for all that is truthful and virtuous, and to a love for all that is beautiful and beatific ; and to attune its every impulse and desire to a just sense and estimation of the *peaceful*, the *perfect*, and the *pure*. But, alas ! too often are the flowers of hope and promise nipped in the bud ; how few even of those which become set, ever expand into fragrance and blossom, much less ripen into full fruition ! Whilst the philosopher and the philanthropist may look around them and witness with ineffable delight the throes of this mental struggle, they cannot fail to perceive, as regards the public press, that too frequently the poison of asps is beneath the tongue of the charmer, and that his most dulcet notes are but the lure of a false syren.

A morbid appetite for the impure, and a craving after the novel and the exciting, may be looked upon as another very general and very repulsive feature in the mind of a people just emerging from a state of mental inactivity into one of restless inquiry. This is to be attributed to the fact that, in the transition state, new feelings are awakened, and passions hitherto dormant are aroused before the reason has had time to adapt itself to what may be termed its altered condition of existence, so as to calm the one, and subdue the other, of these novel sensations ; consequently, in its ardent desire to be satisfied, the public mind either becomes the subject of a feverish restlessness, in some degree unfitting it for the more sober and superior intellectual pursuits, or in its relaxation from severer labour it is laid open to the action of those outward agencies which corrupt and pervert its taste. And so, in the course of time, not only is it rendered discontented with the more legitimate sources of edification, but it is induced to seize, with unbecoming readiness, upon those means of gratification which, whilst they minister to, strengthen and increase, its appetite. This is peculiarly observable at the present time. The highest reputation, the most untarnished fame, the most remote obscurity, are not freed from the withering influence of this spirit, nor guarded against its blighting obtrusion ; whilst the decencies of public society are violated by it, and the privacies of domestic life are no longer shielded from its attacks.

That, with the popular desire for sound instruction so largely evoked, and with the abundant means which are constantly springing up for its satisfaction, this inferior and under-current of feeling should flow with so impetuous a tide through the public mind, may, at first, appear somewhat extraordinary,

if not anomalous. That it is, however, in part to be accounted for on natural principles, as the effect of the mental phenomena, is not to be questioned. But that there is also an independent extrinsic agency at work, to promote and augment it, is neither to be denied nor doubted. These feelings of the public, then, require rather to be repressed than fostered; but, it is self-evident, that whilst this perversion of the public taste is encouraged by one portion of the press, the nobler efforts of the other to repress and subdue it, must be greatly paralysed, if not rendered altogether ineffectual. What cause of sorrow to the chastened mind, then, must it be to perceive that too many of those whose endeavours should be to raise the public taste, to reform the public manners, and to conserve the public morals, render themselves subservient to the meaner passions of our nature, and are satisfied to lower their own intellectual standard to please the taste of the less enlightened, rather than to endeavour to exalt the popular mind to a level with their own. What constant source of lively regret to watch the production, and the greediness with which they are seized upon, of publications in the form of newspapers, periodicals, and novels, that are a scandal to the age and the country in which they are produced! Of the former class, what numbers are there, more especially of the cheaper, which, pandering to vice and immorality, weekly breathe over the popular mind an atmosphere of pestilence and pollution, and impregnate it with doctrines of a foul, extravagant, and impious nature; and which, instead of directing the public energies to the acquisition of attainable and really practical political rights and privileges, goad the humbler classes into a life-and-death struggle for chimeras of the brain, and so drive them into bloodshed and rebellion in the pursuit of objects either entirely unattainable, or worthless if secured. Of the latter class of works, too, how many are there that, to foster the taste which they themselves have in some measure created, cast a slur upon religion, and hold up its pastors to public contempt and reprobation; arouse, in the bosoms of the uninformed, a false feeling of regard for the housebreaker, the highwayman, the murderer, the unchaste, and the outcast of society, tending to familiarize the mind with scenes of guilt and habits of sin; or, which, outraging the sympathies of our nature, and desecrating home, its ties, its sanctities, and its endearments, expose to public scrutiny those faults which affection or friendship would suffer much to conceal rather than labour to expose.

This is an innovation of the worst character upon the proper sphere of intellectual culture. It is a sort of spurious literature, till lately unknown. Indeed, it has sprung up as one of the accidents of the times; and is, unhappily, too nearly akin to the evil passions which lurk in every human breast, to make it unpalatable to the excited imagination of an undisciplined mind. Consequently, like the stone which, thrown into the placid lake, impedes and disturbs the calm flow of the silver stream, it makes the quiet waters of the public mind fretful and turbid; or, like the cloud, which gathers upon the otherwise bright and glowing horizon, it throws a shade and a blight upon all that comes within its scope. It

does much to retard the moral and social improvement of the people, and is, therefore, matter for grave reprobation; as the just claims of humanity, the true interests of society, and the sanctity of religion are hurt by it; whilst its noxious tendencies fall heavily upon our public virtue, to the prejudice of our national honour. But enough of this; it is too dark a picture to dwell upon. We prefer rather to participate in the pleasing anticipations of those who reflect upon the moral, the mental, and the physical changes which have taken place in the condition of the people, and the prospect which is every where observable of still further improvement in the rising generation.

To the mind of every man, it must surely be matter of sincere gratulation, that, although so much remains yet to be achieved, so much has already been effected. The reign of mental destitution, of superstition, and (may we not fondly hope?) of crime, is rapidly shortening. The popular mind is awakening to a conception of its superiority over every other part of inferior being, and to a consciousness that it has been gifted with attributes of wonderful acuteness, activity, and strength. It is, consequently, becoming stronger, and more and more developed; and the natural result of its progressive expansion must be, that mankind will become wiser and better, more holy, and, therefore, more happy. And that this end may speedily be accomplished, must be every wise man's wish, and every good man's prayer.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

No. I.—ON THE CHARACTER OF “ARBACES.”

It is scarcely possible to read the splendid apostrophe of Belesus to the Sun, in Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, without (independently of all prosaic treatises upon the subject) obtaining a deep insight into the mysterious worship of this idolatrous, once mighty, but now stricken nation; and of the proud stern feelings which agitate the mind of the worshipper, and the tone of command, rather than of suppliance, which it breathes; or without wondering at the thralldom of the mental powers, and the surrender of the intellect to the domination of a fancy, cherished till it has changed into a faith, as shown in this, his passionate conclusion.

“ ‘Hear me! oh! hear me,
 I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant;
 I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
 And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams,
 When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd
 For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
 And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
 And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
 Only to thus much: ' while I speak, he sinks—
 Is gone.' ”

In this delineation there is developed the poetry of character as strikingly as the poetry of thought. And so, in a not less powerful degree, is the mind affected by the poetry of character exhibited in the Arbaces of the "Last Days of Pompeii." It is a delineation essentially poetical, in the times of which it is the type, and in the complexion of the mind, whose workings are gradually unfolded, till the final accomplishment or failure of its projects—for it pertains to the past, and all that relates to the by-gone partakes of the poetical. It has scarcely any touch or tinge of the present. It is, as it were, the poetry of a past empire, concentrated within the confines of that beautiful, but now desolate city, the great soul of the Magician now sweeping backward with tender regret and fond regard to the remembrance of his own benighted and ruined empire, and anon working with materials of fleshly mould and intellectual stamp, and thus ruling by the might of his mind rather than, if otherwise had been his fate, by the strength of his sceptre. It is the poetry of a race, almost exterminated—of a once glorious, but now departed, existence—of times and things that were, but are not.

And what is it that we perceive in the character of this wonderful man? The poetry of feeling is there—the poetry of passion is there—the poetry of pride, of person, and intellect, are there; and though lowering the brow may be, and dark the shadows that flit athwart that mind, and overwhelming and fierce the feeling, the passion, the pride of that soul as presented to our view, they are still all poetical, partaking of the spiritual rather than of the earthy. The man knows himself to be of a superior race to those by whom he is beset, and his feelings and passions are consequently elevated far above those of the crowd by whom he is begirt, and whom he moulds to his desires. His mind travels downward through the long ages which have rolled away, to the period when his nation stood proudly in her power of intellect and sovereignty of rule, and his spirit catches something of the tone of defiance, and gathers strength from the religion and the lore of his people. It is true, that the eye may quail and the spirit blench, while we trace his character through all its tortuous windings; but who can fail to admire the haughtiness of his soul, and the boldness of the daring that are exhibited in his machinations? Commanding, though mysterious, are the operations of his mind; gigantic the intellect, and vast the purposes to the accomplishment of which that intellect is directed. He stands out in the foreground of the picture, throwing all behind him into a veiled shadow; and though he may not command our esteem, he nevertheless challenges our respect; and, as we gaze upon him, we are compelled to acknowledge him truly fitted to command not a weak and timorous people, but a mighty nation,—his own, once apparently unsubjugable, empire. He is presented to us in a glorious though darkened character, as the remnant of a race, at whose name thrones had trembled, and Earth herself waxed pale. We are free to admit, that the character of Arbaces is one which has many murky clouds obscuring the brightness of its horizon; but a frowning

sky, clad in thunder-clouds, is more imposing, and wears an aspect not less beautiful, than one presenting a fair and cloudless expanse of blue. It is a character not the less poetical, because it might have been more unsullied. The pourtrayal of that mind is essentially the development of the poetry of character, national, as well as individual. And oh, how does the reflection of the mind of one of her wayward children conjure up before the view of all mankind, Egypt, with her wonders, her towering pyramids, her frowning sphinxes, her stupendous altars, temples, and palaces; her cabalistic rites, her mystic lore, and all the dark and gloomy superstitions of a race, among whom the fathers of that child were princes and their predecessors kings. Egypt! as we read of thee in the characters of thy sons, our spirit mourns over thy shrouded ruins, and shrinks, awe-stricken and abashed, from the remembrance of thy faded glories and departed greatness.

THE LAST FESTE OF THE PERCÈ.

1.

THE Baron of Alnwick held revels gaie,
In the halls of his auncestrie,
To keep in good mind the famous day,
When the Ynglish warrior, Lord Percè,
From Ynglond made the Scots to flee,
And drave them back to their own countrie.

2.

Full many a dame and damsel fair,
With knights of gréte renowne;
And mickle gentle-folk were there,
Bedight with silken gowne;
A glorious sight it was, to see
The flow'r of Ynglond's chivalrie.

3.

The hall was deck'd with laurel bough,
Tied up with ribbon blue;
And around the walls were standers enow,
The loss of the foeman Scot to show;
And eke of helmes and dinted bronde,
The pride of the Lords of Northumberlonde.

4.

Beneath a dosser* of 'broid'ry rare
The Earl and his Ladye sate;
Whilst Algernon, Northumberlond's heir,
With Harry of Rokeby, called "the fat,"
And Lovell, "the gentle," fested nigh
To the noble pair on the dais high.

5.

The knights and ladies at tables three,
Fested in courteous sorte;
'Tended by 'squires of high degree,
Or pages of comely porte;
And minstrels stood in a rood† hard by,
To chere, with fit songe, the companie.

6.

The sewers had served the venison course,
And cates of wondrous art;
The loving-cup, with swete discourse,
Had warm'd each gentle harte;
When sudden bursts upon the ear—
A shout of foes advancing nere.

* Dosser, a canopy of state, allowed to be used by peers only.

† Rood, a loft, or gallery.

7.

Quick as a shotten bolt, each knight
Left his fair ladye mate,
To doff the festive robe so light,
And donn the stouring plate;*
Whilst ev'ry 'squire in the castle-yarde
Made ready the stede for his stalwart lord.

8.

The oaken gates were open flung,
The portcullis was rais'd,
Across the moat the drawbridge swung,
With chain of iron brac'd—
To the clarion's sound sped forth the band,
Headed by Lord Northumberlonde.

9.

All golden bright the sun went downe
That eve on Alnwick tow'r,
And beautiful its beamings shone
O'er tree, and herbe, and flow'r;
And night came on, and one by one
Stars from the heav'n's blue welkin shone.

10.

And mörning rose; but who was he,
Of Alnwick's knightly band,
That hail'd with joy the op'ning day
Bright'ning his native land?
There was not one; together laid—
They slept—the slumber of the dead.

11.

They slept; and at each kinsman's side
A foeman eke slept nigh;
And nere his rider the faithful stede
Was standing patiently;
Whilst the gory turf, with weapons strew'd,
Told of the dire and deadly feud.

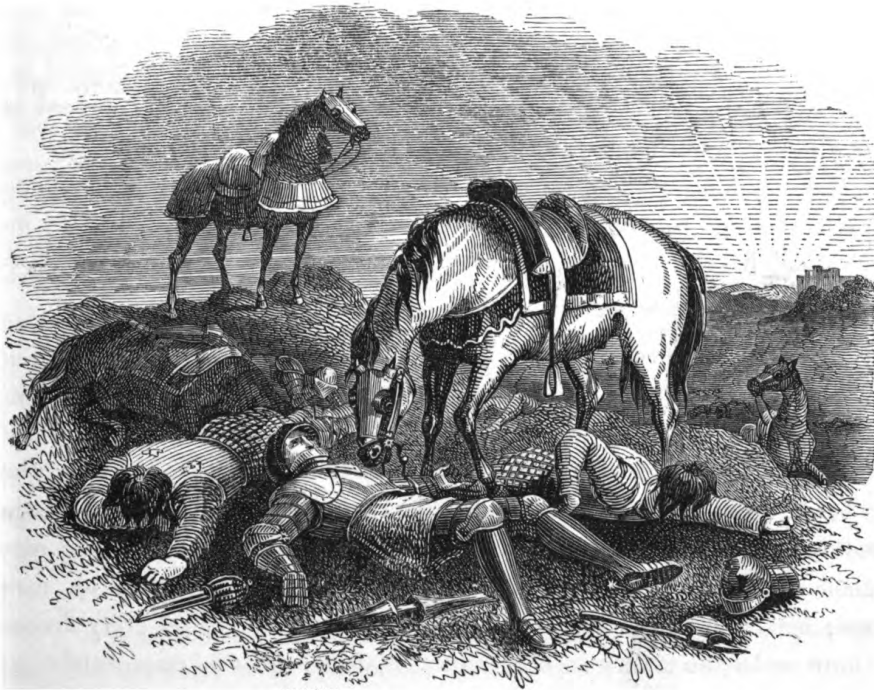
12.

With solemn psalm and dirge of priest,
To Alnwick hall they bore
The knights, who merrie at the feste
Had sate the night before;
And when all solemn rites were paid,
Each one in honor'd tomb they laid.

13.

Long time, since then, has pass'd away,
And many a year has roll'd,
Yet the tale of the feste and the Percè's
fray
By ev'ry hind is told;
And the peasant stands with cap in hand
When he speaks of the knights of Northum-
berlonde.

HUGON, of Edgeware.



* Stouring plate—a suit of armour.

OUR CONTINENTAL PANTHEON.

No. I.—CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK.

L'ENVOY. We propose, within this temple, to niche a few images, be they mere wooden copies of the sometimes marble originals, and in our lapidary eloquence to write the inscriptions of some of the more prominent poetic, philosophic, and literary gods of Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, thereby to make our readers acquainted with some interesting facts in their existence or works. To some of the macrocephali, or long-headed critics, our gods may appear of questionable divinity—nay, but shabby resemblances of shabby demi-gods; but, O Critic! reflect awhile, and it will become luminously apparent to thee, that whatever may be their *mythological* pretensions, their *egotistical* claims to divinity are, in every case, undoubted; nay, more, as there is a Silence to every Shallow, so are there always some devout souls, who bowingly acknowledge these pretensions, and who think Henri de Balzac, and his like, the very type of

“Strength reposing on his own right arm.”

To our lady readers it may be necessary to observe, that our Continental Pantheon “has no connexion whatever” with the Oxford-street Pantheon; nor does it presume to set up an opposition to that august lounge for

“Idlesse in her dreaming mood.”

The word Pantheon, meaning “all the gods;” and when applied to a building, “a temple or receptacle for all the gods.” Having proved the *mens divini* of our heroes, the fittingness of our title becomes apparent.

But our subjects may be viewed as lions, if not as gods. The literary lion is a tame sort of animal, but his genus is established, so that every bust which shall be placed within our temple may be looked on with Dantèsque eyes, as a Sordello-lion.

“Solo guardando,
A guisa di leon, quando si posa.”

Hail, Charles Paul de Kock! Hail, thou laughing sage! Hail, thou true-hearted man, steadily pursuing thy path amidst the vortex of pedantries, pseudo-philosophics, monstrosities, intensities, and affectations, called French Romance! Whilst the insufferable pedantry; glaring ignorance on many points; harsh, cramped, conventional style; blasphemy against every decency put forth under the tawdry cover of sentimentalism; and wild improbabilities of incident in Henri de Balzac, still meet with admirers and imitators—whilst the coarse melo-drame, murder-rape-and-fire tragedy of the terrible Frédéric Soulié, whose stern bearded face, seems the fittest criticism on his “*Memoires*

du Diable,"—or the heavy monstrosities spawned from the sickly brain of the Bibliophile Jacob,—it is something to find two spirits "dwelling apart" untouched, uninfluenced. We allude to George Sand and Charles Paul de Kock. The former we shall consider in our next.

There is a drawback in the delight we receive from Paul de Kock, which, inasmuch as it is considered fatal by many, we will grapple with at the outset. We mean his occasional indecency, which, strangely enough, has been forced into a charge of immorality, from a confusion of ideas very natural with literal people, with whom, so long as a vice is *called* a virtue, and sits in power with ermined-robcs or bishop-mitres, a virtue it is firmly believed to *be*, and every lean "dog" of a virtue, unfortunately branded "with a bad name" by opponents, must, perforce, be hanged without appeal.* Paul de Kock is not immoral, but indecent—two things of by no means the same significance. There is no novel of his that has not a very pronounced, and we will venture to say healthy, moral. They are, some of them, coarse, we are willing to admit, for which we are the more sorry, because he can so well do without it—he has wit, and humour, and invention, sufficient to keep us in one roar of laughter, without calling in the aid of coarse jokes, which make no one laugh but "Englishmen and grisettes," and it is worth noting, that these coarse jokes are almost invariably the same; and perhaps Herr Tieck, the German poet, hit the mark when he said to the writer, "*C'est dommage, mais il fallait y mettre quelque chose de la sorte pour plaire aux Français.*" But, while admitting and deploring this drawback, let us bear in mind the distinctive differences of coarseness and corruption. Coarseness is want of gracefulness in the mind—but its effect on the mind is almost nothing, it is repellent to the graceful, it adds nothing to the mind already coarse—but immorality *insinuated* has the most pernicious effect on every mind that does not detect and revolt at it. Clothing vice in the purple and fine linen of sentiment and imagination; miscalling vices virtues; heroic ruffians and silly benevolents; great intellects without hearts; the association of depravity with beauty and highmindedness; sophisms under the form of philosophical maxims which undermine the faith, sapping the foundations and building nothing thereon; the fashion-pest; the knife-and-fork school of elegance; ridiculing the *canaille*, Bloomsbury-square, &c.—these, and the whole lava-flood of untruth, and insolent foppery of the novels of France and England (redeemed by some few examples) are, to this writer, the things to be stigmatised—are the pernicious seductions to all who cannot see

* It is curious to see the way in which these people will receive any blasphemy coming from the mouth of one who rails against blasphemy, and who, by the assumption of his exemption from it, gets the credit of that exemption. See an article in the last *Quarterly*, on Carlyle, full of the most vehement repugnance to Christianity in its very objections; and see also the admirable reply of the *Morning Chronicle*, 2nd October, where the charge of blasphemy is retorted.

through and despise them. But coarseness, however reprobated, comes not near unto these ; the coarseness of one age will be the refinement of the next—it rests mostly in words not in ideas. If we were to read no works containing coarse words, where would our libraries be? Chaucer, Shakspeare, and his fellow dramatists, Butler, Fielding, Smollet, &c. Every one pardons the grossness in these works—why not pardon de Kock? Of what value is the excusing formula, “it was the grossness of the age”?—if it is there, and you read it, does that make it decent? We do not countenance it in Paul—let us always point it out as a drawback, and a great one ; but let us, on the other hand, hold it for no more than it is worth, not make it a mountain of objection to all that is pure and good, and pleasant in his works !

Except Fielding, we know no writer of this sort who surpasses de Kock ; and Fielding does so because his Comedy so rarely descends to Farce, keeping its path on the highroad of truth, and that astounding irony which places him in the rank of a minor prose Shakspeare. Paul de Kock’s truth (when he sticks to it, and does not let his exuberant animal spirits widen the smile of his Comedy into the broad hearty laugh of Farce) is marvellous, made out by a few distinct touches ; not painfully elaborated, so that we see the springs moving ; the puppets, and even the broadest caricature, have always a foundation on truth,—the mere animal spirits, exaggerating the truth. His style is the perfection of French style, light, elegant, exquisitely idiomatic, and easy, undinned by antithesis, straining after learned words, or conventional beauties—it is the style of an accomplished man, speaking with the most perfect ease and absence of affectation. His language, indeed, is a perpetual charm, carrying you along with him, as the music of poetry lifts you on its wings over the interspaces of less interest. This is a great point in a French writer—the language itself, on account of its thinness and poorness, demands, as it were, skilful management—hence, style with them is of prominent importance, and, to an Englishman who desires to speak elegant French, which will be invaluable to him in France, there is no author we could recommend equal to de Kock. The other stylists write as writers, not as speakers.

Paul’s good humour, and healthy hearty love of all that is good and beautiful, and his sympathies with everything, quite distinguish him among his contemporaries. Like the sunshine of humanity on the page of “Boz,” there is in Paul a perpetual and refreshing sense of a man with a large overflowing heart. Loving nature, detesting affectation of every species, sympathising with and defending the poor, and the enjoyments of the poor, gently passing over the faults of the *grisette* and showing how they pertain to her position, and how much goodness and devotion there often beats under her flighty, irregular, and questionable existence. Never, in any case, dressing up feverish heroes, or gilding vice, nor making butts of virtues, or impossible benevolences, exposing the hollowness of conventional virtues, or the heroes of society,—the “good fellows” and “charming young men,” whose vices are too

often passed over, because they are "dashing," or the men themselves, "reckless and high-spirited;" always laughing *with* you, never *at* you; never presenting a weakness as the whole man, but always by side touches, letting you into the secret of the whole world of sympathies, &c., which works within every human breast. Painting the most loveable flesh and blood, genuine women; no impossible lay-figures of heroines, but women having their little weaknesses to qualify their absorbing affection and never-tiring patience; they are angels "with just enough of earth to make them women" of keen wit, inexhaustible humour, and deep remark; the latter carelessly dropping from him without pretension, as the result of a long experience, and a keen insight into the sphere wherein he moves, which is that of the every-day world and its domesticities, errors, struggles, vanities, &c.; of a quiet, unexaggerated pathos which goes direct to the heart, and which so charmingly relieves the fatigued sense of laughter; and with a power of sketching in, and also of elaborately drawing character, quite unsurpassed in these days. Such is an outline of the merits of this writer whom we cordially love, as may be seen, and whose novels are almost the only ones we can read. But he has his faults, and it is needful, after the above panegyric, to state them. His indecency we have disposed of; but some of his works are entirely free from it. Writing for his bread, he necessarily writes too much, so that on reading his works consecutively you are struck with the sort of resemblance in the incidents and characters. He has almost invariably a *bavard*, who certainly is most laughably drawn, and the wonderful differences in this one genus of *bavard* which he has drawn, is perfectly surprising. With this *bavard* is usually a young man, who ruins himself in "*la vie parisienne*," who is mostly a mere lay-figure. A pedant frequently occurs, who fatigues people with his historical illustrations. But compare M. Ferrulus (*La Maison Blanche*), with M. Bidet (*Sœur Anne*), as a specimen of his power of drawing character; any other would have made these men the same, except in name. Beyond his repetition of incidents and scenes, we must confess that he sometimes spins his subject out to an unwarrantable degree, and that he is generally very inartificial in the conduct of his story; sometimes driving off the *dénouement* to the last chapter, and then, unable to untie the knot, clumsily cutting it.—See *Sœur Anne*, *le Barbier de Paris*, and *Frère Jacques*, as notable instances.

His works are too numerous to mention here; but we may select the "*Cocu*," "*La Femme, le Mari, et l'Amant*"—" *Le bon Enfant*"—" *La Maison Blanche*," "*Sœur Anne*"—" *Les Mœurs Parisiennes*"—" *Mons. Dupont*"—" *Mon Voisin Raymond*"—" *La Jolie Fille du Faubourg*"—" *Jean*"—" *Ni jamais ni toujours*," "*André le Savoyard*"—as among the best of his works, and approached by no other writer. Some of these, also, are not defaced by indelicacy. *Le Bon Enfant* we regard, on the whole, as his best—as the novel *par excellence*. It is surpassed in drollery and pathos by some others of his, but in construction of the story, and in the consummate truth in which the problem is worked out,

and with which the characters and incidents are drawn, it must take the lead. There is no exaggeration in it, and the incidents, giving a little latitude to occasional fun, are natural, easy, and complete. The gradual growth of the ill consequences of the weakness, called "good nature"—meaning inability to say "no"—or to withstand the sarcasms of dissipated companions, and its speedy transition into habit and vice, is depicted with great truth and vividness. And then, the dissipation which unfits him for next day's business, the consciousness of his own folly, and the feverish anxiety to drown the sense of it, and all other unpleasant "still voices" in the society of his *Café* friends, rather than manfully reforming his course of life. In a word, the whole character of the weak, thoughtless, idle "good fellow," who, while his wife was wearing out her feeble frame in the attempt to support him and their children, sat at home playing his violin, or lounged about taking his *petit verre* with his last *sou*, and always cheating himself with his own feeble resolutions of "doing something"—is a masterpiece of delineation. Moreover, there is not one indecency in the work!

If one reader of this inscription on the Tablet of our first niche should be incited to read Paul with a manful toleration of his faults, he will thank us for many an exquisite hour, and for many a deep insight into "the red-leaved tablets of the human heart," and into our social relations, which, though thrown out without pretension, as in the course of refined conversation, yet are somewhat more valuable than the most studied conversation of most "well informed persons."

SONNET.

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH! thy tones fall dreamlike on my soul,
 And I can list the music of thy strains
 Till this world's joyless scenes—its cares and pains,—
 Like clouds before the morning, from me roll;
 Whether it pleaseth thee, a knell to toll
 For the old year departed; or a throng
 Of sweetest sympathies to pour along,
 While calm philosophy pervades the whole.—
 Arise, then, in thy majesty and shine!
 And be thou known a poet of all time*;
 One who canst cast a ray of light divine
 On all things round thee—glory not their own,
 Like the soft breath of some celestial clime,
 Wafted along the gales of evening down.

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* "He was not of an age, but for all time."—JONSON.

THE SMUGGLER'S SONS.

A TALE OF THE SUFFOLK COAST.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THERE is a solitary little fishing town on the coast of Suffolk, which retains strong traces of having been once a Danish colony, especially in the complexions, names, and habits of some of its inhabitants. There are Swaines, Christians, Petersons, Magubs, Magnuses, Hacons, and Godwins; a sturdy, red-haired race, big-boned, tall, and choleric, and entirely devoted to nautical pursuits. Formerly, they indulged occasionally in the piratical propensities of those marine monsters, the sea kings, from whom their descent is, in all probability, derived, till one of our Plantagenet sovereigns, out of his especial grace, granted the town the privilege of a gallows, to keep the unruly red-rovers in order. In later years, they have amended their manners and settled down into a worthy community of pilots and merchant-mariners, with the exception of a few incurable varlets, who employ their Danish energies in the capacity of smugglers. On especial nights, these bold adventurers skim the moonless waves in long, sharp-keeled boats, painted of a bluish white, with oars of the same indistinct hue, with muffled rests, that they may neither be seen nor heard by the watchful coast-guard when they put off to meet the loaded lugger from the Dutch shore, in the hope of landing her contraband cargo in some lonely creek, or bight. There is always a party on land as well as at sea, on such nights, and generally some sly farmer in the secret, who engages to provide carts and horses for the run, and, if need require, points out places of concealment for the goods, on condition of receiving a share of them in return for his services.

Daniel Bloxham, of the Shore-end Farm, was supposed to have amassed a considerable property during the war, by his secret alliance with Harold Peterson and Magnus Swaine, two of the most daring smugglers on the eastern coast of England. Nine centuries appeared to have had little or no effect in qualifying the fierce blood they had inherited from their Danish ancestors; they were a pair of determined red-rovers, and had, for many years, carried on their contraband trade in defiance of French privateers and English revenue cutters by sea, and generally contrived to outwit the preventive lieutenant and his armed force, and all the wiles of the custom-house-officers by land.

They were well-known characters for forty miles round, and had a numerous connexion of mysterious customers whom they secretly supplied with genuine Scheidam and Cogniac, tea, and tobacco of exquisite quality, and at

less than half the price at which inferior samples of the same could be procured in the regular way.

Harold Peterson and Magnus Swaine rode the finest hunters in the country ; and, in their rough nautical costume, they might literally have been termed a pair of "horse marines." They always rode at headlong speed, and though they often scoured the country in different directions at the same time, they had only one pair of spurs between them. This was productive of no inconvenience to either of these seafaring cavaliers ; for, be it known to my readers, that a Suffolk smuggler wears but one spur, and this is the outward sign and token whereby the profession of contraband merchant is indicated. If a bold weather-beaten horseman, in a broad low-crowned glazed hat, blue jacket and huge jack boots, garnished with one spur only, make his appearance on a market-day in any town near the coast of Norfolk or Suffolk, he is sure to be greeted with winks and signs, and inklings of orders for "*moonshine*," from a variety of customers who ought to know better than to have any dealings with persons of his class.

Harold Peterson and Magnus Swaine had married sisters, and they had each one son, genuine scions of their piratical forefathers. Young Harold Peterson and young Magnus Swaine possessed decided talents and propensities for the paternal profession ; but the elder Harold and Magnus, having amassed a considerable share of property, determined to bring up their heirs for gentlemen, and with this laudable design in view, they sent the lads to a school where Greek and Latin might be acquired by those who had a taste for learning, and every thing else forgotten by those who had not. The arrangements of old Harold and old Magnus were greatly criticised by all the seafaring population of Shore-end.

"What should old smugglers' sons want with chopping Latin ?" cried Hacon, the pilot. "They can make the Dutch skippers understand how many tubs of Hollands they want, without that," observed Fisk, the boat-builder.

"Humph," ejaculated Christian, the rope-spinner, "but you know times are not what they were for smugglers ; and old Peterson and Swaine mean to leave off that trade and set up for gentlemen."

A general burst of laughter followed this observation, and many shrewd sarcasms were uttered by the coterie at the expense of the parents of young Harold and young Magnus ; but all came to the conclusion that they had been infected with the pride and ambition of their friend and colleague, Daniel Bloxham, who was bringing up his daughter, Margaret, for a fine lady, and called her "*Miss Bloxham*."

"I remember that Dan Bloxham, a poor boy, with scarce a shoe to his foot," said Snooks, the smith ; "and now he has bought Shore-end farm, and sent his girl to boarding-school, where they say she is learning to play on the music. Well, smuggling is a fine trade."

"I never knew a smuggler die a rich man for all that," observed the boat-builder.

"Nor I," said the pilot; "for let their gains be ever so great, it seems like gambling; and money that is got unlawfully, you understand, never seems to do any good. You know the saying too, 'The pitcher never goes so often to the well, but it comes home broken at last.'"

Young Harold and young Magnus, meantime, possessing good memories and quick wits, contrived to pick up the usual stock of Greek and Latin to be acquired in provincial seminaries; they also learned a little bad French and awkward dancing, and having plenty of money to disburse among the ushers and boys, were accounted very good scholars and excellent fellows. During the holidays, they enjoyed the recreation of occasional trips to Rotterdam and Dunkirk, in the paternal lugger, and displayed such ready tact and activity in the business of landing and running the cargoes, that all the subordinates in the firm of Swaine, Peterson, Bloxham, and Co., averred "it was a crying sin to think of making gentlemen of such promising lads." These observations at length made such an impression on the mind of young Magnus Swaine, that he resolutely withstood all old Magnus's plans for his induction into genteel life, and avowed his intention of following no other calling than that of a smuggler.

Young Harold Peterson was a person of a more aspiring spirit, and allowed himself, at the age of sixteen, to be articled to Mr. Leech, the surgeon, of Scrapeton, which his father told him was a long step towards becoming a gentleman, since the young doctors, as Mr. Leech's assistants were styled, were invited to evening parties, and admitted to the monthly assemblies at Scrapeton Angel, where they might invite young ladies in book-muslin and white satin, to dance with them, if they liked. The promise of these tempting privileges induced Harold the younger to make a legal surrender of his time and freedom for the term of five years, and to become a junior spreader of plaisters, roller of pills, and pounder of drugs, in a small square brick-floored den, in Mr. Leech's domicile, which was dignified with the name of the surgery. In due time the descendant of the sea kings was initiated into the mysteries of bleeding and drawing of teeth, and became familiar with the nomenclature of the pharmacopœia; but as for advancing one step towards the rank of a gentleman in virtue of his vocation, that was out of the question. His parentage and connexions were too well known, and he was regarded by all the *elite* of the town as a sort of Pariah, whom it would be loss of caste to admit to the slightest degree of intimacy. His father had paid handsomely for his boarding in Mr. Leech's own family, and made frequent offerings of genuine Eau de Cologne and French gloves to the young ladies and their mamma, which procured him civil treatment in the house, if toleration may be called civility. He was even suffered to appear at their evening parties, and to enjoy the satisfaction of losing his money at the loo-table, round which the juvenile members of the petty aristocracy of Scrapeton congregated on such occasions; but no one ever dreamed of including him in the invitations that were

addressed to the surgeon's family ; and, as being proposed as a subscriber to the monthly assemblies, it would have been an easier matter to have procured a voucher to a ticket of admission for him to Willis's rooms.

Harold Peterson felt all these things far more bitterly than he would have done the severest hardships and privations. Then, too, his cousin, Magnus Swaine, the young smuggler, a reckless scape-grace, frequently visited the town, and bore so provoking a resemblance to himself, that he was not unfrequently taxed with the commission of his pranks. Harold imagined his exclusion from the society to which he aspired was, in a great measure, occasioned by his connexion with Magnus ; and, under the influence of this idea, treated him with studied coldness and contempt, and not unfrequently gave him the cut direct, when they met in the streets of Scrapeton. Magnus was not of a temperament to take such usage meekly, and the result was mutual hatred—deadly and irreconcilable. This feeling was greatly augmented when Harold Peterson, weary of the monotony and irksomeness of his life at Scrapeton, after serving an apprenticeship to physic and gentility of about four years, broke from his bondage in consequence of some slight from the younger people in his master's family, and returned to Shore-end in a high state of morbid irritability, having just tarried long enough at Scrapeton to become infected with the pride, the folly, and affectation of fourth-rate exclusives in a provincial town. There were resources, if he had chosen to apply himself to them, in the pursuits of science and learning, far superior to the amusements of round games and quadrille parties, in which he had so eagerly desired to participate, and offering, withal, more honourable paths to the esteem of the world, than the paltry ones from which he was elbowed and barred by those who considered he was an unqualified intruder among them. Unfortunately, Harold Peterson did not possess the elevation of mind which might have taught him the difference between the vulgar pride of aspiring to their level, and the noble spirit of independence that should have led him to regard such matters with indifference, or to hold himself above them. His father, in his extreme ignorance of the constitution of society, had told him that wealth would purchase every thing the world could bestow, and he had put his trust on a presumptuous maxim, instead of seeking to qualify himself for the mark at which his ambition pointed, and therefore his mortification was the more complete. The exultation of his cousin Magnus aggravated the bitterness of his feelings, and the vulgarity and disreputable nature of his connexions rendered his home more distasteful to him than his residence at Scrapeton. Under these circumstances, his wisest plan would have been to have obtained his father's assistance, to enable him to finish his medical education in some distant county, where his family might chance to be unknown ; but his father being naturally exasperated at the manner in which he had rendered his project for advancing him to the coveted rank of a gentleman abortive, treated him with repulsive scorn in their domestic intercourse ; and when, at length, the paternal

love and pride of old Harold Peterson led him to suggest this measure to his son, the young man had discovered an attraction in Shore-end, sufficiently powerful to bind him to the hitherto detested spot. Margaret Bloxham, the heiress of the Wood Farm, had returned from boarding-school, having attained to womanly stature and appearance, and acquired a smattering of a variety of useless accomplishments, together with a few notions which, in her station of life, were calculated to render her anything but happy. Her return to Shore-end had preceded that of young Harold Peterson by some months—months which had been spent by her in the gloom and forced seclusion of a home little suited to her taste. Margaret was possessed of considerable personal attractions; she had been from childhood the object of young Magnus Swaine's ardent affection; and that affection, when after an absence of three or four years she returned in the bloom of her seventeenth summer to Shore-end, blazed into passion. Margaret regarded the young smuggler as a fellow of no reckoning, and treated him accordingly; yet, not without a certain dash of coquettish encouragement, resulting from the secret pleasure her vanity caused her to receive from his attentions, and also because she had no other lover. Magnus took frequent umbrage at her fine lady airs, and the capriciousness of her conduct to himself; but Margaret always exacted the most unconditional submissions from him, even when she was aware that the provocation had been on her side, and so often reminded him "that he was not a gentleman, and therefore no judge of a lady's conduct and manners;" that, Magnus, at length, implored his father to make a gentleman of him.

"I thought," said old Magnus, "it was your intention to live and die a smuggler, my boy."

"I have changed my mind since then," said the young man; "neither would I wish to be a pestle-and-mortar gentleman, like that sneering puppy Harold Peterson, to be looked down upon by all the mushroom gentry in a country town, till I grew as big a fool as the upstarts by whom my company was scorned, and learned to despise my own flesh and blood. No; I will be qualified at once by entering the army; that is the way daring fellows, from among the people, rose to be knights and nobles in the old time."

"Humph," cried his father; "but there were no smugglers in those days, only a set of robbers and thieves, as I have heard; and, now-a-days, soldier officers are the proudest fellows on the face of the earth; and, to tell you the truth, Magnus, I think you would do better in the marines, where people are not quite so stuck up as in the army."

"Anything, anything, that may entitle me to be called a gentleman," cried Magnus.

During the late war, a commission in the marines was not a difficult thing to obtain, neither were the expenses of officers in that service such as to preclude persons of an inferior grade from joining them; so, before either Margaret Bloxham or the Petersons were aware of his intentions, young

Magnus Swaine was converted into a junior officer of a corps of marines in a seventy-four, under sailing orders. Previously to this preferment, his cousin Harold had conceived the intention of rivalling Magnus in the good graces of Margaret Bloxham; and, during his absence, he so far succeeded in his design, that Margaret signified her resolution of never marrying any one but him; and her father and old Harold Peterson had entered into a compact, or family treaty, the articles of which were, that the young people should marry, and young Harold assist in carrying on the farm with Daniel Bloxham, and become the active agent in that department of the smuggling concern which had hitherto devolved on him. Magnus Swaine, the elder, protested against this arrangement, urging the prior claims of his son to the hand of Margaret Bloxham; but she boldly asserted "her right to change her mind if it seemed her good;" and her father said, "his girl was free to please herself as to which of the cousins she wedded." There was no gainsaying this; nevertheless old Magnus was mal-content, and talked of withdrawing his share of the property from the firm, and abandoning the business of a smuggler. "Peace was proclaimed," he said, "and his son, Lieutenant Swaine, was coming home, and would take it very ill of him if he did not cut the connexion altogether, after such unhandsome usage as he had experienced from them all."

The importance of conciliating their offended coadjutor was deeply felt by the elder Peterson and Daniel Bloxham, and they went so far as to offer him an additional share in the profits of the run, provided he would but join them in the next venture, they having been offered an unusually valuable cargo on the other side the water, on advantageous terms. Magnus Swaine, however, positively refused to have part or lot in the affair, unless the engagement between young Harold and Margaret were broken off.

"Suppose we say it is just to humour him," suggested Daniel Bloxham, who felt the danger of a split with a person so deep in all the secrets of the junto as Magnus Swaine. "We shall get exchequered if we do not," pursued he.

"No, no; Magnus Swaine is not the fellow to turn informer," observed old Harold Peterson.

"Nevertheless, it will be better to put the wedding off for a few weeks, and tell him I have other views for Margaret," said Daniel Bloxham; "we'll go talk to the young people about it." His representation had the desired effect, and the lovers agreed to assume an appearance of estrangement—an appearance, however, that failed to deceive old Magnus, and he persisted in his refusal to have either part or lot in the projected venture from Holland.

"Mayhap you'll blow us up with the Preventives, out of spite, because Bloxham's girl prefers my boy to your's, Magnus," said old Peterson.

"If so be I had such a thought, it is not very likely I should own it," returned Magnus, drily.

"We shall venture it, howsoever," said Peterson, "and if ill-luck befall us, we shall know whom to thank."

"If you bespeak ill-luck for yourselves, don't go to blame me if it chance to happen," returned Magnus.

"That fellow will turn traitor," observed Peterson to his son and Daniel Bloxham. "I shall get exchequered then," said Daniel; "for he knows all the vaults and hiding places on the farm as well as I do. Something ought to be done to stop his tongue."

"You see, fair means have no effect on him," said Peterson; "yet I were loth to do any thing *very particular*,—you understand; for we have been true brothers and trusty friends these five-and-thirty years that we have roved the salt seas and scoured the land together,

When a moonlight night
Was our delight,
In the season of the year."

"What signifies that," rejoined Bloxham, "if he means to betray us all to the sharks? Three thousand tubs of Schiedam, five hundred of Cogniac, fifty bags of gunpowder, eighty of bohea, and twenty of shag tobacco, fifteen of pigtail, are in my big vault under the west sheep-walk. A pretty haul that would be for the revenue sharks."

"Oh, never fear the vault; we still owe him a fifth on that stock, which can't be paid till we touch the gold," said Peterson.

"True," returned Bloxham; "but if any thing happened to him in the meantime, that would all be profit, and our secret safe."

"No such thing," said young Harold; "his son knows the ins and outs of the concern as well as old Magnus, and he is expected home in a day or two, as I hear. Of course, as he wears the king's livery, he will be hand and glove with the preventive lieutenant."

"Then," said Bloxham, "we have got into a pretty considerable scrape, as the Yankees say; and the only way to get out of it, will be to let young Magnus marry my girl."

"That is only shifting the match to another train," replied Harold, "for I will blow you up myself to the Preventives if you break faith with me about Margaret."

"Dare to utter another word of that kind, and I shoot you where you stand," cried his father, grasping one of the pistols he always carried in his breast pocket.

"I believe it will be the best job you can do for me," said Harold; "it has been the sorrow of my life that ever I had a father of your fashion."

"Only hear the ungrateful villain, Bloxham, when I was at such an expense in trying to make a gentleman of him, and he crossed all my plans then, and now nothing must serve him but lagging here like a lubber, to be

the firebrand of our concern, by fixing his mind on his cousin's girl, and bringing us into a split with his uncle Magnus, to our utter ruin."

"No, no, that must not be," said Bloxham; "I see no reason why I should give my girl to Harold, any more than to old Swaine's boy."

"Only that Margaret loves me, and has sworn never to marry another."

"A parcel of boarding-school stuff, learned out of what d'ye call 'em Novelty books, what you bring her from Scrapeton, to help make a fool of her. I tell you, when Magnus comes home in his fine officer dress, she will soon send you to the right-about, young man."

"Will she though?" ejaculated Harold.

"Yes will she; I know the girl a little better than you, and we shall see if it won't be so."

Daniel Bloxham proved himself a correct judge of his daughter's stability of character. The first appearance of young Magnus in his uniform as a marine officer, with the improved air and manners which three years spent in the society of military and naval gentlemen had given him, and his title of Lieutenant Swaine, decided her to conform to her father's wish, and to become his wife. A general reconciliation then took place between old Magnus, his brother-in-law, and Daniel Bloxham; and it was agreed that the marriage should be solemnized at the first convenient opportunity.

"But what is to be done with your son Harold in the meantime?" said Bloxham to old Peterson, "for he is a perilous fellow to deal with, in my humble opinion."

"He shall go over to Holland with me to freight the lugger, and in the meantime you can amuse yourselves with the wedding at the Wood Farm; only be sure to let us have everything in readiness against our signal for the run," said Peterson.

Bloxham and Magnus Swaine shook hands with him upon it, and Harold was informed—not of Margaret's change of purpose, but of his father's intention of taking him, as the second in command, in the lugger.

Harold looked dark and sullen at the intimation, and said, "his business was to help his father-in-law with the run, he thought."

"Your business is to obey my orders, young man," said his father, sternly, "and not to play the mutineer or the skulk."

"There is no law against me, if I do," returned Harold;—"and to tell you plainly, I have no liking to the expedition."

"Why not, you mutinous dog?" demanded his father, angrily.

"Because there is a king's officer in the secret, and if he does his duty either way, he is a traitor."

"If you mean my son," interposed old Magnus Swaine, "I'd have you know there is no traitor stuff about him; and if you say there is, he'll make you eat your words."

"You are all in a league against me, I see," said Harold; "and I'll not

trust myself on the high seas, in company with such a gang of salt-water thieves."

"You will stay on shore and inform against us, will you?" cried his father, grasping him fiercely by the arm; "but know that we will have you with us, dead or alive," added he, lowering his voice, and speaking through his short teeth; "and remember, if there be no law for smugglers, they have a law for one another."

"Don't be a fool, Harold," said Bloxham; "you know your father is not a man to be trifled with."

"Neither am I," muttered Harold, as the group separated in consequence of the approach of some of the towns-people. Harold strode across the fields and through the wooded path that led to Bloxham's house; and, bursting into the little parlour which Margaret called her *boudoir*, he stood before her, pale with agitation and anger. Margaret, who was arranging some flowers in a china vase, and neither expected nor desired his company, proceeded with her employment, with a provoking air of indifference.

"There was a time," said Harold, "when, if I entered this room, I was considered worthy of a welcome, Margaret."

"Do you expect me to place a chair for you, too?" returned Margaret.

"Civility, to say nothing of affection, required you to invite me to sit down, at any rate."

"So you can, if you like; but now don't tease me to talk to you till I have finished arranging these flowers."

Harold snatched the flowers from her, dashed them on the ground, and fiercely trampled them under his feet.

Margaret, between terror at his violence, and anger at his rudeness, burst into tears, and sobbed out, "I never was treated so ill in my life, and I won't bear it, I can tell you; but it is a good thing you have shown your temper in time for me to escape the wretched fate of being wedded to such a ruffian."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Harold, with a scornful laugh, "you want to pick a quarrel with me, Margaret, as an excuse for your own falsehood, vain, heartless flirt, that you are!"

"And you call me names too, you ill-mannered fellow," cried Margaret; "but if your cousin Magnus were here, he would protect me from your brutality."

"If I had found him here, one or other of us had been a dead man ere this," said Harold.

Margaret turned pale, and trembled at the terrible expression of his eye, as he uttered these words.

"Margaret," continued he, after a pause, "are not you my betrothed wife?" She was silent.

"Answer me," he cried. "Did you not tell your own father, in my presence, that you would never marry any other man than me?"

"What then?"

"Are you not perjured and forsworn?"

"I was perjured and forsworn to my true love Magnus, when I suffered myself to be enticed by your flattering words."

"Can you deny that you endeavoured to attract my attention by all manner of coquettish wiles, in the first instance?"

"Dear me, Harold, how foolishly you talk. I never wanted any of your attentions, but you were always meeting me in my walks, and walking home with me from church, till I was entangled into something like an engagement."

"Something *like* an engagement! Grant me patience, why we were all but man and wife three weeks ago; and then you were all love and tenderness for me, and ready to give up friends, fortune, and every earthly consideration, for my sake. Margaret Bloxham, in the name of all you hold sacred, what has wrought this change in you?"

"It is of no use entering into a discussion on the subject, especially as I don't want to hurt your feelings, Harold, by saying any thing that might appear unkind."

"Oh, you are vastly considerate, Miss Bloxham; but the fact is, you have fallen in love with the glitter of an epaulette, and have made up your mind to jilt me."

"Really, Harold, you have grown so unamiable and ferocious of late, that you positively terrify me. I would not have a husband of your temper, for the world."

"If you had been constant and kind, you would have found me all gentleness and love; but you have driven me to despair, and then insult me in my misery. Listen to me, Margaret. You are the only thing on earth that I ever loved. Can you expect me to resign you to a rival?"

"Harold, it is of no use deceiving you; I can never be your wife."

"Margaret, that sentence from your lips, so coldly, and so calmly uttered, has severed the last link that bound me to the world and its bitter slavery," cried Harold. "I thought there had been one green spot in the midst of a dreary howling wilderness for me; but I put my trust in a quick-sand, which has proved its treachery at a moment when I least expected it; but think not I will bear my wrongs tamely."

With these words he left the farm-house, and returning home, threw himself upon the bed in a storm of passion, which, at length subsiding into a sort of quiescent gloom, he remained buried in sullen meditation till half an hour past midnight, when, in obedience to his father's commands, he rose, put on his seafaring dress, and, armed almost to the teeth, proceeded with him to the lonely marsh creek, where the lugger was moored under the guard of old Magnus and a trusty crew of daring outlaws, with whom he embarked for the coast of Holland.

SKETCHES,

BY QUIZ.

No. I.—“THE PUNCTUAL MAN.”

AT precisely a quarter of an hour before the clock strikes eight, every morning in the year, excepting only Sunday, Good-Friday, and Christmas-day, a neat dapper little man,—seemingly habited in the same invariable suit of sober black, broad-brimmed hat, white neckcloth, tight inexpressibles, and large, easy, square-toed shoes, with the same little brown gingham umbrella in his hand, summer and winter, sunshine and shower,—may be seen to emerge from a little, low, old-fashioned brick-built, but newly stucco-faced tenement, which, in house-agency parlance, would be described as located in a retired situation exactly three miles and three-quarters from the three bridges.

Aminadab Lightfoot—more familiarly known and recognised as “The Punctual Man,” is a quiet, inoffensive, particular individual; one who has never been known to wear either a smile or a frown upon his face, or to utter an expression remarkable for its pleasantry or anger, for its dulness or its wit. He is a human mill-horse, beginning his rounds every morning at precisely the same moment of time, and directing his movements throughout the day from sheer habit as regularly as though he were governed by a chronometer, or actuated by the machinery of an automaton. Although estimating himself at a very low rate in the scale of human importance, he confers much greater benefit upon society than he has any conception of, he being made to serve the purposes of watch or clock, omnibus touter and time-keeper, and note of warning alike to the idle and to the industrious. For, at his presence, little boys shoulder their bags and trudge, whistling, to school; omnibuses rush from their stands, and conductors stun passengers with their vociferations of “Fleet-street”—“Bank”—“Charing-cross”—“Elephan’ Castle”,—or whatever the point of destination may be; servant-maids beat mats upon steps and against walls, dispersing the previous day’s accumulation of dust in copious showers upon passers by; pot-men commence their daily occupation of gathering in tarnished pots, and bawling for greasy often-thumbed newspapers; butcher boys and baker lads instantly leave their games of pitch and toss, or “mivies,” at the corners of streets, and start off to procure orders, or to deliver hot loaves; green grocers, coal retailers, and cat’s-meat men issue abroad to follow their several vocations and halloo their varied cries to the disturbing of sick patients, awakening fractious children, and souring

No. III.

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the tempers of nursery-maids who wish to lollop and flirt; and of poor mothers who are compelled to drudge by stealth while the little ones sleep.—Yes, Aminadab is the moral sun in his own small hemisphere, whose rising and setting actuates the whole of the animal world by which he is surrounded. The very quadrupeds, feline and canine, appear to regulate their cravings by his motions; for no sooner has he shut the door of his snuggery, than, as if by a species of natural instinct, the whole vicinage becomes alive teeming with these four-footed creatures, anxiously awaiting the coming of the purveyor of their food. Unconscious of all this sensation, however, is our “punctual man,” as he traverses the path-way crossing each street every day at precisely the same instant of time, and arriving at the termination of his journey at exactly the same tick of the clock.

At the same instant every morning does Aminadab awake from his slumbers, start from his couch, and array himself in the same, or similar articles of clothing; at the same minute sit down to his breakfast, and, as if by the striking of a stop-watch, measure the strength of his appetite; at the same moment swallow his last crust, and rise to brush his hat, and draw on his gloves, open his street-door, shut himself out (for the secret of his punctuality is, that every thing that it is possible for him to do he accomplishes, never leaving another to do for him that which he can execute for himself), and at the same unvarying pace, peregrinate to the city.

It is so many years since “the punctual man” first took up his abode in that *quartier*, and commenced his perpetual round of punctuality, that no one can remember when first it began, or dream of its ever coming to an end; and so accustomed to seeing him pass at precisely the same instant, have all who domicile in his route become, that, although none save those who have constituted him their dial, expressly watch for his passing, were he once to fail, a wheel of the world’s machinery would seem to them to have been broken. And so true is it, that the constant practice of the one makes habituants of the many—that, although he has never been known to ride in his life, or to give a penny away in charity, every omnibus conductor and cab-driver hail him as he passes by, and every crossing-scraper appeals to him as he approaches; neither the one nor the other, at the same time, expecting a fare or a farthing, as he has made it a rule (and his charities are as extensive as they are punctually paid) never to ride when he can walk, or to give casual doles in the streets.

Arrived at his close dingy back office, looking out upon a dirty, formerly white-washed wall, one uniform system is pursued from hour to hour, and from day to day. Thus, the better coat is exchanged for a threadbare, time-honoured garment—the same one which has been similarly used from time immemorial—the iron-safe unlocked, the account books opened and laid upon the well-worn desk, for they are things of deep mystery, which the young urchin who plays in the outer room and runs errands is never allowed to peep into or to touch; the stool adjusted, the fire stirred (if in winter), the pen nibbed, the

office clock consulted, and the business of the day begun. Exactly as the clock warns for five in the evening, the books are re-closed and re-deposited, the safe re-locked, the coat re-adjusted, the hat re-brushed, the gloves again put in requisition, and at the first stroke of the hour, the office door opens, and Aminadab Lightfoot retraces his way to his suburban abode.

Aminadab is a solecism, a unit. He has neither friend nor relation, and for years past has never been known either to receive a visitor or to pay a visit. With the exception of his antiquated housekeeper, he has not an inmate in his abode—no dog, no cat, no—not even a canary or a stray half-starved mouse, as though he were afraid to harbour aught that might disturb his serenity, or interfere with that regularity of habit and manner which now seem almost to constitute one of the elements of his existence. Few know his name—none his age, origin, or occupation. The former, even by the most acute in divination, is a point that has long since been given up as hopeless. The latter, however, have more than once been the subjects of surmise. And “many a time and oft” has “La dame de Maison” been covertly questioned, or openly attacked, upon these and other matters, in vain. Although as chatty as old maids are wont to be upon “things in general,” and “general things,” yet upon all that relates to her master, no dumb creature can be more taciturn. Is he rich? Is he old? Is he happy? Is he a merchant? Is he a lawyer? Who is he? What is he? What does he do? Where does he come from? Does he read? Does he talk? Does he sing? Has he always been the same? Is his house inside a good house? Is the furniture handsome? Is it modern? Is it ancient?—are questions that have been often repeated, but never replied to. Thus much, however, has been obscurely hinted at. That he was once very poor, very inconsiderate, very irregular in his habits—that he was taken by the hand by a rich merchant—himself a “punctual man”—that he bade Aminadab copy his example, and promised that if he did, he would “make a man of him.” That the advice being good, and the expectation better, the former was taken, and the latter realized—that many years afterwards, the rich merchant, who had previously made Aminadab his clerk, had died, and left to his faithful servant, his fortune and his business. That this business declined and dwindled away—but that notwithstanding it soon fell off entirely, Aminadab could not refrain, day after day, and week after week, from continuing his accustomed routine.

Not only in matters of business and civil relations is Aminadab worthy of his soubriquet, but in the performance of his religious duties he is still the same man of habit; and, in all faithfulness, let us add, *something more*. Every Sabbath morning as the clock indicates the approach of eleven, is he to be found occupying the corner of his little pew—which corner is not less worthily or regularly filled by his housekeeper in the afternoon; and every day of his life, does he, with the same exactitude, perform those duties of a religious character which are incumbent upon all God’s intelligent creatures.

We would not go the length of asserting that, as elsewhere, so in the sanctuary, he is regarded as little better than a time-piece, but we do verily believe that the organist never thinks of playing the first *voluntary* until he sees that Aminadab is seated, and that the parson would as soon expect not to preach at all, as to preach and not to "the punctual man."

That he thus contrives to avoid many of the ills of life, such as being too late for breakfast in the morning, and too late for tea in the afternoon, too late to transact his business, whatever that business may be, with efficiency, and too late to perform the duties of life with comfort and composure, must be confessed; yet, even this extreme punctuality has engendered habits, which, at times, occasion what to other mortals would be the causes of considerable annoyance. Thus, having in earlier life contrived to get through a three months' courtship, his very precision lost him a wife and gained him an action for breach of promise—on this wise. The wedding-day having been fixed, invariable custom prevailed, and at the very time he should have been placing the ring upon the fourth finger of the lady's left hand, he was nibbling his pen upon the first finger of his own. In another instance, it lost him a fortune of considerable worth; for having been suddenly summoned to the death-bed of a former friend, who desired to make him the sole depository of his wealth, in consequence of not quitting his office till his wonted time, on his arrival at his friend's house, he found it shut up, the intended benefactor a corpse, and the will unexecuted. And, in a third instance, it occasioned his catching a very violent cold, from standing awhile at his door, in the midst of a snow storm, waiting for the return of his housekeeper from a neighbouring gossip's, she having availed herself of the knowledge that it had, for once, been his intention to forego his usual custom, and to dine out. And thus is it clearly demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that not only has every good its evil, but that a veritable good may possibly be turned into a positive evil.

THE CRADLE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

O! happy child! thy cradle's now a boundless world to thee:
Become a man,—the world will then thy narrow cradle be!

D. P. F.

REVIEW.

PASTON LETTERS.

Original Letters, written during the Reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third. A new Edition, by A. RAMSAY, 2 vols. Vol. 1. London: C. Knight, 1840.

THIS has been called a book-making age; and the observation contains both an eulogium and a sarcasm.

Bookmaking is not to be condemned in the abstract, any more than bread-making. Bad bread is abominable; bad books are a still greater evil; but we would not, on that account, prohibit the craft and mystery either of the baker or of the publisher.

And here lies the error which runs through the whole controversy between the Educationists and the Anti-Educationists. The former cry "teach! teach!" no matter what be taught; the latter would leave us all to perish of thirst, because the river may sometimes overflow its banks. The Egyptians make no efforts to repress the inundations of the Nile—they seek only to direct its waters into a useful channel; to control, not to repress them.

The popular avidity for reading, is a fact which cannot be denied, whatever speculations may be indulged in about its cause or its probable effect. Whether this desire prove a means of improvement, or an engine of mischief, depends entirely upon the controul to which it is subjected, and the direction which is given to it.

Can it be directed? and how?—are questions of primary importance, and open up an extensive field of inquiry, to which we purpose to devote a separate article; and we shall, on the present occasion, limit ourselves to this one observation, that upon the caterers for the public taste, devolves much of the responsibility of forming that taste; and in the censors of our literature is reposed—however inadequately they may fulfil it—the high and important duty of reproving the baneful, and encouraging the good; and it is with a deep sense of that obligation, that we enter upon the duties of our critical vocation.

History is of various modes. One consists in an abundance of facts and dates, and supplies invaluable materials for manufacturing chronological tables. Another is a series of political essays and speculative disquisitions; and from them the reflecting statesman may gather valuable lessons. A third mode, is one which aims to convey an impression of the manners and customs of succeeding ages. It is this latter which is most generally interesting, and most generally useful. It is through this medium that we perceive what sort of an animal man is; and further, are enabled to distinguish, not only the Asiatic from the European, the Dane from the Frank; but also to contrast the Englishman of the 19th, the 16th, and the 14th centuries, one with the other;

and thus, tracing the progress or retardation of improvement, ascribe to each its true sources, and apply the knowledge so acquired to the highest and most practical of all ends—our moral and social amelioration.

Of this latter species of history, are diaries, autobiographies, memoirs, and letters and correspondence. And the most hasty glance over the work, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, would, of itself, suggest the foregoing reflections. Here we have vividly brought before us, in a series of familiar, and, for the most part, domestic letters, those rough but faithful sketches, from which it does not require the hand of a master to fill up a finished and accurate picture of the state of English society in the middle of the 15th century.

In a large number of letters, written during that stirring period of our history, and many of them by the foremost men of the age, it may be concluded some light must be thrown upon difficult points of historical obscurity, and so indeed it is; but waving all these, we shall confine our attention to such parts of the correspondence as relate to the domestic and social affairs of the period to which they refer. But, before doing so, our readers may require some information relative to the history of the letters themselves.

The “Paston Letters,” then, are accurately described in the title page as “written during the Reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third, by various persons of rank or consequence: containing many curious anecdotes, relative to that turbulent and bloody, but hitherto dark, period of our history; and elucidating not only public matters of state, but likewise the private manners of the age.”

Amongst them are to be found letters from Earl Warwick the “King maker,” the Earl of Salisbury and Duke of Norfolk the heads of the York faction; and the Duke of Buckingham and other leaders of the Lancastrian party—William De la Pole Duke of Suffolk, so revengefully persecuted by the Commons, and basely abandoned by his Sovereign—the redoubtable Sir John Fastolf—the learned and ambitious Bouchier Archbishop of Canterbury, “prelate cardinal and Lord Chancellor,”—Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, also sometime Lord Chancellor, and (a fact not noticed by either of the Editors of these letters,) the first Head-Master of Eton College. Sir John Fenn, in his edition, states that these letters were carefully preserved in the Paston family (to, or by members of which family most of them were written), and thence fell into the possession of the Earl of Yarmouth, their lineal descendant; they then passed through the hands of two or three well-known collectors, and so into the hands of Sir John Fenn, who, in 1787 and 1789, published two several editions of them, but in far too expensive a form for the generality of readers. “This has occasioned the present attempt to make such valuable matter more accessible, by reprinting the volumes in a cheap form, and in a more regular order, abridging some of the letters which involve no matters of peculiar or personal interest.”

Having thus satisfied our readers of a point, which, in a collection of this nature, is of paramount importance—its undoubted authenticity, we cannot introduce them to the book itself in any more graceful manner, than by presenting them with the second letter in this first volume of the correspondence.

“We are” says the Editor, “in this letter [made] acquainted with the first introduction of a young lady to the gentleman intended for her husband;” and the information that this young gentlewoman made her suitor ‘gentle cheer in gentle wise,’ already interests us in her behalf.

“To my worshipful husband, William Paston, be this letter taken.

“Dear husband, I recommend me to you, &c. Blessed be God I send you good tidings of the coming and the bringing home of the gentlewoman that ye weeten (*know*) of from Reedham this same night, according to appointment that ye made there for yourself.

“And as for the first acquaintance between John Paston and the said gentlewoman, she made him gentle cheer in gentle wise, and said he was verily your son; and so I hope there shall need no great treaty between them.

“The parson of Stockton told me if ye would buy her a gown, her mother would give thereto a goodly fur; the gown needeth for to be had; and of colour it would be a goodly blue, or else a bright sanguine.

“I pray you to buy for me two pipes of gold. Your stews do well. The Holy Trinity have you in governance.

“Written at Paston in haste the Wednesday next after ‘Deus qui errantibus;’ for default of a good secretary, &c.

“Yours, AGNES PASTON.

“Paston, Wednesday, before 1440, 18 H. VI.”

The “said gentlewoman,” after the date of this letter, married Mr. John Paston; and having commenced our extracts with so auspicious an opening, we cannot, perhaps, do better than pursue them through the correspondence of the fair Margaret and her husband.

We quote the next letter from the young bride, for its simple expressions of strong and guileless affection.

“To my right worshipful husband, John Paston, dwelling at the Inner Temple, in London, in haste.

“Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, desiring heartily to hear of your welfare, thanking God of your amending of the great disease that ye have had, and I thank you for the letter that ye sent me, for by my troth my mother and I were nought in heart’s ease from the time that we wist (*knew*) of your sickness, till we wist verily of your amending

“My mother behested (*vowed*) another image of wax of the weight of you, to our Lady of Walsingham, and she sent four nobles (1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) to the four orders of friars at Norwich to pray for you, and I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and to St. Leonard’s for you; by my troth I had never so heavy a season as I had from the time that I wist of your sickness, till I wist of your amending, and yet my heart is in no great ease, nor nought shall be, till I weet that ye be very whole.

“I shall send my mother a token that she took (*brought to*) me, for I suppose that the time is come that I should send it her, if I keep the behest that I have made. I suppose I have told you what it was; I pray you heartily that (*ye*) will vouchsafe to send me

a letter as hastily as ye may, if writing be none disease (*pain*) to you, and that ye will vouchsafe to send me word how your sore do. If I might have had my will, I should have seen you ere this time; I would ye were at home, if it were your ease, and your sore might be as well looked to here as it is there (*where*) ye be now, lever (*rather*) than a new gown though it were of scarlet. I pray you if your sore be whole, and so that ye may endure to ride when my father come to London, that he may ask leave and come home when the horse should be sent home again, for I hope ye shall be kept as tenderly here as ye be at London. I may none leisure have to do write half a quarter so much as I should say to you if I might speak with you. I shall send you another letter as hastily as I may. I thank you that ye would vouchsafe to remember my girdle, and that ye would write to me at the time, for I suppose that writing was no ease to you. Almighty God have you in his keeping, and send you health. Written at Oxnead, in right great haste, on St. Michael's even.

"Yours, M. PASTON.

"Oxnead, Saturday, 28th September, 1443. 22 H. VI.

"My mother greet you well, and sendeth you God's blessing and hers; and she prayeth you, and I pray you also, that ye be well dieted of meat and drink, for that is the greatest help that ye may have now to your healthward. Your son fareth well, blessed be God!"

Her next letter, containing long and minute details of law points, applications of tenants, country weddings, suits and arrests, and indictments, shows the affectionate wife supplying, by care and vigilance, the absence of a master and landlord from his home and tenantry.

Then follow several letters on domestic and local affairs, and a request to her husband—

"I pray you that ye will do your cost on me against Whitsuntide, that I may have something for my neck. When the queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth Clere's device, for I durst not for shame go with my beads amongst so many fresh gentlewomen as here were at that time.

"The blessed Trinity have you in his keeping."

We are sorry to think that John Paston is not so heedful of his wife's wishes, as she is of his interests; for in a letter written some time after, she repeats her request, that he will "remember to purvey a thing for my neck."

The Editor's own remarks form the best introduction to the following extract from another letter of our favourite Margaret Paston.

"We have often seen Margaret Paston in the character of the attentive, careful, and obedient wife; we here view her as the tender and disconsolate one. Her sorrow for her husband's displeasure at her 'simpleness,' is expressed in the most artless and affectionate manner; could he 'bere hevynesse in his hert ayens her' after this letter?

"To my right worshipful husband, John Paston, be this delivered in haste.

"Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, beseeching you that ye be not displeased with me, though my simpleness caused you for to be displeased with me; by my truth it is not my will neither to do nor say that should cause you for to be displeased, and if I have done (*it*), I am sorry thereof, and will amend it; wherefore I beseech you to forgive me, and that ye bear none heaviness in your heart against me, for your displeasure should be too heavy to me to endure with."

But good Mistress Margery Paston proves herself not only a thrifty housewife, a careful steward, and a skilful agent, but a doughty woman of war, when needs be, and we venture to think that if she had had to sustain a siege, would have proved herself a right valiant castellan.

Mark how easily she speaks of pikes and arrows, as if they were but needles or distaffs. And yet forgets not either the necessary provisioning of her fortress, or "good cloth and frieze" for its inmates.

"To my right worshipful husband, John Paston."

"Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, and pray you to get some cross-bows and wyndacs*, (*windlasses*) to bind them with and quarrels†, for your houses here be so low that there may none man shoot out with no long bow, though we had never so much need.

"I suppose ye should have such things of Sir John Fastolf if ye would send to him; and also I would ye should get two or three short pole-axes to keep with [*in*] doors, and as many jackets and (*if*) ye may.

"Partrich and his fellowship are sore afraid that ye would enter again upon them, and they have made great ordinance within the house, and it is told me they have made bars to bar the doors crosswise, and they have made wickets on every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and with hand-guns: and the holes that be made from hand-guns they be scarce knee high from the plancher (*floor*), and of such holes be made five, there can none man shoot out at them with no hand-bows.

"I pray you that ye will vouchsafe to do buy for me one lb. of almonds and one lb. of sugar, and that ye will do buy some frieze to make of your children's gowns, ye shall have best cheap and best choice of Hays's wife as it is told me. And that ye will buy a yard of broad cloth of black for one hood for me of 44*d.* or four shillings a-yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town. As for the children's gowns and (*if*) I have them, I will do them maken (*have them made*).

"The Trinity have you in his keeping, and send you good speed in all your matters.

"MARGARET PASTON."

What a blessing the penny post would have been to this affectionate wife.

"I pray you that ye be not strange of writing letters to me betwixt this and that ye come home, if I might I would have every day one from you."

Ever watchful over her husband's interests, she neglects not his personal safety, and informs him by a special messenger,

"Please it you to weet that it is let me weet by one that oweth you good will, that there is laid a wait upon you in this country if ye come here at large, to bring you to the presence of such a lord in the north as shall not be for your ease, but to jeopardy of your life, or great and importable loss of your goods.

"Wherefore like it you to be the more wary of your guiding for your person's safeguard, and also that ye be not too hasty to come into this country till ye hear the world (*is*) more sure."

* Windacs are what we now call grappling-irons, with which the bow-string is drawn home.

† An arrow with a square head.

This important letter is signed only "By yours, M. P.," and "lest it should be opened, the paper which fastens the seal is along the edge marked with lines by a pen, which communicate with the latter, by which means the receiver might easily have discovered any attempts to have opened it, as the lines would not then have exactly coincided again."

But we can only spare room for one more charming letter of Margaret Paston, in which she beautifully tempers displeasure at her son's improper departure, with a maternal anxiety after his welfare.

"To my well-beloved son, Sir John Paston, be this delivered in haste.

"I greet you well, and send you God's blessing and mine, letting you weet that I have received a letter from you the which ye delivered to Master Roger at Lynn, whereby I conceive that ye think ye did not well that ye departed hence without my knowledge, wherefore I let you weet I was right evil paid with you; your father thought, and thinketh yet, that I was assented to your departing, and that hath caused me to have great heaviness; I hope he will be your good father hereafter if ye demean you well, and do as ye ought to do to him; and I charge you upon my blessing that in anything touching your father that should be (*to*) his worship, profit, or avail, that ye do your devoir and diligent labour to the furtherance therein as ye will have my good will, and that shall cause your father to be better father to you.

"It was told me ye sent him a letter to London; what the intent thereof was I wot not, but though he take it but lightly, I would ye should not spare to write to him again as lowly as ye can, beseeching him to be your good father; and send him such tidings as be in the country there ye beeth, and that ye ware [*guard*] of your expenses better and (*than*) ye have been before this time, and be your own purse-bearer; I trow ye shall find it most profitable to you.

"I would ye should send me word how ye do, and how ye have shifted for yourself since ye departed hence, by some trusty man, and that your father have no knowledge thereof; I durst not let him know of the last letter that ye wrote to me, because he was so sore displeased with me at that time.

"Your grandam would fain hear some tidings from you; it were well done that ye sent a letter to her how ye do as hastily as ye may, and God have you in his keeping, and make you a good man, and give you grace to do well as I would ye should do.

"Written at Caister, the Tuesday next before Saint Edmund the king (*20th of November*).

"Your mother,

"MARGARET PASTON."

The present Editor appears to have taken a more favourable view of the state of society, during the reign of Henry the Sixth, than his predecessor, Sir John Fenn; and we must confess, notwithstanding all the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Ramsay, that a perusal of these letters has rather strengthened than shaken our own previous opinion, that although contemporaneous with the accession of the House of Lancaster, the people enjoyed a greater degree of liberty and security than formerly, they still enjoyed little, if any, protection against outrage and violence at the hands of the haughty and turbulent nobles; the course of justice was still interrupted; the penalties of the law openly

disregarded or secretly evaded; and no real protection afforded by either for the lives and property of those who had no better security than right afforded them.

How the law might be secretly evaded, appears by a letter (p. 2,) which mentions that John Lyston, a Suffolk squire, having recovered damages against Sir Robert Wingfield, the said Sir Robert subtilly outlawed Lyston, by virtue whereof all the chattels, &c., of the latter, accrued to the King. Then the Lord Treasurer grants the 700 marks which Lyston had recovered, to the Duke of Norfolk, who released the same 700 marks to Sir Robert Wingfield; and so by this pretty piece of legerdemain, John Lyston is not only cheated of his original debt, but choused out of all his other property into the bargain.

How justice was sometimes browbeaten may be judged of by a letter "to my revered and worshipful master, Sir John Fastolf, Knight," in which the writer states, that at an assize at Norwich, "thither were called all the friends, knights and esquires, and other gentlemen that would, in no wise, do otherwise than they [the defendants] would."

"And the said Todenham, Heydon, and other oppressors of their set, came down thither, as I understand, with 400 horse and more, and considering how their well-willers were there assembled at their instance, it had been right jeopardous and fearful for any of the plaintiffs to have been present, for there was not one of the plaintiffs nor complainants there, but your right faithful and trusty well-willer John Paston."

Or, take again the following account of a riot against the Sheriff at Norwich.

"To my right reverend and most worshipful master, my master, John Paston."

"Right worshipful and my most reverend master, I recommend me unto your good mastership; like you to weet that on Childermas day there were much people at Norwich at the shire (*the county court*), because it was noised in the shire that the under-sheriff had a writ to make a new election, wherefore the people was grieved because they had laboured so often, saying to the sheriff that he had the writ, and plainly he should not away unto the time the writ were read. The sheriff answered and said that he had no writ, nor wist who had it: hereupon the people peaced (*became peaceable*), and stilled unto the time the shire was done, and after that done, the people called upon him, "kill him, head him," and so John Damme, with help of others, gat him out of the shire-house, and with much labour brought him into Spurrier Row, and there the people met against him, and so they avoided (*withdrew*) him into an house, and kept fast the door unto the time the mayor was sent for, and the sheriff, to strengthen him, and to convey him away, or else he had been slain."

Or this specimen of the mode of doing justice.

"For my lords the cardinal and of Oxford have imprisoned my wife in the counter, and how they shall guide her forth God knoweth, which standeth too nigh mine heart, if God's will were, but well I know that by these vengeable malices done to her and me they will (*not q?*) be content, for Ingham lithe (*lieth*) beside that to take away my wife's daughter out of Westminster, to make an end of my wife if he can, and also to arrest my servants, that I dread that she nor I shall have no creature to attend us nor help us; and such malice have I never heard of herebefore; and it is told me that, beside that, they

will despoil, if any good they can find of mine, in Norwich or Norfolk, and imprison my servants there.

"Beside this, a friend and kinsman of mine, one Robert Clement of Beetley, hath written to me that he is arrested and like to be imprisoned by a writ of debt, taken against him upon an obligation of an hundred pounds, in which he and I and others were bound to my Lord of Oxford fourteen years ago, whereof I have many acquittances."

Another letter gives a detailed account of a most lawless outrage and cruel murder, committed, as it appears, without any other provocation than that the victim was counsel for one or two noblemen who were at variance.

"Also there is great variance between the Earl of Devonshire and the Lord Bonville, as hath been many day, and much debate is like to grow thereby; for on Thursday (23rd of October) at night last passed, the Earl of Devonshire's son and heir, came, with sixty men of arms, to Radford's Place in Devonshire, which was of counsel with my Lord Bonville; and they set an house on fire at Radford's gate, and cried and made a noise as though they had been sorry for the fire; and by that cause Radford's men set open the gates and yede (*went*) out to see the fire; and forthwith the Earl's son aforesaid entered into the place, and entreated Radford to come down of his chamber to speak with them, promising him that he should no bodily harm have; upon which promise he came down, and spoke with the said Earl's son; in the mean time his meny (*servants*) rob his chamber, and rifled his hutches, and trussed such as they could get together and carried it away on his own horses: then the Earl's son said,—'Radford, thou must come to my lord, my father.' He said he would, and bade one of his men make ready his horse to ride with them; which answered him that all his horses were taken away: then he said to the Earl's son, 'Sir, your men have robbed my chamber, and they have mine horses, that I may not ride with you to my lord your father, wherefore I pray you let me ride, for I am old, and may not go.'

"It was answered him again that he should walk forth with them on his feet; and so he did till he was a flight shot or more from his place, and then he was * softly, for cause he might not go fast, and when they were thus departed he turned forthwith came nine men again upon him and smote him on the head and felled of them cut his throat."

Independently of the value of these letters, as the only extant publication which opens the door of the cottage, the hall, and the palace of the 15th century to our inquisitive researches, they have an intrinsic value, as being the earliest series of private letters known in Europe.

We think the present Editor, Mr. Ramsay, has, in the main, performed his task with care, zeal, and, generally, with ability and success, although on some points, we feel compelled to differ from him; and Mr. Knight, the spirited publisher, has our best wishes for the success of an undertaking, which has for its object to bring within the reach of the humblest class of *literary* readers, a series of old standard works, which shall interest their leisure hours, improve their taste, and extend their information.

* Where the lines are supplied with dots the original letter is imperfect, from a part being decayed and torn off.

ODE PINDARIC.

ON THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY HERR PROFESSOR WOLFGANG VON BIBUNTUCKER.

"A young Princess is born!" the news in a crack
 Reached my dim-lighted study—(a neat three-pair-back)—
 When sitting alone, an aspiring lad!
 Inditing a second Iliad.

But good God!

Very odd—

To think of the fact which all the world knows,
 Of her dear little Highness in swaddling-clothes!
 Encircled with nurses—and doctors—physicians—
 With ministers—papspoons—and nasal musicians—
 All swearing there "never was seen such a love;"
 It's a pleasant idea for us mortals, by Jove!

To think we have been

Once as helpless as this sweet incipient Queen!
 Or that she is but equally mortal, I mean.

She's pretty, of course—most Princesses are!

Ganz und gar!

Besides, to a mother's eyes who is not fair?

Das ist wahr!

And what villanous Radical now would declare,

If he dare,

To insinuate that she is not *debonnaire*,

When a nation's bright hopes are entwined in her hair?

(That simile

Appears to me

Conceited, affected, and none of the best;

But the rhyme—

Want of time—

And a thousand excuses must e'en let it rest.)

Well, then, she's fair and is healthy. But now, above all,

'T were pleasant to know,

Just as scandal or so,

If her Royal Highness consented to squall!

To kick and to rap,

Having finished her nap,

Ferociously hungering for succulent pap!

Whether puling, or teething, is a regal delight;

Or if she thinks proper to squall, out of spite.

These are matters

Which one flatters

Oneself, are as natural to her, as to all;

For why shouldn't Royalty's self love a squall?

Then the nurse too, I hear,
 Has three hundred a-year—
 That's more than I'll make by my verses, I fear!
 Why did you not make a fine wet-nurse of me,
 O my mother?
 You might then have thrust into poor poesy
 My big brother!
 Don't think I'm ungrateful—but who could refuse,
 For three hundred a-year to cease sucking the muse,
 And to suckle a Princess into a snooze?
 Mais enfin je ne suis que Poëte,
 Though, like Gothe, I *may* be Minister of State—
 And may *not*—
 Ach! mein Gott.
 But let me cease grumbling,
 Nose-rumbling,
 And fumbling
 About what I might be, and what I am not!
 Yet, amidst the whole nation's exuberant joy,
 There are some who just hint—"had it been but a boy!"
 But why should the sex
 For an instant e'er vex?
 For my part I'd like a *Victoria the Twelfth*,
 So much I prefer the fair side of the Guelph.
 Au reste!
 Isn't petticoat government always the best?
 Who ever saw
 A bachelor
 That had a *ménage* which was worth a farthing;
 Then why should we wish for a bachelor King,
 When government
 Was always meant
 To represent
 A family—turning on just the same axis,
 Except that the children have to pay taxes?
 If this be the truth, why then it surpasses
 My notions, how obstinate grumbling asses
 Can wish for a boy, when kind Providence
 Has had the paternal and exquisite sense
 To send us a girl, for our *Orange* defence!
 I want an idea! Just think, if you can, sir,
 Elicit a hint for another short stanza.—
 Ah! you can't?
 Then I shan't
 Waste more time or more talent on a dull-head like you,
 But return to my epic.—Sweet Princess, adieu! *

* This touch of familiarity on the part of the Professor, reminds me of a scene in Regent-street, the other day, when a butcher-boy ran up against a dandy; and, on the latter vociferating his indignation, the butcher *kissed his hand to him with exquisite coolness, saying, "adieu! adieu!"* Nevertheless, the Professor being a grave man, such an indication on his part is to be regarded as a psychological indication, from which the reader may draw important consequences.—*Translator.*

HORÆ SOLITARÆ.

PART II.

THE position of conflict in which man is by nature placed, not only with reference to the two great constituents of his existence, his soul and his body, but also with regard to the affairs of this world, affords matter for grave and useful reflection. View him as a thinking and reasoning being, and he seems but little inferior to the Deity. Intellect sparkles in his eye, and the power of mind pervades all his operations. He cannot live idle—activity is the very essence, the life, the beauty of his soul.

“—— magno curarum fluctuat estu ;
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.” *

VIRG. *Æn.* 8. v. 19.

Turn we now, for a moment, to the tabernacle of clay in which these glorious energies reside. What a pitiful mass of imperfection and infirmity it seems ? Compare its capabilities with those of the spirit that dwells within, and how infinitely out of proportion they appear ? Yet, notwithstanding the wonderful disparity existing between them, these two contending elements are so linked together, and embrace each other with such an amazing adaptation to the end for which they were called into existence, that, although they may be said to be engaged in an eternal warfare, they are nevertheless bound together by an inviolable friendship between them.

“ Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
*But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.*
The gen’ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.”

POPE’S *Essay on Man.*

If we attentively consider the course of things on earth, and the laws by which they are governed, we cannot fail to discover that, through the length and breadth of creation, the same principle of antagonism prevails. The very ocean, in all its majesty and grandeur, is torn by inward convulsion and com-

* “ This way and that, he turns his anxious mind,
Thinks and rejects the counsels he designed ;
Explores himself in vain through ev’ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.”—DRYDEN.

motion—billow seems arrayed against billow, and dash against each other in dreadful contention : yet, to this perpetual conflict within its wide domains, does the vasty deep owe all its healthiness, and all its purity. In like manner are the great principles of truth elicited by the attrition of controversy, and to the same cause may be traced the gigantic strides which man has made in every branch of science. Here again speaks the master-mind of Pope :

“ Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death ; on Change, Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.”

Moral Essays.

We have just happened upon a passage in Puffendorff, which, if not of the most complaisant character, nevertheless affords something like a correct summary of the passions which sweep across the human breast. “ Do not men float in a whole tide of affections and desires, unknown to beasts ? Covetousness, ambition, vain-glory, envy, emulation, contention of wit, superstition, the care of future things, and the spur of curiosity, do all claim entertainment in human breasts, and yet, are strangers to the dumb creation.”* In giving the foregoing quotation, let not our readers think that we pin our faith to the accuracy of the position for which this erudite jurisprudent contends. We take it merely as a fair enumeration of, at least, some of the characteristic passions of human nature ; and if we were to examine the separate tendencies of each of these somewhat incongruous elements carefully, it is not improbable that we should rise from the task satisfied that the general good of mankind is more or less worked out by their operation ; at least, we should better understand the rich vein of philosophy which runs through the whole of Pope's “ Essay on Man,” from which splendid composition we make no apology for taking one more extract.

“ Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in God's work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
Suffice that reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,—
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife,
Give all the strength and colour of our life.”

PROTEUS.

* Law of Nature and Nations, lib. 2. ch. 1. s. 6.

ON HIGH AND LOW WAGES, AND THEIR EFFECT UPON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE.

WE are not about to enter into any politico-economical discussion on the principles of supply and demand, or the theory of wages and the causes of their fluctuation. All this we pass by, reserving it for a separate paper, should occasion serve, at some subsequent period. We purpose now to offer only a few brief remarks, illustrative of the benefits which result, not to the operative portion of the community only, but to society in general, from a system of high wages, in contravention of the false, but often inconsiderately expressed opinion, that the effect is to demoralise and debase their recipients. We do so the more willingly, because we are assured that this will not be deemed contrary to the spirit of a *British Miscellany*, whose object is to disseminate, as much as possible, useful and correct information upon every subject connected with a well-conditioned and healthy state of society.

To men of truly liberal minds (we speak not of such as are moved by a species of pseudo-liberalism, mistaken for liberality), who really have at heart the desire to better the lot of their fellow-men—to every real patriot, and, indeed, to every individual who seeks to promote the increase and stability of human happiness,—it must be gratifying and important clearly to appreciate the value of his individual efforts, and the necessity of a right application of his energies towards effecting the good which is capable of being made to result from a system of remunerative wages; and in preventing that moral, mental, and physical degradation of the workman, consequent upon a system of low, not to say insufficient, recompense for labour.

Many cogent reasons have been propounded, and many pithy truths are to be found in various standard authorities upon this subject, illustrative of our proposition—that a system of high wages is more conducive to the general weal, than its opposite. The following observations, however, are based, more or less, upon the writings of a very popular and able author of the present day upon international industry and wealth.* “Wages” he says, and he is here to be understood as referring to *money* wages only, “are often lowest when their nominal value is highest. Money wages in 1813 were double their amount in 1790; yet, as the price of commodities had *more* than doubled, wages had virtually fallen.” To substantiate this statement it is only necessary to observe, that the price of flour in 1790 was 43s. 4d. per sack, while wages averaged from 2s. 4d. to 3s. 3d. per day; whilst in 1813, flour was 88s. 4d. per sack, and wages 5s. 0d. to 5s. 3d. When the rate of wages, as well as the price of commodities, is given upon authentic data, it shows the extent of

* Mr. McCulloch.

the command over the necessities and conveniences of life enjoyed by the bulk of the community, during the period through which it extends ; although the real value of any commodity depends on the quantity of labour required for its production, yet many important conclusions may, notwithstanding, be deduced from this statement.

The habits of the people of England are widely different from what they were in the reign of Elizabeth, and happily they have formed higher notions of the comforts and enjoyments necessary to their condition. One of the principal evils resulting from low wages, however, is, that they compel the people to resort to inferior diet ; and that hence, wages are no longer regulated by the price of *wheat*, but that of potatoes and garbage ; consequently, with more refined feelings, and more extended wants, they are thrown back, in point of personal comfort, into a state of existence inconsistent with the advanced age in which they live, and the more matured intellects which characterise it, and so are, by comparison, mentally, as well as physically, deteriorated. It is a great error to suppose that low wages can, in any way, be beneficial, either to the community in general, or to the operative class itself. Not to society in general, inasmuch as the medium of exchange, the general capital afloat, is restricted, as fewer wants are capable of being supplied ; and, like the action of a wheel within a wheel, as society moves ever in a circle, the more that circle is confined, the lower the means of expenditure are reduced, and the less money have the lower classes to disburse. Not to the workmen themselves, inasmuch as by this constant downward pressure, their means of mental improvement and social comfort are narrowed, and they themselves, by degrees, are compressed into a more and more degraded and demoralized condition. This statement is fully borne out by a comparison of the different occupations in any one country, or of one kingdom, with another ; as, for instance, the handloom weavers of Spitalfields, and the superior handicraftsmen engaged in mechanical operations, or England compared with the sister country, or America with the South of France or Italy. In the main, it is better that the working class should be addicted to luxuries, with the activity and excitement they tend to create, and the means of social improvement they afford, rather than sink into that sluggish apathy and insensibility which is caused by low and degrading diet. When people are so degenerated in character and desires as to care nothing for the comforts and elegances of life, and to become totally regardless of the kind and quality of their food, clothes, furniture, and homes, there is little hope of their advancement ; nor is there any security for their obedience to authority. Dr. Franklin entertained that singular notion, that high wages are (and, indeed, *à fortiori* must be) a source of idleness and dissipation. Nothing could be more erroneous, or more contrary to sound principle and experience. A few exceptions will always be found ; but, in the aggregate, the principle of accumulation will generally predominate over that of expense, even in the most unenlightened state of mind, much more so when

the working classes are properly instructed as to their duties, relative, social, civil, and religious. Low wages, again, invariably tend to produce discontent, apathy and indolence. Without enjoyment there can be little stimulant to exertion. The poor, in the main, are actuated by the same motives as the rich; they have similar faculties to be exercised, and the same desire to better their condition, whenever they have like means of doing so. If, in this respect also, we proceed to compare the condition of countries with low, and those with high wages, we shall find the effect to be precisely as we have before stated it. Have the low wages of India, or of Ireland, in any way tended to exalt the population of those countries? or the high wages of the United States, and of England, to degrade theirs? Most certainly not. And how can it be otherwise? When wages are high, the people are cheered by hope and ambition. Industry, they see, leads to independence and enjoyment; they begin to accumulate; to feel an interest in the rights of property, and an attachment to those institutions under which they live and flourish. Their morals improve, their minds become enlightened, and their very amusements become intellectual and refined, and hence they thrive, and are happy, as they deserve that they should be.

Labour constitutes the strength of nations; by it machinery is made, and commercial greatness and opulence acquired. "Those who feed and clothe all the rest, ought themselves to be well fed and clothed." They are the foundations of society, the base of the social pyramid; and it is an eternal law of Providence that "the hand of the diligent" alone "maketh rich."

Mr. Hume, in his *Essay on the Refinement of the Arts*, has so beautifully illustrated the powerful and salutary influence of that spirit of industry and enterprise resulting from the eager prosecution of commerce and the arts, that we shall make bold to conclude this article by a somewhat lengthened quotation from his admirable work:—"Men are then kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy, as their reward, the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruits of their labour. The mind acquires new vigour; enlarges its powers and faculties; and, by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites, and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished with ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and, leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is more agreeable than when it succeeds to labour, and recruits the spirits, exhausted by too much application and fatigue. Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinement in the liberal; nor can the one be carried to perfection, without being accompanied, in some degree, with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship-carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation

which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished; and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable do men become; nor is it possible that, when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge; to show their wit or their breeding; their taste in conversation or living, in clothes or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are every where formed; both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men, as well as their behaviour, refine apace. So that, beside the improvements they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together, and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus, *industry*, *knowledge*, and *humanity*, are linked together by an indissoluble chain; and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished, and, what are commonly denominated, the more luxurious ages."

W. H. H.

SONNET.

By MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

The energies are sharpened, put to use,—
 Wit keener grows from conflict with the wise;
 So lights, that dazzle and perplex the eyes
 When first encountered, do in time produce
 Their natural benefits. Too long abstruse
 To me hath been the mythos of my sighs,—
 Forging the fetters of mind-chains profuse,
 That hinder, or pervert, each bright emprise!
 With nervous hand let me the curtain rend
 Which hides my heart sins from me; let me tear
 The glozing shows away, that o'er me bend
 Like incubi of death! Each worldly link
 That manacles fair thoughts I'll break,—nor sink
 Subservient to a mind that dare not dare!

January, 1841.

BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WE have written elsewhere of "Sleep," and of "Dreams," and of "Getting up on Cold Mornings," and divers other matters connected with bed; but, unless we had written volumes on that one subject, it would be hard indeed if we could not find fresh matter to speak of, connected with the bed itself, and the room which it inhabits; especially during the month of January. (We involuntarily use a verb with a human sense,—*"inhabits;"* for of all goods and chattels, this surely contracts a kind of humanity from the warmth so often given to it by the comfortable soul within. Its pillows—as a philosophic punster would observe—have something in them *"next to the human cheek."* A blow given in anger to the body of it would seem almost an affront to a sentiment. And we have sometimes a difficulty in believing, that its very posts are the mere staid and indifferent personages they pretend to be.)

"Home is home," says the good proverb, *"however homely."* Equally certain are we, that bed is bed, however *bedly*. (We have a regard for this bit of parody on the old saying, because we made Charles Lamb laugh one night with it, when we were coming away with him out of a friend's house.) Bed is the home of home; the innermost part of the content. It is sweet within sweet; a nut in the nut; within the snuggest nest, a snugger nest; my retreat from the publicity of my privacy; my room within my room, walled (if we please) with curtains; a box, a separation, a snug corner, such as children love when they play at *"house;"* the place where I draw a direct line between me and my cares; where I enter upon a new existence, free, yet well invested, reposing, but full of power; where the act of lying down, and pulling the clothes over one's head, seems to exclude matters that have to do with us when dressed and on our legs; where, though in repose, one is never more anxious of one's activity, divested of those hampering weeds; where a leg is not a lump of boot and stocking, but a real leg, clear, natural, fleshy, delighting to thrust itself hither and thither; and lo! so recreating itself, it comes in contact with another; to wit, one's own. One should hardly guess as much, did it remain eternally divorced from its companion,—alienated and altered into leather and prunella. Of more legs we speak not. The bed we are at this moment presenting to our imagination, is a bachelor's; for we must be cautious how we touch upon others. They are either still better or much the reverse; but they are not the plain, real, unsophisticate bed for bed's sake, that a bachelor's and a bachelor's only be; that is to say, one in which only one person can rest at a time; for bachelor, as every body knows, is a term relative, and does not barely signify a man that is unmarried. Your married man is sometimes your bachelor temporary. And for a like reason, we except

an unmarried lady's bed, if there is such a thing—*Bachelors*; but we dare not think of it. The more we approximate it to our own, the less we discern of a similarity. The other beds are far above, or equally as far below, the real *bedly* character; heavens for two, or hells for *one* and *one*; Miltonian Paradises, or horrible consolidated alienations; sweet amalgamators of more than friendship, or—nay, perhaps good and reasonable in their way, but at all events they are not to our purpose. A bed divided, in our present understanding of the word, whether for better, or worse, or neither, is but half a bed; and we are speaking of whole ones. A married man may, to be sure, condescend, if he pleases, for the trifle's sake, to taste of the poor bachelor's satisfaction. He has only to go to bed an hour before his wife. Or the lady may do as much *vice versa*. And herein we can fancy one gratification, even of the bachelor or spinster order, beyond what a bachelor or spinster can often be presumed to realize; which is, the pleasure of being in bed at your ease, united with the highest kind of advantage *over the person that is up*. Let us not be misunderstood. The sense of this advantage is not of the malignant kind. You do not enjoy yourself, because others are in misery; but, because your pleasure at the moment being very much in your bed, and it not being the other's pleasure to come to bed so soon (which you rather wonder at), you are at liberty to make what conclusions you please as to the superior nature of your condition. And there is this consideration besides; namely, that you being in bed, and others up, all cares and attentions naturally fall to their side of duty; so that you are at once the master of your repose, and of their activity. A bachelor, we confess, may enjoy a good deal of this. He may have kindred in the house, or servants, or the man and woman that keep the lodging; and from all or either of these considerations he may derive a considerable satisfaction. It is a lordly thing to reflect, that others are sitting up, and nobly doing some duty or other with sleepy eyes, while ourselves are exquisitely shutting ours; they being also ready to answer one's bell, bring us our white wine whey, or a lamp, or a clean shirt, or even to go out in spite of the rain, for some fruit, should we fancy it, or for a doctor in case we should be ill, or to answer some question for the mere pleasure of answering it.

"Who's there?"

"Me, sir;—Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones; I merely rang to know if you were up."

"Dear me, yes, sir, and likely to be this hour."

(*Aside and happy*)—"Poor soul."

"It's Mr. Jones's club-night."

("Poor Jones! Capital pillow this!")

"And it's a full hour's walk from the Dog and Falcon."

("Poor Jones! Very easy mattress.") *Aloud*—Bless me, that's a bad business; and it rains, doesn't it, Mrs. Jones?"

"A vile rain, sir, with an east wind."

"(Poor Jones! Delicious curtains these!) Couldn't the servant sit up, and let Mr. Jones in?"

"Lord, sir, we're both of us sitting up, for I'm frightened out of my wits, sitting alone; and Mr. Jones wouldn't be pleased if I didn't see him in myself."

"(Poor Jones!) Good night, Mrs. Jones, pray don't stand any longer at that cold door."

"Do you want any thing, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you. I am very comfortable. What o'clock is it?"

"Just going one, sir."

"(Poor woman!—Poor Susan!—Poor Jones!)" *Whew* goes the wind; *patter* go the windows; *rumble* goes a coach; *past one!* goes the watchman; to sleep go I.

This is pretty;—but a wife, instead of the woman of the house,—a wife up, and going about like one's guardian-angel; we also loving her well, and having entreated her to come to bed, only she can't come for this half hour,—either we know nothing of bliss itself—but the variety—merely *as* a variety—the having a whole bed for half-an-hour, merely as a *change* from that other super-human elysian state; the seeing even a little pain borne so beautifully by the partner of one's existence, whom we love the better for it, and cannot but rejoice in seeing gifted with such an opportunity of showing herself to advantage; all this, if we mistake not (owing to our present bachelor hallucination), must be a sublimation of satisfaction unknown to us sojourners at large, who are but too often accused, with justice, of having more room than we know what to do with.

A bed, to be perfectly comfortable, should be warm, clean, well made, and of a reasonable softness. People differ as to the amount of the softness. The general opinion seems to be in favour of featherbeds. To ourselves (if the fact *must* be publicly torn out of us by a candour trying to our sense of our nothingness) a featherbed is a Slough of Despond. When we are in the depths of it, we long to be on the heights. When we get on the heights, down they go with us, and turn into depths. The feathers hamper us, obstruct, irritate, suffocate. It is not lying upon a bed, but in it. We lose the sense of repose and independence, and feel ourselves in the hands of a soft lubberly giant. The pleasure of being "tucked up," we can better understand; but it likes us not. What we require is, that the body should be as free as possible from every obstruction. We desire to go counter to all that we endure when up and about. We must have nothing constrained about us, and must be able to thrust arms and legs whithersoever we please. That the bed should be well and delicately tucked up, pleaseth us; but only that we may have the greater satisfaction in disengaging the clothes on each side with a turn of the foot, and so giving freedom to our borders.

Upon my resting body,
Lie lightly, gentle *clothes*.

Warmth, cleanliness, and ease being secured, it is of minor importance what sort of bed we lie in, whether it has curtains, or a canopy, or even legs. We can lie on the floor for that matter, the palliasse being of a decent thickness. The floor itself then becomes a part of the great field of rest, in which we expatiate. There is nothing to bound our right of incumbency; we can gather the clothes about us, and roll over the floor if we please. Much greater philosophy does it take, on the other hand, to make us go up half-a-dozen steps to our bed,—to climb up to such lofty absurdities as are shown in old houses for the beds of James's and Charles's time; thrones rather, and canopies for Prester John;—edifices of beds, where we make a show of the privatest and humblest of our pleasures; contrivances for the magnificent breaking of our necks; or, if we are not to die that way, three-piled hyperboles of beds to engulf us, like a slough on the top of a mountain. Fine curtains disgust us by the same uneasy contradiction. We do not mean handsome ones of a reasonable kind, but velvet and such like cumbrous clouds, lording it over the sweet idea of rest, and forcing us to think of the most fantastic pretensions. And we hate gilding, and coronets, and imperial eagles, and *fleurs de lis*, and all other conspiracies to put out the natural man in us, and deprive the poor great human being of the sweet privilege of being on a level with his reposing fellow-creatures. We are not sure that we could patronise Cupids, gilt torches, doves and garlands, &c. Flowery curtains we like; but the Cupids and gilt torches are particular. We are not the fonder of them, for being the taste in France. Curtains, paperings, plates and dishes, every thing in that country, babbles, not of green fields as with us, which is pretty, but of gallantry and *la belle passion*. The French (when they are not afraid of being thought afraid) are a good-natured people; and they are much wiser in this good-nature, than if they took to "heavy wet," and being sulky. But in these amatory matters we can never find the proper case made out. There is something ever too cold, or too meretricious. And these extremes, like others, are too apt to meet. Our Cupids and torches would be well, provided we could be secure that none but eyes of good taste would see them; but how are they or we to look, when every idle servant, or the glazier, or the landlord, or the man that comes to look at the house when it is to be let, is to gape about him, and make an impertinence of our loves and graces?—There is one way. Methinks, improving upon the hints afforded by Roman Catholic usages, we could make a pretty compromise enough with our likings and non-likings in this matter. Imitating the oriels or little chapels which they keep locked up in the wall of their bed-rooms, we might collect our symbolical paintings and sculptures in the same way, all full of a sentiment as well as beauty, as should do honour to the affections, and so throwing open our wall at night, and lighting up the silver lamp on our pretty Pagan altar (not without a better religion in it), repose in the keeping of those half-earthly and half-seraphical arms, till they were withdrawn—(like others) with

the common light of day. Yet this might be too premeditated, and seem monstrously to attempt joining an impulse with a form.

But we forget our solitary condition.—We should almost equally dislike the most gorgeous and the most sorry bed-room, did not the former stand the greater chance of cleanliness. The Duke of Buckingham, “gallant and gay,” in one of the state beds of Cliefden’s “proud alcove,” and reckless and drunk in “the worst inn’s worst room,” behind his

“Tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,”

(which, by the way, was not true) is, to our mind, in no such difference of condition as the poet makes him out. And his company were much like one another in both cases. Nay, that is not true neither; for it would have been difficult to pick up such an abomination from a village alehouse, as the Countess of Shrewsbury,—a woman, ugly and loathsome all over, with a hard heart. Commend us (for a climate like ours) to a bed-chamber of the middle order, such as it was set out about a hundred years back, and may still be seen in the houses of some old families; the room of moderate size; the four-post bedstead neatly and plentifully, but not richly, draperied; the chairs draperied also, down to the ground; a drapery over the toilet; the carpet, a good old Turkey or Brussels, not covering the floor, and easily to be taken up and shaken; the wardrobe and drawers of old shining oak, walnut, or mahogany; a few cabinet pictures, as exquisite as you please; the windows with seats, and looking upon some green place; two or three small shelves of books; and the drawers, when they are opened, redolent of lavender and clean linen. We dislike the cut-and-dry look of modern fashions; the cane chairs, formal-patterned carpets, and flimsy rooms. Modern times (or till very lately they were so) are all for lightness, and cheap sufficiency, and what is considered a Grecian elegance; and we realize only an insipid or gaudy anatomy of things, a cold pretension, and houses that will tumble upon the heads of our grand-children. But these matters, like others, are gradually improving. If our bed-room is to be perfect, it should face the east, to rouse us pleasantly with the morning sun; and in case we should be tempted, notwithstanding, to lie too long in so sweet a nest, there should be a happy family of birds at the windows, to shower the springing heart with songs.

It is a good thing however to reflect, that custom alone is half the secret of content. The reason why we like a hard bed is, that we were brought up at a public school, without any sort of luxuries; and, to this day, we like just such a sort of bed as we had there. We could find a satisfaction in having the identical kind of rug over our sheets; and sheets, too, of no greater fineness. And the same reason makes us prefer a coarse towel to a fine one, and a gown, of some sort, to a coat; with a pocket in the same place as the one in which we used to put our marbles and tops, and our pocket editions of

Gray and Collins. We have since slept in houses of all sorts—in rich houses and in poor, in cottages, in taverns and inns, and public-houses, in palaces (what at least the Italian call such), and on board ship; yea, in *bivouacs*—just enough to taste the extremest hardness of the bed military; and for the only contrivance utterly to vitiate our night's rest, commend us to the bed of down. That, and the wooden bed of the guard-house, disputed the palm. Habit does the same with kings and popes. Frederick the Second, probably inured to it by his father, preferred lying in a little tent-bed; such a one as Voltaire found him in at their first interview, shivering with an ague; and we learn from Horace Walpole's Letters, that the good Pope, Benedict the Fourteenth, lay upon one no better,—the paliasse, most probably, of his convent,—by the side of the gorgeous canopy prepared for his rank. In truth, luxuriate as we may in this our at-different-times-written article (wherein the indulgences and speculations, though true at the moment, are of many years chance preservation on paper, and therefore may crave excuse if they look a little ultra nice and fanciful, beyond the warrant of experience), we should be heartily ashamed of ourselves, at our present time of life, if we could not sleep happily in any bed (down and *mud* always excepted), provided only it had enough clothes to keep us warm, and were as clean and decent as honest poverty could make it. We talk of fine chambers, and luxurious contrasts of sitters up; but our secret passion is for a very cheerful little homely room in a cottage, with perfect quiet, and a book or two, and a sprig of rosemary in the window; not the book or two for the purpose of reading in bed,—(having once received a startling lesson that way, and not choosing to burn down the village,)—but in order that we may see them in the window the first thing in the morning, together with the trees of which they discourse. Add to this, a watch-dog at a distance, and a moaning wind, no matter how “melancholy,” provided it does not blow a tempest (for though nature does nothing but for good, the particular suffering sometimes presses upon those who have been at sea), and we drop to sleep in a transport of comfort. Compare such a bed as this with one that we have seen during a storm of fifty six-hours' duration at sea, the occupant (the mate of the vessel) with his hands wet, black, and blistered, and smarting with the cold, and the very bed (a hole in a corner) as wet as his hands! And the common sailors had worse! And yet the worst of all, shut out from wet and cold as they were, but not having work like the seamen to occupy the mind, were the cribs of a parcel of children tossing about in all this tempest, and the bed of their parents on the cabin floor.—With these recollections (as the whole vessel got safe) we sometimes think we could find it in our hearts to relish even a feather-bed.

A very large bed-room in an old country-house is not pleasant, where the candle shows you the darkness at the other end of it, and you begin to think it possible for houses to be haunted. And as little comfortable is the bed with a great dusty canopy, such as they say the Highland Laird mistook

for the bed itself, and mounted at top of, while he put his servant into the sheets, thinking that the loftier stratum was the place of grandeur. Sometimes these canopies are domed, and adorned with plumes, which gives them a funereal look; and a nervous gentleman, who, while getting into bed, is hardly sure that a hand will not thrust itself out beneath the valence, and catch him by the ankle, does not feel quite so bold in it as the French general, who, when threatened by a few sheeted ghosts, told them to make the best of their way off, or he would give them a sound thrashing. On the other hand, unless warranted by necessity and good humour, which can reconcile anything, it is very disagreeable to see sofa-bedsteads and press-bedsteads in "stived-up" little rooms, half sitting-room and half chamber. They look as if they never could be well aired. For a similar reason, an Englishman cannot well like the French beds, that shut up into alcoves in the wall. We do not like to object to a custom merely because it is foreign; nor is it unreasonable, or indeed otherwise than agreeable, that a bed-room of good dimensions should include a partial bit of a sitting-room, or boudoir; but in that case, and indeed in all cases, it should be kept scrupulously neat and clean. Order in a house first manifests itself in the room which the house-wife inhabits; and every sentiment of the heart, as well as of the external graces, demands that a very reverence and religion of neatness should be there exhibited; not formality—not a want of snugness:—everything the reverse;—but all with evidences that the esteem of a life is preferred to the slatternliness of the moment, and that two hearts are always reigning together in that apartment, though one person alone should be present.

It is very proper that bed-rooms, which can afford it, should be adorned with agreeable pictures, with flowers by day-time, (they are not wholesome at night,) and, if possible, with sculpture. We are among those who believe, with the old romance of Heliodorus, that objects of beauty or otherwise are not without their influence upon the imagination, under circumstances that affect the earliest periods of existence. Besides, it is wholesome to live in the kindly and tranquil atmosphere of the arts; and few, even of the graceful-minded, turn to half the account they might do, the innumerable beauties which Heaven has lavished upon the world, both in art and nature. Better hang a wild rose over the toilet, than nothing. The eye that looks in the glass will see there something besides itself, and acquire something of a religious right to respect itself, in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared.

The most sordidly ridiculous anecdote we remember of a bedchamber, is one in the life of Elwes, the rich miser, who, asking a visitor one morning how he had rested, and being told that he could not escape from the rain which came through the roof of the apartment, till he had found out one particular corner in which to stow the truckle-bed, said, laughingly, and without any misgiving, "Ah! what, you found it out, did you? Ah! that's a nice

corner, isn't it?" This, however, is surpassed in dramatic effect, by the story of two ministers of state, in the last century, who were seen one day, by a sudden visitor, furiously discussing some great question out of two separate beds in one room, by day-time, their arms and bodies thrust forward towards each other out of the clothes, and the gesticulation going on accordingly. If our memory does not deceive us, one of them was Lord Chatham. He had the gout, and his colleague coming in to see him, and the weather being very cold, and no fire in the room, the Noble Earl had persuaded his visitor to get into the other bed. The most ghastly bed-chamber story, in real life, (next to actually mortal ones,) is that of a lady who dreamt that her servant-maid was coming into the room to murder her, and who, rising in her bed with the horror of the dream in her face, encountered, in the opening door, the no less horrified face of the maid-servant, coming in with a light to do what her mistress apprehended.

To give this article the termination fittest for it, such as leaves the reader with the most comprehensive sense upon him of profound rest, and of whatsoever conduces to lull and secure it, we shall conclude with a marvellously beautiful passage of Spenser, in which, like the other greatest poets, he combines, with the most poetical fiction, that familiar truth which brings its remotest fancies home to us, and makes them live with us for ever. Morpheus, the god of sleep, has an impossible bed somewhere, on the borders of the sea,—on the shore of "the world of waters wide and deep," by which its draperies are perpetually washed; but observe how this fictitious bed is made real by every collateral circumstance; and pray be considerate enough to the poet's intention, to read the stanza slowly and softly, with a relish of every word, and with a special pause after the word silence in the last line.

" And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame, from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries
As still are wont t' annoy the walléd towne,
Might there be heard ;—but carelesse quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence—farre from enemyes."

Faerie Queene. Book 1. Canto 1. Stanza 41.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN EPIC MUSES.

BY CANDIDUS.

 "Tempora mutantur."

ANCIENT EPIC.

Be shame to th' apostate, degenerate race,
 Who by such grovelling subjects their calling disgrace :
 Shall the Muses of Hellas put up with the slight,
 And see all their glories by thee put to flight ?

MODERN EPIC.

'T is in vain that you give yourself all these fine airs ;
 The public, good madam, have kicked you down stairs.
 Of your Homers, and Tassos, and Miltons — dry stuff !
 They declare that the world has now had quite enough.
 Nay, e'en Ariosto can charm them no longer —
 They want fresher subjects, and interest much stronger.
 For school-boys your Iliads are good mental feeding ;
 But the public, old lady, call out for light reading.

ANCIENT EPIC.

Light reading ! What's that ? I'm quite sure Aristotle —

MODERN EPIC.

Faugh ! name not a bore whom I fairly could throttle.
 Aristotle, indeed ! Pray, who cares for his fudge,
 Or the musty opinions of such a queer judge ?
 We'd be in precious plight if we heeded his prosing,
 And you too, methinks, must be dreaming or dozing —
 Not awake, that is plain — you'll excuse the remark, —
 Yet since as to light reading you're quite in the dark,
 I'll just for once try, if I can, to enlighten you,
 Tho', so odd are your notions, I'm likelier to frighten you.
 Light reading's, of course, of light writing the fruit ;
 That, at least, is a point which no one can dispute.
 But, hang definition ! — the new school's vagaries,
 If defined at all, must be so by contraries.
 So counter it runs to your old-fashioned rules,
 Which we moderns abandon to pedants and fools,
 Who write 'cording to system, and method, and plan,
 And not only verse, but prose, carefully scan.
 Our plan's to have no plan at all, but begin,
 And dash, hurry-skurry, through thick and through thin.
 Be racy — at least, let your pen be a racer :
 It may outrun Dame Nature, although it can't trace her.
 Be flighty ; but do not on Pegasus mount,
 For his soarings at present are at a discount.

O! soar not, but sink; dive to passion and pathos :
 No matter at all though you stick fast in bathos.
 The public, good souls! one from t' other don't know,
 But will say you're quite lofty when groping below.
 Of superfine feelings don't be at all sparing :
 Folks like to be snivelling — for nothing, when caring ;
 'Cause sweet sensibility always looks winning :
 At the same time contrive, though, to keep 'em a grinning.
 Let your style be alternately slipshod and grand ;
 Strut on stilts, or with coalheavers trudge through the Strand ;
 Such, such is our system—by this we succeed,
 And authors write faster than other folks read—
 Concoct you a history, or invent a new science,
 Wherein common sense shall be set at defiance.

ANCIENT EPIC.

But you've no epic poems ?

MODERN EPIC.

As for that, we have scores :
 But the public won't read 'em ; they're all voted bores.
 There is Atherstone's "Fall"*—had he named it a Tumble,
 'T would have suited much better ; for that lofty jumble
 Of highflown descriptions in classic court dress,
 Broke down on its way, falling dead from the press.
 Then, there are Penney's epics—a match for all Greece —
 But his epics scarce brought him a penny a piece.
 I should say there *were*, for they're all gone, I wot,
 With Blackmore, and Wilkie, and Glover, to rot.
 Intended they all were, no doubt, for posterity,
 Yet that they'll never reach it, may be said in all verity.
 'Tis of no use whatever to mince truth, or flatter :
 No, the true modern epic's a different matter —
 We call it the Novel,

ANCIENT EPIC.

The Novel! — what's that ?

MODERN EPIC.

(*Aside*)— A stupid old body ! she's downright a flat.
 The Novel ? Oh, charming ! 't is all things together :
 Here talking of politics, there of the weather.
 'Tis 'bout love and religion — 'bout dancing and dining,
 Sweet flirtations and sentiment neatly combining :—
 'Bout morals mixed up with descriptions of dresses,
 Both female and male ; and some charming distresses :
 'Tis philosophy pack'd up in pockets most handy,
 And in doses just fit for fine lady or dandy.
 'Tis now fiddle-faddle ; anon 'tis quite deep,
 —But you skip the reflections, unless you want sleep.

* The Fall of Nineveh.

'Tis St. James's, St. Giles's, by turns, or the Tuileries ;
 'Tis drawing-room scandal, and fashion's tom-fooleries ;
 'Tis quizzing vulgarity : in short, Novels show life,
 The age and its spirit, in high life and low life.
 Let old-fashioned pedants commend the ideal,
 Modern taste now demands both the stirring and real.
 And though you may fancy such taste does but grovel,
 'Twill endure no epic at all but the Novel.
 Yes, that is our epic,—don't be in a fury !
 Which hits off in fresco, with slap-dash bravura,
 The times and their follies, the world and its knaveries,
 —A salmagundi, most piquant whose savour is,
 Such, such is our epic : 'tis gossip and satire
 And sentiment, jumbled ; yet what does that matter ?
 In short, 'tis whatever is acted on earth :
 Devotion, vice, virtue, sense, madness, grief, mirth.
 —Or else, take some rascally Old Bailey Nero,
 Housebreaker or highwayman : make him your hero.
 With larceny, burglary be it well peppered,
 And you'll then have an epic quite *à la* JACK SHEPPARD !

ANCIENT EPIC.

Mighty Jove, I'm confounded ! O Homer divine,
 Thou great epic chief, inspired by the nine—

MODERN EPIC.

—Don't mention *him*, Ma'am ; he's deposed, that's poz !
 The great epic chief of the day now is " Boz " !
 He 's worth fifty Homers, I might say a hundred,
 And for my part, confess I have very much wondered,
 Not that Homer's repute should now be so small,
 But that he now finds any readers at all.
 Such opinion, if rude, is I'm certain not rash ;
 No ! his style of writing wont bring in the cash.
 Should a Homer arise, rivalling Homer of yore,
 Like him he might starve—die neglected and poor.

ANCIENT EPIC.

Avant ! thou vile creature, thou muck-worm ! I scorn
 To reply to thy speech,—to reprove or to warn.

MODERN EPIC.

Pray, old lady, be decent,—don't be in a passion,
 Nor talk in that very strange outlandish fashion.
 Go wherever you will, you will never be missed ;
 Besides, if you stay here you'll be hooted and hissed.
 —So ! she's off in a tiff. What a crazy old body,
 Who of modern taste knows no more than Tom Noddy !
 Yes, Castaly's waters may be very fine,
 (Tho' improved, I suspect, were they mixed with good wine)
 Yet let those drink who like ; such draughts do not agree
 With my constitution : they'd make me grow lanker.
 For inspiring your Muse with both vigour and glee,
 There's no draught like a draft on your Publisher's banker.

MARGARET BLOXHAM'S BRIDAL.



CONCLUSION OF THE SMUGGLERS' SONS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE third morning after the lugger sailed for Holland, the good people of Shore-end were enlivened by the unexpected event of the nuptials of pretty Margaret Bloxham and the newly returned Lieutenant Swaine, which had been kept a profound secret till within a few hours of its solemnization. Great curiosity and wonder were excited and expressed on the occasion, and a vastly impertinent crowd of busy-bodies assembled in the churchyard to see the bridal party descend from the postchaise in which they proceeded to church. Far less amazement, however, was excited by the French cambric dress, Lyons shawl, Leghorn bonnet, and Mechlin lace veil worn by the bride, than at the fact of her having come to plight her nuptial troth to her old lover, Magnus, instead of his cousin, with whom she had (to the great indignation and scandal of all the town) kept company as his betrothed wife, during the absence of the said Magnus. The men wondered how Magnus could ever overlook such an affront; and the women said, "that now-a-days, jilts were always more prized than girls who loved truly; but those who changed so often before-hand, were not much to be relied on after marriage; for their parts, they were surprised how such inconstant creatures ever got husbands at all."

The preventive lieutenant stationed at Shore-end was the person most astonished at these nuptials, for he could not imagine how an officer, wearing the king's livery, could form such a connexion, only that persons brought up as young Swaine had been, seldom entertained a particularly nice sense of honour; and, considering his parentage, Lieutenant Swaine could scarcely add a blot to the family escutcheon by his matrimonial alliance.

As for Magnus, he was too passionate a lover to stand on refinements. Margaret Bloxham, with all her faults, had been the adored of his heart from childhood; and he was full of exultation besides, at having triumphed over his detested kinsman by securing the fair and fickle prize for which they had contended with a rivalry fiercer than that of tigers.

The bells rang out their jocund peals as merrily, and the colours on the flag-staffs along the cliffs fluttered as gaily at this marriage, as at any other that had been celebrated at Shore-end within the last twenty years; for the bridegroom was liberal of his largesses to the proper people; and the beauty of the bride, and the grandeur of "po-shaying it to church," gave a considerable éclat to the affair.

The wedding was kept with great festivity and jollity at Wood Farm. The bride played on the piano and sang as often as she was requested, to the great admiration of the bridegroom, her father, and his men, who held a deep carouse on the occasion; but, in the midst of their glee, the well-known signal of the absent smuggler-crew was fired off the wooded promontory, about a mile below the house, which afforded so favourable a shelter for the landing of the cargo from the loaded lugger.

"Halloo!" cried the bridegroom, starting up and forgetting the character of a king's officer, in the hereditary propensities of a smuggler's son; "there they are, my lads, and before we expected them."

"I—I don't quite understand it," stammered Bloxham, whose head was in no slight degree affected by the mighty potations he had swallowed, and yet had a prevailing idea that the wind was not exactly favourable enough for such a hasty voyage.

A second gun boomed low and knell-like over the deep. The men all started up from their debauch, and looked at Bloxham for orders. "Father," said the bride, who was the only self-possessed person present, "are the horses harnessed, and the carts ready to put to?"

"I don't think they are, Madge. Magnus, my fine fellow, you used to be a prime one at a run. Do you take the ordering of the men and cattle, for you see I am not quite up to the thing to-night."

"Impossible; I am in the king's service now, and should lose my commission with disgrace, if I had any thing to do with it."

"And so you will stand with your hands in your pockets to see the cargo lost, and your own father ruined? Why, it will never be known if you do give us a helping hand at our need, boy."

Thus urged, Magnus gathered the land-force together, and in quick time the swift roadsters in the stables were harnessed to a dozen light, yet strongly-built, high-railed carts, half filled with straw, and presently rattled out of the farm-yard.

"I cannot say I like the job," said Magnus to his father-in-law, who, partly sobered by the strong necessity he felt of being sober at this crisis, had mounted his horse, to accompany the party to the creek, where the lugger was expected to land. They gained the spot, but the lugger was not there; the night was dark and foggy, and it was in vain that Magnus and the most experienced of the party listened for a signal; not even the laving of an oar was to be heard in the deep dead calm that suddenly appeared to have lulled the wavelets on the shore into a breathless repose.

"I don't understand it," muttered Bloxham; "we all seem like people walking in their sleep; howsomever, I'll let the lads know our latitude, at any rate;" and with these words he threw up a blue light. It gleamed far and wide for an instant, over the misty main; but the only object it revealed was one of their own bluish-white, sharp-keeled boats, cutting its way, like an arrow, through the waves, and pushing out to sea.

"Yonder is our Dolphin," cried one of the men to Bloxham; "but who has got hold of her?"

"And where has the lugger vanished?" responded Bloxham.

"Who has seen the lugger at all, to-night?" asked Magnus.

"Nay, we all heard her signals," replied the men.

"Aye, aye, but I begin to suspect and fear we have all been made fools of to-night—my wedding night too," said Magnus. "And who has been left to take care of my bride?"

"Why, who should there be but Jenny, the servant-maid," replied Bloxham. "Nay, then," rejoined Magnus, "I will return and take care of her myself, and the run may be to Jericho, for me." He retraced his steps with all the haste that love, and anxious thoughts of the object of that love, could inspire!

Bloxham, with the horses, men, and carts, remained on the beach in momentary expectation of the boats from the lugger, bringing the cargo to shore, since the lugger herself seemed to be playing at hide and seek, they said, in some of the coves or projecting angles of the coast.

The town clock from the old gothic tower of Shore-end church struck one thrilling unrepeatd stroke, announcing the first hour of morning as the bridegroom drew near the lonely farm-house, where he had left his newly-wedded Margaret, in all the blooming flush of youth, and health, and joy. The fog was beginning to disperse, in a cold drizzly shower, and the moon, then in her last quarter, and waning to a crescent, threw a sickly gleam over the hazy ocean, and wooded headland, but neither lugger nor boat was in sight, save a distant shooting speck, which none but a smuggler or preventive officer's quick

and experienced eye would have detected, on the surface of the waves. Magnus clearly recognised it as the Dolphin, the lugger's swiftest sailing boat, and as plainly comprehended that she had been despatched on a look-out mission to the coast, as the *avant courier* of the lugger. "I am afraid we are all making a blundering hand of this, our people's last trip," thought he, and instinctively whistling a few bars of "Will Watch," that melancholy smuggler's ditty, he turned to enter the house. It looked dark and desolate—no cheering candles within shed their inviting rays through the broad antique casement of the room that had so lately echoed with mirth and festive glee, and he was startled at perceiving the door open. He rushed in, exclaiming, "Margaret, Margaret, wife, love, where are you? Ho! Margaret, speak;" but there was no answer. The candles were all extinguished; but, by the dim light of the smouldering embers on the hearth, Magnus perceived something lying across the threshold of the inner room—it was the lifeless form of the unfortunate servant girl, who had been left alone with his bride in the house. Magnus ignited one of the candles by thrusting it into the fire, and, in a climax of agony and terror, proceeded to search the fatal dwelling, but of Margaret his beloved, no trace or vestige was to be found. As soon as he had ascertained this fact, he rushed abroad, and with all the energy of his nature, shouted, nay, shrieked her name through the dark fir copse, and along the broken cliffs; but the hollow echoes, that in mocking syllables repeated his frantic summons back to his ear, was the only reply he gained. He paused, exhausted with his own violence, and listened, oh, how intensely! till he could hear the distant trampling of the horses with Bloxham's party on the beach, and the stifled talking of the men. "Halloo," he cried, "Bloxham, father—help, murder—here! here! here!" "Aye, aye," shouted the men, in reply, and an immediate rush and clattering of wheels and horses' hoofs on the shingle, announced the approach of his party, and not to him alone, for the coast-guard were also on the alert. They had been roused by the signals which had deceived the smugglers, and came down in force upon them, armed and prepared for battle, if resistance had been offered. At another time, a bloody skirmish might have ensued; but now the moon-shiners had no cargo to defend, and their leaders were panic-stricken, and bewildered with horror and alarm. To Magnus, the implication of his honour, as an officer of marines, the peril of a court-martial, and loss of commission, were as nothing in that hour—he only thought of the horrible calamity that had befallen him in the mysterious loss of his bride; and, instead of offering resistance to the preventive force, when, with weapons in his hands, he was called on to surrender, he demanded a parley with their chief, and mildly implored his assistance in searching for Margaret.

At first, the lieutenant being well accustomed to the wiles employed by the smugglers of the Suffolk coast, listened doubtfully to the bereaved bridegroom; but at length the strong agony of Magnus's supplications, and the

doleful howls of Bloxham, wrought upon him to proceed with them to the farmhouse, where the body of the murdered servant afforded a fearful confirmation of the tale of woe and horror. Yet there were no wounds or marks of violence on the person of the deceased, and her death appeared to have been the result of striking her temple against the sharp angle of a projecting moulding of the door-post, in her fall. There were silver cups and spoons on the table, with other tempting articles of value; but nothing was removed. It was plain, therefore, that the abduction of the bride was not the deed of common robbers.

"It is that young Harold Peterson is the villain," cried Bloxham, striking his hand on the table passionately.

"Aye, and he has carried her off in the Dolphin, master," said one of the smugglers. "A pretty go, that."

"It was he that fired the signals off the Wood End-ness, to lure us all to the cove yonder, there," exclaimed Bloxham. "I see it all now; yet how could it be, Magnus, when he went off in the lugger to Holland with his father and yours?"

Magnus only answered with a groan; he had sunk on a seat in a perfect stupor of consternation and despair, and the cold drops of perspiration were falling from his brow like rain.

"Rouse yourself, man," cried the preventive lieutenant, "you will find your bride in the lugger. Your own father commands her, does he not?"

"He did," said Magnus, speaking with difficulty; "but there was old Harold Peterson, too, and Heaven above only knows who may command her now, or what devilry has been done on the high seas."

"You smugglers are a queer set," said the lieutenant, "and there seems to have been pretty doings at your wedding, *Lieutenant Swaine*."

"There have indeed," groaned Magnus.

"I am sorry to be under the necessity, too, of taking you all into custody," continued the preventive officer.

"You have not found any thing of a contraband description in our carts, nor yet on my premises, Lieutenant," said Daniel Bloxham.

"Why no, not at present, Mr. Bloxham; but a murder has been committed in your house, under very mysterious circumstances, which the legal authorities in the town will be inquiring into, in the morning."

"Why, you don't think I have had anything to do with that, when I have lost my own only child through the same parties by whom the murder has been committed?" cried the farmer, wringing his hands.

With the first light of the morning that dawned upon the gloomy morrow of this night of horror, the coast-guard commenced an active search on the premises of Daniel Bloxham, and found, not the lost bride, but his well-stored vaults of contraband property, of which seizure was made, of course.

The following night, the preventive Lieutenant and his crew manned their

boat, and encountered the smuggler's heavily loaded lugger, off the wooded promontory, where the false signals had been made, which caused the fatal termination of young Magnus Swaine's nuptial festivities. A bloody engagement took place within hearing, almost within sight, of Shore-end, and not till the daring partners, old Harold Peterson, and his brother-in-law, Magnus Swaine, fell, covered with wounds, did the desperate crew surrender their barque. Neither the abducted bride, nor her discarded lover were in the captured lugger; but some degree of elucidation was thrown on the mysterious circumstances connected with her disappearance, by the information given by the crew, as to the proceedings of young Harold Peterson, who, on the night of their arrival off the coast of Holland, had deserted, in company with two of their companions, in their swift sailing-boat, the Dolphin, to the infinite indignation of his father and old Magnus Swaine. Two days afterwards, a succession of rough weather set in, and the Dolphin was discovered at sea, floating keel uppermost, by one of the vessels belonging to Shore-end, and towed into port. This was the only clue ever afforded, as to the fate of the unfortunate bride, her ravisher, and his accomplices. The strong frame of the younger Magnus Swaine sank beneath the pressure of mental anguish, and a brain fever terminated his life and sorrow, within a few hours after he learned the dismal tidings. Daniel Bloxham, the sole survivor of the *dramatis personæ* of this awful tragedy, is a ruined man, partially bereft of reason. The uncertainty in which the fate of his daughter is involved, has inspired him with the deceptive idea that she still lives, and will return, one day, the wife of Harold Peterson; and while under the influence of this vain hope, he wanders, day and night, along the coast, to look out for her; but there are times when he feels the reality of his bereavement, beats his breast, and, with heart-rending cries, calls upon the sea to "give up the dead," till, exhausted with the paroxysm, he stands mute and motionless for hours together, in the gloomy silence of a despair too deep for words.

JANUARY.

" Then came old January, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell;
 And blowe his nayles to warm them if he may;
 For they were numb'd with holding all the day
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
 Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
 From whose wide mouth there flowed the Roman flood."

SPENSER.

Old English Ballads.

No. I.—“SING SONG.”

“Sing Song, the days are long,
The Woodcock and the Sparrow,
The little dog has burned his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.”

To him, who is but superficially acquainted with the beauties of “the old poets,” the lines which form the subject of our examination will be considered as stanzas of uncouth rhyme, huddled together without regard to time, place, or circumstance; and in no wise calculated to render the peruser of them any intellectual benefit. True, indeed, they do not “show bulky;” they may therefore be contemned through a paucity of syllables, and rejected without an endeavour to discover the matters of which they treat, or the tragical incident to which they relate. But the patient investigator of the *poem* now before us, will discover “more than meets the mind’s eye” of the superficial scanner of poesy, and a sufficiency to satisfy him that his labour has not been bestowed upon an insignificant theme, or in the prosecution of a profitless inquiry.

The introductory couplet of the poem, which we are now about to investigate, is written, evidently, in “the style-pastoral,” and shows, in its phraseology, the species of locality where the scene of the narrative is laid—namely, in the country. The jocund monosyllables, which preface the commencing line, display the judicious talent of the author, (a name unknown to fame) who, aware of the serious character of his narration, would first excite merriment, and prepare his hearers with a care-defying exclamation: so that by the use of contrarious expressions, a more effective impression may be produced in passing from the gay to the grave of his history. Nor is the peculiar manner in which the author begins his tale less deserving our admiration—carefully avoiding prolix introduction on the one hand, and refraining on the other from a leap at once “in medias res.” Here is no apostrophe to “the glorious nine,”—no prefatory address for help to “the blue-ey’d maid.” The usual “Descend from Heaven”—“Aid me, ye sisters of Pieria,” and such like customary invocations, are equally disregarded by the poet, who, deeming himself completely master of the subject on which he has undertaken to write, declines any appeal to the interference of a second personage: therefore, relying solely on his own ability, the strain is introduced with an exhortatory exclamation, “Sing Song.” Mark—here is no base imitation of his predecessors—no plagiarism resembling the Mantuan’s epic,

“Arma virumque cano Trojæqui primus ab oris.”

Neither is there any approach to that species of introduction, which his successors and more modern writers have thought proper to employ—the

“Sing, heavenly muse, that on the top,”

of Milton, or the

“Come all ye jolly sailors bold,”

of Dibdin; but, content with the simple monosyllables he has chosen, the poem is commenced—“Sing Song,” as if it had been said in vulgar, and more familiar English, “Cheer up—let’s be merry and drive away care.”

The reason why he introduces his subject with this simple exhortation, is not, it is true, at first apparent. Did our impatience, however, lead us to skip over the intermediate matter, and arrive at once to the subject of the concluding couplets of his poem, we should then discover that something more than chance, or a love of rhythm, induced the adoption of so peculiar an introduction.

Some editions commence thus—“Swing Swong,” and although there have been many learned and powerful disquisitions penned upon the propriety of the two versions, the preponderance of opinion in favour of the one we have adopted, induces us to consider it the more genuine. Nevertheless, we would not altogether disregard the version we have thought proper to reject, but rather use it to assist in the prosecution of our inquiry.

The circumstances of two such words “Swing Swong,” coupled with a consideration of the line in which they occur, and the sentence they immediately precede, “the days are long,” at once point out to us the time “when” the incident of the narrative occurs. It is obviously towards the latter end of September, about the period when the sun is said to enter the constellation *Libra*, or the *Balances*: wherefore, the poet justly considering it as an insult to his admirers to imagine they are ignorant of the *Heaven’s* wonders, conceals the æra of his story in two monosyllables, expressive of the operations of the heavenly bodies at the period. That this really was his intention, and that the month before set down is that in which the circumstance of his history happens, can be further and undeniably proved by the language of the succeeding line, in which reference is made to certain birds, then more particularly in season.

It may, perhaps, be objected that this interpretation of the poem is not borne fully out by the declaration “the days are long.” This, however, we claim as a proof to support the opinion before advanced. Upon a careful examination, it will be observed that this declaration is made in the positive degree of comparison, “the days are long”—not longer than at any other time—not the longest in the year—but they are of a sufficient duration to entitle them to be praised as of a convenient length.

Now, then, we are satisfactorily persuaded, without any periphrastical description, or circumlocution on the part of the author, that the events

which he is about to chronicle occurred in the fall of the year—in the calm autumn tide. The succeeding line fully coincides with, and corroborates this interpretation, of the time “when.” The line runs thus—“The Woodcock and the Sparrow.” The connexion between this line and the foregoing, is now evident, and the peculiar phraseology of the author appears luminous and satisfactory to account for the manner in which we are gradually prepared for the after-tale. It becomes now manifest to whom the exhortation at the commencement of the pastoral was addressed: and the particular business in which the party was engaged, is to be learned by considering the two lines which form the first couplet, comparatively and collectively.

The Lord and his associates are strolling through the baronial demesnes, to enjoy the recreation of shooting, “the woodcock and the sparrow,” to drive away melancholy, which may be occasioned by a consideration of how speedily their sport must be terminated—the consolation is merrily addressed—“Sing Song, the days are long”—the faint-hearted comrades acknowledge this consolation with a responsive burst, expressive of their desires, “The Woodcock and the Sparrow.” Here, then, we have a tale simply and beautifully commenced in the few words which form the first division of our author’s history.

He now proceeds to the second part of his narrative, which, from the subject of its matter, may certainly be entitled to the appellation “epic.”

“The little dog has burned his tail.”

Here we are at once introduced to the unfortunate hero of our history, “the little dog.” And mark! he is no uncommon personage, as will be seen in the sequel, but rather one well known in those times, which are the æra of the narrative. One who, as Sir T. Browne somewhere sets it down—“has, for his peculiar excellency, a name of specialty.” The poet, fully aware of this, does not mention “a little dog,” but “*the* little dog.” The use of the diminutive “little,” is judiciously employed by the author, to excite our commiseration for the fate of the individual to whose name it is annexed. Had he said such and such a dog—or “the great dog”—we should not, perhaps, sympathise in the calamity which the line informs us he has suffered—“burned his tail.”

But what says the following and concluding line of the poem—

“He shall be hanged to-morrow.”

“What!” we are ready to exclaim—“Hanged! The *wherefore* does not appear?” True, we are informed that he has burned his tail—yet is not that rather his misfortune, and for such is it that his life is to be sacrificed? This certainly cannot be the reason for his punishment—or why is the execution of his sentence to be deferred until the morrow? Would it not be more charitable to carry at once into effect his condemnation, than permit the unfortunate sufferer to linger another four-and-twenty hours

writhing under the pain of his scathed appendage? But let us revert to the introductory couplets of the poem, and continue the narrative which we have before seen is there commenced.

The Lord and his associates pursue their recreation—it is unsuccessful; and the day being spent, they return to the baronial castle, to drown their disappointment in the bowl and feast. They arrive at the castle moat—the draw-bridge is lowered—the cavalcade enters—the sportsmen dismount, and, having doffed the hunting suit, and arrayed themselves in festive apparel, repair to the grand hall, to partake the anticipated carousals. But the hall is tenantless—the tables unspread.

“What means all this?” is the too ready, and perhaps just inquiry of the Baron. “No dinner!” The retainers are summoned—but ere the appalling question is proposed, a shout, declaratory of the delay, breaks from the trembling assembly, “The little dog has burned his tail.” The mischief now is told—the consequences which ensue are but too manifestly chronicled in the conclusion of the poem.

A glance at the line, “The little dog has burned his tail”—shows, plainly, the situation of the hero when the accident occurred; and, considering the couplets of the whole of the history, wherein it is apparent, who, and what was referred to, we arrive at once at the occupation or calling of our hero, and the reason why he has been spoken of peculiarly and emphatically as “the little dog.” His office we gather to be that of “turnspit,”—and, hence we see at once, the burning of his tail to be not so much his misfortune as we were at first led to assume, as his fault. For had he been pursuing his vocation, it is obvious his back would not have been in a situation to be burnt. It is, we say, evident from the catastrophe, that he was neglecting his master’s service for the sake of personal pleasure. We are made acquainted with the mischief resulting from his misconduct, and are compelled to allow the justice of the sentence pronounced upon him: not in wrath, evidently, from the circumstance of its execution being deferred; but in stern retributive propriety, in order that the example of the delinquent’s condignment may operate as a lesson to all who tend to a like neglect of duty.

The denouement is hinted at in plain, yet sympathetic language, and the culprit led before his injured patron, hears pronounced the deserved decree—“Hanged to-morrow.”

LLOYD LACEY.

“By studying the art of moving the affections, we explore the recesses and discover the secrets of virtue.”—*De Stäel*.

MR. ———

1. K. P. two
2. Q. P. two
3. K. P. one
4. Q. B. P. one
5. K. B. to Q. third
6. K. Kt. to B. third
7. Q. B. to K. Kt. fifth
8. Q. to K. second
9. P. takes P.
10. Q. Kt. to Q. second
11. Q. B. to K. third
12. Q. Kt. to Q. Kt. third
13. Q. B. to Q. fourth
14. Castled with K. R.
15. Q. R. to K.
16. K. R. P. one
17. K. Kt. to K. R. second
18. Q. to K. Kt. fourth
19. R. takes B.
20. Q. to K. B. fourth
21. Q. takes Kt.
22. Q. takes Kt.
23. K. Kt. to K. Kt. fourth
24. Q. Kt. to Q. fourth
25. Q. Kt. to K. B. third
26. R. to K.
27. K. Kt. to K. R. fourth
28. Q. to K. third
29. Q. to K. R. sixth, check
30. Q. to K. Kt. fifth
31. Kt. to K. R. sixth
32. Q. to K. third
33. Kt. to Kt. fourth
34. Q. to R. sixth, check
35. Q. to Kt. fifth
36. Kt. to R. sixth, check
37. Kt. to K. B. fifth check.
38. Kt. takes R. check
39. Q. to K. third
40. Q. Kt. P. one
41. Q. B. P. one
42. P. takes P.
43. R. to Q.
44. Q. to K. second
45. R. to K.
46. Q. to K. Kt. fourth
47. Q. to K. Kt. third
48. K. R. P. one
49. P. checks.

LA BOURDONNAIS.

1. K. P. one
2. Q. P. two
3. Q. B. P. two
4. Q. Kt. to B. third
5. K. Kt. to K. second
6. K. Kt. P. one
7. K. B. to Kt. second
8. Q. to Q. Kt. third
9. Q. takes P.
10. Q. B. to Q. second
11. Q. to Q. R. fourth
12. Q. to Q. B. second
13. Kt. to K. B. fourth
14. Castled with K. R.
15. Q. Kt. P. one
16. Q. R. to K.
17. K. R. to K. B. second
18. B. takes P.
19. Kt. takes R.
20. K. Kt. takes Q. B.
21. Kt. takes B.
22. Q. B. to Q. B. third
23. K to Kt. second
24. K. P. one
25. K. R. to K. B. fourth
26. K. to B.
27. K. R. to K. B. second
28. K. P. one
29. K. to Kt.
30. K. to Kt. second
31. R. to K. fourth
32. R. to K. B.
33. R. to K. third
34. K. to Kt.
35. Q. to K. B. fifth
36. K. to Kt. second
37. R. takes Kt.
38. Q. takes Kt.
39. K. Kt. P. one
40. R. to B. third
41. P. takes P.
42. K. to Kt. third
43. Q. to Q. B. fourth
44. R. to Q. third
45. R. to Q. fifth
46. Q. to K. B. fourth
47. R. to Q. seventh
48. Q. to K. B. fifth
49. K. to R. third.

And the first player resigns.

ON POETIC GENIUS,

AS DEVELOPED IN BARBAROUS AND IN CIVILISED TIMES.

WE live, it is said, in the Iron Age. Railways and steam-boats bind together the most distant lands. Machinery works, with iron arms, to supply our sensuous needs. Iron distributes what iron produces, for the physical benefit of man. But the fear of the timid, and the scorn of the sceptic, involve, in the shadows of apprehension and doubt, the mental advantage of these material works. It is thought that our minds have, as it were, partaken of the hard, cold nature of our ferruginous agents. It is said that our higher faculties have bowed beneath the sway of our animal appetites: and that, while we increase the comforts of the body, we neglect the nurture of the soul. Political Economy and Physical Science are supposed to be our only studies; utilitarianism of the lowest order, our only effective guide. Imagination is believed to be at least enfeebled, if not altogether extinct. And hence it has become a common doctrine, that the progress of civilisation is necessarily prejudicial to the cultivation and improvement of poetry. To remove so pernicious a theory, we deem to be a work of utility: and we therefore propose to consider the question—Is a barbarous more favourable than a civilised age, to the development of the Poetic Genius?

What is Poetry? is a problem difficult and deep. Byron has apostrophized the lesser luminaries of the firmament on high—

“Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven;”

but this vague exclamation sheds as little light on the essence of poetry as on the nature of the stars. Shelley has asserted poetry to be—“the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds;” but, alas! despite its epigrammatic point, even this description of immortal song leaves the riddle as dark as before. For our present purpose, it is however needful, at least to attempt a more specific definition; and we shall therefore endeavour, as far as may be, to ascertain the characteristics, and determine the limits, of the Art of Poetry.

Poetry, then, we define to be—the metrical utterance of imaginative thought. It must be fiction: it must be verse. The novel and the poem are distinguished from each other, solely by their methods of expression. Imagination embodies its unrealities in the one, no less than in the other, of these kindred works; but, in the novel, it clothes them with the garb of prose; in the poem, with the vestment of verse. Who writes without the regulated harmony of verse, can be but half a poet,—a poet only as regards idea, not as regards expression. And the faculty of imagination we deem to be the author of all the thoughts of poetry. Other thoughts may be arrayed in rhyme; but

this will not render them poetic. Mere fact, or mere truth, will, at best, be but history or philosophy in verse, and can never constitute poetry. What, then, is imagination? Imagination, as the tenor of its etymology imports, is the power of producing images—of framing new combinations of thought, from the ideas of outward and of inward objects which memory and consciousness supply. And herein it differs from reason. Reason compares: Imagination combines. For a syllogism is no more than an equation of ideas. To some one idea, regarded as the standard, two others are respectively referred; and the extent of their mutual agreement is declared in the conclusion of the process. Each separate idea, throughout the operation, retains its own individuality, its distinct isolation from the rest; it enters into a comparison only, not into a union. But far different is the destiny of ideas, when poured into the mould of imagination. There they mingle with each other, receive a fresh arrangement, and present, as it were, a new object. Reason, comparing and discriminating, is always analytic. Imagination, combining and interweaving, is ever synthetic. Science is the work of the one; Poetry, of the other. In the epos—in the drama—we thus observe the imagination forming new combinations of pre-existent ideas: assembling, in harmonious though fancied union, the characteristics of actual humanity; or locating in foreign situations, its modified imitations of men, and peopling with ideal beings, the ocean and the air.

We have said that poetry is the metrical utterance of imaginative thought. By Poetic Genius, we mean the mental power required in the production of poetry. The development of this power—not indeed its existence, for that we have no intention to discuss—the development of this power, we are led by our definition of poetry to infer, must depend, on the one hand, upon the ideas with which the imagination works; on the other hand, upon the means by which it evolves its thoughts. The more these are improved, the more those are augmented, the more powerful become the external aids to the manifestation of the poetic genius. And we maintain that civilisation conduces far more effectively than barbarism, to the augmentation and improvement of the materials and instruments which the poet must needs employ.

Terms much used and much abused are “barbarism” and “civilisation;” and hence, not easy to define. Each may be regarded as of duplicate meaning: and as referrible to intellectual and moral condition. Moral civilisation is the practice of virtue; moral barbarism, the ascendancy of vice. Intellectual civilisation is, on the one hand, the acquisition, on the other hand, the application, of knowledge and truth; intellectual barbarism is the prevalence of either ignorance or error. Men advance in intellectual civilisation, in proportion as they extend their discoveries in science, and improve their exertions in art; they remain in intellectual barbarism, in so far as they are unacquainted with the instructions of science, and unskilled in the labours of art. Civilisation is synonymous with knowledge, skill, and virtue; barbarism, with error,

ignorance, and vice. Hence it will appear that there has never, perhaps, been any age either wholly barbarous or wholly civilised. The opposing elements of the two states of society have ever been strangely commingled; though in different epochs, and in different nations, united in various proportions. This admixture occasions a serious difficulty in the selection of examples of either state. We shall therefore consider the influence of each, abstracted from the other; and afterwards illustrate the general positions which may thus be gained, by a reference to the concrete action of the two, as displayed in historic record.

The ideas which observation supplies to the poet, and which furnish the materials for his fancy to elaborate, are multiplied in number, and exalted in nature, by civilisation. It may, indeed, be urged that the aspect of the material universe is the same to the savage and the civilized man. The verdant fields, the azure sky, the multitudinous ocean, the flowing river, the lofty mountain, the lowly vale, the myriad stars, the pale cold moon, the gorgeous and majestic sun,—all, all exist to impress the savage with the beauties of the physical creation, and are no less available for the fancy

“Of that poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind,”

than for the imagination of the more polished bard, whom science may have taught, with more intelligence,

“To look through nature up to nature’s God.”

Be it so. But the material objects of the world around us, are the fewest and the lowest of poetic themes. Man, his feelings and his faculties, his passions and his powers, his desires and his deeds, furnish to the poet, in the largest variety, the highest material for the exercise of his art. It is when the poet paints, not the world without, but the world within,—when he becomes, not the camera-obscura to depict, in the shadows of fictitious description, the scenery of external landscapes, but the mental daguerreotype, to delineate in faithful and enduring lines, the portraiture of man; it is when mind, and not when matter, inspires his fancy, that he rises into real greatness, and achieves the crown of immortality. And can it be thought that there is any equality between the man of barbarism and the man of civilisation,—the man of vice and ignorance, and error, with the man of virtue and knowledge and skill? The meagre incidents of savage existence are trifling and tame when contrasted with the events, the complicated transactions, of civilised life. As man multiplies, and his knowledge extends, his relations and employments indefinitely increase. His faculties, engaged in novel exertions, acquire augmented strength. His habit of introspection and knowledge of self, become more prevalent and more expanded. He is, in all respects, a higher being,—with more intense development of intellectual energy—with more exalted estimate of his own capacities—with more enlightened conception of his appropriate duties—with more

kindling hopes as to his destiny. His sphere of action enlarged—his modes of action multiplied—his powers of action strengthened,—he stands forth, in all the grandeur of public, and all the beauty of private relations, a subject for the poet's pencil, a theme for the poet's muse, before the dignity of which all the physical vigor of the huntsman of the prairie, or the warrior of the woods, shrinks back into puniest insignificance. Had Shakspeare lived in the marshes of Australia, in the steppes of Siberia, or the islands of Cape Horn, he could not have imagined his happiest creations, for the ideas of his experience would not have supplied him with the requisite materials for the purpose. The wit of Falstaff must have been stagnated in those uncongenial swamps; and the passion of Juliet have frozen amid those barren snows.

Yet it would seem to be an opinion, that the progress of knowledge prevents the advancement of poetry, inasmuch as the discoveries of philosophy necessarily destroy all the fanciful creeds of primeval times.

“ When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws—
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !”

But herein lurks a fallacy. The creeds of our fancy may be shattered by reason, but the power of imagination will remain untouched. For it is no way material to the exertion of that power, that its possessor should have faith in its fictions. Can it be thought that Shakspeare believed in the actual existence of Ariel? And yet his incredulity crippled not his fancy when he conceived that delicate and gentle spirituality, that fairylike denizen of heaven and of earth. Oh, no! it cannot be, that reason and imagination are at variance. If lovely visions yield their place to cold material laws, this can only be when they have first usurped the position which they justly surrender. It is the province of imagination to picture, not to explain. Whenever it undertakes the latter office, it becomes amenable to the correction of reason; but so long as it confines its operations within the former sphere, it has nothing to dread from science. Hamlet and Macbeth have not lost their hold on the admiration of mankind, although the light of scientific research has long driven the whole tribe of spectres and of witches from the regions of human credulity. So far, indeed, from being hindered, imagination is directly assisted by reason. The greatest poets are those who have imagined the best representations of humanity. To know the nature of man, it is needful, not only to observe, but to reflect. The poet must acquire, by ratiocinative process, before he can clothe with imaginative shape, those generalised truths as to the character of man, which it is his province and his purpose to embody.

As men advance in civilisation, not only do they add to their stores of scientific information, but they multiply and improve the applications of their knowledge, and realise the practical advantages of science through the means of art. A new field is again expanded before the poet's eye. The ocean,

the same to the Indian and the European, so long as it rolled its booming billows,

“Such as creation’s dawn beheld,”

untraversed and untried; the ocean was an equal theme for the poets on both the shores of the Atlantic. But when art had been busy in the practice of navigation, the advantage was all on the European side. The horrors of Clarence’s dream arose before the mind of Shakspeare. But the savage minstrels of the Carribean seas, with nomaritime objects to arouse their fancy, save paddling canoes, which, if ever wrecked, contained no wealth to waste upon the deep; these bards of barbarism could not have conceived, with regard to the ocean of their experience, the splendid fancies suggested to the poet of commercial civilisation.

And poetry itself is an art. It is a mode of using the knowledge we possess. The poet first deals with his knowledge as imagination dictates; and then invests with metrical form the thoughts which he thus eliminates. His conceptions are evolved by means, not of inarticulate sound, not of adjusted color, not of shapen marble, but of modulated speech. It is obvious, then, that as language improves, the poet’s means of utterance become the more effective. And it needs but little acquaintance with philosophy to demonstrate, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the refinement of language is an unvarying effect of the advancement of civilisation. The vocabulary, necessarily, becomes more copious in proportion as new thoughts demand expression; and the code of grammar more regular and fixed, as the study of style obtains.

But the art of poetry regulates the arrangement, as well as the expression, of ideas. It may shape its thoughts in odes, or sonnets, or ballads, or dramas, or epic poems. And these forms will be improved by civilisation. In the drama, for example, the collateral aids provided by the skill of other arts, tend strongly to elevate poetry. As architecture, painting, music, and mechanism, add fresh attractions to the theatre, the poet is furnished with novel inducements and new opportunities for exertion. How wide the difference between the Thespian cart and the Athenian theatre. But not more marked than the distinction between the rude dramatic efforts of Thespis and his fellows, and the profound and polished compositions of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

We have shown that the materials of the poet’s thoughts, and the means of their exposition, are enhanced by civilisation. Our arguments, drawn from the nature of poetry, may be confirmed by the lessons of history. It has indeed been urged, that a barbarous age is more favourable to the development of the poetic genius than a civilised one, inasmuch as the earliest known compositions having been in all nations metrical, poetry, in primeval times, must have been more studied than any other intellectual pursuit, while in later periods, the efforts of mind have been directed with greater vigour towards other objects besides poetry. Were we to grant that poetry, in by-gone times,

received proportionately more attention than science, and that now their fate is reversed, we should still contend that the question would remain untouched. That question is, not whether poetry has been more exclusively, but whether poetry has been more effectively, developed in savage than in civilised times. The historic decision of this inquiry we rest entirely on the fact, that poesy has produced her greatest works in periods of civilisation.

Historic memory reaches back but a brief distance of time, compared with the duration of man upon the globe. Whether our primitive fathers employed themselves in the composition of mighty poems, must remain for ever an enigma. But, from the condition of savage tribes existing within the sphere of our own observation, we may gather some notion of the state of poetry in barbarous times. The unlettered Indians of America, the rude islanders of the Southern Seas, with little virtue and less knowledge—what know they of poetry? It is said that they chaunt their funeral songs over the corpses of their warriors, and their friends; that they sing their strains of triumph and defiance at the torturing stake; that they celebrate their weddings, their councils, and their feasts, with the wild effusions of their untaught muse. But what traveller has ever mentioned their *Iliad*, their *Eneid*, their *Paradise Lost*? Who has ever heard of the *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Othello*, the *Macbeth*, of the Tahiti bards? If those Isles of the South should be ever illumined by the brightest beams of poetry, the light must come from above, must be shed by the sun of civilisation, when it dissipates the clouds of barbarism, and may perhaps be looked for,

“ When coral reefs, where none but sea-birds throng,
Learn Bacon’s sense, and echo Milton’s song.”

Turn we our gaze from modern savagery to ancient civilisation. And what do we behold? In Greece, the greatest of dramatic poets who rose upon the world before the culmination of our own Shakspeare, shone forth in her happiest times, when questions of philosophy, and principles of government, and researches of science, and efforts of art, engaged the attention of her intellectual sons, and left memorials of themselves in her vigorous literature, destined to enlighten and enliven the world, so long as the love of knowledge shall still animate mankind.

Homer, indeed, existed in an earlier age. The particular epoch is yet, among the learned, a matter of conjecture and dispute; nevertheless, it is obvious from the tenor of his works, that he lived in an era much projected beyond the limits of barbarity, in an era when a considerable progress had been realised in the arts of life. Moral civilisation, it is true, was yet in a low condition. The love of war was the dominant passion. Men were ruled by muscular, rather than by moral, force. Virtue was courage; justice was strength; wisdom was fraud. Intellectual civilisation presented, however, a better aspect. The Greeks were even then beginning that high career, which

they afterwards pursued with so brilliant a result; their language had attained to a degree of excellence which has rendered it since, the envy and despair of every cultivated people; they had stepped from the regions of barbarism, within the confines of civilisation.

Looking forward to the literature of Rome, on what does our speculation immediately fix? The Augustan age; that brilliant period of Roman story, when civilisation reached its height on the shores of the ancient Tiber, maintaining an empire, unequalled in extent, by a system of centralisation still unrivalled in the world, and when poetry flourished under the brightest auspices and produced the greatest works. Not alone in civil arts and military dominion was Rome pre-eminent; in poetic genius she then appeared without competitor. The sportive mythology of the fanciful Ovid; the lyric measures of the lively Horace; the epic numbers of the stately Virgil; she bequeathed—a rich and lasting gift—to the grateful admiration of posterity.

But the wondrous fabric of her empire was destined to decay. Down swept the boreal storm, and shattered the building to its base. Rome lay in ruins. An age of darkness supervened. Centuries elapsed, without civilisation, without poetry. The barbarians, however, were not wholly stagnant; they were working onwards to civilisation. In Provence, in the country of the Languedoc, they first began to show that their efforts had not been vain. In that beautiful region, the human mind once more asserted its native right to seek for truth and virtue. Commerce arose, cities sprang into existence, philosophy reared her head. The Albigenian heresy foreshadowed the Lutheran Reformation. The Troubadours sang their graceful strains, and softened the sternness of chivalry. Civilisation was born anew; and poetry, her twin-sister, shared in the gladness of revival. Italy was the next to experience the benefits of urban civilisation. The towns, to which she owed so much in the stormy period of the middle age, worked themselves into real importance. Florence led the van. Dante shone upon the world in all his glory. And he presents a remarkable illustration of the effect of the condition of the general mind, upon any, the greatest, intellect. Homer lived in a warlike age; he sang of heroes. Dante lived in a superstitious age; he sang of Heaven and Hell. The world, in some respects, was more advanced in the time of Dante than in that of Homer; it had caught a glimpse of the other world, through the saint-stained casements of the Church of Rome,

“ Those storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,”—

and had thus attained to more sublime ideas of the future fate of man. Homer could not have written the “*Divina Commedia* ;” nor would the subjects of Homer’s poems have given fit inspiration to Dante’s muse. The increase of knowledge, as before remarked, augments the bard’s materials.

In a later day, when chivalry had taken a firmer hold of the hearts of

men, and, sharing its empire with superstition, had produced the strangest mixture of opinions that history records, Italy added to the list of her illustrious poets, the names of Tasso and Ariosto. Born of chivalry and popery, the "*Gierusalemme Liberata*," embodied the romantic and religious spirit of the Holy Wars. Truly, civilisation was not then at its highest point; but it had made immense progression since the centuries immediately succeeding the subversion of the Roman Empire. It was still advancing.

And it was still advancing, not only in the South, but in the North. England had seen a Chaucer; who, although but a type, or indication, of the greatness yet to come, accomplished all he could, in his early age of struggling civilisation; and produced such poems as the character of his times, and the condition of his language, would permit. At length dawned the Elizabethan æra, glowing with poetry. But this age was not illustrious for poetry alone; we regard it, and justly regard it, as one of the greatest in our history. The mighty agencies at work among the people, preparing for future and more vigorous operations; the sagacious measures of royal policy, raising England to high importance among the nations, render the age of Elizabeth an epoch of peculiar distinction. The state of society at that time in England exhibited no slender admixture of civilisation; and to the then condition of her imaginative literature, every Englishman turns with pride.

But the Rebellion shook the land. Its heated hostilities passed away; and, relieved from the pressure of the contest, Milton wrote. Unrivalled by any poem whatever, ancient or modern, epic or dramatic, stands forth the *Paradise Lost*. Unequalled in intensity of passion, in energy of intellect, the character of Satan overwhelms the soul. Unsurpassed in delicacy and beauty, Eve wins the heart. Unexcelled, nay, unapproached, in strength of argument, in grandeur of eloquence, the demoniac debate in the council of Hell, agitates the mind. But, despite the force of native genius, the *Paradise Lost* could never have been written, had not the stores of learning, old and new, poured forth their treasures into Milton's mind. All the knowledge of civilisation was gathered by that comprehensive intelligence; and the result was the greatest individual work of imagination, whether civilised or savage, which the world has seen. And as with Dante, so with Milton. Milton lived in a religious age; he sang the deeds of Angels and of God. And he lived in a civilised age—when the world had gained far higher notions on the awful subject of religion, than Homer's contemporaries ever conceived; and, consequently, the gods and goddesses of Homer are contemptible and gross when compared with the sublime conceptions of Milton's ethereal beings. Milton, therefore, is a striking example of the effect of civilisation, on the poet's thoughts. He also presents an interesting illustration of its influence on the poet's utterance. When Shakspeare first appeared, the method of constructing the rhythm of blank verse was extremely unmusical; and, by constantly closing the sense with the line, produced a most tedious and monotonous effect.

Shakspeare altered the pauses; and Milton, improving on Shakspeare's innovation, and aided by an exquisite ear, composed in metre, to the harmony of which, no parallel can be found. It needed centuries of civilisation, and the gradual improvements of many writers, to bring to perfection the rhymeless versification of the English tongue, and thus to furnish to the English bard his most effective instrument.

We purposed to pass in rapid review, the literature of Germany, and of France. This would now be beyond our limits. Suffice it to remark, that the effect of the survey would have fully supported what we think we have proved—that poesy has produced her greatest works in periods of civilisation. To refer to the age of Louis XIV. is to evidence this with respect to France. To point out that the only illustrious epoch of German poetry was the 18th century—when shone that brilliant constellation of poets, the first star of which was Klopstock, and the transcendent luminaries of which were Göthe and Schiller—is to indicate the truth of the position with regard to the German people.

We have now seen that, whether viewed from a metaphysic, or historic point of sight, whether judged according to its nature or its works, poetry appears to be indebted to civilisation for its highest and amplest resources. In arriving at this conclusion, we have considered the effects of civilisation, and of barbarism only. We have reserved for future investigation, the equally interesting inquiries which are connected with the comparative influence on poetry, of different periods of civilisation; and with the comparative excellence of the poetry produced by the various sections of mankind. We think it might be shown, that the highest civilisation has been distinguished by the highest poetry; and that the great Caucasian family of man—among whom has arisen every powerful impulse advancing the progress of humanity—has given birth to the most illustrious bards. For although, in accordance with the terms of our question, we have regarded poetry as distinct from civilisation, yet the one is, in truth, but an element of the other, a means and a sign of the improvement of our race. The synthetic power of the poet's imagination, acts as a spiritual magnetism, attracting and reuniting the various objects of his knowledge; it unfolds their hidden sympathies; it reveals to us glimpses of mystic truth, albeit in the guise of fable; it exhibits types of new, and lovelier, and more exalted orders of existence. "Looking abroad into universality," it detects and divulges the secret affinities that bind all being; consociating the soul of man with all that is in nature great and good, it enkindles within us more glowing hopes, arouses nobler aspirations, and leads us forward to the bright career of glorious achievement. May poetry and civilisation thus continue to work, as through ages past they have ever worked, together for the good of man; and while the one shall multiply the resources of the other, and the other shall invigorate the exertions of its companion,—

" Like friendly colours, may they both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light!"

And trusting, with firm and vivid faith, that onward and upward, with ceaseless activity, knowledge and virtue are destined to advance, we believe that poetry, with equal progression, must tend to the fulfilment of its lofty purposes. *The* poet of humanity, we venture to think, is yet unborn. The Shakspeare of a future age, upborne upon the strengthened wings of intellectual and moral civilisation, may achieve a far higher flight than ever the greatest imaginative genius has yet been able to realise.

D. P. F.

SONNETS.

By H. G. ADAMS.

"The sad necessity for bread and cheese"
 Attends us, wheresoe'er our steps are bent;
 We cannot live on perfume: And the breeze,
 Though it be balmy, brings no nourishment
 Our craving wants corporeal to content.
 The gentle rains, and dews, that nourish trees
 And all sweet flow'rets, though from Heaven sent,
 Our grosser appetites may never please:
 Something substantial 't is we look for here,
 A joint of beef, or veal, or pork, or mutton,
 A loaf of bread—a pot of good strong beer;
 Oh, man!—thou art indeed a sad, *sad* glutton!
 But, hark! there's five o'clock, as I'm a sinner,
 Farewell, birds, flowers, and trees, I'm off to get some dinner!

How like Aurora,—when she draws aside
 The curtains of the dawn, and cometh all
 Arrayed in blushes like a virgin bride,—
 With snowy hands, so delicately small,
 And hair that gleameth like a water-fall
 Where sunbeams are enwoven with the tide,
 And voice so softly, richly musical,
 That fain the hearer would for aye abide
 In her sweet presence; e'en the winged creatures
 Flock round to listen:—Oh, thou labouring man,
 With horny hands, and sun-embrowned features,
 Tell who this maiden is, if tell ye can!
 "What, that ere gal? Lord, sir, that's Susan Dickens,
 She's just come out, d'ye see, to feed the ducks and chickens."

"GRANDFATHER'S COACH."

ON a beautiful morning in the month of June, 1815, as the London Mail Coach was about to leave Exeter, and the guard had already sounded his last shrill notes, by way of intimation that his time-piece indicated the hour of starting—no passengers had yet arrived, for even in those days six o'clock was deemed an early hour,—and the horses were prancing and impatient for their accustomed morning's exercise, the hostlers had removed the cloths from their backs, and with difficulty restrained their impetuosity, when the well-understood motion of the coachman's hand relieved them from their suspense, and they dashed off with spirit and apparent glee—truly an animating sight. They had not gone above a hundred yards when they were checked in their career, in consequence of a shouting which was heard behind ; and a young man of handsome exterior and gentlemanly deportment, followed by his valet with a few articles of luggage, was seen approaching. He soon found himself solus in the inside of the coach. On reaching the low-walled zigzag bridge at Honiton's Clyst, one of the wheel-horses finding the pressure behind rather severe, and what it was evidently unaccustomed to, showed its dislike by kicking one leg over the traces, and another over the splinter-bar, and eventually lying down on its back and battering away with its hind feet at the boot of the coach. Of course the other horses had to be liberated to extricate the one on the ground, for the driver was fearful lest the coach should be upset, and had this happened, in consequence of the narrowness of the bridge, it and all its contents would assuredly have been precipitated into the stream below. No sooner did the other three horses find themselves at liberty, than, hearing the noise and shouting occasioned by the endeavour to raise the fallen animal, they immediately started off at full gallop, and were not stopped till they had run a mile and a half. During this time, the *kicker* was liberated and consigned to the custody of some one on the spot, to be returned to its owner—a dancing-master—with an intimation that it cut too many capers for his Majesty's service, so the remainder of the stage was performed with three horses only. The incident had the effect of affording some amusement to our inside passenger, and put him on the *qui vive* for further sport. A few miles more had been traversed when another gentleman presented himself, and by the recognition and hearty good humour of the two, it was evident they were college-chums on their return to Alma Mater ; and, however classical their discourse may have been, their exuberant buoyancy of spirit showed they were not indisposed for frolic. On arriving at Dorchester, and partaking of a slight refreshment, they heard that the Princess Charlotte and suite had, a few minutes before, changed horses, *en route* from Weymouth to London. This so much tickled the fancy

of our two young scions of nobility, for such they proved to be, that they felt extremely anxious to catch a glimpse of the royal traveller. They immediately intimated their wishes to Jehu, with the promise of an additional fee should they overtake the royal cortège. It happened that this piece of road was as good and sound as any in the kingdom, and although the stage was long—somewhere about fifteen miles—there seemed but little doubt of coming up with those in advance, the mail having harnessed to it four as fine blood-horses as the handsomest mail-coach (*i. e.* coachman) could covet. A few miles on they espied the royal party going up the hill from the beautiful level line of road, and the horses began to show symptoms of getting warm, for they pranced along in such gallant style, that one might have conceived that they, too, felt an interest in the race. The intervening space was soon passed over, and our heroes came up with the rear riders who were on horseback, and who gave the coachman to understand that he “dare not go past the Princess Charlotte.” No sooner was this uttered, than our two young nobles, with heads out of opposite windows, were to be seen urging, one the coachman to pass the cavalcade, and the other to induce the guard to sound his horn, as an intimation to the postillions to draw on one side so as to leave room for the mail to pass; but they seemed to be of the same opinion as the outriders, and maintained their position in the centre of the road, or first on one side and then on the other, so as to make it dangerous for the mail to pass without a concussion. In the meantime, the coachman had the greatest difficulty in restraining the impetuosity of the four bloods in his hand, and the two who were half protruded through the windows of the coach. At length, the leaders of the mail were running for some distance opposite the windows of the carriage which contained General Garth. The military man at last seemed to be annoyed, and put his head out of window to forbid the mail going past. This, however, only served as a signal for further urging on the part of our heroes, who immediately vociferated with stentorian lungs, “Grandfather’s Coach, before Granddaughter’s Carriage.” This had the effect of inducing a threat from the General, that if they persisted in passing, he “would certainly lay the matter before the Postmaster-general, for it was never allowed that any vehicle whatever should pass one of the Royal Family.” Our two wits had attained too near the accomplishment of their wishes to fall in with the opinion of the General, they therefore reminded the coachman, in a yet more urgent tone, that the conveyance they were in was “Grandfather’s Coach.” In a short time they left the General behind, seemingly in no very pleasant mood, and soon came up with that of the Princess, the postillions of which seemed to think that their honour was too much at stake to entertain a doubt as to the course they should pursue, and they also exerted their ingenuity to prevent a clear passage for the mail. Lady Anne Hamilton, who was accompanying the Princess, not approving of the rudeness of the leaders of the mail casting their sidelong glances occasionally into the carriage, at length gave an order to one

of the outriders to have the postillions draw on one side, and let the mail pass, for that she would not allow of any racing. No sooner was the order given, and the passage clear, than the four horses, whose impatience had been so long restrained, finding a slackening of the rein, rushed by like a gust of wind, scarcely giving a moment's time to our two travellers to contemplate the fair features of the illustrious Princess, who was seated as far back as the carriage would allow, and looking the picture of all that England could, at that time, have desired. On reaching Blandford, and while the guard was attending his duties at the post-office, the Princess and her escort arrived at the same posting house for a relay of horses, when the General instantly complained of the conduct of the guard in allowing the mail to pass, notwithstanding his cautions to the contrary; and the guard immediately retorted, that "according to his instructions, the establishment of mail-coaches was for the purpose of having the most expeditious conveyance of letters for the good of the whole country, and that every thing was to give place to it;" and that it was a fact, which could not be controverted, that his majesty George the Third, when travelling, had many times himself ordered his postillions to make room for the purpose, as he would say, of allowing "my mail" to go by. Thus, our two "nobs" obtained their object, the coachman and guard their extra fee, and the post-office its letters ten minutes earlier than it would otherwise have done; and we doubt not, that whatever the opinion of the General might have been, that of Lady Anne, or of our lamented Princess, was not at all to the discredit of our daring adventurers.

W. H. H.

THE MOONBEAM TO THE TORRENT.

Truant ever,
Faithful never,
Still thou rovest on;
Murm'ring gladly,
Leaping madly,
Wilt thou ne'er be won?

Shall I nightly
Greet thee brightly?
Yet how vain to weave
Chains for torrent,
Bonds for current,
Made but to deceive!

Wait me, lover!
Stay, thou rover!
On thy sparkling breast
Dirges singing,
Death knells ringing,
Let thy moonbeam rest.

JULIAN.

OUR CONTINENTAL PANTHEON.

No. II.—GEORGE SAND.

AURORE DUPIN, afterwards Marquise Dudevant, and celebrated throughout Europe as George Sand (under which name have appeared her remarkable works), was born in one of the departments of France, in the year 1804. She is the daughter of M. Dupin, one of Murat's aides-de-camp, who died honourably fighting for his country. She was educated at a convent, and the traces of this part of her life may be seen in her works—in *Spiridion*, particularly. Of her wild, intense, and romantic education, her recklessness of danger, and what we should call masculine pursuits, of hunting, riding, loneliness, &c., one may also see the traces in *Mauprat* and *Simon*; as also of her singular whim for occasionally appearing in an audrogynous costume, with a cigar in her mouth. These, though no one can regard them as praiseworthy, may, perhaps, by the exercise of a spirit of Christian charity, be conceded to the eccentricities of genius, and to the peculiarity of her education, without fiercely asserting that "it leads to Atheism," if it were not better, in such cases, to leave judgment very much out of the question.

In 1822, at the age of eighteen, our beautiful Aurore was married to the Marquis Dudevant, an officer in the French army; and as this was a *mariage de convenance*, compatibility of disposition, sweet sympathy, or the "purple light of love," were, as in all such cases, left to the care of accident—a questionable deity to preside over so awful an event as that of binding two human beings in indissoluble ties! a deity, however, reverently worshipped with abundant followers, high priests and apostles, in unblushing France, where *convenance* is an admitted system; and in no less unblushing England, where it is frothily decried, but copiously practised. This marriage deity of accident, who, sometimes, fortuitously succeeds in realizing happiness for his trusting followers, did not succeed with our great-spirited Aurore, whose yearning heart groaned under the want of sympathy, of communion—nay, many say, of positive brutality! She had two charming children by this match, Solange and Maurice, and their wants and affections contrived to sweeten her hard lot, and enabled her to bear it for nine weary years; but she led a heart-eating miserable life of it; and the shrill wail of agony, which bursts forth in her earlier works, had its cry sharpened by the recollection of her own sufferings.

At length she met with Jules Sandeau, the novelist, who, having instilled into her mind the principles of St. Simon (equivalent, on marriage points, to our Socialism), like the tutor of poor Madame de Warens, found an easy path to his object, by eradicating every notion she had formed of conjugal virtue, and leading her to suppose that her sacrifice was an heroic triumph

over absurd prejudices—so, at least, runs report; for the truth of which, this present writer cannot vouch, but which seems supported by the portraiture she has given with such life-like fidelity in *Indiana* and *Jacques*.

Her works have been stigmatised in England, as endeavouring to write down marriage. We reply, boldly, that this is false! The crime of seduction is handled with unmitigated severity; and the blind, mad, inveterate folly of endeavouring to make interest (of a mercantile, mercenary kind,) the link of hearts, or the bond of marriage, *this* she stigmatises, but not marriage, not love, not communion—ah, no! her whole overflowing nature contradicts such an assertion. Reader, think of these pathetic words of hers—listen to her own passionate answer to such calumny; and, if you can do so without tears, you are little to be envied.

“ Oh, God! how sweet had been indissoluble ties, if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh, no! I was not made to be a poet—I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny, it is the hatred of others, that has made me a traveller and an artist. I wished to live the human life; I had a heart—it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head, a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. And, because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my misfortunes has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are things miserable in the marriage state, by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with the mantle of abuse, they have declared me immoral—they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race.”

Alas! they did the same with the Dantés and Shelleys! They will do the same again; for, as Heine keenly said, “ überall, wo ein grosser geist seinem gedanken ausspricht ist Golgotha.” *

Whatever may have been the influencing causes, the facts are, that in 1831 she left her husband, and fled with Jules Sandeau to Paris—a fatal step, even to release her from the load of misery which grew daily more insupportable. But her husband's loss may be estimated, when we find him bargaining with her, either to return, or give up the fortune of 500,000 francs which she brought him, and which she consented to do, for the sake of keeping her children with her, reserving a small sum out of it for their education!

Now, reader, with these facts before you, however you may condemn, yet have pity on her! Pity her—not for her great intellect, unsurpassed in these days; not for her large heart, overflowing with tenderness and Christian charity; not for her genius, which often emancipates its possessors from the ordinary trammels of convention, and forces them, by its very fascination, to be consi-

* “ Everywhere that a great spirit gives utterance to his conceptions, there is Golgotha.”

dered from quite other points of view ; not for these alone do we entreat your pity, but for the woman, the erring, mistaken, passionate, but not vicious, woman : against whom, society, in its conventions and respectabilities, had first raised its hand—had first outraged her, before she outraged it ! For, had not society, or public opinion, senile old woman that she is, which tolerates and encourages the primary evil, first sacrificed this young and noble heart (and thousands more, whose wail cannot find picturesque utterance and sympathy like that of the poet, but whose sorrow is not the less infinite), had it not first trod upon the worm, she would not have turned against it, would not (to use the received formula) “ have outraged all decency.” Therefore, pity her ! If she was wrong, think of the divine christianity of the poet, George Herbert, when he says,

“ Why should I feel another man’s mistakes
More than his sickness or poverty ?
In love I should ; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither.”

This is, indeed, a great, a religious lesson ! Meditate on her error ; expose it with all possible logic ; debate the question, and get it debated ; but let not this human being have suffered in vain. Let her wail—her protest calls attention to its primary cause ; and by thus calling men’s botanical spectacles to the root of the evil, see if we cannot make them remove these spectacles, look at it with their own eyes, and uproot it. The subject is surely worth looking at, if only this one gifted human being had suffered from it. She was sent into this world, endowed with a wondrous intellect, an intensely sympathising heart, (shown in her life as well as in her books, for she was the guardian angel at Nohant ; relieving the poor with money, food, necessities, and dearly-prized counsel, kindness, and instruction. “ In the house, where she inhabited, were remedies for their distresses, remedies for their diseases ;”) and thus nobly equipped for the struggle of life, might have worked out its paradise for herself and others—all fatally dashed by one mistake of parents !

These are serious matters ; and her works and life are serious studies, of quite other significance than that usually contained in “ novels.” Indeed, we know of no novels ever yet written which approach them in this respect, and we say this in the face of *Wilhelm Meister*. They are not only great poetic utterances, and terribly true delineations of the great drama of the brain and heart, but they are, as that profound critic in the *Monthly Chronicle* justly called them, “ in the whole series a grand confession,” which are not fit for every one to approach, most of all mere novel readers, or starched “ respectables ;” for, whoever has not intensely gazed upon all the confusions, marring and flecking this beautiful world, until the brain has become dizzy over the abyss of despondency, “ struggled with Doubt and ever-dark Despair ;” whoever has not wept (not editor’s tears, but) scalding drops of sympathy and pitying self-reference to his own infirmities, and keenly felt his own weaknesses,

and how sophisticating is passion, how erring human judgment, and how a world reprobated action may have sprung from the very noblest intentions—whoever has not felt all this is no fit reader of George Sand, nor appreciator of her poetic significance. He may read the tale, indeed, but all that lies within and beyond it, he can never feel.

To resume our thread, broken continually by the feelings which rise upon us, till our thoughts become almost too painful, and flush our cheeks with their indignation, we find George Sand in Paris, writing for the *Figaro*, also trying her hand at a novel, *Rose et Blanche*, in conjunction with Jules Sandeau, (of which we have heard nothing favourable) and continuing her artistic labours as a means of subsistence. At length was produced her *Indiana*, which soon found its way all over Europe, and the name of George Sand took its place by the side of Victor Hugo. It is, indeed, a marvellous book, whose depth is not to be fathomed at a glance; and, although unequal (and the denouement excessively French, and very much out of the sphere of her usual taste), yet containing such terrible life-like truth as is to be found in few novels. *Indiana* we recognise at once as an ideal portraiture of the authoress, and instinct with truth and beauty. The character of Delmare, her husband, is also drawn with singular art. She has avoided the claptrap of brutal husbands and patient Griseldas, which, by shirking the truth, will never produce effect, if reiterated till doomsday. She has avoided the vulgar trick of contrast; and has, in developing her idea of ill-assorted matches, taken the true living type and symbol. He is domineering, violent, selfish, just, severe, and “respectable;” not without much goodness, even tenderness for her—altogether a living portrait, not a lay figure. Raymon is a master-piece of delineation—weak, impulsive, clever, not without generous sentiments and movements of virtue, but vain, feeble, and destitute of any one fundamental principle, of any copula, whereby all that is good in him may cohere, and so becomes a villain out of very negative qualities. The incidents are worked out with considerable dramatic effect; and the episode of poor Noun, especially that thrilling scene where she is hid in *Indiana*’s bedchamber, and there hears of Raymon’s love, is what critics would call “unequalled by any work of the season.”

Since 1833, George Sand has been a constant contributor to that clever periodical, *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*; and each number is received with a blank look of disappointment that does not contain some paper of her’s. She also wrote for *Le Monde*, when edited by Lammenais.

That she writes too much and too rapidly, is equally a fault of the age, and of the profession of literature; but it is really surprising how any one could pour forth with such rapidity, works containing such depth and variety of thought and imagination. What is most delightful for us to trace in her works is, that every year seems to bring fresh balm to her wounded spirit, which, eagle-like, struggling with the winds, still finds its rocky home at last; and calm wisdom and heroic endurance succeed the stormy wail and passionate

resistance. We see this change in Göthe (to whom an enthusiastic German critic likens her for plastic power), whose *Werters* and *Fausts* gave way to *Egmonts* and *Ephigenies*; in Schiller (to whom, in passionate earnestness, she is also allied), whose *Robbers* and *Kabale und diebe* are succeeded by *Wallenstein* and *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*; in Shelley (to whom also, in suffering and in intensity, she is allied), whose *Queen Mab* is replaced by *Prometheus*; and so on to the end of the chapter. 'T is only your Byrons and Kotzebues, whose melancholy is but a picturesque attitude, and whose tears are but those of perfumed ink, meant for the drawing-room, who continue all their lives a vapoury fuming against fate and society. If the reader wishes a specimen of calm Göthe-like plastic mastery over materials—the stillness of strength grounded on profound insight, and a quietness of *motiviren*, as the Germans call it, we would recommend him the little novel of *Pauline*. It is more like a poem than a novel; and its still atmosphere, its quiet depth, may disappoint, at first, those who are used to the more (*soidisant*) intense school. Or, if a tale of passion, of weakness and its consequences, contrasted with heroic endurance, and its elevating influence, let him read *André*. Or, if he would read *the* poem of the era—the flower and consummation of modern philosophy and poetry, and has no objection to the mystical statement of a mystical problem, and can pierce through a slight veil of allegory—let him read the modern Faust, "*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*;" of which any mention here must needs be so incommensurate, that we decline it.

George Sand is a poet. It is this high faculty which fuses a radiant life into every thing she touches; and however she may sometimes descend to Jack Sheppardism of machinery (as in *Leone Leoni*, a work we regret she ever wrote), and go to incident, which a well-tempered taste would sometimes disapprove, yet we never sit down to one of her works without being possessed (*begeistert*) by it; the true unmistakeable fire-spirit of genius carries her triumphantly over all obstacles of defects of art. We do not say that the reader may not find many faults, though he should be cautious on that subject in dealing with so superior a mind; but he will find nothing that is immoral on a broad and comprehensive view of morals, nothing that is mean, petty, pedantic, or prosaic.

That we are speaking enthusiastically of one "whose name stands not high" with us in England, may, perhaps, throw a suspicion on our statements. We have no other answer than that the first philosophical head in England, and who is a warm admirer and expositor of Bentham (though he sees beyond that great *half* man), assured the writer, that such was his admiration for George Sand, that he would walk fifty miles any day to see her. Or, we would refer to that profound, if enthusiastic, critic, M. Mazzini, who wrote an article in the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, 1839, on her works. Or, rather than all, we would refer to her works as the best guarantee.

Of her literary merits we have left ourselves no room to speak. Her style

is the finest specimen of earnest imaginative writing in the language ; and is, indeed, the only style which, in fanciful or descriptive passages, carries you thoroughly along with it, and never forces you to remember that you are reading French. We can say the same of no other author. Even the elegant poetic Racine, perhaps on account of his very elegance, never quite conquers his language, so that we think only of his ideas ; and Bossuet or Massillon, or Lamartine, or Victor Hugo, are all the same. Lammenais is the nearest approach to her.

We should be inexpressibly delighted, if this slight notice should induce some of the more earnest of our readers to get acquainted with her works. We can, in parting, assure them that, as to her partaking of the "immorality of the modern French school," it is the most barefaced assertion ever put forth by party spirit. Unless we be lags of morality, and persist in turning up a gross side of every thing, and torture truth and earnestness into hypocrisy and voluptuousness, we shall read nothing immoral in George Sand ; nor shall we hear subjects mentioned, or treated even as errors and vices, which we do not see daily before our eyes in this most "moral world" of ours.

"EARLY YEARS AND LATE REFLECTIONS."

SUCH is the title of a volume which stands unpretendingly upon one of our Library shelves, a memento—of days departed, and of scenes that have vanished—"Early years and late reflections." As we repeat the words, what a flood of thought sweeps across the mind, commencing with the first dawn of our reasoning faculties, and passing before us in review, now swiftly as flew the hours of our happiness, and now halting to take cognizance of each hillock which has obstructed our journey through life. How every joy which has heightened, and every sorrow which has shrouded our happiness, irradiates or beclouds our mental vision. How clearly do we again picture to ourselves the time of boyhood, and the artless merriment which marked that era in our existence, the soberness and thoughtfulness of youth, the steadiness and increasing gravity of manhood, and the feebleness and sense of tiredness of the world, of old age. Happy, thrice happy art thou, O ! aged pilgrim, time-honoured patriarch, to whom the world, as thou hast passed through it, hath seemed something more than a wilderness or a waste, and whose pathway to the tomb, though checquered it may have been by care and anxiety, hath been strewn with some stray flowers, scattered by the hand of affection or worth—and who, now at the threshold of eternity, and uncertain how soon thou mayest be called to

" Shuffle off this mortal coil"—

and so to end

" The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
Which flesh is heir to,"

canst look calmly and hopefully forward to a blessed and unfading immortality beyond the grave—to a home that never more shall be darkened by pain—in the region of the skies.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

DACRE OF THE SOUTH; or, THE OLDEN TIME, a Drama, by Mrs. GORE. London : R. Bentley, 1840.

THIS drama (which is dedicated to the Author of *Vathek*) is the production of one of the most pleasing and successful Lady Writers of the day.

Better known to the generality of the reading public as a novelist than a poetess, Mrs. Gore has, nevertheless, acquired considerable fame in the latter department of literature. At a very early age, she wrote one or two (unpublished) poems of great merit, and has continued, from time to time, to delight the public with the talented and graceful effusions of her muse.

Mrs. Gore first attracted notice as a dramatist, in the year 1831, in a comedy entitled "*The School for Coquettes*," which was very successfully represented, and of which it is scarcely too much to say, that it is deserving of a place by the side of "*The School for Scandal*," of the inimitable Sheridan. This was succeeded by "*Lords and Commons*"—"The King's Seal," and other plays.

The scene of "*Dacre of the South*," is laid in the time of the Eighth Harry ; and the plot, which is simple, turns upon the hatred of an enemy, and the rapacity of the king.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are, Lord Dacre of the South. Earl of Abergavenny, *his father-in-law*. Lord Audley de Walden, *Chancellor and High Steward to Henry VIII.* Sir Nicholas Pelham, *Sheriff of Sussex.* Hubert Pelham, *his nephew.* Sir Walter Mansel, *affianced to the sister of Lord Dacre.* The Lady Mary, *wife to Lord Dacre*; and Lady Anne Fiennes, *his sister.*

The story is easily told. The Pelhams and the Dacres have been foes, but now appear to be reconciled. Lord Dacre gives a sumptuous banquet to the Pelhams, at which the hatred of Hubert (the unsuccessful suitor to the Lady Anne) towards Sir Walter Mansel, displays itself; and at which an unkindly spirit breaks out upon the part of old Sir Nicholas, ending in a challenge thrown out by the knight to Dacre, as to the quality of their respective herds.

After the departure of the guests, a stratagem is proposed by Mansel, and agreed to by Dacre, to shame the knight, and to "lift" (carry off)

"One of his vaunted bucks of Laughton Park,—
Serve it, as Dacre's, at the feast, and win
His condemnation."

Hubert being apprised of the intended frolic, prepares to meet Dacre and his party, with armed keepers ; and offers ten rose nobles to his head park-keeper, to bring Mansel, whom he describes as

"That knight—that skulking midnight poacher,—
A prisoner to the Sheriff's Bench to-morrow."

Dacre and his followers enter the park ; they are met, and a fray ensues, in which one of the keepers is wounded by Mansel, who is himself wounded. Hubert, and his party, are driven off, and Mansel borne to Dacre's castle, followed by Hubert. The draw-bridge is drawn up at the moment that the pursuers appear, when

"Hubert (*furious*). Baffled?—Derided?—
 (*With solemn emphasis*).
 Hail haughty towers,—hail and farewell!—Already
 My curse hath prosper'd!—O'er your battlements
 Death waves his ghastly banner!—Blood-stain'd house!
 Lo! I devote thee to th' avenging laws
 Whose ruthless will shall judge 'twixt thee and me!"

Dacre communicates the intelligence of the keeper's death to the Lady Anne, and informs her that Mansel may be brought

"Unto a death of shame!"

And further, that to screen Mansel from the enmity of the Pelhams, and, not doubting from the influence he himself possesses, he can readily obtain his own acquittal, that it is his intention to avouch himself the author of the keeper's death. His conversation is interrupted by the intelligence that

"an armed force
 Rides at the gate!—"

which proves to be none other than Sir Nicholas, the high sheriff of Sussex, and his guard.

Dacre's generous friendship costs him his life; for after being incarcerated in the Tower, he is brought to a mock trial, the precursor of too real a murder.

The drama contains many passages of great power and beauty; and the parties represented involuntarily create in the mind of the reader a feeling of concern for their fate. As we have before remarked, the plot is far from being complex. Indeed, the interest of the drama depends rather upon the distinctness with which, by the magic stroke of the poet's pencil, the leading features in the characters of the parties are portrayed, than upon the variety or startling nature of the incidents which are interwoven with the story. There is no under-plot, no "high life below stairs," but we are at once introduced to the chief actors in this "drama of real life," and in their company we continue till the close.

The drama opens with a dialogue between the Seneschal of Lord Dacre and two serving-men, in a chamber in Hurstmonceaux Castle; and we could almost fancy ourselves about to sit down to the banquet, the preparations for which are thus described.

"Mark. Is all in order for the banqueting?—
First Man. All, Master Seneschal! Fresh rushes spread
 O'erstrewn with spicy herbs;—the tables set,—
 The bossy flagons ready for their frothing
 From a fresh broach of Gascony!—
Second Man. The feast
 Reeks from our vaulted kitchen with a steam
 Might fill a hungry man! The lordly haunch,
 The goodly chine, fat capons, cygnets, quails,
 Sweat i' the basting; while a garnish'd boar's head
 Grins in the midst!—It makes a fellow's lips
 Run o'er, to talk on't."

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of the Earl of Abergavenny, who, being informed that there is

"A banquet toward
 Will make the roofs ring and the torches blaze
 Far into midnight."

And that

"The old Knight of Laughton
 And Master Pelham are our guests"

replies

"I'm glad on't!"

There ran ill-blood of old betwixt your lord
 And old Sir Nicholas.—Heaven's mercy keep him
 From foes so potent as these vauntful Pelhams!
Mark. Foes, my good Lord?—They're now stanch friends—sworn
 Brothers!—
Aberg. Tut, man!—Such bitter feuds ne'er ended yet
 In friendship worth the trusting."

A foreboding which, in the sequel, appears only to have been too truly uttered.

In this scene, the impetuous and truly English character of "Dacre" is exhibited in a conversation, which takes place between him and his father-in-law, in the warm but honest portraiture which he draws of the Eighth Henry. Abergavenny, having endeavoured to excite in the mind of his son-in-law a desire for courtly distinction, Dacre, annoyed at the excesses of the king, somewhat violently declaims against him, whereupon Abergavenny retorts,

Aberg. Not e'en thy friends
 Should hear thee thus arraign the Lord's Anointed!
 What, man!—accuse the King's vindictiveness,
 Yet thus defy his vengeance?—
Dacre. Vengeance, Sir,
 Is for the King of Kings! Let JUSTICE shine
 The milder attribute of earthly crowns!
Aberg. To Heaven alone belongs the right to dictate
 To royal ones. Leave thou the King to Heaven.
Dacre. I will,—I do;—and therefore shun his presence!
 If he have stript the land of its old laws,—
 Its ancient faith,—its rich and fair endowments,—
 And above all, its trust in kingly virtue,—
 Lo! Conscience hath a snaky scourge, whose stings
 Not e'en a regal mantle holds at bay.
 But for myself, enough of courtiership!—
 For me,—no dallying with this king of fagots,—
 This torturer of women's fears,—this prince
 Whose faithful servants yield him at the block
 Their heart's blood up in sacrifice!—For me,
 Henceforth,—free air,—my homely hearth,—and peace!
Aberg. E'en these were forfeited, should envious tongues,
 Echoing thy reckless words, proclaim thee traitor!—
 I pray thee be less rash!—
Dacre. What!—Be a slave?—
 Crush every fervent impulse of my soul
 Under my own free roof?—Shout with the crowd,
 (That clowns may emulate my loyal zeal,)
 "God save King Henry!"—Then, with grinding teeth,
 The whisper'd curse—the curse that mounts to Heav'n
 Louder than fifty thousand brazen voices,
 Clamouring the golden virtues of a throne!—
 Say!—Speak!—what plea should prompt an honest heart
 To such degenerate patience?

This passage is an admirable representation of the noble mind disdaining to play the courtier to a king despised, and to make the tongue belie the heart by the use of "glozing words."

What a display of the fearful workings of a quick mind, roused into passion, is the subjoined?

Hubert. "If there be truth on earth, or hate in hell!—
 That I, of iron nature—I, a man
 Fashioned for manly deeds,—of high resolve,—
 Implacable resentment,—should thus fall
 Into a snare to cozen boys!—They saw it:
 Fostered with fiendish joy my growing passion;
 Then, gaily jesting round their household hearth,
 Cried, "Thus and thus the fool shall play his part,
 And thus we'll spurn him!"—Oh! Revenge, revenge!

Bring but our pride once more on equal ground,
 And leave no human eye the right to glare
 Triumphantly on mine!—(*Chambers.*)—And hark! the signal—
 The train of old Sir Nicholas approacheth.—
 How to accost him?—How reveal all this?—
 Yet I must speak—must warn him to desist
 From our projected overtures!—Great God!
One hour for patience!—one proud silent hour,
 And *then*—a LIFE'S REVENGE!"

Or in the following, of the chafed spirit forced to "assume a virtue" that it possesses not.

"How my soul thrills at these hypocrisies!—
 To sit at meat, a blessing on one's lips,
 With those on whom we burn to fling a curse!"

The following is another finely expressed passage:

"Thus flush'd with wine, how wooingly the night air
 Blows on my fever'd brow!—Free winds of Heaven
 I envy ye your pure and sweeping course!—
 (*Looks round.*)
 Where have I sheltered me?—(*Starts.*) 'Tis passing strange!
 E'en such a scene as this hath often mingled
 With shrieks and omens in my evil dreams!
 My mind appears to mock me, with a show
 Of things that have been, or may be, and not
 The present place and passing hour!—Methinks
 I dream again!—Or is it wine deludes
 My failing senses?—So the wilder'd boatsman,
 Borne on some giddy current, scarce may swear
 If in his barque or in the flying shores
 The motion be!"

Perhaps one of the most beautiful passages to be found in the book, is that wherein the Lady Anne, in contemplation of the death of her affianced husband, as a sacrifice to the angry spirit of her discarded lover, exclaims—

"To die so young!—
 With all the honours of his race around him—
 Men's love embalming his career,—men's hopes
 Invested in its promise!—Well!—the grave—
 The grave hath a prompt solace for despair!—
 'Tis but to *die*, and end it!—
Dacre (stopping suddenly). Die!—Sweet sister!—
(Takes her hand in his, and intently regards her—)
 We twain grew up alone in the wide world!
 Orphans in childhood,—we have lov'd each other
 As men love home in exile.—Thou hast seem'd
 A being wrought by Nature in her bounty
 To soothe my ruggedness with mild assuagement,—
 To rouse my youth to nobler aspirations,—
 To make my life a comfort and a joy!—
 I'm pledged to *thee* as never brother yet
 Was pledged to sister!—*Whom* hast thou beside
 To soothe thee, or to succour?—*Whom* beside
 To guard thy helpless youth?—(*falters*)—I'd fain be firm—
 But dwelling on these charities,—my soul
 Melts to a woman's weakness.—Bear with me!"

And how truly affecting this remembrance of faithful though humble friends;

Dacre. "I pr'ythee,
 When the rude crowd press jestingly, anon,
 To gaze on my remains,—(for press they *will*—
 The lord that dies a felon's death must meet
 Each ignominious scorn that waits a felon!)—
 Should'st thou amid the city throng detect,
 By their grave looks and simpler form of raiment,
 Some stragglers from my lands of Hurstmonceaux,
 Come on a pilgrimage of love to look

and two days afterwards, being St. Peter's day, he was hanged at Tyburn, and buried in the church of St. Sepulchre. At eleven o'clock, on the day appointed for the execution, his lordship was delivered in the usual form to the Sheriffs of London; when, just as they were quitting the Tower, a gentleman belonging to the household of the High Steward brought a respite, which the populace (who were strongly inclined in his favour) expected would prove final. Yet at two o'clock of the same day, he was again brought forward, and executed! Historians agree that the severity of his sentence originated in the rapacity of the King's courtiers, who hoped to profit by the confiscation of his estates; and certain notes compiled by Sampson Lennard (who, in the succeeding reign, became the husband of his daughter Margaret,) expressly point out two Privy Councillors as having stimulated the rigour of the court and the obduracy of the King.

Lord Dacre was but twenty-four years of age when he suffered death, and a young man of exceeding promise. By his lady (Lady Mary Neville, daughter to the Earl of Abergavenny, by Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham,) he left two sons and one daughter, who were restored in blood and honours in the first year of Queen Elizabeth.

Fine portraits of Thomas Fiennes, Lord Dacre, and of his lady, by Holbein, exist in the family collection of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart. The house of Dacre, Dacres, or D'Acre, is of great antiquity; dating its nobility to the feats of an ancestor distinguished at the siege of Acre, in the first Crusade. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was divided into two branches, the Lords Dacre of the South and North. Lord Dacre of the North, (mentioned in the Lay of the Last Minstrel,) was Warden of the West Marshes, and impeached for high treason; and it is remarkable that among all the state trials during that fatal reign, he was the only prisoner of note honourably acquitted. To the Lords Dacre of the South belonged Dacre Castle, Hurstmonceux Castle, the Manors of Gilsland, Graystock, &c. The fine ruins of Hurstmonceux Castle still attest its former splendours."

NARRATIVE OF A THREE MONTHS' MARCH IN INDIA; AND A RESIDENCE IN THE DOOAB. *By the Wife of an Officer in the 16th Foot.* London: R. Hastings, 1841.

THIS is a very amusing book, written in a pleasant, easy, unaffected style. It is an unpretending, yet faithful and entertaining record, of what has passed under the authoress's immediate notice. Indeed, it is just such a volume as we would have a lady write. It contains an account of adventures by sea and by land, at home and abroad, marching and resting, and, we might almost have said, awaking and asleep. It exhibits the feelings with which foreign customs and habits have been viewed; and the emotions which the wonders of nature have stirred. It is a life within a life—a drama enacted upon one little stage, in the extended theatre of life—in a word—a world within a world. It is not pedantically learned, neither is it frivolously vain, but written for amusement, rather than for instruction, as the fair authoress herself thus intimates in her preface.

"The following pages were written during the author's absence from England, which consisted only of the term of five years. In presenting them to the public, she is not actuated by the idea that she can add anything to the fund of information which has already accumulated on the subject of our Eastern possessions; but by the feeling that there exist those who will peruse with pleasure a record of the varied hues which gild the ever-changing horizon of the traveller, and of the leading characteristics of those scenes in which so many of the youth of Britain now daily hasten to take a part.

"That the observations here strung together have been arranged more with a view to entertain the young and inexperienced wanderer, than the scientific and matured traveller, she is ready to acknowledge."

In these few words the whole story is told, and the interest of the book, consequently, is to be found in the various incidents that occur during, and after, the period of travel.

Mrs. Ashmore, it seems, left England early in the year 1833, with about twenty fellow passengers, two only being "young ladies, bent upon the somewhat hazardous expedient, of seeking friends and fortune in India"—and the greater portion of the remainder, cadets. She, of course, meets with the usual varieties which chequer the "Rover's life," amidst storms and calms, and tropical climates. The early part of the voyage is prosperous and agreeable, "and the days fly quickly past;" interrupted, however, for a season, by the death of a young officer in the company's artillery.

On the 4th of July, the authoress lands at Cape Town, having sat up all night "to behold the beautiful alpine scenery of the southern point of Africa." But, as we cannot follow our traveller through all her adventures, suffice it to say, that she ultimately arrives safely at her destination.

Mrs. Ashmore jots down, in a very pleasing manner, the incidents which occur, and the objects which more particularly attract her attention; amongst others, the beautiful monument by Chantrey, erected by subscription, to the memory of Bishop Heber. She details the various events which happen during the march of the regiment, its habits, its sickness, and its mortality, and the habits of the people with whom it comes into contact.

On the evening of the 24th of January, 1838, she re-embarks for England, and on the 10th of June, she is once more "surrounded by her affectionate relatives."

As a specimen of the authoress's power of observation and reflection, we extract the subjoined passages.

The annexed is a description of some of those little mishaps, incident to a long sea voyage.

"The first day of July brought with it several untoward events. The weather was extremely tempestuous, consequently falls and overturns very numerous. Early in the morning, my poor old Ayah was handing me a cup of tea, whilst I clung to my cot with the greatest difficulty; when the vessel rolled violently, and sent Mona sprawling on the cabin floor, now to larboard, now to starboard: crashed were the cup and saucer into a thousand pieces, whilst the hot beverage ran in every direction; but poor Mona had the worst of the business, for in vain did she attempt to seize hold of any substantial article of furniture; every thing eluded her grasp, and she was sadly bruised before she could recover herself. In the midst of this trouble, my writing desk escaped from its lashings; when down it went, its well-filled ink-stank throwing the sable fluid over every thing that came in its way. We were each moment reminded that we were off the terrible and appropriately termed Cape of Tempests: at the cuddy table an accumulation of mishaps occurred; a servant was crossing the quarter-deck with a covered dish, when a sea struck the vessel and overthrew the unfortunate man, who was instantly thoroughly drenched with salt water, whilst the broken crockery revealed to our view the scattered ingredients of a savoury Irish stew. The cuddy table presented no ordinary appearance; every article that could by any possibility alter its position, traversed the table; pies, biscuit-trays, dishes, &c. &c., all were in motion; the leg of mutton, rolling in grotesque irregularity, once more came in contact with its kindred shoulder; poultry and pork were again in motion, and sand bags proved themselves of little avail. But, perhaps, the most ludicrous part of the whole was to watch the countenances of the passengers, who were tenaciously clinging to their seats, at the same time trying, successfully or otherwise, to retain their replenished plates, knives and forks. As for the ship surgeon, he received more than one dish with its contents upon his lap, and was at length compelled to vacate his station at the end of the table. Similar scenes to these were unfortunately of too frequent recurrence at that period of the voyage."

The following is a no less vivid description, although of a different character.

“ At this period our nights were particularly beautiful: during the voyage, we had often admired the phosphoric appearance of the sea; but during the moonless nights at this time it was beyond imagination splendid, and on one or two occasions I could not refrain from watching it for some hours from our cabin window; in the ship's wake, even to some distance, it was like a deposit of liquid silver, whilst still further off, and towards the sides of the vessel, it broke out in sudden and brilliant lights, which spread themselves in all directions.”

We regret that we have not space to extract the account of the Fete given at the government-house, the portrayal of the ostentation of the Indian character, and many other very interesting descriptions of persons and things. But our subscribers will have the greater pleasure in reserve, in reading the contents of the volume for themselves.

With the following painful contrast, we close our extracts from this pleasant fire-side companion.

“ On the outward-bound passage a vessel is generally filled with the young, the happy, and the inexperienced; those who, just emancipated from school or college, take delight in every change, and view all things *couleur de rose*. But in the homeward-bound ships what a contrast! Old Indians returning to England after the lapse of many, many years, perhaps to find small traces of those they left honoured and beloved. Their habits of life are now unsuited to the domestic rules of modern days; their requirements are without bounds; and their shivering frames totally unable to encounter the rough blasts of the land of their birth. Or the young but emaciated wanderer, scarcely able to crawl along the quarter deck, after a few short years has become prematurely aged, and hardly dares to hope that disease has not taken an irresistible hold on his constitution: he gasps for the air which may revive his drooping energies, and hails with joy each favourable gale.

“ Perhaps, as happened in our case, there may be a detachment of invalid soldiers on board: in their wan countenances dissipation and exposure to the climate of India have marked their dreadful ravages, and they are returning unfit for any service. My heart often bled for those unfortunates. What is to become of such wrecks of human-kind? They have been well clothed and fed, and their bodily ailments have been carefully regarded; but as far as respects a future provision for themselves they are as helpless as children. How, then, are they to exist in comfort? nay, how are they to escape starvation upon the scanty pittance which they are to receive? so small is their miserable recompense after a lengthened servitude, and a banishment of perchance twenty years from their native land to the most enervating and trying climate in the world.”

On the whole, the volume is a very readable and pleasant one. If it contain not anything that is peculiarly novel and striking, it will, at least, tend to familiarise its readers with some of the characters, manners, and habits of a vast people, at all times occupying a large share of public attention and sympathy.

The work is embellished by several lithographic drawings of scenery and ceremonies, sketched by the authoress herself.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.

By J. GREVILLE FENNELL.

It is a prevailing notion that the English Drama is in a state of decay, and that the public do not afford to authors of plays of the present day, that encouragement by which their ancestors fostered the genius of their dramatic predecessors, and cherished into existence and maturity, the poets and plays of an age now departed.

There may be some truth in this notion, but it is not entirely true. We know very well, that the blame of encouraging bad plays, is very freely bestowed on the public, whenever a bad play, from any cause, has, what is technically called, a "run." The public are twitted by the managers of theatres, by the players, and by the authors, with the threadbare lines of Johnson's prologue—

"The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please to live."

And to a certain degree, it is true, that injudicious encouragement of bad pieces, does harm to the genuine Drama, and induces a host of indifferent writers to inundate the town with a flood of dramatic extravagance and absurdity, which is readily bought up by the managers of theatres, in the hope that something amongst it will, by its startling novelty, make, what in the slang of theatres is called a "hit," and on the principle that "one fool makes many," encourage the public to flock to the exhibitions, and fill the coffers of the treasurer.

It is true,

"That the Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give,"

subsequently to the maturity of the bad Drama; but before they can take their places as law-givers, and dispense critical justice, the criminal has become so secure, that what he does, they are too weak to undo. The manager and author become the masters, the public must obey them, and not they the public; and as the public are in this business, as in most others, a mob without a head, they give up the contest for supremacy, and sink into an apathy of endurance, which, while it relieves them from exertion and trouble, prepares them for the repetition of accumulative absurdities, ending, at last, in lulling their understandings into the contented acceptance of whatever an author with a big name, or his imitator with no name at all, may think proper to ram down their throats.

If this were not the case, would it be possible to account for the unprecedented success of certain dramatic representations, which, to use words no stronger than the case requires, "have disgraced our boards."

Is it possible that such detestable rubbish as the exhibition of Mr. Rice, in the character of Jim Crow, should have attracted audiences for hundreds of nights to the Adelphi Theatre, to the great advantage of the managers and proprietors, who, as mere men of business, we commend for taking advantage of the mania; whilst at other Theatres, at which the plays of the great bard of Avon, and other great bards were being played, the seats were unoccupied by auditors; if the charm depended upon

any laws whatever, by which merit could be rewarded, and nonsense forced to retire?
The line should be,

“No Drama’s law, the Drama’s patrons give,”

for the Drama’s patrons, as the frequenters of this sort of exhibition are absurdly called, were never in a capacity to give any laws: they had been cajoled into contented ignorance of what was good and bad, by the critics, the managers, and the players; and, wanting a stronger stimulant to dissipate their dulness than good tragedies and comedies afford, they were glad to be tickled into vivacity by the outrageous process of a Merry Andrew, describing the awkward capers, and repeating the balderdash verses of a New York emancipated Negro!

The town has been inundated by a spurious literature; the stream of this literature was originally a little bubbling brook, in which there was no danger of being drowned; it was tolerably clear, and beneath the somewhat pleasing ripple of its waters it was not difficult to discern some sparkling stones, which, if they were not precious gems, were a very tolerable imitation. The public, whilst looking at these things, did not perceive that the brook was becoming a river, the more the mud brought down by its waters obscured the stones at the bottom, the more they peered and peeped to see what had become of them. Meantime, the torrent increased to a flood, the town was inundated with slime, rubbish, and duck-weed, not to mention more vile and filthy *exuviae*, and that part of the public who did not choose to go with the stream, were overwhelmed with its waters, and consigned to silence, oblivion, and contempt.

It was from this origin that the “Jack Sheppard” school of dramatic representations arose, the public were made to sip blackguardism by infinite small doses, until the homœopathy of literary quackery had pervaded the vitals, and they were then drenched with the nauseous poison until their judgment was destroyed, and their taste so totally changed, that they actually loved the foul potion which a few years ago they would have loathed to think of.

In what is called the “regular Drama,” a good deal of quackery has been employed, and for a time successfully employed, to corrupt the public taste, and then to supply it with an article which a wholesome literary palate would at once reject. A sort of mawkish, vapid, windy style of diction has been introduced into modern comedy, or to speak more properly, into that sort of dramatic representation which is, perhaps, properly called “A play.”

A labyrinth of tortuous verbiage has been wove for the expression of a commonplace and very meagre poetical idea, and for deluding the auditors into a belief that the sentence contained something exceedingly fine, noble, and grand; and that it was their thick heads, and not the poverty of the writer’s imagination, which prevented them from perceiving what a very uncommonly clever fellow he was.

This is a portion of our subject which we shall enter more fully into, in a subsequent number. It is one which involves much disquisition, and must be treated at some length. In the mean time, we hope we have kept our word with our readers, and in this opening article on the Drama, given them assurance that we shall not be influenced by any motive whatever, from fearlessly speaking what we think the truth, and setting forth what the exigency of the case requires at the hands of a fair and impartial critic.

THE

BRITISH MISCELLANY.

A PORTFOLIO.—HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.—
VITALITIES OF DEATH.

By LEIGH HUNT.

WE write this article, not upon our customary modest lump of blotting-paper, "itself, alone," but upon said blotting-paper wondering to find itself inserted in a magnificent portfolio, lined with satin and rose-damask, and embroidered with flowers. On one side, the flowers form a bouquet of roses, carnations, African marigolds, &c., and on the other, a wreath entirely of roses, Chinese damask, &c., with their various buds and leaves, including the yellow rose; which, it is said, will not grow within ten miles of London. Here it is, if not "growing," yet "blowing," and "all (but) alive," its lumps of sunshine made intenser with still sunnier sprinkles of a silk, brilliant as gold. The rich, thick buds, are bursting into life; the deep reds exquisitely neighboured and relieved with all sorts of shades of green; and on the bouquet, as well as on the wreath, are showered here and there those little sparkling drops of gold, which add light to light, and sharpness to the lustre, and look like the very joy of the flowers themselves thrice vivified with your own.

Now what are we to do with such a portfolio? Write upon it, as if it were a common, mortal portfolio? Or keep it in a drawer? Or lay it on a table for show? Or frame it, and hang it on the wall, like a proper picture?

"No," said they who brought it; "use it, *and make it dirty*."

That was a right handsome, hearty speech, was it not? The extreme of grace, proving its superiority to sordidness by the cordiality of a homely phrase—making use and convenience triumph over the chances of time—subjecting external beauty to intrinsical, and so marrying, as it were, the little lovely gift to us, "for better, for worse."

Well,—as people do marry their wives, however lovely,—as peaches are eaten, real flowers worn and withered, and Nature herself withers them, and death will crop us all, the portfolio (said we) shall be used "and made dirty;" and accordingly we are hereby using it,—bringing our black ink in perilous company with its satin, doing the duty of our injuriousness to its liberality,—behaving as ill as it could do us the honour to desire, to its lovely buds.

We certainly never before felt anything like the same mixture of remorse and transport towards a moveable; not even when in the confusion of our delight at finding ourselves in a room full of wits and beauties, we overthrew one of the beautiful embroidered chairs of sweet and serene Mrs. S—; though what with the delicacy of its conformation, as well as the loveliness of its hues, to overturn such a chair as that, really seemed the next thing to upsetting a human being. But it was not expected of us to demolish the chair. Yet here we are, continuing, as if no harm had been done, though already we see the ribbons in disorder, and fear there is a little bit of disfigurement in the corner of the right-hand cover.

Little G. J. gave it us. We hereby thank her for it with all our heart; and wish that flowers may be scattered round her path, all her life, by those she loves best, and long after we are dead and gone. Little G. J. is little, compared with us big seniors; but, “of herself,” she is a young lady of some fifteen years of age, and therefore a grown-up young lady, compared with many; and she sits in a corner, modestly devouring with her ears all that her metaphysical elders may have to say, and sends her opinions upon it to a friend and correspondent. She has been about this portfolio, off and on, and betwixt all her other studies and meditations, a good half-year; and then generously bestows it all upon us, in the most off-hand way in the world, and with simplest pleasure in her eyes. Now, this is taking our heart by storm; we should rather say, by flood of sunshine; bursting upon us all at once with a liberal pleasure, and making no fuss about it. So we will not oppress her with more thanks, but do as she would have us, and use the portfolio very much indeed; that is, constantly; and then we shall think of her whenever we sit down to write; and that, to her little corner-loving soul, will be the best thanks.

But, requesting the reader’s indulgence for these our private gratitudes (before we come to more public matter), we have not done with them yet; for G. J. has a sister F., who is younger by nine years, and who, though as fond of flowers, is not yet accomplished in the art of embroidery; so what does she do, whenever she sees us, but present us with a real flower; and what must she do, *not* seeing us, and being some hundred miles off, but in the simplicity of her heart, and the generous confidence of her non-abundance, send us a pretty withered flower by the post. For our parts, to show that we are not unworthy of the compliment, we hereby return her equal thanks with those we give to her sister; discerning in the gift, by a special meeting of extremes, the same identical generous turn observable in the other’s industry, and that will come to the same head by and bye, when she can help herself to flowers of her own making, instead of those of Nature.

These presents remind us of others; and after mentioning the former, we hardly know what to say for omitting to speak of——. But we shall be getting on ground so delicate, that in self-defence we shall be forced to become disingenuous; a thing that has happened once already, dear reader, to our highly

sensitive and all but spotless consciences (gift-wards) on this very point ; so we back, in alarm, out of the peril ; and in return for the reader's never-to-be-again-trespassed-upon indulgence in these blush-coloured effusions, proceed to devote the rest of our reflections to what concerns us all.

Flowers, and colours, and death that puts an end alike to us and them, form no very unsympathetic transition to the Letters of flower-loving and now faded Horace Walpole, which we are at present reading in the intervals of "severer studies," and upon which we propose to say and speculate a little in this our vital "*articulo mortis*." We like to have some voluminous work to resort to under such circumstances, to live in, during those intervals, by way of change and recreation ; to use as a kind of company, or domestic club, when it is not convenient to pass our evenings out of doors. The said severe studies being over for the day, we open the page of the book recreative, and in an instant find ourselves in some lively party, amidst other times and manners, sometimes aided, as in the present instance, by a set of portraits. It is the complete edition, in six volumes, with which the public have just been obliged by Mr. Bentley. Here, in the Frontispiece, are Sir Robert Walpole and his wife, like the old master and mistress of the house, receiving company, before the young one occupies attention for himself. A very jovial good-natured-looking man is the great minister, and a very sly looking personage his lady, with a mouth that seems as full of secrets as a girl's that has stolen sugar-plums. Then comes my lady Townshend, Sir Robert's sister, as good-natured and handsomer, but not very refined (the race was not a sentimental race). Then John, fourth Duke of Argyle, who carried away the handsome Miss Bellenden from George the Second. Then one of Horace's particular friends, George Montagu, handsome and serene. Then our beloved Lady Suffolk, sweet-tempered and sincere (not so engaging in this print, however, as in the one prefixed to the two volumes of her "*Correspondence*"). Then Sir Horace Mann, envoy to Florence, and very particular friend of Horace Walpole, one of the honestest, simplest men ever sent "to *lie* abroad for the good of their country." Then Richard Bentley, a factotum of Horace's (and no good one) in the artist line, and son of the famous "slashing" commentator—plain-featured, heavy, and smart—an emanation of the inconsistencies of his father. Then Gray, young and very handsome, and not unmanly withal, though combining with his manhood a womanly delicacy (it is curious that two such solemn and aspiring poets as Gray and Milton should have been remarkable at college for their young-lady aspect). Then a group, containing Lord Edgcumbe, Gilly Williams, (two respectable nobodies ; at least we already forget them,) and the famous wit, George Selwyn, looking as melancholy as wits are apt to look (getting their levity out of a sense of its opposite). Then Kitty Clive, not handsome, but with a sensitive, good-humoured, pliable face (just fit for a comic actress). Then the Duchess of Queensbury, Gay's friend, extremely pleasant and lively, who was a beauty through a long life ; John Chute, Esq., "of the Vine," another of Walpole's

particular friends and correspondents ; the Duchesse de Choiseul, and the famous Marquise du Deffand (in one frame) ; the former too tall, the latter, Walpole's darling "old blind woman," an everlasting wit, talker, and laughter to upwards of eighty, and once upon a time, mistress to the Regent ("for a fortnight !") ; Lady Hervey, Pope's "dear Lepell," very pretty and knowing, in a sort of night-gown looking set of clothes ; the Earl of Hertford, a nobleman of an amazing extent of *chin* ; Anne Chambers, Countess of Temple, who wrote verses—which you wouldn't suppose by the matronly, if not masculine, sobriety of her face ; Horace Walpole himself, at full length, sitting in an arm chair, and showing us a book he is reading—very brisk, and bright-eyed, and conscious, yet not unthinking withal ; Marshal Conway, his special and highly estimable friend, young and handsome, with a very agreeable expression ; the Countess of Aylesbury (Conway's wife), who, we doubt not, was very handsome, though she is here disfigured with an elbow stuck out on one side, and a hat martially cocked and cockaded—we suppose out of pride in her husband's soldiership ; Lady Diana Beauclerc, wife of Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerc, an accomplished and beautiful woman, looking very melancholy in her beauty ; Horace Walpole again, much more staid and meditative, but hardly less conscious, in a dress *à la Vandyke* ; Miss Mary Berry, (a bust)—the lady to whom the public is indebted for the correspondence addressed to her ; Lady Craven, the celebrated Margravine of Anspach, handsome, and with liberal features ; and lastly, Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, sole offspring of Marshal Conway and his Countess, very handsome and elegant.

"This is worshipful society ;" very worshipful for its "quality," and not a little so for many genuine virtues as well as abilities, when you get thoroughly acquainted with it. The more we see into the interior of the heads, hearts, and circumstances of any set of human beings, not omitting their "birth, parentage, and education" (as the instinctive philosophy of a certain calendar phrases it), the more corroboration do we find to an opinion that we are fond of ; namely, that if all mankind could suddenly become intimate with the whole history of one another, and what had made them such as they are, their first impulse would be, to start at the faults common to all ; their second, to pity sufferings equally common ; their third, to love the virtues that had survived the sufferings ; and the fourth, to clasp one another to their hearts. Here is Horace Walpole, for instance, not the most generous of characters (*as it used to be thought*), nor the most estimable in any way—a fop, a smatterer, a collector of trifles, the builder of a Gothic plaything of a mansion ; a pretended despiser, but real adorer, of rank and wealth ; a selfish, life-long bachelor, with a heart as thin and flimsy as his person, affecting to patronize the arts, but neither doing so, nor really knowing anything about them ; combining the indulgence in his whims for tea-cups and old daubs, and in the vanity of having his toy-shop admired, an economy jealous of every call upon him for a luncheon ; a violent partizan, pretending to be none ; a pensioner of several thousands a year (given him by his father), always boasting of his

disinterestedness and his avoidance of court favour; the writer of a childish, improbable, impossible story, and a bad tragedy; an author anxious for fame, yet professing to despise it, because he could not get it, and as irritable to attack as Sir Fretful Plagiary; the ill-treater of Gray, and more than such of Chatterton; in short, a pretender in every respect, except as a frivolous letter-writer; a half man and whole coxcomb, with no real manliness about him; thinking to pick his way to posterity upon the tip-toes of fine-gentlemanishness, and fit only to be blown aside into nothingness by the first puff of its contempt.

Such used to be the impression in most "solid quarters," respecting Horace Walpole; such would have been our own formerly, had we read no more of him than was customary; and such is still the impression that might really be left of him, were portions only of his works to be read, and a thorough intimacy not obtained with his habits of thought and speech; for it is not to be denied, that looking at his defects alone, a good deal of the above portrait of him is true. He was a fop, perhaps, to the last—was, in many respects, a trifler—was an author, anxious for fame and pretending to despise it; did give himself a thousand airs beyond the warrant; and he does not appear to have been capable of loving any woman well enough to marry her; while, on the other hand, he assuredly made a most ludicrous and unaccountable mistake, in thinking himself superior to the charms of place and pension.

And yet, upon a proper perusal of the volumes before us (we are now in the middle of the fifth), it appears equally indisputable, that this fop, this trifler, and, in some respects, impertinent fine gentleman, and spoilt child of ease, was no less a man who, by degrees, attained a great and rare knowledge of himself, his defects included; that he had a remarkable, perhaps an hereditary instinct of sound sense and judgment, which he cultivated by acquaintance with the world, and could exercise upon almost all topics short of the profoundest; that he had a real love of Nature and her beauties, nay, even a real feeling for the romantic, though contradicted and enfeebled by worldly breeding; that Gray became a sort of god with him, and he freely and with genuine candour confessed that the fault in their quarrel had been on his side; that he was a genuine wit, with unforced and inexhaustible spirits; wrote admirable letters in a style as easy; had a constant wish to give pleasure to amiable and estimable people; never avoided any trouble to give proofs of it, giving up even his household ease to the last at the calls of friendship, till age and sickness forbade (a very uncommon virtue in a luxurious man); and, above all, that he was a friend in the highest and most "romantic" sense of the word, as well as in the least offices, offering to settle annuities upon his friends, and even share his fortune with them, when riches forsook them, and showing undeniably that his offers were sincere by their urgency and repetition; so that old Madame du Deffand weeps with enthusiasm, and General Conway declares to a third friend, that he does not know how to express his sense of Walpole's generosity.

Now, to ourselves, for one, it does not signify a pin how many defects such a man had. There are plenty of people to share them with him. But it does signify a vast deal, that notwithstanding those defects, he had all these charming talents and these great virtues. And it signifies all this a vast deal more, when we consider those plenty of people who shared his defects with him; because, if the whole truth were equally to come out respecting them, the chances are, that if few of them would turn out to have a tithe of his abilities and no such greatness of amount of virtue, yet being human beings like himself, with excuses, affections, "births, parentages, and educations," &c. &c., they would retain in some corner of their human hearts, feelings that would have given them a claim to his consideration, and show passages in their lives, some as pitiable for their causes, and others as estimable in some respects towards parents, or friends, or children.

Walpole is an instance of the conduciveness of a favourite pursuit to health and long life. It is true, he was free from sordid cares, which is a great point, and he was temperate in eating and drinking, perhaps a greater. He also boasted of some "hardy" habits, for one who had been delicately nurtured; had great contempt for those that would not venture out of doors without their "hats;" went in his carriage in all weathers with the glasses down, and sluiced himself plentifully throughout the year with cold water; all which respectable customs did not hinder him, when he was about fifty, from having a succession of severe fits of the gout, greatly to his amazement; for he thought his temperance would have saved him from all sickness. But, on the other hand, he was of a delicate constitution; was excessively thin, and had a weak chest; and he kept very late and fashionable hours, night and morning, went out freely to parties, and never took any exercise; which last sin against temperance positive (for there is an intemperance in omission as well as commission), we take to have been the secret of his gout. Yet, under these circumstances, bad and good, he lived to be eighty. The reason was, that he had a pursuit, or an amusement, or hobby-horse, or whatever else it may be called, which he loved. He loved something, and it was not sordid. It was liberal of its kind; an elegance; something which made him think of things greater and more lasting than himself, and which gave him cheerful fancies, and was a delight to his eyes. "My face is my fortune," said the beauty. "My house is my happiness," might Horace Walpole say. "Strawberry Hill" was at once his toy and his respect, his levity and his gravity; it was his hobby—his home—his "castle,"—his Mount Parnassus—his hope for himself and his successors—his retrospection for his ancestors,—the spot in which he indulged and stored up all his pleasures of bachelorship and authorship; his antiques and his anecdotes—his blue-room and his red-room—his china—his pictures, and his painted glass. We do not take his knowledge of pictures to have been great, nor of poetry either; though he had romance and feeling enough to taste it in the sensitive elegance of Gray, and even to peep at it in

the enchanted forests of Spenser. Nor does he seem to have been fond of music. He was in no respects a very large and catholic man, except in exquisite common sense, and a love for his friends; but he was, in the best sense of the word, a *bijou* sort of a personage, and "something more;" and besides his knick-knacks, and his curiosities, and his dog, he was very fond of out-of-door Nature, and her "greeneth" and "blueth," as he called it, ("Pereant male," &c.) and rejoiced in "lilac-tide,"—and his treillages; and was always adding some curiosity to his rooms, or some room to his house, and corresponding with his friends, and pleasantly dabbling in history, and taking an honest interest in his party; and was a very thin, witty, coxcombical, talking, laughing, entertaining, flimsy, robust, ostentatious, modest, assuming, deprecating, saving, lavishing, delightful, honest, generous sort of *unique* bit of a shred of immortality.

One thing has struck us forcibly, while reading the letters of a man who lived in two or three generations; namely, what a life-giving thing *death* is, and how impossible it would have been to have had all the interesting and entertaining clusters of wits, poets, and public men, who have flourished at different periods of the world, *without it!*

Walpole, speaking of Francis the First, and his court at Fontainebleau, says, "It is terrible that one cannot go to courts that are gone."

But we do go to them, because they are gone. We could not go to them, if their own going had not enabled us to be alive! We think too little of this, and other vitalities of death, when we present death to our minds. We regard him as nothing but a deadly fellow, who will not let us go on enjoying our books and our homes for ever. But, as Sancho invoked blessings on the man that "invented sleep," so we may bless the invention of death (especially seeing we cannot help it) for enabling us to be acquainted with such a wonderful succession of wits and good fellows.

Reflect a moment. Without death we could have had no Walpole, Gray, Shenstone, Wilkes, Chatham, George Selwyn, Lady Townshend, Kitty Fisher, Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, or Boswell! No Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven.

Without death, we could have had, previously to Horace Walpole, no Sir Robert Walpole, no Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Steele, Addison, Lady Mary, Handel, Corelli, Vanbrugh, Congreve, or Farquhar.

Without death, no Dryden before Pope, no Wycherley, Boileau, Moliere, Racine and Corneille, no La Fontaine, Sevigne, Ninon de l'Enclos, Pascal, with Louis the Fourteenth, and all his court! No Charles the Second, whom every body deprecates, and nobody gets tired of.

Without death, no Milton and Andrew Marvell; no Suckling, no Clarendon, no Lord Falkland, no Cromwell, no Hampden, Sidney, Pepys, Lady Carlisle, Vandyke, Waller.

Without death, no immortal Shakspeare (think of that), no Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, and Decker and Webster, and all those wonderful men; no Tasso, no Ariosto, no Raphael and Correggio

(horrible considerations ; the loss of angels), no Titian, no *old painted glass*, no monks and nuns, no seraphical Saint Teresas, no Rabelais, no Montaigne, no Macchiavelli, no Boiardo, no Pulci, no Marot, no Leo the Tenth, no Lorenzo de Medici, no Columbus !

Without death, no Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. No Troubadours, and authors of Fabliaux. No Chaucer. No Arabians in Spain or elsewhere. No Mahomet.

Then again, still going up and up, through those beautiful hierarchies of immortal names (all the production of death), no ancients ! Think of there having been no ancients !! no Horace and Virgil, no Ovid, no Cæsar or Brutus, no Hannibal, not a word of the Carthaginians, no Theocritus, no Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, or Homer ! No Homer !!

No Greeks and Trojans ! No Egyptians and Pyramids ! No Arabian Nights !!!

We dare think no further. To be destitute of the Arabian Nights is so abhorred a vacuum, that it turns the brain giddy to suppose it.

It is very easy to say, while one is drinking one's wine and cracking one's walnuts, and talking of all these men and books, "what a pity we could not go on thus for ever !" But how could we have had them, if any of *them* had gone on for ever ? And where was the exemption from the common lot to begin ? Who were the good fellows that were first to have that wish realized ? All had an equal right, if they equally wished it ; and who were to be the first to sit at their tables and enjoy their wine for ever ? Was it to be just after the flood ? or before, when milk flourished ? And where should we have been in that case ? There would not have been room for us. The world would have got filled with undying occupants long before our time ; and then too, when it had come to that pass, what were they to have done ? Were no more to be born ? Were people not to do as their contemporary ancestors had done ? Nay, some Sir Thomas Brown might whisper to us, there would have been no descendants at all ; the one first immortal age would have had the earth to itself for ever ; there would have been no such frivolities as the present sort of love, and children.

NO CHILDREN !! (Another of the wants that death has saved us from !)

Thank ye for nothing, good Sir Thomas. We prefer our children, and our books, and our own fact of existing, before the earthly immortality of those first jolly dogs of this world, however happy they might have been, or now still might be at this moment, occupying a globe without children, and without books, and without Horace Walpole, and Shakspeare, and my Lady Suffolk, and utterly non-entifying ourselves with all our pleasing associations and hopeful cares.

Mon Dieu ! One opening of a page of a book at breakfast, or one kiss of a pleasant lip, puts to flight all those horrible fancies of a deathless present world in which we could have had no existence, and reconciles us to the

worst seeming melancholy of the face of that most vitalizing of bounties, death.

But hold. Would not the first men and women, from whom we should have descended, been still, in a manner, ourselves? Nay, our very selves, as indeed, in some sense, they must have been? Smith must have had a progenitor in the times of Shem; and that progenitor, to all intents and purposes, must have been a Smith himself, inasmuch as he was Smith's ancestor, whatever it might have suited Europe or Asia to call him. Every man is of as old a race as every other man. Ancestors do not begin in the fifteenth century, though they may, or may not, then first begin to be visible. There was a Jackson walking about the streets in the time of Ninus; a fair Hipkins or Lady Betty attending to the dairies in the fields of Goshen; each the identical precursor of the Jackson and Lady Betty, now speculating in 'Change Alley, or dancing at Almack's. There is no more doubt of it, than that we are all here! Now, would not these inhabitants of the earth have, in a manner, included our being in themselves, and so rendered our own existence unnecessary?

No; for then we should have had *no souls*, and consequently no chances of seeing other worlds as well as the present, and inheriting boundless ranges of existence. And this, without farther pursuing the subject, for which we have not room, we take to be a sufficing reply to all such querulous or unquerulous meditations on this point; especially as Nature, to whom all these difficulties are as easy as A, B, C, has thought fit to "invent death," and so render the present view of the subject glorious to herself, and comfortable to all.

Man is really an immortal creature, even bodily, considered as a species; and he is only not immortal as an individual because, in that case, souls could not be created, nor he himself sent round, in another state of being, into all the beauties and grandeurs of infinity.

Man, the species, is an immortal mould for the perpetual and endless production of transitory, individual moulds, and of immortal spirits; and no bounds of love and wonder need be set to any of the hopes, possible to either form of its existence.

We have been forced up, by the nature of our subject, into a very lofty strain, compared with that with which we set out; but the human mind is naturally given to those combinations of great with small, and the reader will require no apology for a loving and hopeful speculation. We have long ceased to have any grudge against death, for many reasons, fond as we are of the *star* in which we live, and heartily desirous of living in it a great deal longer. The place where death is, is the place where friends have gone; and for this, and for the reason just mentioned, and others besides, we are persuaded that whatever grim face he may put on, in order to keep us all where it is our duty to remain, should we ever be strangely tempted to wish to know him too soon, he is (to resume our former style) an excellent good fellow, and, like every thing else in the universe, means us the very best, and will perform it.

WALKS ROUND LONDON.

No. I.—ELY CHAPEL, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN.

IN noticing this beautiful specimen of former days, we are desirous to awaken the attention of all classes to one of the ancient architectural relics of the metropolis. For we are sure that there are many such of which the public in general are wholly ignorant.

We have lately had put into our hands, a few carefully collected particulars of "Ely Chapel, Holborn, with some account of Ely Palace, &c." by the Rev. T. B. Murray, M.A. The poet has said—

"—— I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

And what may thousands not now say, upon reflection, who have passed up and down Holborn-hill, in total ignorance of the religious and historical interest attached to this spot. The chapel dedicated to the service of God, is called after St. Etheldreda, Queen and Virgin, foundress of the Abbey of Ely. The date of it, is said to be about the year 1320. Mr. Murray, in his interesting volume, speaks of it as the only relic of antiquity existing, on the original site, and says—"The chapel, though deprived of its original character, in reference to the episcopal mansion, and no longer containing within its walls a Bishop's Throne, is still a benefit and an ornament to the neighbourhood in which it stands; and within its walls, the Morning and Evening Service of our Church are, on every Lord's-day, duly performed. The rich and highly decorated eastern window, as seen from Ely-place, affords a pleasing specimen of the style of the fourteenth century. The western window is not less beautiful than that at the eastern-end; but it is choked up with buildings, so as to be inaccessible from without, and is also greatly obscured by the west gallery within."

The only entrance to this chapel is in Ely-place, by a flight of steps, which we understand have been added since 1772, leading to two small doors, for which the wall has been pierced.

With respect to the palace adjoining the chapel, Mr. Murray says:—

"In January, 1642-3, this once magnificent palace was ordered by the Parliament to be converted into a prison; and the serjeant-at-arms was appointed keeper, with a special charge that the chapel, especially the windows, as well as the garden and trees, should receive no injury."

"In the times of trouble which succeeded, Ely-house was made the receptacle of wounded soldiers and sailors. Numbers of these, who died there between 1648 and 1660, were carried to be buried in the church-yard of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The registers of burials in that parish abound with entries of this kind, there having been,

during the commonwealth, many hundreds of persons buried from Ely-house and Rents." The following are extracts :—

" 1650, December, William Shawe, a captaine, out of Ely-house, died and was buried, 19th.

" 1650, William Ward, a man, a victler, by Ely-house-gate, died and was buried 31st December.

" William Rigg, a man, toulegatherer, in Ely-house-rents, was buried the 15th October, 1652.

" 1652, December, Elizabeth Vien, a nurse-keeper, to souldiers in Ely-house, was buried the 22nd.

" 1653, Aprill, A souldier dyed in Ely-house, and was buried 16th of Aprill, 1653, but noe body knew his name. He came in over night and dyed in ye morning.

" 1653, June, A Dutchman, whose name was not known, dyed in Ely-house, and was buried the 18th.

" 1653, Aug. Robert Barker, a man sometimes porter of Ely-house, and was buried the 2nd.

" Oct. Hannah Browning, a maide in Ely-house, was buried ye 28th Oct. 1653.

" Nov. Mary Slayer, a woman in Ely-house, was buried ye 28th of Nov., 1653."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

No. II.—ON THE CUSTOMS OF COUNTRIES.—OATHS.

It is somewhat curious to trace the similarity that often exists between the manners and habits of different countries, particularly in some of their more characteristic features. A more bitter satire could scarcely have been pronounced against our own country, descriptive of our almost constitutional irreverence of things sacred, than that of the witty Frenchman, who spoke of us as a nation of "Cot-tams!" This practice of asseverating by the Deity on trivial occasions, may be traced to two causes: one, the weight which is naturally given to an oath when attested, as it were, upon the authority of the Supreme, as in the case of a truth sworn to in a court of justice; and the other, that innate sense of dependence upon that which is stronger and higher than ourselves, and which is shown in the constant exclamation of "Mon Dieu!" by our Gallic neighbours, and the "By God!" of our own countrymen.

This practice, however reprehensible, is unfortunately not limited to Englishmen or to Frenchmen, but is equally characteristic of other nations, particularly of the Mahometans, as we learn by a note to Lane's translation of the "Arabian Nights."

"The Muslims," says he, "are forbidden not only to swear frequently and vainly by God, but especially to swear by any exalted thing. There are few of them, however, who are not in the constant habit of acting contrary to both these prohibitions. Their most common forms of oath are, 'By God!' and 'By the existence of the Prophet!' but they often also swear by the life of any respected person; and by the life, head, or beard of a man whom they are addressing."

The one exceptional practice of attesting on oath in our courts of justice and elsewhere, has, happily, by the wisdom of the Senate, been, to a great extent, abolished. May we not hope, then, that when that wisdom has been extended by a sound and enlightened system of education throughout the community, that the more objectionable practice will be greatly lessened, if not altogether abandoned?

ON HEARING THE ÆOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

Whence comes a strain so wild and sweet
 At an hour as hushed as this?
 Is it the voice of some habitant
 From a fairy land of bliss;
 That comes when the wings of day are furled,
 To wake its song o'er a resting world?

Mysterious Harper! dost thou find
 Thy home in yon skies afar?
 And mourn they not thine absence now
 In some bright and lovely star,
 Where thy minstrel-harp is tired never
 Of singing the love, which lives for ever?

Oh! pass not away from my solitude,
 But linger a moment yet;
 Thy strains, though sad, have thrilled my heart
 With feelings of fond regret;
 And memory loves to float along
 The swelling tide of thine angel song.

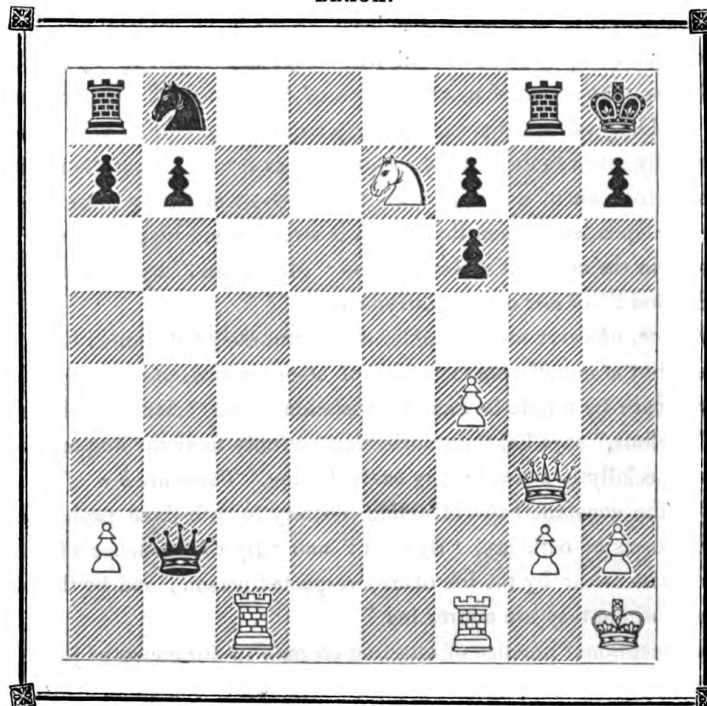
H. A. S.

CHESS.

PROBLEM II.

THIS situation occurred in play, and is taken from the choice collection of unpublished Chess MSS. in the possession of Mr. Lewis.

BLACK.



Black, having to move, captured the adverse Queen, and White then gave check-mate in six moves.

The recent death of the great Chess-player, La Bourdonnais, has attached a melancholy interest to the last few games played by him, during his too brief sojourn in this country.

The subjoined specimen of masterly Chess-skill was played, only a few days before his decease, with Mr. P——t, the strongest opponent whom he encountered on this occasion of his visiting England.

La Bourdonnais gives the odds of pawn and move.

GAME II.

MR. P——T.

1. K. P. two sq.
2. Q. P. two sq.
3. K. B. to Q. third
4. K. Kt. to B. third
5. K. P. one sq.
6. Q. B. P. one sq.
7. Castles.
8. Q. R. P. two sq.
9. K. B. to Q. B. second
10. Q. to her third
11. P. takes P.
12. Q. Kt. P. two sq.
13. Q. Kt. to R. third
14. Kt. takes Kt.
15. Q. to K. Kt. third
16. K. B. P. two sq.
17. Q. to K. sq.
18. Kt. to Q. Kt. fifth
19. K. R. P. one sq.
20. Kt. to Q. fourth
21. P. takes Kt.
22. Kt. to K. B. fifth.
23. P. to Q. B. fourth
24. Q. B. P. takes P.
25. K. takes P.
26. K. R. takes P.
27. K. B. takes P.
28. K. to B. sq.
29. P. takes B.
30. K. to his second
31. K. to Q. sq.
32. Q. takes Q.
33. K. to B. second

DE LA BOURDONNAIS.

1. K. Kt. to R. third
2. K. Kt. to K. B. second
3. K. P. one sq.
4. Q. P. two sq.
5. Q. B. P. two sq.
6. Q. Kt. to B. third
7. Q. to Q. Kt. third
8. Q. B. to Q. second
9. K. B. to K. second
10. Castles with Q. R.
11. Q. to B. second
12. K. Kt. P. two sq.
13. Kt. takes P.
14. Kt. takes Kt.
15. K. R. P. two sq.
16. K. R. P. one sq.
17. Kt. to K. Kt. fifth
18. Q. to Q. Kt. sq.
19. Q. R. P. one sq.
20. K. P. one sq.
21. K. Kt. P. takes P.
22. Q. R. to K. sq.
23. K. R. P. one
24. K. R. P. takes P.
25. P. checks
26. K. P. one sq.
27. Q. checks
28. K. B. takes P.
29. Q. checks
30. R. checks
31. R. takes B.
32. R. takes Q. ch.
33. R. takes P.

At this point, from physical exhaustion, La Bourdonnais was compelled to resign the game.

“The Chesse of all games, wherein is no bodily exercise, is most to be commended, for therein is righte subtile engyne, whereby the wit is made more sharp and remembrance quickened.”—SIR THOMAS ELYOT, 1534.

REVIEW.

POETICAL REVERIES, by M. ALPHONSE DE LA MARTINE,

Translated into English Verse, by the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.S.A., Saint John's College, Cambridge; author of "Universal Mythology," "Specimen of a Translation of CAMÖENS," &c. &c. &c. Second Edition. J. W. Parker, West Strand.

WE cannot more appropriately introduce this delightful book to the notice of our readers, or speak of the merits of its author, than by quoting one or two passages from the Translator's preface. "But few words," he says, "can be needed by way of preface to the translation of a work so well known as the '*Meditations Poétiques*.' Much as the French language is cultivated in England, there are yet many who would be glad to know somewhat of the French Byron, but, are either ignorant of his language, or, at least, not sufficiently versed in it to appreciate the beauties of poetry. The high tone of morality which breathes through every page of La Martine, nobly distinguishes him from the generality of the French authors of the present day, and would alone give him a right to the applause of our nation, even were he not, as he undoubtedly is, in point of genius, "*facile princeps*." After having noticed the tone of melancholy which pervades, almost without exception, the whole of M. De La Martine's writings, and adverted to the omission of other evidence of his having drunk deeply of the "wells of salvation," than the deep emotion with which he speaks of Heaven, Eternity, the Soul, and all the awful realities of Religion, the Translator very justly adds, "It is no little thing to have, in modern *regenerated* France, a poet of great and undoubted genius—occupying a commanding station in society, and extensively popular—who speaks of Christianity with the deepest respect, who inculcates the purest morality, and the most chivalrous loyalty."

With relation to the poems themselves, the Translator rightly observes, that they are not all of equal beauty, nor on subjects of equal importance. This gentleman's object, however, appears to have been not so much to extract the choicest of La Martine's poetical works, but to confine himself to a translation of his "*Meditations Poétiques*." These consist of thirty poems, on the usual topics of "Loveliness"—"Man (to Lord Byron)"—"Evening"—"Immortality"—"Despair"—"Enthusiasm"—"Prayer"—"Invocation"—"Faith"—"Genius"—"Philosophy"—"Autumn"—and the like. The power of M. De La Martine's muse, as exhibited in the "*Poetical Reveries*," consists rather in energy and force, than in touching tenderness. The mighty and the grand are themes on which his spirit delights to dwell, and there is a breadth and comprehensiveness in his ideas, which bear the soul to the loftiest pinnacle of verse. His meditation on "Despair," is, perhaps, the finest poem in the book. It is supposed to utter the reflections of the Infidel upon the Origin of Man and its Creator. The following passages are very fine:—

"He ceased; but while he spoke, the vulture evil woke,
Plunged unrelenting on his destined prey,
And in his talons fierce, grasping the universe,
Bore it with groans of fiendish joy away.
And with a deathless clasp embraced
The victims in his power, that rage eternal placed.

Then evil reigned alone, on his tremendous throne,
 And from that hour, each thinking, breathing thing,
 The Earth, the Heaven, the Soul, and this material whole,
 Began their course of constant suffering.
 And Nature, from her depths profound,
 Uttered a long deep sigh, her voice no other sound."

• • • • •

"How shall we name thee right, oh! strange and fatal might!
 Nature, or Destiny, or Providence?
 What, though with trembling awe, oh! thou unfathomable law!
 We bow before Thee, or, with hate intense
 In rebel pride blaspheme thy name;
 Fear we, or fear we not, thy power is still the same!"

The following is an extract from the Meditation on "Man:"—

"Yet once when, plunged in thoughts which sorrow paints,
 I long had wearied Heaven with useless plaints,
 A ray of light descended to my breast,
 And, what I cursed before, my spirit blest;
 And, yielding to the joys my heart that fire,
 Thus rung the Hymn of Reason from my lyre:

VIII.

"Glory through Time—Eternity to thee,
 Immortal reason—Will supreme and free;
 Thee, whose dread presence space unbounded shares,
 Thee, whose existence every morn declares.
 Thy vivifying power hath bent on me,
 And he who was not, leaped to life by thee.
 I heard thy voice ere yet this frame was rife,
 And sprang exulting to the gates of life!
 The new created hails thee in its birth—
 But what am I? a thinking clod of earth!
 Oh! who 'twixt thee can mark the awful space,
 And him whose rapid hours thy hands embrace?
 Without my ken, and fashioned on thy plan,
 Wert thou my debtor, Lord, ere life began?
 Not then, nor since.—Away, ye dreams of pride,
 The self-existent owes to none beside!"

The subjoined is the opening of Meditation XXI.

"THE GULF OF BAYA."

"See where the peaceful billow dies
 In ripples on the shore;
 Hear'st thou the fickle zephyr's sighs,
 That bid the scarce seen wave arise
 It loves to murmur o'er?"

Come mount our bark—'tis light but strong,
 My hand can urge it on its way,
 And calmly let us coast along
 The solitary bay.
 Dim grows the shore—thy timid hand
 The docile rudder holds aright,
 And leaving far behind the land,
 I trace a furrow white.

What grateful freshness breathes around,
 From Heaven and ocean's silver lake,
 The sun hath left his empire's round,
 For the pale queen of night to take ;
 While every flower by night that blows,
 Its fragrant bosom doth uncloze
 To load with perfume all the air ;
 And from the shore the evening breeze
 Waft gently to the summer seas,
 All incense that the earth doth bear.

What strains are sounding through the night ?
 The waves are all awake with song—
 And all the echoes choir prolong,
 Those concerts that in one unite.
 The fisher furling up his sail,
 No longer trusts the starlight waters,
 But hastes his happy home to hail,
 While his glad sons and joyous daughters,
 From far his coming bark discern,
 And celebrate their sire's return.
 But now the shadows, darker grown,
 Sink deeply on the ocean down ;
 No storms appear—no winds are here,
 But silence occupies the sphere.
 It is the hour when sadness seems
 To sit all pensive on the shore,
 Or where the silent water gleams,
 To cast her eye the ruins o'er,
 And view, with thoughts of happier hours,
 These crumbling palaces and towers."

The passages we have extracted, may be taken as a fair sample of the volume in general. They prove (an always important feature in translations of this sort) that the Translator is fully capable of appreciating, and of transforming his original. To the Christian, the moralist, and the lover of poetry, we commend the volume before us, as "a work which has had a greater influence on the current literature of his country," than any that has appeared "since the days of that apostle of anarchy and infidelity," Voltaire, and which, therefore, "cannot be uninteresting to the mere English reader."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CABMAN,

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND ANNOTATIONS BY THE WATERMAN,

CRISTOPHER SOUTH.

CHAP. I.

“Verily, friend Peter, a time will come when it will require as much interest to get hung, as it now takes to get pardon or reprieve. Mark me for a varlet, if thou wilt not presently have to hang thyself, if thou wouldst be hanged at all!”—*Old Play*.

It was a cold dread night in the month of December. The piercing blast with resistless fury drifted the falling snow, and whirling it in ceaseless eddies into the eyes and ears of the hapless wanderers, tingled them with the sharp stroke of pain; and rendered utterly unavailing all attempts to obtain a shelter from its violence. It howled and whistled, as it swept round the corners of streets; rushed into the dark caverns, of which the many narrow lanes and alleys in the metropolis seem to be only the gloomy entrances; showered tiles and chimney-pots from the house-tops, to the alarm and peril of life of the passers by; and tore off the withered boughs from the sterile trees, occasionally to be seen standing in the grave-yards of the busy metropolis, the fit emblems of death stretching his lank lean arms over his sepulchre, as if fearful that the tombs of the departed might be disturbed by the anxious and busy world about him. Whilst it quickened the footsteps of those who had been impelled by the hope of gain to move abroad and brave the terrors of the storm; of those, who, worn with toil and oppressed by labour, were hurrying to their happy homes, and the smiling faces which awaited them there; and of those, who, beckoned by the hand of charity or of love, stole softly to the bed of pain, it thrilled the frame and quivered the muscles of the houseless and forlorn, who, from their very helplessness and greater need of protection, were driven out to sleep,—to die at the very threshold of luxury and ease.

It was whilst the storm was at its height that a traveller, wrapped tightly about in a large thick weather-defying cloak, might be seen wending his solitary way through Fleet-street. He stopped at the corner of the Old Bailey, and, looking up, as if to make sure that he was right, passed on towards Newgate. A few minutes walking brought him to that depository of misery and crime. As he knocked for admittance, the deep-toned bell of St. Paul's boomed slowly and loudly on the air.

The clergyman, for such was his character, sighed heavily as the sound smote upon his ear, and the seraphs above might have seen a “big bright tear” glisten in his eye, and bedew his aged cheek.

A few words addressed to the gate-keeper, procured him admission and conduct to the "condemned cell," in which, tossing to and fro, racked with mental anguish, sat a pale wan man, his brow branded with the first murderer's curse, his haggard countenance now buried in his hands, whilst burning tears were streaming through his fingers, and now lighted up by a sad melancholy smile, like the smile of hope in the grief of childhood, or the presage of pardon to the soul of the unforgiven.

We must draw a veil over this heart-rending scene, and follow the good and pious minister of religion home, where he deposited a packet of papers in his *escrutoire*. There they remained until the excellent soul was called above to assist in the ritual of religion in the cathedral of heaven. At the good pastor's death, the MSS. again met the light. The contents being of a novel and striking character, and yet bearing upon them the impress of truth, were greedily read by one fond of the close observance of frail human nature, although ever anxious to palliate her errors, and ameliorate her sorrows. They are now presented to the world in as concise and methodical a form as the detached manner in which the originals were written will permit.

CHAP. II.

"What in this world is like a hackney-coach-horse,
 Let him be grey, black, or dun?
 Vy, a true-born Briton; cos, try every force,
 He'd sooner die than run."

Whitechapel Melodies.

A Hackney-coach was suddenly called from the stand, in — street. The waterman hastened to remove the ill-provided nose-bags from the mouths of the half-famished horses, and while he dragged the unwilling beasts, with the crazy vehicle to which they were harnessed, towards the spot whence the voice proceeded, he shouted lustily for the driver. The latter quickly made his appearance, drawing more closely around him his many-caped whity-brown coat, and fumbling in its ample pockets for the customary waterman's fee of a halfpenny.

The waterman had mechanically opened the door of the coach, ere he took notice of the "fare," which consisted of a gentleman, and a lady wearing a riding-hat and habit. The lady leaned heavily upon the arm of the gentleman, and reclined her head upon his shoulder, from which she withdrew it upon the appearance of the driver.

It was now evident that the lady was an invalid, or had been suddenly seized with a temporary indisposition, as she was with some difficulty seated within the coach. The gentleman, whose bearing was very aristocratic,

spurned the assistance of the waterman in so tender an office, and springing into the vehicle, ordered the driver to hasten to Portland-place.

Jehu applied his whip, and his lazy cattle jogged off, leaving the waterman to grope in the mud and darkness in search of a shilling, which the gentleman threw from the window.

Scarcely had the coach got in motion, when the lady gave way to excessive grief, her sobs being interrupted by an occasional deep and agonizing groan. These evidences of suffering, whether mental or physical, were met by remonstrances and entreaties on the part of her companion, his only desire, as the driver conjectured, being to prevail upon her to express her pain less audibly, that he (the driver) might not hear it. This caused Bob Butler's ear to be more on the alert, to catch every word and breath, and he purposely drove slower as he approached the dull heavy light of the turnip-shaped oil-lamps (for there was no artificial day-light—gas—then) the more successfully to obtain, by a cautious glance through the front windows, some notion of the features and persons of his "fare." But in this, Bob was foiled; for the contract light, as dull and heavy as the whale from which it received its existence, in the true spirit of economy, scorned to throw a ray through the thick round-shaped bottle glass which formed, at once, its birth-place and its tomb.

Suddenly the sobs of the lady ceased,—indeed, so suddenly, that the reins had well-nigh fallen from the hands of Bob, who, in the nervous attempt to retain them, gave a check to the horses, which they most willingly interpreted, and came to a halt.

"I'll get out here!"—"I'll get out here!"—"Let me out this instant," said the gentleman; and Bob, prepared to receive a reprimand for his horses' dilatoriness, alighted and civilly opened the door. The gentleman was out of the vehicle in an instant, and placing a guinea in the hands of Bob, hastily inquired where a surgeon resided; but his eye at the moment catching the red glare of a lamp over a door some few hundred yards down, he waited not for Bob's reply, but darted off with the speed of lightning in the direction of the Esculapian sign.

Bob watched the gentleman, as well as the light would permit, and lost sight of him close to a narrow passage, which led into a low neighbourhood at the back of the road.

That the stranger went down this passage, Bob was afterwards assured, as he heard neither knock nor ring, nor the noise of the surgeon's door opening or shutting. Bob now suspected something foul, and his first care was to try the guinea given to him by the stranger; but it rang truly, as it rebounded from the curb-stone into its new owner's hand.

Bob's next thought was of the lady, and he coughed loudly to attract her attention, and then he listened at the door; but there was not a sign of life within,—all was as still as the grave! The streets were deserted, and not

even a watchman, or other individual, with whom Bob could exchange a word, was to be seen. A mysterious terror crept over him, and the chill and darkness of the morning added to his discomfort.

Bob was not, however, of a class easily to be alarmed, and he soon shook off his unmanly dread, and walking round to the other door of the coach, knocked gently at the cracked window ;—but no answer ! He then quietly and stealthily turned the handle ; but as he found it more than usually difficult to unbolt, he judged that some heavy substance must lay against it. In this he was right ; for, scarcely had the hasp passed the bolt, when the door, impelled by the force from within, flew from his grasp, and a lifeless corpse fell heavily upon the chest of Bob, who, starting back with affright, suffered the body of the hapless lady to fall over the side of the coach.

The alarm of Bob may be imagined, when he assured himself that the poor creature was dead ; and, amongst other forebodings, that of Newgate and the gallows occurred to his agitated thoughts. He did not, to his credit, hesitate a moment, but rapidly ran to a surgeon. The latter was quickly upon the spot ; but, upon ascertaining that life was extinct, and beyond recal, he returned again to the warmth of his bed, and advised Bob to take his charge to the hospital. From the surgeon, Bob learned that no person had called on him during the night, and this determined him in believing the stranger to have decamped.

Arrived at the hospital, which happened, fortunately, to be close at hand, the body was quickly removed from the coach, and Bob, for the first time, had an opportunity of looking upon the features of the Lady, and he thought he had never beheld a creature so lovely. Her skin was fair and transparent, her features regular and most perfectly chiselled, and her hair long and raven black. Her small white and taper hands, marked her as one unused to work ; while the habit she wore, together with the costly nature and quality of the rest of her habiliments, fully bespoke the attention paid to her exterior.

Bob readily gave his number, name, and address, and upon his promise to attend next day at the inquest-room, was permitted immediately to depart, a leave which was no sooner granted than obeyed ; so that before the person of the lady had undergone any examination by the surgeons, Bob had arrived at the place of his abode, although many of the hours of his accustomed routine of duty were still open to him. For although Bob did belong to a class of persons upon whom the majority of society unite to cast obloquy and suspicion, he had a heart like unto other men, and into it the events of this night had sunken deeply, and excited within him a truly Christian sympathy.

Bob, before he took out his horses to lead them into the ill furnished stable, or according to his usual plan, had safely deposited the old and patched harness within the passage of his mean tenement, or drawn the crazy chariot upon the muddy piece of ground destined for its resting place, opposite his window, mechanically proceeded to remove the cushions from the seats within

But no sooner had he re-opened the doors, which, upon the removal of the body into the hospital, had been hastily shut, than he heard a stifled cry, and the truth at once flashed upon him. He made but one bound into his room, and having aroused his wife, he seized a candle-end, stuck into a raw potatoe, and hurried back to explore the coach.

An infant but recently escaped from the now cold sepulchre of its mother's womb, lay almost motionless upon the straw. In an instant, straw and child were in the arms of Bob, and in a few minutes more, every attention that these poor people could bestow, or humanity dictate, was afforded to the motherless babe.

CHAP. III.

"Thus like a codfish, by the Tempest hurled
On shore, the babe is stranded on the world.
Undressed he lies and ready to expire,
They'd both be better for a kitchen fire."

Old Verses on a Fish Kettle.

Years rolled on, but nothing could be learned regarding the lady's history or connexions, although a description of her person and dress was advertised both by the authorities and by Bob. Alas! all that remained of her, was offered upon the surgical altar as a sacrifice to science!

Bob Butler was blessed with a good wife, but they were childless; and, in spite of their straitened means—and theirs were strait indeed!—they provided the infant with a nurse, and adopted him as their own. Every care was bestowed upon him, and he grew up a fine, well-made, straight-limbed child, tall in stature, and not ill-favoured in face or figure. Honest Butler loved the boy as his own, and his spouse equalled her husband in this affection. In due time, or perhaps rather later than is customary, the youngster was taken to church, and received, at the baptismal font, the name of John Straw. This surname was given from the fact of his having been found at the bottom of the coach; and that being determined, John preceded it, as a matter of course, "for what was the use," as Mrs. Butler remarked, "to call him Straw, if they did not likewise call him Jack." So, Jack Straw he was ever after called by the Butlers and their friends. But, although Jack did not object to the name, there was a portion of the ceremony of fixing it upon him, which he by no means relished—that of sprinkling his face with the water; and it may be a lesson to parents to have their children christened before they can speak, when they are informed that Jack, upon receiving the ablution, suddenly

coloured up, and with his eyes flashing anger, addressing the parson, exclaimed, "What do you throw water in my face for?"

When old enough, Jack was sent to a cheap school, and the hearts of the Butlers beat high at finding Jack was not only fond of his books, but that he rapidly excelled his elders. But all this while they knew not, young as Jack was, that he requited their goodness by the most ungrateful and sinful acts. Not a coin could be left within his reach, but he, with a cunning far beyond his years, purloined and had the talent to conceal it; and what is worse, he contrived, at times, to cast upon the innocent that suspicion which he alone deserved. The latter, unfortunately, was no difficult task, for many were the persons who came in and out to have a gossip with Mary Butler, or to assist her to "second" the clothes she took in to wash, in order to earn a few shillings at the tub. So powerful, indeed, was this passion for pilfering with Jack, that had his fingers been covered with bird-lime, they could not have adhered more tenaciously to any little valuable with which they came into contact.

But this system, Jack knew, could not last long without discovery, and he had made up his mind to decamp, should the slightest suspicion be directed in the right quarter. The "disease," for such the mania for pilfering has been called by learned doctors, the more especially when the aristocratic have laboured under its influence, grew to such a height as to require far richer and costlier applications than coppers and sixpences; and that "breach i' the conscience," like the first oozings through the bank of a mighty river, which "an infant's hand might stop with clay," let forth the rapidly increasing inundation of guilt, until every particle of good around was swamped or carried away.

Jack Straw's departure from the home of his adoptive parents, however, was nearer at hand than he anticipated.

Bob Butler, one night upon his return home, discovered that a banker's clerk, who had hired him for the convenience of carrying some specie to another bank, had left upon the seat, where it had been deposited, a bag containing one hundred and twelve guineas. The name of the banker being upon the bag, presented to Bob the means of restoring the money. It was too late, however, on that night, and Bob saw the bag safely placed in a cupboard, just over the head of the bed that was made upon chairs, and upon which Jack Straw slept, in the same room in which Butler and his wife reposed. Jack was in the habit of feigning sleep when Bob came home, and this he did to listen to the conversation which Bob held with his wife. This, of course, mostly turned upon the success that had been met with during the day; and, to his wife's inquiries, Bob's reply would generally be, "O, it has been a pretty goodish day;" or, "The day was shocking fine to do much;" generally adding, "but I really does not know exactly what I've made."

This was enough to inform Jack that Butler had not counted his money; and as soon as he had assured himself that the good folks were fast asleep, he would steal quietly from his couch and abstract a shilling or more from Bob's corduroys.

On this night a more tempting prize was within Jack's grasp, and he at once determined to put himself in possession of it. Not a thought of the baseness of the act, not a feeling of shame engaged his mind! It is true, the fear of detection and punishment, for an instant, occurred to him, but the next moment it was dispelled by the idea that so large a sum, once in his power, would purchase all the world had to bestow.

After convincing himself, then, on this occasion, that the Butlers were asleep, he crept softly from his bed, and put on his clothes as quietly as possible, pausing ever and anon, to catch the slightest evidence of wakefulness.

Grasping fast the bag of guineas, Jack placed his shoes beneath his arm, and crossed the room on tiptoe. His hand was upon the lock of the door, when one of his shoes slipped from his hold and fell with, to him, the sound of thunder, upon the floor.

With the speed of lightning, Jack replaced the accursed gold, sprang into bed, and dragged the tattered horse cloth, which served him for a counterpane, over his limbs. "Who's there!" cried Butler, starting up in an instant. "I think it's my shoe that has fallen off the chair, dad," replied Jack, with a sleepy drawl. Butler, without further remark, laid himself down, evidently satisfied by Jack's ready excuse, and was soon again asleep. The noise had not disturbed his wife; she, good soul, "slept like a top,"—a luxury which a hard day's work at the washing-tub had contributed to bestow.

Prepared to make another attempt to secure the booty, Jack raised himself again; but while he sat coolly turning over in his mind the best means to prevent a similar interruption, Butler muttered something in his sleep, and became very uneasy, as if from a troubled dream, and finally, with a start, which shook the room,—awoke. He lay a short while talking to himself, but in so low a tone, that Jack could not catch a word of his cogitations. He then arose, and groping his way across the dark apartment, felt about in the cupboard as if in search of something that ought to be there.

Jack knew full well what this something was, and rightly suspected the noise he had made, had given to Butler's sleeping thoughts a fear for the safety of the gold.

"What dy'e look for, dad?" said Jack, in the same sleepy tone he had before assumed, and affecting to have just re-awakened from his slumbers.

"The money, lad, the money!" Butler somewhat wildly exclaimed.

"What money?" asked Jack,—“you're sleeping,—dreaming, dad,—there's no money there; mother always puts it in the old broken brown tea-pot on the mantelshelf—there's no money there.” If he has any suspicion, thought Jack, these observations will dispel it, for I shammed asleep well, when he placed it there.

The heavy dull chink of the guineas in the well-filled and firmly tied bag, interrupted any further remark, and Butler retired to bed, with the treasure Jack had but so short a time before looked upon as his own. Thus foiled in

the moment of success, Jack experienced the most bitter pangs of disappointment. He flattered himself he was the most ill-used of persons, and was more disposed to look upon his kind and honest patron as a robber who had deprived him of the rightful possession of his property, than upon himself as an ungrateful reprobate, and hardened thief.

There may be many that may be inclined to treat such feelings as altogether unnatural and inconsistent; but Jack, in his MSS. says, "my object is not now to think falsely or write so. Such were my ideas upon that occasion, and I will yield to none—and, indeed, to whom should I—if to any, 'twould be to those alone, who have been suddenly deprived of the wicked luxury of committing a heinous offence."

"Let this suffice," adds Jack, "I obtained the gold. The adroitness, cunning, and indeed generalship, which marked every step of so dangerous a task, need not here be dwelt upon, further than to remark, that it was amongst the proudest achievements of my wicked and ill-spent life. Often have I boasted of the artifice employed in finding the exact spot to which the plunder was removed, the Indian-like stealthiness in which my hand was passed between the mattress and the sacking of the bed, and how, when there, and I had found what I sought, and that Butler laid too heavily thereon to enable me to withdraw it, I got him to move by gently tickling his back, repossessed myself of the gold, and upon my knees, and in breathless agony, hugged the darling treasure to my bosom!"

It may be as well not to omit a fact which may serve to show how easily Jack was imbued with a very scarce quality, even to men,—presence of mind. On quitting the house, Jack darted down the steps at the threshold, and found himself most unexpectedly in the arms of the old watchman. It is possible that many would have given themselves up for lost, or betrayed their guilt by the agitation of their feelings—not so with Jack—he certainly drew the bag of guineas more closely to his breast, but without making any attempt to conceal it, he addressed the watchman by name, and cried, "Holloah! Charley Beat, is that you?"

"Igh! Igh! my young covey!" exclaimed the old fellow, almost bent double with the weight of his great coat, and carrying his lanthorn as though it had been a half hundred weight, "where are you off so early?"

"Early, d'ye call it, the sun's rising," said Jack, pointing to the moon. "Why I'm going to have a game of mivvies (marbles) to be sure. I've got this bag full of them, Joe Muffincap's going to play with me before he goes to shop,—old Skinflint, his master, always makes him get there precious early. Will you have a game, Mr. Beat?" added Jack, quietly disengaging himself from the watchman's right arm, which rested upon Jack's shoulder.

The invitation to play at marbles tickled the old fool amazingly, and he laughed so loud, that Jack became alarmed, fearing Butler would be awoken by the noise.

"Come along—only one game, Mister Beat," said Jack, with a roguish leer, at the same time picking up a piece of tile as if intending to draw a circle upon the ground, for the well-known game of ring-taw. "It won't hurt you, Mr. Beat, to stoop, will it?" he continued, looking about him with an expression of arch cunning, as if only waiting for a favourable opportunity to take himself off, without an exhibition of his "marbles." "Fire-in-the-ring is a prime bit of fun."

This allusion to his *stoop-head* habit stemmed, in an instant, Charley Beat's merriment. His "little brief authority," thus openly, but heretofore unthinkingly ridiculed, appeared to return with double force, from this rude attack upon his *vanity*. His little grey eyes flashed with anger, and his dirty red woollen night-cap seemed almost to fly from his aged poll with indignation. Jack's quick eye caught these indications of ire, and consequently, although appearing to take no notice of the threatening aspect, he prepared for the storm, and, if necessary, to "cut and run."

The old fellow, however, contented himself with muttering something about "idle boys" and "want of respect for their betters." This, Jack interrupted by exclaiming, "Well, if you won't play, I'm off—only don't say I did not ask you." And after running backwards a few yards to watch the movements of his friend Charley, he carelessly turned upon his heel, and sprang into a sharp trop, at the conclusion of which, he found himself in the Tottenham Court Road.

Jack's first object now was to secrete the gold about his person, and, having found a quiet place, he stowed it away between various parts of the lining of his clothes, and thrust the bag, which might lead to its identity, between the gratings of a drain, on the side of the great brewhouse in St. Giles'.

Avoiding the principal thoroughfares as much as possible, Jack struck through the narrow and loathsome alleys of St. Giles', crossed Charlotte Street, and passed into Red Lion Square. Here it occurred to him that he ought to find some place in which he could better mature his plans for future operations; and, consequently, he thought at first of entering one of the early coffee-houses (a misnomer by the bye, when it is well known that few or none of these houses sell coffee, but that the concoction they vend is nothing more than a solution formed from burnt flour, supplied to these houses by the cheap bakers throughout the metropolis), which were then just opening. But having no coin less than a guinea, and fearing that his changing such a sum might create suspicion, and not improbably lead to his capture, he altered his course of procedure. The vaults beneath the Adelphi, the nightly resort of the houseless, and the abandoned, and of the thief of the lowest grade—a dark retreat, to which Jack had often strayed upon half-holidays, partly from curiosity, and partly from motives which it might be difficult to analyse, next recurred to his thoughts. But although this place presented all the advantages of seclusion, it was a long way off, and the morning was wearing apace.

In this mood, Jack still made for the East, sometimes running at a quick trot, but more often proceeding only at a smart walk, as the former pace set the gold gingling within the linings of his clothes. Now and then, Jack's attention was somewhat painfully awakened by a quick step behind him. The dreaded figure, however, quietly passing on, would disclose only an industrious labourer, hastening to his work. At other times Jack would shrink within himself, under the scrutinizing eye of a "Charlie" returning from his duties.

Crossing Hatton-garden, and plunging down Saffron-hill, Jack at length found himself in that den of iniquity, Field-lane and its immediate neighbourhood—a place where more wretched beings are made candidates for the gallows, than in the whole of the remaining portion of the metropolis.

At this hour, all was silent and still, with the exception of an occasional snore, which reached the ear through the crevices of the rudely fashioned shutters of one of the children of Israel. Not a creature was to be seen from one end of its narrow alleys to the other. Here, later in the day than the shops are usually opened in the metropolis, may be seen a tribe of filthy men, who, at all times unprepossessing in their appearance, by the fitful light of evening look like so many hoary-headed descendants of Pan and his attendant Satyrs. The filthy nature of the close fetid atmosphere of their warerooms, would disgust the poorest Christian, and poison any animal, but one with the stomach of a horse.

It is a curious thing to reflect upon, and one that might involve a nice metaphysical or theological speculation, that so large a production of this "cast off" tribe should deal in little else than what may literally be termed "cast offs"! The most superannuated garment is not deemed unworthy of the attention of the "peoples," and the smallest fragment of cloth will bear a profit in perspective. The black bags which they carry beneath their arms appear as some huge wen inseparable from the creature, and their unwashed faces, and uncombed heads and beards, might lead the close observer of nature to class this tribe with the lovers of Entomology.

This district annually pours forth thousands of human beings untutored in every thing but crime. Here, law is regarded as a bye-word, and its administrators are treated with contempt. The voice of religion is never heard; though all alike curse and swear by His name whom they are never taught to reverence, and of whom it is not even unchristian to fear that they know nothing save the name. Here the very infant is nurtured in sin, and the first curse which escapes from the lips of the unconscious little one, so far from receiving a well-timed rebuke, is hailed, alas! by its degraded parents and connections, with boisterous and soul-destroying merriment. Here dirt, filth, and the most brutal obscenity reign triumphant; and those who revel therein, are ever ripe for riot, robbery or murder, till, in the prime of life, the gallows or perpetual banishment closes their guilty career. Would that the kindly intention of the missionary, who, in his philanthropy for his species, and his love

for the souls of men, seeks out the rude and uncultivated barbarian of Africa, of India, or of the Southern Seas, to convey to them a knowledge of their Creator, and to inspire them with a fervent delight in his worship; would bend his footsteps to such colonies of ignorance and crime at home, as well as dare the dangers of the deep, when seas are crossed and thousands and thousands of miles are traversed to commune with the savage, who, in his heart, at least, acknowledges the existence if not the attributes of a God.

These were not exactly the thoughts which occupied the mind of Jack Straw, as he emerged from the purlieu of Field-lane. If he thought at all, it was only of the fried-fish and pickled cucumbers for which this region is so famous. No philanthropic tear filled Jack's eyes as he cast them wistfully on either side of him as he walked.

CHAP IV.

We're friends, I cannot steal from thee,
For what is yours is mine :
And when you richer are,—d'ye see ?
For equal shares incline.

Vide—" *Kant on Logic.*"

JACK had emerged into Holborn, and was about to cross over to Farringdon-market, when he heard a quick shuffling movement behind him, which almost made him quake. Ere he could turn his head, however, to assure himself that his apprehension of pursuit was groundless, a pair of hands fell heavily upon his shoulders, under the weight and apprehension of which Jack slightly stooped, whilst a young fellow bounded over his head in the same fashion as boys may be seen, as it is called, to "over" posts.

"Vell, my artful co-veree-ee," exclaimed the vaulter, turning round upon Jack, "and how did yer leave yer walubles, I means your parents, this blessed morning,—and vere is yer horff to ? If it's a spree, I'll make one. There's no pride about Toby Belt, yer know."

"What, Toby, is it only you," cried Jack Straw, happy at finding a friend, instead of an enemy at his elbow ; for the sudden and singular manner of the introduction had caused Jack no little uneasiness.

"Aye, aye," was Toby's reply—and he struck up a line of one of the "fashionable" ditties of the day.

Toby Belt was a tall and lank lad, with a very unprepossessing cast of countenance, his face being deeply indented with pock-marks

" * * * * * That dragon, now
Which Jenner combats on a cow."

The said pock-marks occasioned many a rich joke at Toby's expense, and his face *really* did look as though it had been left in a cabbage-garden all night,

and been mistaken for "vegetable marrow" by the slugs; or as if he had been hired by cockneys by the hour, to be peppered with duck-shot, instead of a target. Indeed, so deep were the indentures, that had it been possible for Toby Belt to have shed a tear, the lachrymal drop would have had to travel, now here, now there, following the deep furrow of the disease, ere it could reach his chin or drop from the end of his equally *snub-lime* nose, providing it was not entirely absorbed in watering the numerous miniature valleys, or washing out the many Lilliputian caverns by the way. In a word, it was one of those battered nutmeg-grater skins which could only acquire smoothness by paving it with split peas.

His eyes, which had apparently been inserted the wrong way, were natural curiosities—one look at them would have provoked no common laughter, but a second survey would inevitably have produced a fit of convulsions. Yet, Toby would say, that he could not see anything in them to make fun of. It is true, the optics were very well, if examined separately—for instance, through a hole in a large sheet of paper, which hid the fellow eye and the rest of the features—yet the observer, who, peradventure, had ventured to back his judgment by a bet, would have been chagrined to find that he had lost his wager, in consequence of his declaration, that that which would prove upon the withdrawal of the paper to be the left eye, was the right. With Toby, the temple of intellect was a low structure, with a thatch of foxy hair, long and straight, surmounted by a dome of greasy cloth, with a simple portico of japanned leather. Toby's mouth was very small, and the lips, which were remarkably thin, when separated exhibited a couple of rows of teeth, like diminutive loaves, covered with crust, and varying but little from the said edible in colour. His face was round, and his ears wide and long.

Toby Belt's figure was as remarkable as his bust; and certainly the latter could not have found a more appropriate pedestal than that which was formed by Toby's oddly-shaped trunk and extremities, or rather, as he had little or no body, we ought more strictly to say, extremities and trunk. His legs and arms were most preposterously long, and protruded from his jacket and small clothes in the most independent fashion. His stockings, as indeed did the rest of his wardrobe, evidenced the industry of those who had their charge. Toby, nevertheless, could not bring himself to understand how there could be any saving in cutting off a piece from the leggings of his breeches, or from the sleeves of his jacket, to repair some other portion of his raiment. It may be, that he was of the same opinion as the poor Irish gentleman, that it was more consistent with pride and independence to have a hole than a darn; as the former might be an accident of the day, but the latter looked like premeditated poverty. A blue-striped coarse shirt, with a belcher handkerchief tied a-la-mariner, covered his neck and chest, while his O-no-we-never-mention-ums, were suspended by a piece of dirty ribbon and an equally foul piece of list, the said suspenders being visible both before and behind.

"Only me," exclaimed Toby, after a pause of a minute or two, the expressive "only" having set his wits to work to discover what was "in the wind." "Vell, I likes that ere! only me, indeed. Vy, did you 'spect it was the Lady Mayoress a coming over yer head. But vere is yer horff to? I'm for a spree, —whose afeard!" and here Toby made sundry flourishes with his long arms like an insane windmill, and struck out as if he were dealing death and destruction to a legion of "Charlies;" then suddenly perking up the slit in his frontispiece, honored by the name of a mouth, he placed it close to Jack Straw's ear and whispered,—"I've prigged thrup-pence;" and he exultingly pulled the coppers partly out of his pocket to allow Jack ocular proof of the fact.

Jack Straw was not sorry at having fallen in with a companion, and his being a partner in guilt rather added to the attraction than otherwise.

"A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

It will be observed, that Toby Belt possessed not what is called a classic education, nor were his acquirements of an extensive order; yet Toby would boast, in the words of an old joke—that he had had a *liberal* education, which was so far true, as that the little he possessed had been *given* to him at the parish school.

"O, vont there be a dust in the crib, ven my blessed aunt finds the last of the veeks rent so mis-terious-ly disappeared,—out on the old vorsted stocking!" cried Toby. "Vell, it sarves her right—she shud-dent say she hates me,—shud she, Jack?"

"No—that's not right, certainly," acquiesced Jack.

"Vy, do yer know she has the howdacious criminality to call me her Aunt-tipathee!"

"Her what?" cried Jack.

"Her Aunt-tipathee," repeated Toby, who probably meant antipathy.

"O, she's a fool," observed Jack, drily.

"To be sure, she is," cried Toby. "Cos vy,—she's a she,—now, I'm a he,—and she's my aunt, and seeing as how I always calls her Aunt Bess! I've more right to holler arter her, Aunt-tipathee, than she has arter me."

This logical reasoning brought the two youths upon Blackfriars-bridge.

"And so, Toby," remarked Jack Straw, "you are only worth three-pence. You are a poor fellow, indeed."

"*Only* got thrup-pence! vell, you is a nice un, you is," rejoined Toby; for such a weight of copper, in Toby's estimation, should have induced a corresponding quantity of respect, though how much respect might be thought, by Toby, to be a legal equivalent to three-pence, we have no means of ascertaining.

"What do you think of that," cried Jack, producing a guinea, and hold-

ing it at some little distance from the eyes of Toby, as if to catch the exact focal point.

"A guinea, by Jove!" exclaimed Toby, extending his eyes and looking carefully at the coin.

"And no mistake!" added Jack, with an expressive snuffle.

"Better as alamode,—good as the bank," continued Toby. "'Spose ve tucks a gal a-piece under our arm, and goes up the vorter. Vont that be plummy!"

"Or suppose we go down the river to Greenwich," suggested Jack, "and have a jolly day of it,—good breakfast,—dinner,—lots of grog,—long clay pipes,—skittles,—make the old pensioners drunk,—unscrew their wooden legs, and all that,—Ay!"

Toby did not enter into this proposition with the same animation with which it was made. He shuddered slightly as he looked over the parapet and down the river, and exclaimed,—“No;—dashed if I goes downwards—that’s the way to Lag-shire, Botany. No, no, come along, Jack, I must have a drain of summat; the wery idea has fettered my spirits.”

Near the Rotunda,—a place which has been a chapel—playhouse—a repository for waxwork—the theatre for blasphemy, and the arena for political discussion,—indeed, all things in turns, a gin-palace stood conveniently open, and into it Toby entered, followed by Jack.

"I say," observed Toby, tossing off a second glass of brandy, which he took, with a show of gallantry, from the red hands of the lady in curl papers behind the bar. "I say, my love, this is perty pisin,—arnt it?"

"You had bet—bett—better take advice before it's too late," hiccupped a young medical student who had staggered in to recover himself from the effects of his last night's debauch, by the application of soda-water, and "a something to take off its rawness." "Brandy is like,—is like a (hiccough)—a thief in the dark,—you never (hiccough), never know what he's about."

At this expression, "a thief in the dark," Jack started, as if he had been seized by a guardian of the watch. Toby, however, who was an older hand at pilfering than Jack, stood his ground, and observing the effect of the words upon his companion, gave him a slap on the back, and proffered some more brandy for his acceptance.

"I aint a going to shut my door against such a thief, never fear," exclaimed Toby, as he swallowed the third glass.

"It will take the coat off—off—(hiccough)."

"Off your back," suggested a bystander, in the shape of a fan-tailed dustman.

"It will take the coat off your stomach," continued the student, not heeding the interruption.

"Ah—ah! very fine," shouted Toby. "But if it takes the coat off my stomach,—vy, all I can say is,—my stomach must work in its vaist-cut."

A boisterous laugh from the group around greeted this repartee, while the bar-maid, not comprehending its import, and concluding that "such low kind of people" never laugh but at something improper, affected first to blush, and then, as if conscious of the failure of the attempt, simpered, "That such conversation could not be *aloud* before the bar." The medical student was equally in the dark as to what had occasioned the merriment, and he, probably with the view of obtaining favour in the eyes of the lady, hiccupped something about "blackguards," "riff-raff," and "beneath contempt."

"You're a perty swell to call people blackguards," cried Toby, suddenly giving the student a push, which sent him against the sharp edge of a beer-barrel and cut off two of the buttons from the back of his coat, "Vy who are you?"

The student was very wrath, and his rage stopped his utterance. In an older subject it might have been attended with apoplexy. But the storm was soon lulled, when the angel of peace, the fan-tailed dustman, interposed.

It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that men are never more inclined to dilate upon the mischievous nature of ardent spirits, and their baneful effects upon the morals and constitution, than when they themselves are under their influence. A drunken man will descant for hours, if he can obtain an audience, or indeed to himself, sooner than lose the opportunity, upon the miseries it entails and the vices it engenders. It is somewhat after the same fashion, that a man, let his station be high or low, returns to his home redolent of drink, and there utters the most spiteful and unaffectionate expressions to his wife, prompted at the time by a firm conviction, that he is the most ill-used of men, an impression which the coming morning, and the partly dispelled madness of the brain, shows him is both false and cruel.

Fortified with the neat brandy, and the guinea changed, which Jack, with much affected generosity, permitted Toby to carry, the two friends started off upon their peregrination towards the Surrey Fields.

FRAGMENT—MIDNIGHT.

Welcome thou ghostly darkness! for the hour
 Speaks of the dead, though voiceless; realms unknown
 We gaze upon, and angel forms once ours,
 And loved in life, flit by, and gently smile,
 As if to win us to their home above,
 Brighter and better! Oh, thou mortal crown!
 Deep-jewelled with the tear and sigh, gaunt death,
 The shrouded mysteries of a world to come
 Are thine; of sunny land where storms sleep fast,
 And wearied pilgrim rests, to grieve no more.

JULIAN.

S U S A N R A N S L I E.

By W. H. T. TRAICE.



“Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some thing,
It comprehends some bringer of that thing.”

SOME fifteen years since, I was on a visit to an agreeable family residing a few miles from town. One evening, after a delightful stroll through the green lanes, where we held a parley with a party of gypsies, the conversation, after being of the liveliest kind, reverted to the interview with the swarthy wayfarers, and their assumed power of taking a peep into futurity. Each of our party gave a free expression of opinion on the point; the ladies generally, thought there must be something in it, and they fortified their notions by reference to the experiences of maiden aunts and sagacious mamas; and the gentlemen, no less full of “wise saws and modern instances,” satisfied all (but those whom they strove to convince), that

“Heaven, from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page, prescribed their present state.”

I was regarded as a sort of standing authority and reference in such cases ; but I was now obstinately taciturn, and only by a mysterious shake of the head intimated that I had my doubts and scruples.

The next day, in my rambles, I chanced to espy one of my fair friends standing in the shade of an elm ; but, although a fine landscape was spread before her, I found, on my approach, that her gaze was confined to one spot, that occupied by the gypsies' tent. She at once recurred to the topic of the previous evening, and gravely asked my opinion, as to the possibility of prying into the dark recesses of destiny. I was disposed for a few moments badinage, and replied that she had taken me in the mood for trying my skill at fortune-telling ; and if she possessed a laudable curiosity to have some little insight into her future history, I would endeavour to draw aside the gay drop-scene, which, I well knew, her fancy had painted, and disclose a few incidents of the busy drama of life in which she would be the chief character. By the way, although I had known my fair companion from her childhood, it was so long since we had met, that I was wholly ignorant as to what affair of the heart she might have on hand, or indeed whether she yet "walked, in maiden meditation, fancy free ;" but I knew her to have an imaginative turn of mind, and a warmly affectionate disposition. However, from her vivacious assent to my proposal, I ventured to surmise, that she felt some interest in the fate of two fond hearts ; one of which throbbed in her own bosom, and the other she would not object—perhaps would even like—to appropriate to herself also. So, taking her hand, I closely inspected its delicate tracery, and, having learned enough of the mysterious science to furnish me with some of its axioms and technicalities, I proceeded with my task. I commenced with the approved course of stating something that had passed, in order to establish a footing of credence for what was to follow.

"He has given you some ground of displeasure," said I, "but the hold he has on your affections is not enough to render this a cause of permanent uneasiness."

"Ah !" exclaimed she, "who told you so ?"

"As plain as print," I replied, looking in her face with assumed gravity, and then on the hand still extended to me. The umbered visage, tangled elf-locks, battered bonnet, and old red cloak of a hedge-row sybil, could not have inspired more confidence than I had possessed my companion with, by this squandering glance at the past. I was thus emboldened to yield entirely to my fancy, and to inscribe on the supposed web of the young lady's destiny, whatever pattern suited the whim of the moment. I continued—"Twice you will see that piece of water, which now presents the image of quiet and repose, alive with the sports of youth ; and graceful skaters, emulous of your approval, will vie in the display of the poetry of motion ; twice shall you behold this, and once shall the sharp crash—the shuddering plunge—and the rescue of only the worthless tenement of life, be sadly witnessed in that place, amid the

very ecstasy of joyful and boisterous revelry ;—thirty moons shall revolve around the earth, ere THE EVENT of your life shall transpire. In the meantime, you will be pestered with tokens of regard, and some pretty plainly intimated proposals of marriage. You will have several suitors of dark complexion, and one peculiarly worthy of your esteem ; but your choice will be a man of the middle stature, well-formed, with light hair, fair complexion, and full blue eyes. This gentleman will be most liberal in his tenders of affection, and will vow eternal fidelity to every well-favoured lass of his acquaintance”—(my companion withdrew her hand, and gave me a look in which there might have been a shade of scorn). I stated, with a smile, that I must interpret the signs truly, and proposed to doff the wizard's mask, and return to our friends—she, however, blushing desired me to proceed. “Well,” I resumed, “he will besiege your heart ; you will disguise from his knowledge the warm friend he has in its citadel, and while you affect to be indifferent to the protestations and compliments he lavishes on your gay companions, in the solitude of your chamber, chagrin and mortification will deeply tincture your happier feelings”—(another flush of the cheek, but curiosity would not allow the narrative to be again broken). “There will appear some mysterious agency at work to bring you constantly into the same society ; and, eventually, you will become the kind and devoted sharer of his destiny.” A tear had started, and she turned to conceal her emotion. I drew her arm through mine, and we strolled homeward. She was pensive, and I rallied her upon it, so that ere we reached the garden-gate, we had got up a little semi-serious quarrel ; but on our approach to the house, she enjoined me to be silent on the fortune-telling affair, and we received the banter of our friends with a very good grace.

Some three years after, when in a distant part of the country, I received a letter from a female friend of Susan Ranslie (the young lady introduced to the reader). The writer was rather severe upon Susan, for the capricious manner in which she had discarded Walter Provis, who was described as a kind, worthy, intelligent creature, constantly engaged in finding all kinds of diversion for their entertainment, and who, indeed, might be considered the centre whence radiated much of the happiness of the social circle. Walter was known to have the liveliest regard for Susan Ranslie, which it was supposed she reciprocated ; but for some reason or caprice, he had become distasteful to her, and finding himself pointedly slighted, had *silently* discontinued his visits. But ere he had wholly deserted the family circle, a smart dashing upstart, named Alfred Deering, had been introduced to it. This young gentleman made each of the marriageable ladies, in turn, the object of his flattering attentions, and a great deal of coquetting occurred between him and Susan. Now, it chanced that there was an old gentleman, whose perennial bonhomie made him a hearty participator, and frequent promoter, of the pastimes of the more youthful group. Susan Ranslie was his niece, and the rest, if they were not kindred by blood, made themselves so by adoption ; and all

affectionately hailed the kind old humorist as—*Uncle Wilson*. He saw that the position of Alfred Deering was an equivocal one, and that the happiness of more than one of the party might be sacrificed to his flippancy, if matters were not brought to a crisis. Uncle Wilson, therefore, had an interview with Deering, and politely, but earnestly pressed him to explain if either of the ladies possessed the gallant's especial regard. Deering feeling that Uncle Wilson's friendship, and a good match, were worth a serious thought, gave the subject one, which resulted in the avowal of a devoted attachment to Miss Ranslie. His frankness captivated the old gentleman, who, after some chat on the interesting subject of 'ways and means,' agreed to break the matter to the young lady. When he made the disclosure, Susan, with a due compliment of blushes, admitted that Mr. Deering was not entirely indifferent to her—but this was to her uncle;—to her fair friends, she confessed that Alfred had possession of her love. Deering, in the interview which of course ensued, elicited a similar confession, and, coxcomb as he was, it surprised him; for, in fact, he had thought himself on pretty much the same terms with all the young ladies; and, as to love, he required too much for himself to spare any for another object; besides that, he had supposed Walter Provis to be the favoured swain. Some are born to receive favours—some to bestow favours—and some to have favours thrust upon them. This last, was Alfred Deering's position; but he had too stout a heart to repine, and when Uncle Wilson (always a prompt man of business) proposed the wedding to come off in a month, Susan was too much overcome to object, and Deering said it was an age to wait, so the wedding preparations were set afoot forthwith.

I stated my correspondent to be a lady, so that in place of an account of Deering's character, as a professional man, I received a pretty clearly defined pen and ink sketch of his personal attributes and externals; and strange—passing strange though it be—these corresponded most completely with those of the imaginary swain, to whom, in my fanciful prediction, I had devoted my enthusiastic young friend.

Ten years after, and during which period a variety of circumstances had conspired, with my absence on the continent, to isolate me from my early acquaintance, I re-visited the spot I have spoken of as the scene of my fortune-telling exploit. Of my young friends, all were married, save two, who had passed to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." One of these (I chilled at the narration) was a light-hearted gamesome boy, Susan's only brother, and whose death by drowning on the piece of water already referred to, had awfully fulfilled my prediction—a prediction that had its only source in my knowledge, that, of the throng that resorted to it for skating, scarce a season passed without some one or more lives being forfeited to the sport. I also learned that Walter Provis, having felt most acutely the slight he had received, had obtained a commercial agency in one of the large towns of the North. He had married, and it was thought advantageously, in a pecuniary point of view; but

he had experienced great delay and difficulty in obtaining possession of the property due to him in virtue of his marriage. Deering, in the meantime, had accepted a proposal to become partner in the same town, with an inexperienced young man, to whom an excellent legal practice had recently devolved by the death of his father. And "Hawk and Deering" being the chief attorneys in the place, Provis was recommended to consult them, with reference to the recovery of the property. His first interview was with Hawk, who expressed his opinion that nothing could be done in the case. The knowledge of this was most painful to Mrs. Provis, who, although she knew her husband superior to entertaining a sordid thought on the subject, could not help feeling that she had come a beggar to him; unless, indeed, the restitution of her property could, in some way, be effected. She therefore determined to leave no means untried in the pursuit of this most laudable design. She went next day to Messrs. Hawk and Deering, and happened to be introduced to the latter, who heard her statement, and requested her to leave the papers. He was elaborately courteous, and, perhaps, exceeded the utmost limit of professional politeness in his attention to his client; but whether the circumstance of her being a handsome woman had anything to do with his behaviour, I leave to the reader's discerning consideration. He attended her to the door with the kindest assurance of his deep interest in the affair.

Alas! poor Susan, where was she the while? She suffered most acutely from the instances of her husband's faithlessness—facts, in proof of which, daily crowded upon her; but she never upbraided him with it—nay, she often reproached herself for having been instrumental in surprising him into the match. Had she, however, shown an angry disposition towards him, Deering was too practised a man of the world to be betrayed into any domestic broils; on the contrary, he always behaved to his wife with the most punctilious courtesy, and spite of all his intrigues, and business avocations, he generally had an hour in every day at her service for reading, walking, or any other conjugal recreation. He entered into Provis' case with the utmost application, and all his legal acumen; and when he had mastered it sufficiently to see a remote chance of success, he took an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Provis on the subject. She was quite elated at the prospect, and Deering thinking the occasion propitious, ventured to congratulate her in terms that were at first ambiguous, but which, as he proceeded, became so intelligible, that Mrs. Provis indignantly silenced him. But, his self-complacency and tact aided him to give so satisfactory an explanation and apology for his conduct (including the assertion, that he had devoted an additional bottle of Burgundy at dinner, that day, in wishing success to their cause), that he was enabled to make a very honourable retreat.

The prosecution of the suit occupied some months, and, in the meantime, Deering practised every admissible art to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Provis. At length he made the parties who withheld the property, so sensible of the futility

of carrying the matter into court, that they were but too happy to compromise the case on his own terms, and to surrender all the documents. With these, he waited on Provis, and congratulated him and Mrs. Provis on the successful issue of the proceeding; and was, in turn, overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude, for the zeal and assiduity, by which he had attained the almost unhopèd-for result. Provis presently retired to look over the documents, and deposit them in the strong box. Deering now employed his conversational powers to improve the auspicious interview to the interchange of some tokens of tenderness; and as Mrs. Provis had her mind full of agreeable reflections on the gratifying prospect which now opened to her view, he mistook her indifference to everything but the prosperity of her children, and the happiness of her husband, for a tacit assent to his advances; and yielding to this delusion, he avowed himself her devoted admirer, and pressed forward to seal the declaration on her lips. Indignation, disgust, horror, seemed for one moment to have transfixed her; in the next, she thrust him aside and rushed from the room. Deering took several rapid turns round the apartment, his every sinew quivering with rage—his teeth set—the blood scalding his brain and congesting his veins till they stood in black relief from his brow; he gasped, as though the strong hand of vengeance were already clenched, and griping into his throat; he seized his hat, burst out of the house, and hastily regained his private office. Mrs. Provis sought her husband, whom she found with their two children, the one a thoughtful boy on his knee, the other a little prattler of the gentler sex, with a happy tear glistening in her black eyes, her arms around his neck, and her head nestling to his cheek. The father had chosen thus to indulge, in the presence of his children, those schemes and aspirations for their future welfare, which the acquisition of the property had enabled him to project. On discovering her husband thus engaged, Mrs. Provis' strong nerve was shaken, and she paused in her design; but a retrospective glance of thought, made her feel the more intensely the necessity for the step she had determined to take. She affectionately dismissed the children, and then, in few words, acquainted him with the insult—it was a recital at which he became dizzy with emotion—then taking his wife's hand, and in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion, he said to her—"Mary, I know my duty as a husband—yours has been nobly done—mine remains to do." He hastened from the room, called on a friend in whom he could confide, and made him the bearer of a note, appointing a meeting with Deering, before midnight.

This done, he reflected on the step he had taken. He had through life been averse, under any circumstances, to the shedding of human blood; and now he was about to meet a man in deadly combat, and that man the object of the devoted love of a woman, for whom he had once the strongest affection, and which years and circumstances had only subdued and mitigated, but which, in one of his constant dispositions, could never be wholly suppressed or extir-

pated. These speculations, however, soon gave place to a stronger motive. A spirit was aroused within him, that had been dormant for years, and now raged with a fury that blood alone could appease; and he applied himself to the requisite and solemn preliminaries of the meeting.

In the meantime, Deering had received Provis' note, named a friend, and consented to the time and spot proposed for the affair, that he felt, intuitively, must be fatal to one of them. He had taken down a case of pistols, when left in his room alone, had carefully examined the locks, and without any assignable motive, loaded them with ball; he had just done this, when a tap at his door announced the servant with a letter. The sight of the superscription troubled him, but he hastily broke the seal; the letter was from their London agent, and explained that a momentous case had been decided against their clients, and entirely from the absence of some affidavits which the agent presumed could not be obtained, as they were not forwarded. So eagerly had Deering entered into Provis' case, that while it was in progress, he had abandoned everything else to his thoughtless partner, and had thus neglected his duty to his clients, in an important cause, which had, no doubt, been lost in consequence; and as they could scarcely hope to stave off an action for gross professional neglect, the ruin of the firm was palpable to his mind. He dropped the letter, took one of the pistols up again, examined it, apparently with the eye of a connoisseur in such implements, and placing its butt on the table, he rested his head on the muzzle for several minutes, as in deep self-communion, when, as though the thought that suggested the act, executed it without physical agency, the trigger snapped, a sharp explosion alarmed the house, and with one groan, the corpse fell heavily to the floor. We will not afflict the reader with the scene that ensued; but add, simply, that Susan Deering was seized with brain fever, in which state she was carefully removed to Provis' house, and there nursed with all the attention that the kindest of women could bestow, to alleviate her sufferings.

Some years after this event, I accompanied a young lady to a lunatic asylum, to visit her brother, whom severe study had rendered insane, but who was fast recovering, under the benevolent treatment which distinguished the establishment. After taking leave of him, we obtained permission to visit the female section of the Asylum.

We had not proceeded far, when a female approached, and shook hands with us. And retaining the young lady's hand, she opened it—traced its lines with her attenuated finger, and, with a plaintive solemnity of tone, repeated the prediction I had uttered under the elm tree fifteen years before—blending with it the recital of some of the melancholy details of this narrative, and concluded with a deep sigh, exclaiming, "Alas! poor maiden, my heart bleeds for thee."

I had once been in a chamber, sacred to affliction, and when the sufferer wistfully dallying with the love of an affectionate sister, breathed in tremulous

accents—"You would scarcely miss me, Susy:" I heard in reply—"Dearest Jane, I would rather spare, nay cast away all that I prize—all that is most precious to a fond weak heart as mine is, than entertain the thought of thy bereavement." Years had passed away, and a legion of sordid cares had well nigh trodden out the deep impressions of that reply; but, a flash of the soul's lightning had passed through my brain, and the furrows were at once deeply and painfully re-traced and illumined. A scrutinising glance at the features of the poor lunatic, revealed the Susan Ranslie of the sick chamber—the too credulous girl, who had listened under the elm-tree to my fanciful predictions—the fond wife of Alfred Deering—and the unhappy subject of these "simple annals." The recognition had scarcely occurred, when she turned to me, and said, in the playful style of her youth—"Oh, Henry, do let me tell your fortune"—when, casting a look round, she suddenly left me and gaily saluted a lady who approached, and who, I subsequently learned, was a frequent and justly esteemed visitor at the place. The lady expressed delight at seeing Susan Deering so cheerful; the poor maniac paused, evidently striving to recal the recent events and associate them with the glee she had but now displayed; but thought came in the image of despair, she grasped the lady's hand and laid her fevered brow on her bosom, but tears, the poorest relief of mental suffering, even these had "deserted her at her utmost need;" and after a paroxysm of anguish, which no rack could have extorted by the most cruel bodily infliction, she fell senseless to the earth.

When, by proper applications, suspended animation had in some degree returned, I retired from the Lunatic Asylum,

"A sadder and a wiser man."

WHEN FAR FROM HOME.

When far from home what fears prevail,
 What doubts oppress the anxious mind,
 Lest heart be sad, or cheek be pale
 In the loved form we've left behind;
 How even a dream can raise alarm
 In hearts that scoffed at dreams before,
 Should but the vision threaten harm
 To those we ne'er may gaze on more.

As when the sun hath left our sight,
 Some moon-beams wild capricious play,
 May cause us to regard with fright
 Things seen familiarly by day:
 So visionary fears arise,
 In darker garb than truth e'er wore,
 When absence veils those gentle eyes
 Which served to light our path before.

H. W. H.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have the pleasing task of acknowledging the receipt of communications full of encouragement and of the most flattering description from many influential Chess Clubs in the country. Of the following contributions we purpose availing ourselves immediately—LEEDS: The concluding game in the match between the Leeds and Liverpool Clubs.—BRISTOL: “Games recently played by the best players in the Bristol Club.—Problems from “Edina;” and “Some passages in the History of M. Kempelin’s celebrated AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.”

T. M. R.—MANCHESTER: The whole of the games at present unpublished which were played by De La Bourdonnais, during his late ill-starred visit to England, will appear in the BRITISH MISCELLANY.

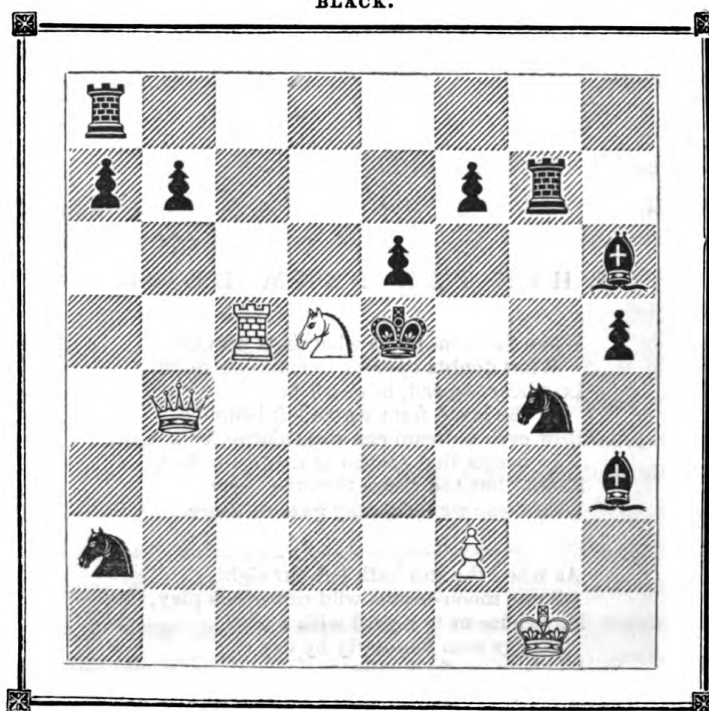
C. B.—CHELMSFORD: Apply to the Proprietor of the EUROPEAN CHESS ROOMS, Ludgate-hill. The solution of our last Problem is not correct. C. B. forgets that the mate must be effected with the Pawn.

“AN OLD CHESS PLAYER,” who writes concerning the subscription for Madame De La Bourdonnais, should communicate with the Secretary of the London Chess Club.

PROBLEM III.

From the unpublished collection of Chess MS. in the possession of Mr. Lewis.

BLACK.



White to win in five moves.

A match of Chess between Messrs. P——t and St——n, two of the first Metropolitan players, which has excited much attention in Chess circles, was concluded last week. The games in this contest have been obtained exclusively for the BRITISH MISCELLANY, and will appear, conjointly, with those last played by De La Bourdonnais.

GAME III.

Mr. St——n.

1. K. P. two
2. K. Kt. to B. third
3. Q. P. two
4. K. B. to Q. B. fourth
5. Q. B. P. one
6. Castles
7. Q. takes P.
8. Q. R. P. one
9. Q. Kt. P. two
10. Q. B. to Q. Kt. second
11. K. P. one
12. Kt. takes P.
13. B. takes Kt.
14. Q. Kt. to B. third
15. Q. B. to K. Kt. third
16. Q. R. to K.
17. Q. to Q. Kt. third
18. R. to K. seventh
19. Q. B. takes Q. B. P.
20. Kt. to Q. fifth
21. R. takes B.
22. Q. to K. Kt. third
23. K. B. P. two
24. Kt. to K. seventh, checking
25. R. takes R.
26. Q. takes Kt.
27. Q. takes B.
28. K. to R.
29. Q. to K. fourth
30. K. R. P. one
31. B. to Q. third
32. R. to K. B. third
33. B. to Q. B. fourth
34. Kt. to R. second
35. Q. takes K. Kt. P. checking, & wins

Mr. P——t.

1. K. P. two
2. Q. Kt. to B. third
3. P. takes P.
4. K. B. checks
5. P. takes P.
6. P. at Q. B. sixth, one sq.
7. Q. P. one
8. B. to Q. R. fourth
9. B. to Q. Kt. third
10. K. Kt. to B. third
11. P. takes P.
12. Kt. takes Kt.
13. Castles.
14. Kt. to K. Kt. fifth
15. Q. to K. Kt. fourth
16. Q. B. to K. B. fourth
17. Kt. to B. third
18. Q. B. to K. Kt. third
19. Kt. to K. Kt. fifth
20. B. takes B.
21. Q. R. to K.
22. K. R. P. one
23. Q. to K. B. fourth
24. R. takes Kt.
25. Q. to K. B. third
26. Q. takes R.
27. Q. to K. sixth, checking
28. Q. takes Q. R. pawn
29. Q. to Q. B. sixth
30. R. to Q. B.
31. R. to Q.
32. K. Kt. P. one
33. R. checks
34. Q. to K. eighth

"In Chess boards and tables we yet find pyramids and squares. I wish we had their true and ancient description, far different from ours, or the chec-mate of the Persians, and might continue some elegant remarkables, as being an invention as high as Hermes, the Secretary of Osiris, figuring the whole world, the motion of the planets, with eclipses of sun and moon."—*Sir Thomas Browne's "GARDEN OF CYRUS."*

THE PIRÆUS STREET.

FROM THE DIARY OF A BAVARIAN PHILHELLENE.

“Morte tu l'admiras, vivante, qu'elle est belle!”

Delavigne to Lord Byron.

To those who beheld the Piræus Street and harbour at Athens in those days when the richly laden merchant vessels from Trebizond, Marsilia, Sidon, and Carthage lay there at anchor, their human freight eagerly dispersing through that gay, voluptuous, and luxurious capital—hurrying to the theatres and festivals, or to gaze with wondering eyes on the Athenian objects of sanctity, and the world renowned temple; or at the period when her sea heroes, traversing those densely crowded streets, hastened to the shore, there, by their orator's command, to defend from the galley-prows the wooden walls of their fatherland—or, again, to those who were permitted to tread that same path when Themistocles fought the rescue-fight of Salamis; or Nicæus led his invincible armament to Sicily—doubtless a nobler, or more elevating spectacle must have presented itself; but a stranger, more varied, or perhaps more interesting one than that now offered to the eye of the contemplative traveller—never.

The first glance naturally falls on the boast of the land,—the heroes of Rumelia; Theodore Grivas, Kolocotronis the elder, and other commanders of note; men, who, after having graduated in the high school of adversity, have now attained to honours and dignities, the due reward of all their former trials. There they may daily be seen, habited in the rich and graceful costume of their country, and mounted on their prancing steeds, proud as the warriors of old in their consciousness of power, yet condescending and affable when met by some poor Palikari who has served under them, and who stands with arms humbly folded across his breast, in token of submissive respect as they pass him by. But there are many scarred and aged Klephts who also have their claims on the land they bled for, besides that modicum of pride and innate dignity which refuses to stoop to an equal, however favoured by fortune's capricious smile. For, has not his blade drunk equally deep in Turkish gore, and his valiant arm added many a leaf to the laurel crowns of the now superior chiefs, who stand beside the throne? While they who were once addressed by the title of Strategos (equivalent to the new-official style of general) have with difficulty achieved the rank of a royal Tagmatarch (major)? Of the many retainers formerly allowed him by government, none remains save the solitary sword-bearer; who follows, with mournful and measured step, his disappointed master. I have just been down to the harbour with one of those Adikemenos (the word is in common acceptance for those who consider their claims overlooked by the

present government), and the indignant exclamations he uttered when some of the favoured sons of Fortune galloped past us, are still ringing in my ears.

Glance we now to the primates of Hydra, in the dark blue naval costume of the Hellenic Isles; the round jacket braided with silk of the same colour, with loose trousers and white stockings; a strong *esprit de corps* exists among them, and they associate but little with the wealthy landowners of the continent. Once, when beneath a more propitious star, they sailed in their well-freighted brigantines from the Euxine to the ports of Spain, they might have been on better terms than now, when bestriding a miserable hack they ride through Athens on their way to the impoverished bureau of finance, to assert some long-disputed claim on the government, with the despised gramatikos (no longer a linguist, but an under-secretary). Much of the ancient nobility of soul may still be traced in the grave deportment and lofty bearing of the higher ranks of Greeks; but their finely chiselled features are marked by an expression of profound melancholy; for, like Francis the First, have they not "Tout perdu, hors l'honneurs."

Such are the native attractions of the Piræus; but there exist many others among the host of strangers from distant lands, who have, of late years, sought the shores of Attica; each and all maintaining their distinctive characteristics of nationality. Among these, the bright-haired, sunny-cheeked youth, of Albion, form no inconsiderable figure as, escaping from the trammels of the Caledonia, or the Britannia, they scamper away to the balls and *soirées* of the capital, handsome, gay, and light-hearted, like a band of young Tritons. Oftentimes have I envied them on occasions when harnessed in my own conventional full dress, and modestly sipping my coffee beside some fair and retiring foreigner, during a sultry evening ere the night-breeze had yet tempered the glow of an Ionic sunset. I have seen a party of them cast themselves from their panting horses, and, attired in the simple midshipman's uniform, with a black silk neckerchief carelessly knotted round their young throats, rush into the saloons, and throwing themselves in unstudied attitudes on the nearest divan, establish an ocular telegraph with the most beautiful women present; for, despite all the ephemeral graces so much vaunted and practised by our neighbours, the French, these embryo sea-heroes leave the race very far behind them. Next in succession appear the old-scarred and weather-beaten commodores—the Sir John and Sir William So-and-So's—and all of that race. Length of habit has accustomed them to look down from their ponies, as from their quarter-decks, with the most dignified and absolute indifference upon all surrounding objects. Frequently have I observed them pass by some Greek functionary, decked in all his gold and purple splendour, without deigning him half so much notice as we land-crabs would bestow on a merry dolphin sporting his colours in the sun. Here, the French appear to less advantage than the Britons—I mean to the eye of a stranger; their features are good, and the expression intellectual, but the complexion is sallow and dry; neither do they

seem to comprehend the enjoyments of life in an equal degree with their transmarine neighbours. Pretty much the same may be said of the Italians ; but the least agreeable among all the many nations here congregating is, physiognomically speaking, unquestionably the Russian, easy to be recognised by the Slavonic cast of feature. From the defenders of their several standards by sea and land, we may now cast a hasty glance at the peace-serving equestrians. Among these, the most amusing groups are the new arrivals from all parts of the Grecian and Turkish provinces ; from Rumelia and Natolia, as also from Grand Cairo and Alexandria ; and these Mussulmans having heard tell how rapidly the foreign dealers in small wares are making their fortunes in Athens, and being moreover somewhat tired of the office of Raza in their own country, declare themselves liberals, and scruple not to become free citizens of Greece, and exchange their hard dollars with the "Christian dogs." The husband, on speculative thoughts intent, enters the city with grave and important mien, followed by his wife mounted—not like the Amazons of the west, poor things—but gracefully astride the saddle, and succeeded by a couple of donkies well laden with boxes, carpets, and other household gear, besides the children and an abigail. One may observe, that the eye of the prudent trader rests with complacency on the general aspect of things as they present themselves in his progress to his new abode ; but the wife and her tirewoman wear the semblance of woful disappointment ; for in sooth, the stately, long-bearded Moslems they have left behind, found far greater favour in their sight than the awkward, uncouth-looking Frankish Phalidokeri (*snuffers*, the reader may not find the sobriquet inappropriate to European costume) who persist in crowding the Piræus Street. Besides these groups, there are hordes of long-robed priests, traders from Marseilles, Malta, the British Isles, and Germany—all of the second class ; ministerial secretaries, counsellors of the courts of appeal and cassation, supernumerary chancery secretaries, speculators from Munich, and *Chevaliers d'Industrie* from all parts of the German empire ; these functionaries manage to lead a very easy life here, but we will not pause to individualise them, as they contribute nothing to the picturesque effect of the scene. Pass we on, therefore, to the equipages ; those belonging to the court and the embassies, of course, taking precedence. The young king often drives here in an open landau ; affable and courteous to all, and receiving marks of attachment and respect from all. As to the diplomatists, the opinion is universal, that Greece is the arena of their defeat ; but, if such be really the case, they are too well skilled in dissimulation to let the fact become apparent. Baron Rouen and Mr. Dawkins once carried their heads as loftily as though no such persons as Hogarth, Thiersch, and Henry Headly Parish had ever existed. But, to return to *nos moutons*, a wide chasm now presents itself ; the interval between the state carriage of the British envoy, and the antediluvian cart, to the formation of which the modern Attic art of construction has aspired since the first being of the Piræus Street, yet remains to be filled up. None

but the court and the foreign ambassadors exhibit equipages here; even the ministers go on foot, or sometimes equestrianise by way of change; as for instance, the aged and venerable Jakobaki Rhizos, with his white broad-brimmed summer hat, and close-fitting vest, forming a truly pictorial figure; he shields his head from the darting sunbeam by the aid of a capacious umbrella, and a running Palikari follows his steps. An intermediate class of gentry possessing the luxury of a private vehicle, is here unknown; indeed, prior to the present time, the thing would have been impracticable, for before the three great thoroughfares, viz. the Athens, Hermes, and Eolus Streets had been cleared of their rubbish (setting aside the want of means), it would have been necessary for the possessors of a carriage to go outside the town for the purpose of entering it, in consequence of the extreme narrowness of the other streets. Once, an individual, more enterprising than the rest, undertook to set up a machine somewhat on the plan of an omnibus (it was a poor broken down caleche), and it appeared on Sundays and other holidays drawn by two wretched consumptive hacks, and conducted by a miserable half-starved Albanese, who officiated in the double capacity of postmaster and postboy. Connoisseurs placed its origin in the previous century, and attributed its construction to French ingenuity. How little esthetic feeling must that man have possessed, who, in cold blood, could excavate such an eyesore from the mouldering heaps of some *chiffonier* at Marseilles or Toulon, and bid it speed over the blue waves of the Ionic to the classic shores of Attica! For a season, the undertaking met with unlooked-for success; it happened to be set up just when the English squadron lay at anchor between Salamis and the Piræus, and the vehicle rejoiced in the daily conveyance of a freight of middies compelled to report themselves at a stated hour on their respective quarter-decks. If I remember rightly, it was the old "Arche's" fate to strike on a large block of stone, which impeded its career when manned by half-a-dozen such enthusiastic voyagers; being at the time impelled, for their amusement, beyond its natural powers of velocity. The crew is stated to have been saved; but returning daylight beheld the Piræus Street strewn with the scattered wreck of our far-famed locomotive. Besides the carriages belonging to the court and to strangers, nothing on wheels is to be seen save the simple carts of the natives, which, in their primitive aspect, remind one of the days when Deucalion and Pyrrha cast stones behind them, and they became men.

On those spots, where but a few years past, nought but a solitary beast of burden occasionally animated the dreary and marshy scene, hundreds of such may now be seen pacing the broad and well-levelled roads, laden with the produce of Frankish enterprise and energy, and conveying their precious burdens into the storehouses of the capital. In this manner, stone is brought from the quarries, for repairing the breaches in the Piræus: and timber and bricks arrive daily from Trieste. The poor builders, who have nothing better left than a sorry hut, on the ruins of their former homesteads, and possess no

hamapa (or cart) to transport stones to repair their shattered walls, use a number of donkeys for the purpose.

Of listless idlers, few are to be met with here. The Greeks are not pedestrians; when a prey to ennui they pay visits until the desire for home returns. The dust in the city is very annoying, the wind raising it in thick clouds and dispersing it again over the streets, destroys the pleasure of walking. Some sentimental souls bend their footsteps to the banks of the Ilyssus, or the Cephissus; but the *beau monde* have established a corso in the direction of Patissia. Very few persons among the higher classes appear on foot in the streets; but, on festival days crowds of Greek sailors may be seen wending their way to the Raskon, which sustained the ever memorable siege, and where Odysseus and Guras, the oft-sung Pallikaria, yielded up their brave spirits. These mariners are, for the most part, a fine-grown, well-looking race, and being, on such occasions, arrayed in their gayest gala suits, form rather striking groups. With merry hearts and melodious voices, the Zantiotes and Cephalonians next appear on the scene, all skilful artisans, especially in masonry; the Piræus is also the object of their holiday pilgrimage, and while returning homewards, they beguile the twilight hour, by troling many a soft Italian roundelay with all their native purity of intonation. Less graceful, but sinewy and substantial withal, behold we next a troop of British tars, who, having been rather free in their sacrificial libations to the rosy god, and bawling to the full extent of their stentorian lungs, swagger arm-in-arm to their native element. And lastly, we may note the shepherds of Albania, habited in their white capotes, just such a pictorial costume as that in which Horace Vernet has pourtrayed his Eleazar.

But, ere taking leave of my sketch, it may be advisable to trace a slender outline of the scene itself, whereon mortals of such motley die, sustain their respective characters. Leaving the last few remaining huts or suburbs—if they may be called such—of Athens, and passing the Piræus, you arrive at those immense mounds of ashes which, unfortunately, represent what were once some flourishing manufactories; then crossing a rapid brook, proceed to the church of the Holy Trinity, situate on the brow of the Mount of Nymphs, and which commands a far stretching prospect over land and sea. From this assent you survey the whole plain of Athens, a considerable portion of the Saronic Gulf, and the opposite shores of Megara, Corinth, and Argolis. Below, on gently swelling undulations, stands the city of Pericles, with its stupendous relics of glories past, contrasting strangely with its unpretending modern habitations. Along the banks of the Cephissus waves an extensive wood of olive trees, whose masses are frequently broken by tasteful villas; while above the whole circuit, towers the mighty Acropolis. A chain of classic heights engirdles the smiling vale; far to the South stretches the Hymettos, rich in honied produce; and farther still, in the same direction, rise the lofty summits of the Pantellicon, whose marble quarries are again

opened; from thence the eager eye rests on Parnassus, Korydalis, the Gerania, the Mountains of Corinth, the Arachnaon in Argolis, till the continuous wavy lines, lost in azure distance, terminate South-westward with the dimly seen Skyllaon. Due West, the eye of the spectator rests on the dark olive wood, the new white roofs of the Piræus, the heights of Numychia, the Phalerium, and the sea washing its base. On descending from the Church of the Holy Trinity, by another road, towards the Piræus, you arrive at the low-roofed huts already named, completely shrouded in foliage. From thence, about a mile distant, is the olive wood, which, although light and transparent, abundantly overshadows the road, which it accompanies for about half its length; from the spot whence it recedes, the latter stretches away in straight lines through the marshy plain of the Cephissus, which is led by the new water-works through several canals, to the Phalerium. To the right, lie the mountains beyond this river, on whose declivity facing the sea, stands the newly restored Piræus, and to the left, the Hymettos and the Phalerium, the first harbour of ancient Athens. A few hundred paces beyond, in a sequestered spot—the same whereon the hero fell—stands the Heroon Karaiskakis, the first monument that emancipated Greece has yet erected to one of her brave defenders.*

The next object of interest is the foundation—now laid open to the day—of the ancient and extensive wall; and the harbour thronged with masts, and the modern streets of the lower town close in the prospect. One step further, and the traveller, arriving at a neat post-house, starts from his reverie on ages long engulfed in the recesses of time, and alighting from his horse, feels that he breathes and moves in the nineteenth century.

Such is the Piræus Street at the present time. Would that I could have beheld it in the days of Pericles—and oh! that it were possible to behold it in ages yet to come, when the rapid career of improvement shall be perfected. What a comparison to be drawn. Then, perchance, shall rail-roads intersect the classic vale of Cephissus, and steam-carriages, onward rushing, shall dart unheeding past the Parthenon, the proud Cupola of the Sotir Church, and the royal palace (that is to be); and thence progressing beneath triumphal arches, adorned with statues of many members of the house of Wittelsbach, unlade their burden of divers nations in the heart of a magnificent and opulent capital. Then, again, would I fain behold thee, Athens! when, in the pride of thy renovated beauty—superb as Alexandria and Byzantium of old—great, rich, and powerful as London and Paris now are—thou shalt rise like a Phoenix from the Pyre, and, bearing no trace of thine adverse centuries, once more re-assume thy sovereign sway as Queen of the Eastern Empire.

S. E.

* He was killed on the 24th of April, 1827, (according to Surmelis, in his "History of Athens, during the war of freedom," published at Ægina, in 1834,) while defending the fortress of his namesake and colleague, the Martyr George. His remains were brought to Salamis.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Stranger! beneath this little mound of earth,
 My brother lies in death's long, quiet sleep;
 But think not—though my tears are falling fast
 Upon his grave—that I am here to weep
 His early doom. Death is the lot of all,
 And, whether through the flower of youth it sends
 Decay—or on the shrinking form of age
 The gloomy shadow of its pall descends;—
 The mind must reconcile the sad event,
 And through the solemn darkness of the grave
 Detect the glorious radiance of the Hope
 To mortals given, by Him who came to save.—
 But there are thoughts which will not bear control;
 And memory pictures how, in days gone by,
 We wandered forth on boyish sports intent.
 Ah! little thought I then, that he would die
 A lonely stranger here—his grave unknown
 To all who loved his name. It must be hard
 To perish thus. Methinks if he had passed,
 With friendly care his dying hour to guard,
 I could have borne now to look upon his grave
 Without a tear—*that* would have yielded power
 To still the restless yearnings of the heart;
 But his has been a sterner fate—his parting hour
 Knew not the peace which sympathy can give.
 Then, stranger! blame not, if this anguished heart
 Should seek relief in tears—and, as they fall,
 Mayhap *his* dreams more calm will be, and blest.

Jersey.

H. A. S.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Painful are anniversaries! Repasts
 Of melancholy, whence remembrance gains
 Unsavory sustenance! Yet not always so,
 For there are memories of the past that throw
 A golden glory round the soul, which casts
 Its grateful fervencies in prayerful strains
 Before the throne of Grace! One year ago,
 In this same month, and on this very day,
 Within my Indian hut, right in my path,
 And scarcely marked in the dim light, there lay
 Across the threshold—coiled in slumbering wrath—
 A monstrous hooded-snake!—God stepped between
 Me and destruction—for I saw the hideous death,
 And left with spirit awed the Heaven-permitted scene!

February, 1841.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY; OR, THE POSTMASTER OUTWITTED.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

NOTHING contributed more to preserve the various links of society in friendly union, than the observance of those periodical festivals of the seasons in which all classes delighted to join, actuated by a sort of sympathetic feeling, which, like the sensation communicated by the touch of the electrical chain, was experienced by every member of the circle at the same moment, however widely extended.

There was a time—and who can doubt of its being a time of mirth and good-fellowship?—when, not only the apprentices and serving-maids of London went out a Maying, but the king and the great lords of his court rose with the lark to honour the same sylvan custom, and rode forth into the green forest in a jovial train; and it is especially recorded that the king's grace returned home merrily to breakfast, with the first gathered sprig of the May blossoms in his cap, amidst the acclamations of his loyal lieges.*

There is also an item among the household expenses of the Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of the same monarch, afterwards a Queen-regnant of England, of forty shillings paid to George Mountejoie, for drawing her to be his Valentine.†

But, alas, for the nineteenth century; we may well exclaim with Sir Walter Scott—

“Old times are fled, old manners gone.”

May-day is only remembered by the chimney-sweepers; and even from these sooty votaries of Flora, its delights are almost wrested. The joyous festivals of Christmas and Easter are styled, by many of the inhabitants of this land, “rags of popery;” and as for that once delightful and eagerly anticipated day, the anniversary of sweet St. Valentine, it is shorn of all its glories. The frigid etiquettes of modern society have stamped its observance with the brand of vulgarity. This sometime Cupid and Apollo of the British Kalendar, has been not only banished from courts and palaces, but rudely expelled from all the haunts of fashion and gentility, and driven into kitchens, cottages, and villages, far remote from the great metropolis.

Alas, most amiable St. Valentine! jewel of bishops, and patron of unfledged poets and youthful lovers, I cannot allow thine anniversary to pass without giving a sigh to the agreeable reminiscences of the period, when thine was a day of days in our village, teeming with pleasant fancies and sportive missives. When timid lovers availed themselves of the license of the season

* See Ellis's Royal Letters, first series.

† *Ibid*, Household Expenses of the Lady Mary.

to pen, and actually to post, amatory verses to the expecting objects of their *penchant*, when friends and cousins sent pretty gifts mysteriously to their especial favourites, hoping all the while that the recipient parties would have a shrewd guess as to the good fairy from whom the token came ; and if a maliciously written copy of gibing rhymes, penned by some slighted lover or jealous rival, did occasionally find its way into the village letter-box, it was only like one of the sharp thorns which are always to be met with in a close vicinity to roses—a drop of verjuice infused among gallons of honey, and people of sense were never annoyed by a Valentine pasquinade.

Those were the days when servant-maids rose up betimes, each in the hope that the first man on whom she cast her eye, might prove the favoured bachelor whom she was desirous of claiming for her Valentine. If it chanced that any damsel who had once been greeted with the accustomed salutation of “ Good-morrow Valentine,” by one swain, was afterwards addressed in the same manner by another, she was bound by the custom of the day to reply, “ You are sun-burned !” implying thereby, a reproach on his laggard wooing, since, according to the primitive fashion, a true Valentine should be in attendance beneath his lady’s lattice by peep of dawn, to prevent the possibility of being fore-stalled by a more adventurous gallant.

What time each swain with anxious care,
His hours from sleep would borrow ;
In hopes the first to greet his Fair,
With “ Valentine, Good-morrow !”

Who, till she heard him, looked not out,
For fear she should discover,
Some loitering and unwelcome lout
And not her favoured lover.

And youths and maids, with puzzled brains,
Were to each other writing ;
In amatory doggrel strains,
Of Cupid’s own inditing.

And duly with their tender rhymes,
They sent some true-love token ;
Which practice of the good old times
Is now despised and broken.

For in these modern days we see
Each custom scorned and slighted ;
Of ancient sweet simplicity,
In which our sires delighted.

Instead of annual loving lays,
From untaught minstrels flowing ;
In which the chosen lady’s praise,
Through every line was glowing ;

The loaded postmen now dispense
Epistles most perplexing ;
Ill-written in foot-foundered verse,
Malicious, dull, and vexing.

With double postage saddled, too,
 To make the joke the better ;
 From distant towns a witless crew
 Send many a huge blank letter.

At sight of which, each tongue inclines
 To cry with angry racket ;
 "How could you, on St. Valentine's,
 Take in that foolish packet?"

Formerly, the maidens of the household could scarcely sleep on the vigil of St. Valentine, for thinking of queer-shaped little billet-doux, edged with latticed margins, and fringes of daintily cut paper, embellished with rudely-executed devices, scrawled in pen and ink, designed for representations of hearts, darts, true-love knots, and wedding-rings, surrounding the quaint doggerel rhymes, which, from time immemorial, have been considered by the East-Anglian peasantry, as the most orthodox form of words in which to address their Valentines.

Great was the search that was instituted on the morning of this eventful day, by charmers of low degree, for these tender missives, which were sometimes found mysteriously pushed under doors, or dexterously insinuated through casement crevices, as cunningly as if Queen Mab herself had been the agent employed. But the pleasing excitement of "Valentine-tide," as the twelve auspicious days between new and old St. Valentine's anniversary are called in the East of England, was by no means confined to belles in humble life. Twenty years ago, every damsel in her teens, from the daughter of the squire to the dairy maid, expected to receive some anonymous tribute to her charms, in rhyme, either from her known or unknown admirers, at that felicitous season; and young ladies watched for the advent of the postman with fluttering hearts. Stern fathers and prudent mammas were also on the alert, to prevent effusions from unqualified enamoratees from finding their way into the hands of the young people.

Valentines, even when penned with classic taste, elegant and chastely pure, having always been regarded in the light of contraband articles by the higher powers, however welcome they might be to the youthful members of a family; like most prohibited articles, they were often smuggled into houses where the most jealous precautions had been used to prevent their admission. I speak of ordinary cases; but the heroine of my present tale was peculiarly situated with regard to such matters. Poor Jessy Willingham was an object of commiseration to all the other village belles. She was the step-daughter of Mr. Samuel Spry, the postmaster of Woodfield. Nothing could be more mortifying to a pretty girl than to live at the post-office, the very focus of this pleasing excitement, and to witness, annually, the arrival and distribution of so many gratifying billet-doux to others, and never to receive one herself. It was not that Valentines were not addressed to her as well as to her compeers,

but then they unluckily had to pass through her step-father's post-office, and he, having interested reasons for keeping her single, never allowed any thing of the kind to reach her, always making a point of sorting the letters himself at Valentine-tide, though at other times he deputed that office to his wife.

The reason for Mr. Spry's conduct was obvious enough. Jessy was entitled to a few hundred pounds when she came of age; but if she died in her minority, without heirs, then the property was to be wholly at her mother's disposal.

Jessy Willingham was tall and slender, with a complexion transparently fair, but somewhat pale, which gave such a delicacy to her appearance, that Mr. Spry made up his mind that the fortunate contingency for him of her early death would certainly occur. Jessy, however, was far enough from the verge of the grave—the fragility of her figure was the result of her having outgrown her strength, and her paleness was occasioned by her habit of nocturnal novel reading.

Mr. Spry kept a stationer's shop, to which was annexed a circulating library, and Jessy passed all her time in the study of its contents. No wonder the bloom of youth yielded the languor, occasioned by sickly excitement, which Mr. Spry regarded as symptomatic of a consumptive tendency. When he had once made up his mind to that conclusion, he ceased to interdict his fair step-daughter from lending her assistance in the shop, on market days, and at other busy times. Her mother, who was apprehensive lest the cold currents of air in the shop should have a bad effect on her daughter's health, would fain have confined her to her snug little parlour; but Mr. Spry ridiculed the idea of encouraging the girl in nervous fancies; and Jessy, truth to tell, preferred the liveliness of the cold fireless shop, to the warm comforts of the dull little parlour, which reminded her of one of the dungeons in her favourite romances.

Mr. Spry's business became unusually brisk, from the time Jessy Willingham took her station behind the counter where the ornamental goods were displayed for sale. She was quite in her element when presiding over annuals, pocket-books, and poems; and the lawyer's clerks, apothecary's assistants, and agricultural beaux of the district, found it difficult to resist her recommendations of these tempting small-ware of literature, which, however lightly they may be regarded in the metropolis, are held in peculiar esteem in a country village, and are viewed with longing looks by those who cannot afford to become purchasers. Jessy Willingham, happy girl, was deeply read in the contents of every publication of the kind that graced her step-father's shop windows or counters, and she discoursed of their respective merits in eloquent terms, to every one who entered the shop. More than one spruce young bachelor in the neighbourhood came there, not to choose annuals, but to talk to Jessy Willingham about choosing them. Very interesting were the conversations that sometimes took place on these occasions, between Jessy and young

Charles Maplestone, eldest son of Lord Marlival's steward; but it was all in the way of business, or Mr. Samuel Spry would never have permitted it. Charles Maplestone was a great customer, but he never would make any purchases when Jessy was not in the shop. "It was very odd," Mr. Samuel Spry said, "that Master Charles, who was so free of his orders to that girl, would never buy any thing of him, no, not so much as a stick of sealing-wax, or a penny pencil—he" (Mr. Samuel Spry) "was afraid there was something going on between them, and yet he never had left them alone together,—no not for one moment,—and what was more, he never would."

It was in vain that Charles Maplestone, who was greatly taken with the "White rose of Woodfield," as Jessy Willingham was called, exercised all his ingenuity to obtain a private interview with her. Nothing could procure the absence of the wily stationer from the shop. Jessy was never to be seen any where else, except at church, and there she was placed between Mr. and Mrs. Spry, and had no opportunity of looking either to right or left.

The heiress of England was not more carefully guarded from the approaches of unauthorised lovers, than the fair step-daughter of the post-master of Woodfield. Charles Maplestone presently understood the politics of Mr. Samuel Spry; but the difficulty was, how to outwit him, and to make Jessy acquainted with the state of his affections; for Jessy was a girl of timid retiring manners, and wholly unconscious of the interest she had excited in the heart of the steward's son. Charles was aware that if he wrote to her, his letters would fall into the clutches of the surly dragon, who generally sat behind a green curtain that parted off the little nook, where the letter-box was fixed, from the rest of the shop, and examined every letter that dropped through the official aperture, with the most critical attention. If he found one addressed to Miss Jessy Willingham, and did not approve of its appearance, he relentlessly returned it, through the dead-letter office, to the luckless writer.

Jessy, mild and gentle as she was in mind and manners, was highly indignant at this despotic exercise of authority—usurped authority, as she justly considered it, on the part of her tyrannical step-father. "It was very hard," she thought, "that she, who always entertained such an earnest desire to enjoy the delights of a correspondence, should have entered into her twentieth year, almost past the age of sentiment, without having tasted the rapture of reading one of the many letters that had been addressed to her." She told Betty, the sympathising maid of all work, "that if she knew when the next letter that was written to her was likely to be posted, she would try to get possession of it." "Then, Miss," replied Betty, "you may be certain sure, there will be one or two letters for you next St. Valentine's, for that is the day when all true lovers do write to their dears."

Jessy, though she made no rejoinder to this remark, well remembered that Charles Maplestone, the last time he came into the shop, had made purchase of a pocket-book, with an almanac in it, and that he had moreover opened it, and pointed, with a significant glance, to the fourteenth of February,

and asked her "if she knew what day it was;" but the intrusive *surveillance* of Mr. Samuel Spry prevented further explanation.

"I think I now understand young Mr. Maplestone's meaning. He intends to send me a Valentine this year; but what will be the use of his putting himself to that trouble, when my step-father will put it into the dead-letter office, without allowing me so much as to look at the superscription," sighed poor Jessy.

On St. Valentine's morning, Jessy rose at an unprecedentedly early hour, with the intention of making a private inquisition into the contents of the letter-box, and if she found any missive there, directed to herself, to secure it; but, as if aware of her design, Mr. Samuel Spry had also quitted his chamber, and tracking her steps, strode into the post-office before her, and relentlessly chucked three most attractive looking letters, which she felt assured were intended for her, into the bag appropriated for the reception of rejected letters.

"If those letters were for me," said Jessy, "I am prepared to pay the postage, and I wish to have them delivered to me."

"I dare say you do, Miss," responded the postmaster; "but I cannot permit any thing so improper to fall into your hands, while you are under my care."

"How do you know they are improper?" demanded Jessy, impatiently.

"They have the appearance of Valentines," said her step-father.

"Oh, dear, and I did so wish for a Valentine; pray, do let me read them."

"Not for the world, Jessy; and I consider you are a very bold girl to wish to look at such folly," said Mr. Spry, locking the dead-letter office-bag as he spoke.

Jessy was highly provoked; but her anger was of no avail, though she continued to argue the point with her step-father till it was time to open the shop windows. She then enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing Charles Maplestone in his best green riding frock, white corduroys, and superfine beaver, mounted on his bay hunter, ride gallantly into the village. "He is my Valentine this year, at all events," whispered Jessy to herself, "for he is the first man I have seen this morning." Her pleasure was farther increased when young Maplestone reined up his horse before the shop, and greeted her with the accustomed salutation of the day, "Good-morrow, Valentine."

Jessy blushed, smiled, and looked remarkably foolish, but very well pleased.

"It would be but courteous of you, Miss Jessy, to say 'Good-morrow, Valentine', again I think," said the steward's son, "after all the pains I have taken to be the first to claim you."

"Are you quite sure that you are not sun-burned, Mr. Charles?" asked the maiden.

"Positive! seeing that I, like a true Valentine, mounted my steed by peep

of day, and have ridden up the street and down the street, till I saw the shop opened, and you waiting to be my Valentine."

"How do you know that I did not peep behind my window curtain before I came down stairs?" asked Jessy, with a spice of coquetry, that was not quite in accordance with the sentimental softness of her character; but St. Valentine's day has always coquettish influences on village *belles*.

"If you did, it must have been for the pleasure of looking at me, sweet Valentine, for there was no other man in the street," responded Charles Maplestone.

"Jessy, I am ashamed of the levity of your behaviour," said Mr. Spry, "go into the parlour to your sewing."

"So I will, when you have given me my three letters, Sir," replied Jessy, with unwonted spirit, emboldened, perhaps, by the presence of young Maplestone, and the tribute he had just rendered to the power of her charms.

"Three letters!" exclaimed the steward's son, springing from his horse and entering the shop. "I only sent you one, Jessy, and I should like to know from whom the others came."

"So should I," replied Jessy, demurely; "and if you can persuade my step-father to give them to me, perhaps I may satisfy your curiosity as well as my own."

"I do not wish you to receive Valentines from any one but me, Jessy."

"Will you ask Mr. Spry to give me that which you say you sent me, then?" said Jessy, looking down and blushing.

"He shall give it you," said the young man, resolutely.

"Shall he?" cried Mr. Samuel Spry, with a sneer.

"Sir," said young Maplestone, "I will write a complaint of your proceedings, through another post-office, to Sir Francis Freeling."

"And I will write in explanation, that a wild young fellow had the impudence to write to my daughter one of those farragoes of nonsense, called a Valentine, and to post it in my office, and that I exercised the authority of a father, in withholding it from her, on the grounds of impropriety."

"When you really possess the authority of a father, I may, perhaps, submit to your decisions, Sir," observed Jessy.

"And when I address any communication of an improper nature to that young lady, whom you call your daughter, then may I consider you justified in withholding it from her," said Charles; "but I affirm, that my letter to her was prudent, tender, and respectful; and to convince Miss Willingham that I speak the truth, I beg leave to submit this paper, which is a true copy of the same, to her perusal." He offered an unsealed letter to Jessy, with a low bow, as he concluded; and Jessy, in spite of the peremptory orders of Mr. Samuel Spry, to the contrary, eagerly perused the only love verses she had ever had the pleasure of seeing addressed to herself. They were

far more interesting to her than they would prove, I doubt, to the general reader, for Valentine poetry is not among the most choice of our national lyrics.

It is not every man who pens a Valentine that enjoys the satisfaction of knowing, much less seeing, how welcome it is to the recipient party. Charles Maplestone well merited the pleasure of meeting the eloquent glance of tender meaning with which Jessy Willingham looked her reply to the acknowledgment of his affection.

"Well, Jessy, what do you say to my Valentine?" asked he.

"That I hope, one day, to be allowed to make a proper answer to it," replied Jessy; "but at present, you are aware that I have not the power of pleasing myself."

"It is not fit you should, Miss," observed the angry postmaster, "or we should have you throw yourself away on the first artful fellow who wants to make a fool of you, because he hears you are likely to have more money than wit."

"Sir, I defy your insinuation," replied Charles Maplestone; "your step-daughter's fortune is not my inducement in wishing to obtain her for my wife. My father is ready to meet her mother on that subject any day Mrs. Spry may be pleased to appoint. The sooner the better, I say; hey, Jessy?"

"I am quite of your opinion, Mr. Charles Maplestone," cried the damsel's mother, darting from behind the door that opened from the little back parlour into the shop.

"My dear, Mrs. S——, to be sure you are not going to make a fool of yourself," interposed the postmaster.

"No, my love; one in a house is enough, I think," rejoined Mrs. Spry, significantly; "and I hope I know better than to look off such a match for my daughter as Mr. Charles, here, if so be that his honour, old Mr. Maplestone, does not object."

"My father has no other wish than for my happiness," replied Charles.

"I shall feel it my duty to wait upon him, and inform him of your proceedings, young man," said Mr. Spry.

"Pray, my dear, don't make yourself so ridiculous as to interfere with things that do not concern you," exclaimed Mrs. Spry; "Jessy is my girl; and if any one is to wait upon Mr. Maplestone about her affairs, sure it ought to be her mother and guardian, namely, myself."

"But, Mrs. S——, I have something to say on the subject."

"No matter, if you have," rejoined his better half; "mind your own business."

"Oh, that that sentence were written in letters of gold on the market-cross of Woodfield," said Charles Maplestone, laughing. "I hope, madam, the wisdom of your counsel will not be lost on Mr. Spry."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Charles, if Mr. S. would but attend to my advice," responded the matron, with an admonitory glance at her spouse, whom she

never ventured to henpeck, except when emboldened by the presence of an ally. Her importance was greatly increased in the eyes of all her neighbours that afternoon, by the advent of Mr. Maplestone, senior, whose visit lasted two hours and a half, by Woodfield church-clock, as many a Woodfield busy-body testified to their astonished gossips, in the back street. The fact was also recorded, that Mr. Samuel Spry was actually excluded from his own back-parlour, while the parties concerned were arranging the preliminaries for the marriage of my lord's rich steward's son, Mr. Charles, with Miss Jessy Willingham.

During that interval, the discomfited postmaster paced his shop, in an agony of fuss, disobliged every customer who claimed his attention, and behaved in the most offensive manner to all the village turtles who came to pre-pay the responses to Valentine billets. Nay, he even forgot business so far as to invoke sundry maledictions on the new postage bill, which had so greatly increased his official toils. In the domestic circle, he preserved a sullen silence and lowering brow for the residue of the day. When he and Mrs. Spry retired to their chamber, the exulting matron poured into his reluctant ear the important secret that her Jessy and Mr. Charles Maplestone were to be married in six weeks, with the full consent of Mr. Maplestone, senior. The only rejoinder Mr. Samuel Spry thought proper to make to this announcement was, that, in his opinion, the anniversary of St. Valentine ought to be called "All Fools'-day."

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ROMANS, &c.

THE Romans not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties against men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied upon unmarried men about the year of Rome 350; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to these connubial edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degradation from their tribe. Celibacy continued, however, to gain ground in Rome; and, to counteract its effects, we find that, in the year 518 from the foundation of the city, the censors had recourse to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young unmarried men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time. In Babylon, an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageable ages, in every district, were assembled on a certain day of every year. The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bade the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed: and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and, in this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome women served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other fault or imperfection.

SKETCHES BY QUIZ.

No. II.—“THE FIDGETY MAN.”

THERE is not a more marked, and scarcely a less pleasing character to be met with, than that of “the fidgety man.” He is literally *sui generis*—an animal no more to be mistaken for one of another species, than a porcupine for a rhinoceros. The “fretful man,” perhaps, comes the nearest to him, in some respects; but they have no more real resemblance the one to the other, than there is to be found between the camel and the cow. As a facetious friend once said in our hearing—“It is impossible to compare him to anything but himself; and therefore the only definition to be given of him, is, that he is to be regarded as something between a jackass and a butterfly.” Not, we apprehend, that it was meant to be affirmed, that he had the lightness and airiness of the former, and certes he exhibits diametrically the reverse of the patient dullness of the latter. But this might lead us into something like a metaphysical disquisition, so we say at once, with a much better man, “hang all definition.”

Your really “fidgety man,” is as much the creature of habit as any other. But so, indeed, are all men, if the learned and venerable Dr. Paley is to be accredited; for has not he asserted, that after all, man is but a “bundle of habits?” and will not our own experience testify to the truth of the apophthegm, teaching us, as it does, that we may accustom ourselves to anything we please. But then there is a possibility of our acquiring bad habits as well as good, and indeed, a much greater likelihood of it. Now of this, the “fidgety man” is an unquestionable exemplification. His habits, or, as modern philosophers might term them, his “peculiarities,” are “failings,” originating, perhaps, in too keen a sensitiveness of the proprieties of life, but “failings” they are nevertheless, aye, and often very disagreeable ones.

Your fidgety man is never in a state of happy tranquillity. “Quiescence” is a word not to be found in his vocabulary. He is ever in motion, perpetually distorting either his face or his figure. His arms, legs, fingers, nose, eyes, or mouth, are continually in action, like those of a puppet, whose wires are pulled by an unseen hand. Like one afflicted with Saint Vitus’s dance, he can neither sit, lie, nor stand still; he must be ever fingering, altering, and changing, doing and undoing something. Is he in the street? His hat, his gloves, his coat, or his pantaloons, incessantly require adjusting. Is he in a room? Everything to his mind is wrong, or unpleasant, in some way or another. Is he at the theatre, or at a ball, or at a snug quiet party? He is, or fancies he is, in every body’s way, and every body in his. Does he sit down to play a rubber at whist? He is constantly turning his adversary’s tricks,

or by his officiousness, causing a mis-deal or a revoke. Is he playing at loo? He is ever the loo-ed; for as he cannot sit quiet, he must play, whether he have proper cards or whether he have not. Is he near the fire? He will poker and shovel it until he destroys all its heat, or actually extinguish it altogether. The candles are snuffed when they do not require it; or if poker, shovel, and snuffers are placed beyond his reach, he is perfectly miserable and wretched, and fancies himself slighted or insulted.

But what is the worst part of the matter, although he carries his failings about with him, as your fine lady does her jewels, making, as it were, a portion of his very being, he is so utterly unconscious of them, that he neither wears a cloak to conceal them, nor uses his endeavour to amend them. Consequently, whilst pitied by his friends, silently sympathised with by the casual observer, and often, in a measure, avoided by his more intimate acquaintance; so entirely ignorant is he of his unfortunate propensity, that he neither resorts to any expedient to hoodwink their judgment, nor deprecates their censure.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

No. III.—“THE PASSING BELL.”

THERE is not any sound which falls so solemnly and saddening upon the ear, as that of the long and heavy note of the requiem bell. As it strikes the air, and, booming along, passes slowly away into distance and silence, it tells that another being has been snatched from earth—another soul ushered from Time into Eternity.

It has been our fate to hear it often, in town and country, for those whom we have respected, esteemed, and loved; and for others, over whom we have shed no tear, with whom we have exchanged no word of kindness, and upon whom heretofore we have bestowed no thought of affection; for the rich and the poor; for the young and the aged; for the happy and the dejected. But, in each case alike, when it has smote upon the senses it has induced a shudder, and not seldom provoked a sigh.

This may have resulted from the weakness of our “humanity;” from our great and overflowing love to our species, which yet enlarges itself the more, the longer we live in the world, and the more of it we are enabled to see and to know; from our enjoyment of life, or from our very reverence for death. Not that we look upon death as the “Monster;” the “Tyrant;” the “Destroyer;” which some pronounce him to be, seeing that he is but the herald of Eternity; the introducer of the good to ceaseless and unimaginable bliss; and the concluder of sorrow to the grief-stricken children of woe. Yet do we confess ourselves

incapable of tracing his footsteps, unmoved; for, wherever he impels his fatal dart—even among the most destitute, and the most miserable of mankind, he dissevers bonds which once had united souls, and leaves a thorn of sorrow to rankle in the breast of *some* bereaved and solitary survivor. It is difficult to conceive of even the most wicked of men, living without having some object of regard; or of the most desolate, dying without leaving behind them some sufferer to bewail their loss.

What a contrast in all these respects is presented to the reflective mind by the reception with which “our last enemy” is greeted in cities and towns; and in the quiet hamlets and villages which stand alone in their loveliness. In the former, the very excess of life overpowers “the mastery of death.” And the frequency with which he casts his unerring javelin—now piercing the bosoms of the young, the blooming, the joyous and the gay; and now, the old, the sickly, the loveless and the dispirited—so familiarizes the mind with his grim visage, that, excepting by the few who weep in secret, and tell their anguish to the winds, he stalks on and on, around and through the thoroughfares of life, unheeded—although the grave-yards perpetually yawn and gape, and the rude worm revels on its prey almost beneath our sight; though hatchments hang upon the walls, and mourners go about the streets with downcast heads, and heavy footfall, following their dead—save when he comes adorned with all the panoply of outward grief—the semblance of a great despair—oh, greater mockery! throned in his chair of state, with all the pomp, parade, and idle show of mourning, in the well-appointed car; its long and empty train of carriages; its rows of mutes, pall-bearers; pages—hired grieverers who could weep, if paid for weeping, though with hearts as hard, and feelings chilled and blunted like the stone which records his great doings thus interred with such proud pageantry and state—the sable horses, beplumed, bevelveted, bedecked; the magnificent coffin; the gilded escutcheon, and the coronal of rank placed upon the bier.

Excepting upon some such festive-mournful burial as this, the reverence for death, and the attention paid even among the most humble, to the obsequies of departed friends, so remarkable in country places, are unknown or unrecognized in towns, as if there were no leisure to heed “death’s doing,” no time to think upon its consequence, no

“Dread of something after death”

to make men tremble. And hence the “passing-bell” is equally unnoticed by the mass, whether it toll for the peer or his valet; if for the latter, the melancholy monitor give tongue. In towns we are apt to be so engrossed with that one great principle of action, the desire to *obtain*, as to lose that sense of sadness, that thrill of emotion, which ought to be called up into the mind of a living immortal, by the thought that a fellow-being has just been taken from his side; and thus it is, that we are brought by degrees to disregard all the

more minute and hallowing sanctities of death. Alas ! how often have we heard death talked about, aye, and seen it looked upon too, as merely another chance of circumstance—an accident of society—rather than as in reality only another movement of the scenes in the shifting panorama of life—another phase of being ?

But, in the country, how different a scene is presented by the death of one of “earth’s denizens.” All is quiet, and solemn, and impressive, as if the innermost feelings were so moved and occupied as to leave no room for idle display. Is an aged friend sick ? Neighbours and relations flock around the couch to ease the pillow of death, and, if possible, to gild with the sunbeams of hope and promise, the waning hours of declining life ! Does a young and a beautiful maiden linger in the arms of her “Destroyer ?” Tender companions hasten in to cluster around their playmate, to speak of the beautiful fields through which, in former days, they roved hand in hand together, and to remind her how they gathered the wild flowers, and wove them into chaplets for their brows ; how they listened to the “song-bird’s” voice, and how they thought of the time when they should be older, and hoped to be happier ; and, oh, how delightful, to hear her murmur of the “Golden Streets”—“the Angelic Choir”—“and the “Celestial Harps” of Paradise. Is an aged minister dying ? His congregation cling around him, treading softly, whispering faintly and low, and listening earnestly to the words which drop like manna from his lips—food whereon their souls are to feed when he, who so long has taught them, shall be “hid from their eyes ;” to receive his last blessing ; to catch the last indistinct murmur of his dying voice, as he tells them he is going to “fairer worlds on high,” to join the family of the redeemed ; to sing the praises of his Creator for ever, and to wing his flight, at the bidding of the ETERNAL, on commissions of mercy, and on errands of love to human souls.

And when death has done his work, the grave is opened in the little quiet churchyard ; the body is borne slowly and mournfully to the tomb, followed by weeping friends, and, it may be, by heart-stricken attendants.

Is it a child—a blossom plucked by death in the morning of its bloom and beauty ? How often have we seen the coffin of such an one carried to the grave by little virgin bearers, who, arrayed in the emblems of their simplicity and virtue, chanted, as they walked, some plaintive hymn, and thus blent, as it were, their voices with the higher and sweeter tones of the Seraphs who welcomed the young immortal upon her entry into PEACE ; and who bore with them some simple flowers to strew upon the grave of their departed friend.

Is it a more aged pilgrim who has found rest—one who has borne the “heat and burthen of the day ?” Neighbours and friends follow him to his “last home ;” and, as they turn away, when the mournful ceremony is ended, they press each others’ hands in silent sorrow, and return, meditating, to their hearths.

Is it one who has been the universal benefactor—the rich man’s com-

panion, and the poor man's stay? Mark how the swelling train increases, and how, as the coffin, which contains what to them is precious dust, is borne on before them, one and another and another falls into the rank to pay their last testimony to cherished and well-remembered worth. The bell tolls out its deep sonorous tones, each note, as it thrills him, telling the mourner that he may be the next to be called away, and bidding him be mindful of the Scripture which saith, "Be ye also ready!" and inducing a fresh and more firm resolve to "gird up his loins" and to be "ready to depart." And when the coffin has been let down, and thus have been committed, the "ashes to ashes"—the "dust to the dust"—when the vault has been closed, and the relatives have returned, note again how the bereaved beneficiaries still hang around the place as if they would, as Prior has it,

"often take leave,
Yet seemed loath to depart;"

and as they tread above his head, whisper gently of his kindness and love.

Doubtless, much of all this is to be met with in cities and towns! Far be it from us, even to imagine, much less to affirm, that it is not. But is it not to be dreaded, that the commerce of life, the daily toil, and the nightly watching, tend to steel the heart against the struggling humanities of our better nature, and to rob it of those delightful amenities, which, in the quiet and retirement of rural life, have greater scope for exercise and cultivation; and which are among the things that conduce to our highest happiness. Is it not to be feared, that the death-bed of the rich and the exalted among men, are too often beset by lawyers, intent only upon catching every muttered syllable, as to the disposal of their overgrown fortunes; and of hungry expectants, who spend their time in the sick chamber as they would in the Mart or upon the Exchange, anxious, only about the profit of their speculation, whilst the tender offices of sickness and death are left to be performed by hired servants, rather than by the hands of "kindred and affection." Does not the very consciousness that we are waiting to step into the shoes of our immediate predecessor; to be made rich by his wealth; to be arrayed in his robes of dignity or of office; to be exalted by his honours; and to be crowned with his crown; more especially when surrounded by the crowd; attracted by the bustle; moving in the stir; and stunned by the roar of active, thronging, multitudinous, life, involuntarily and inevitably detract from the hallowed feelings with which we ought to regard the struggling spirit of a child of earth battling with its conqueror?

Reader, think not the picture overdrawn, or too highly coloured. We have explored the recesses of the human heart; we have looked beneath the mask which veils human action; we have witnessed death in his most terrible majesty, and in his simplest guise—in our own country and in foreign climes—and of what we have seen, and heard, and felt—of that have we written unto thee.

HYMN TO THE PLANET VENUS.

BY ROBERTSON NOEL, ESQ., M. A.

1.

STAR of the queen of beauty! Hail!
 I love beneath thy beams to be;
 I love each wild, each gorgeous tale,
 That ancient minstrels sing of thee
 Pure offspring of the foaming sea;
 Thou shinest bright, but cold afar,
 And joyest thy sire's dark waves to see
 Nightly—beneath thy diamond car.

2.

The stars that gem the vault above,
 Grow pale before thy brighter blaze,
 So envy dims a sister's love,
 And withers at another's praise.
 Sweet star!—Thou hast no dwelling-place.
 In one fixed orb; but far and near,
 Thou journeyest still, and thy clear rays
 Rejoice each clime where they appear.

3.

Here, even on earth, thy name is known,
 And Rumour's trump of thee hath blown,
 For Greece of old had singled thee
 Fit object of idolatry.
 And well might gazing poet dream
 Thee brightest of the hosts above,
 Yet soft and pure like maiden's dream,
 The mansion of the queen of love;
 Of her who on Cythæra's shore,
 Thy name, O star! with glory bore.

4.

Pure, calm, and bright thy throne above,
 Where storms, nor war, nor tumults rise,
 Nor earthly hate, nor mortal love
 May mingle with thy mysteries:
 Yet oft when earth before thee lies,
 Dire sights of blood and flame, I ween
 Have flashed before thy dewy eyes,
 Till thou hast drawn thy veil between
 Of silver clouds to hide the scene.

5.

Thy beams have lighted to his prey
 The wolf on many a battle plain,
 The raven oft beneath thy ray
 Hath gorged o'er heaps of heroes slain,
 And while above the dead they prowled,
 Hoarse thanks to thee have croaked or
 howled.

6.

But thou hast lighted lovers' feet,
 With quick soft steps to shadowy bowers,
 While eyes that glowed, and hearts that beat,
 Have blest thee for the blissful hours.
 Oh! for thine archives—half an age
 Of mortal life would scarce repay
 One glance upon the glowing page
 Where, closely ranked in long array,
 Stand their high names who felt thy sway,
 Since first when Luna from her throne
 Looked on her loved Endymion.

7.

Bright queen! and art thou mighty still,
 Though even the iron age is past;
 And man hath sunk to mire at last,
 Still canst thou rule the sordid will?
 Thine ancient glory decks thy brow,
 But where are all thy trophies now!

8.

There was a time when Sappho strung
 The harp that only she could thrill,
 And from the hearts that heard her wrung
 All passions at her mighty will;
 And many a maid of Sappho's land
 Would fling along the chords her hand
 To wake its tones, but all in vain;
 For Sappho's harp, and Sappho's lute,
 When struck by stranger hands, were mute,
 And the lyre answered not again.

9.

'Tis rumoured in the page of old,
 How an imperial madman sighed
 For the lone moon—so bright and cold,
 And loved, and wooed her for his bride;
 But Cæsar's blood, and Rome's domain,
 Might half excuse that madman's strain!

10.

Farewell! farewell! ye times of yore—
 While yet was prized the voice of fame,
 Our sires have sought and bowed before
 Thine altars, love! and owned thy name,
 We bend but to a shrine of gold,
 With hearts as venal—prayers as cold.

11.

Ah! can it be, the dreams of old
Come rushing o'er my soul again,
Mine ears unseal, mine eyes behold
The secrets of the starry plain,
And my awakened spirit hears
The music of the circling spheres;
I hear them yet—by day and night,
Harmonious on their thunders roll!
I hear their separate songs, my soul
Is bathed in seas of living light!
Yet though their thousand hymns combine,
The power, and bliss, and glory join
To swell the strain from star to star,
I mark alone thy accents clear
That sink in softness on mine ear
From the blue depths of Æther far!

12.

Deem not that love is powerless,—now,
Though cold the age, even now—to me
There are who dare the knee to bow,
And from this throne on high I see
Some driven by love yet madlier on,
Than the too bold Pygmalion.

13.

Where roll Sorento's foaming waters,
Ere yet Hesperia's glory set,
There sprang a bard whom music's daughters
Still weep and never can forget;
I nerved his heart, I strung his lyre,
And breathed within his soul the fire
That bade his name for ever flourish,
But o'er his soul the scorching flame,
Of love's too fierce Sirocco came,
That fondly he had dared to nourish.

14.

And she he loved was far, too far,
Above his sphere for hope to flatter,
Her eyes were like the polar star
That o'er the deep its beams doth scatter;
The weary pilot marks the ray
That leads him on his pathless way,

And shows how dark is all beside;
That strand and stream in night are rolled,
And mists the gloomy wave infold
Yet shines but as a distant guide.

15.

A Tyrant's rule, a dungeon's gloom,
False friends and many a bitter foe
Were his—at last an early tomb,
But still he loved in weal or woe,
Till pride at length unbound her chain,
And Tasso was beloved again!

16.

The prince from whom de Castro's flower,
Sweet Inez of the secret dell,
Was torn by a yet fiercer power
Than rages in the ranks of hell—
Was mine—though low reclined her head,
He loved her living—loved her dead!—
Till madness o'er his spirit played
In fearful dreams, and Lusias saw
That homage which, with shuddering awe,
The living to the lifeless paid:

17.

They burst the tomb—that livid brow
They bound with gems of radiance rare,
They closed those eyes so rayless now,
How changed from that which once they
were!
Chief, statesman, prince, and priest were
there
To bend and kiss the icy hand
Of her, whom not even death could tear,
Nor the deep grave, from love's command!

18.

The song hath ceased—above—below
'Tis silence all save where the breeze
In fitful murmurs, soft and low,
Moans sadly, mid the leafless trees.
The vision from my soul has flown,
And on my sight sinks dimly down
Mortality's dark veil again;
My task is o'er, my lay is sung,
Rest thou, my lyre,—unswept—unstrung,
Till breathes once more that heavenly strain.

Old English Ballads.

No. II.—ÆSTHETICAL CONSIDERATIONS ON THE WORLD-DRAMA,

REVEALED IN THE

POPULAR POEM OF "THE MILKMAID'S COURTSHIP."

By HERR WOLFGANG VON BIBÜNTUCKER.

"Freiheit lebt nur in dem Reich der Träume,
Und das Schöne blüht nur im Gesang."—*Schiller*.

Freedom lives but in the land of dreams,
And the beautiful but blooms in song.

[How the invaluable papers of the great German came into the hands of the present Translator (a dirty-handed lover of all things coming from *Deutschland*), and how they were thence transmitted to these pages, satisfactory information can only be obtained by swift and personal application to *Mr. Walker*, of two-penny-post notoriety.]

Freilich sind die Engländer sehr geistreich! The English are really a clever race, and are, I take it, profounder than we Germans give them credit for. We reproach them for a want of philosophy; but there is a metaphysic of roast-beef, quite peculiar to them, and they may well reply to us, "Dost think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Depend upon it, *Jüngste Deutschland*, there is philosophy in that, undreamt of by your cobweb spinning brains, whatever George William Hegel may think of it. But the heavy, awful fact must be confessed—the English are not critics! No: Germany alone is the land where criticism blooms to beauty and perfection! The English can criticise, with special ingenuity, the Bank Currency, Railroads, Chartist meetings, "improved stoves," or "balms of Columbia,"—but the divine depth of poesy—the many-coloured shifting phantasmagoria, lying within and deep down (*gespiegelt*) in their popular songs, are not guessed of by them. *Arme Leute!* poor devils! Yet, what a wondrous poetic beauty—what marvellous "symbols of the infinite" and "mirrorings of nature" are there not embodied and embedded in some of their

"Songs, three yards a penny!"

Ach Gott! to think of such yards of divine utterance being protrusively vended in the open streets by ragged minstrels, or *Rhapsodoi* generally, with nasal or hoarse-grumbling music, at the ignoble price of one penny—one *silber groschen!* Then to think of

"Glenalvon's rich Lord,"

who, nose in the air, heedless and ignorant of what is offered,

"Passes scornfully by,"

making no avid purchase—buying no swift pennyworth of "the purple light of love," in the shape of three yards of song! Unhappy Lord of Glenalvon!

No. VIII.

R

He was no Sir Philip Sidney—that ideal of a gentleman, of whom the English are justly proud—who said, “I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, *that I found not my heart moved more than with a Trumpet*; and yet it is sung by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which beeing so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar.” I suggest this to “nose-in-the-air Glenalvon,” as the source from whence it comes “is so *very* genteel.” The very titles of the songs vended by the “blinde crowder,” are enough to bring tears in the eyes of sensibility, or make the maiden heart pant with the fluttering of expectation. Thus we hear, “If I had a donkey wot wouldn’t go”—“All round my hat”—“We met”—“All on a washing day”—“The last rose of summer”—“You will go and forget me, as others”—“After many roving years”—&c.

These things, alas! are looked at by susceptible fashionables, with a careless eye, and sung for one season with a trembling—throat! Then are they consigned to the no less susceptible maid-servant, who always makes a similar excuse of “sich a ’orrid cold,” before singing it to her friends, and is declared “pleasant company,” for her performance. Pitiful trivialities! All the time there is lying hidden in these words, a section of the great world-drama of most portentous significancy, “would girls (and maid-servants) observingly distil it out.” The fire-spirit of poesy lights up its seemingly inane verses into a grand symbol of human sympathies—all undreamt of by dull English critics!

To right this matter—to show “a discerning British (Miscellany) Public,” what wealth is lying around them—at the very feet of their pennies, I have thought fit to unfold the hidden meaning (*die Idee als solches*) of one of these songs, and have selected the highly familiar *Milkmaid’s Courtship*, which embracing, as it does, purely human sympathies, may be the more easily rendered intelligible.

THE MILKMAID’S COURTSHIP.

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”
 “I’m going a milking, sir,” she said.
 “May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
 “Yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.
 “What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
 “My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.
 “Then I wont marry you, my pretty maid;”
 “Nobody axed you, sir,” she said.

In these two simple verses, does there not lie a whole drama of life? Is there not a significance such as our Göthe would have himself been proud to unfold? Let us analyse the poem.

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”

Can anything be more admirable than this brief graphic commencement? The whole scene is before our eyes by one flash of the lightning of genius. We see the ruddy, rosy, healthy, fair, laughing milkmaid, tripping across the meadow with her pail in her hand, and her soul looking happily through

her eyes, out on the wide universe extended before her—she is pursuing her primitive and romantic avocations with the light heartedness,

“ And sunburnt looks,
Like those we read of in Arcadian books.”

In profound artistic contrast stands by her side—or in her path, the heartless *worldling*, devoted to Mammon and Bond-street, upon whose care-worn face the observer sees all the deplorable effects of “civilisation and large towns.” The worldling has evidently wandered out of his sphere into the region of nature, and is there struck with the touching beauty of the milkmaid. Wild schemes, mixed with sensual thoughts, arise in the breast of the tempter, and he affects a courtly condescension, smiling upon her the more easily to hide his hollow-heartedness, and addresses to her the question as to where she may, at this present time, be going. Note the courtly, patronising, insidious flattering of his “my pretty maid”! and contrast it with her exquisite trustingness and innocence bursting forth,

“ I’m going a-milking, sir.”

No guile, no deceit, no deception is here! all is pure, stainless, truth and trustingness; she states the truth, and that without any exaggeration or superfluous beating about the bush—her words go at once to the subject, “I’m going a milking, sir,”—politeness, you see, thus innate—she says ‘*sir*’! showing how nature ever has the best notions of etiquette, let *Αγῶγος* write as he may! Whereupon the worldling insinuates a desire to accompany her, and she, poor dove! not dreaming of harm,

“ Having never heard
Of plights and promises to be a spouse,
Nor danger by a loving maid incurred”—

she, all trustingness and innocence, and believing every one as pure as herself, receives the insinuation with delight, and feels flattered at a gentleman’s taking so much interest in her.

“ Yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.

What a volume in one line! Every word is as “an inextinguishable spark of burning thought”! “Kind sir!” She knows not the heartlessness of the worldling!

The drama has opened, and the action has begun. The first verse leaves us in a thrill of suspense—we tremble for her! and a dark shudder steals over us as we hear the husky whisper of the tempter insinuate the query,

“ *What is your fortune, my pretty maid?*”

His whole character is revealed! gold, gold, gold! base tamperings with mammon, to whom he would sacrifice this dove! Pray, reader, note the art of the tempter in endeavouring to gild the infamy of his proposition with the dross of flattery—“*my pretty maid.*” But we see her trustingness and simplicity never forsake her,

“ My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

What idyllic sweetness! With what a gushing feeling of truth and noble-

consciousness in her personal attractions is this said! How the womanhood sweetly tempers the angelical openness and freedom of all deception! She does not insinuate that she has property—not even “*expectations* ;” but having gazed upon her lovely face in many a babbling brook, and strong in the glory of her own beauty, she replies—“My face is my fortune, sir.” You feel that you would have caught her in your arms and pressed her to your bosom in extasy—but what does the worldling? Why, he recovers his bold glacial exterior, and in base cutting irony, remarks, “Then I wont marry you, my pretty maid.”

We wince under the sarcasm “pretty maid,” because we feel that he does not think much of this fortune of hers—but we have no time to pause, for this unmanly, ungentlemanly conduct of his, flusters us into agonised suspense, as to what may be the effect of this meanness, worldliness, and insult, on the simple susceptible mind of the purveyor of milk—will she shriek, be “shocked at him,” scream for mamma, talk of damages, or grow pathetic upon blighted affections, cutting sorrows, broken hearts, early graves, with the whole catalogue of *forsaken* eloquence? which will she do? we tremble! but ah! one magnificent burst

“ ‘*Nobody axed you, sir,*’ she said.”

And we are at rest! How triumphant, how crushing to the conceit of the worldling! nobody *axed* him! He was not wanted! not cared for! We see him scowl darkly, and turn swiftly into the byepath—to join his cold, heartless, fashionable *belles*; stung with rage at being rejected by a peasant! While she goes tripping along, singing to herself, heedless of what has passed, or, if heeding it, laughing at the man’s terrible conceit. Innocence has triumphed! The demon of avarice retires, growling, to his catacombs of broken hearts, and the divine maiden trips along “thinking of—nothing at all” (in amiable rivalry of the “jolly young waterman,” whom you have all heard of)—a picture for Theocritus. *Wahrhaftig sie ist gar schön!*

Note by the Translator.—I have thought it right to give the public the remains of this great man uncorrupted; but I cannot let this pass without observing, that he seems to me to be here truly German, with his *Æsthetic* spectacles to see “more than is set down in the book.” My own impression is, that the man here does not symbolise the Worldling, nor is the Milkmaid the vestal symbol of Innocence. In him I see but a matter-of-fact inquiry as to her *dot*, he having a very firm conviction of the Platonic doctrine of Love being the child of Poverty and Venus; and in his reply, “Then I wont marry you,” I see but an impertinent foppery. Also, in the maiden, I see but a pert, bold puss, who “flares up” most vulgarly with

“*Nobody axed you, sir!*”

Axed! axed! what a word in the mouth of a vestal! how it betrays the want of elegance and refinement in the author!*

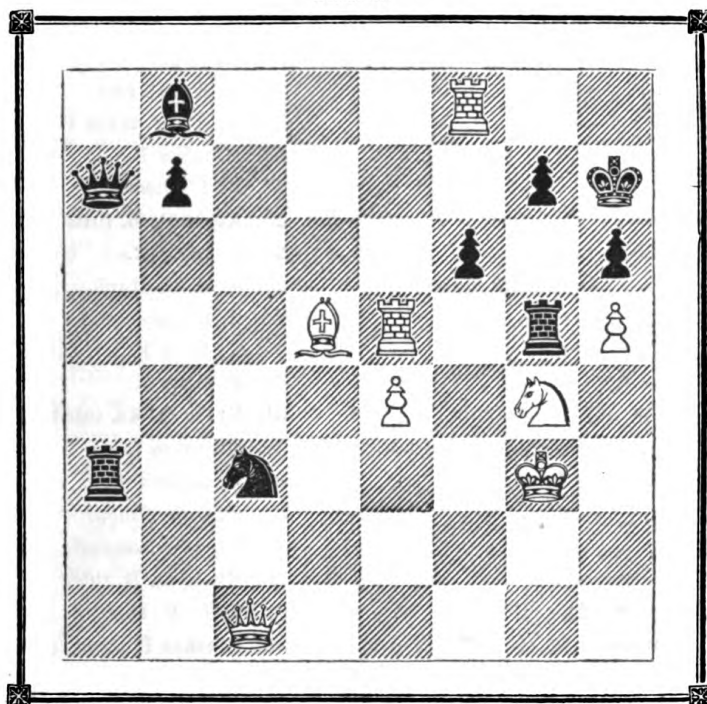
* And my impression is that you are both a couple of humbugs!—*Print. Dev.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM IV.

From Mr. Lewis' collection of unpublished Chess MS.

BLACK.



White to win in seven moves.

GAME IV.

FINE Game played a few weeks since, between M. De La Bourdonnais and the Honorary Secretary of the London Chess Club. The former giving the odds of "Pawn and move."

MR. ———

1. K. P. two
2. Q. P. two
3. K. P. one
4. K. B. to Q. third
5. Q. B. to Q. second
6. Q. checks
7. Q. Kt. to B. third
8. K. Kt. to B. third
9. Q. Kt. to K. second
10. K. Kt. takes P.
11. Q. to K. R. fourth, check.

DE LA BOURDONNAIS.

1. K. P. one
2. Q. P. two
3. Q. B. P. two
4. Q. checks
5. Q. to Q. Kt. third
6. K. to Q.*
7. B. to Q. second†
8. P. takes P.
9. Q. Kt. to B. third
10. Kt. takes Kt.
11. K. B. to K. second

* The celebrated player, Des Chappelles when giving the odds of "Pawn and two moves," frequently adopted this mode of opening the game, permitting the check from the adverse Queen, and then playing his K. to Q.'s sq.

† The Q. Kt. P. could not be safely captured.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 12. Q. takes Kt. | 12. Q. takes Q. |
| 13. Kt. takes Q. | 13. K. B. to Q. B. fourth |
| 14. Q. B. P. one | 14. K. Kt. to K. second |
| 15. Q. B. to K. third | 15. B. takes Kt. |
| 16. P. takes B. | 16. Kt. to Q. B. third |
| 17. Q. R. P. one | 17. Q. R. to Q. B. |
| 18. K. B. P. two | 18. Kt. to Q. R. fourth |
| 19. Castles with K. R. | 19. K. Kt. P. one |
| 20. Q. R. to Q. B. | 20. K. to his second |
| 21. K. Kt. P. two* | 21. Q. Kt. P. two |
| 22. K. B. P. one | 22. K. Kt. P. takes P. |
| 23. P. takes P. | 23. P. takes P. |
| 24. B. takes P. | 24. K. R. checks |
| 25. K. to R. | 25. Kt. to Q. B. fifth |
| 26. B. takes B. | 26. K. takes B. |
| 27. K. R. to K. B. seventh check | 27. K. to his third |
| 28. K. R. to K. B. sixth, check | 28. K. to his second |
| 29. B. to K. R. sixth | 29. K. R. to K. Kt. third |
| 30. R. takes R. | 30. P. takes R. |
| 31. Q. Kt. P. one | 31. Kt. to Q. Kt. third |
| 32. R. takes R.† | 32. Kt. takes R. |
| 33. K. to Kt. second | 33. K. to his third |
| 34. K. to B. third | 34. K. to B. fourth |
| 35. K. R. P. one | 35. Kt. to K. second |
| 36. B. to K. B. eighth | 36. Kt. to Q. B. third |
| 37. B. to Q. B. fifth | 37. Q. R. P. two |
| 38. Q. R. P. one | 38. P. takes P. |
| 39. P. takes P. | 39. K. to Kt. fourth |
| 40. K. to his third | 40. K. to B. fourth |
| 41. K. R. P. one | 41. Kt. to Q. |
| 42. B. to Q. Kt. sixth | 42. Kt. to K. third |
| 43. K. to B. third | 43. K. Kt. P. one |
| 44. P. takes P. | 44. K. takes P. |
| 45. K. to his third | 45. K. to B. fourth |
| 46. B. takes P. | 46. Kt. to K. B. |
| 47. B. to Q. Kt. sixth | 47. K. to his third |
| 48. Q. R. P. one | 48. K. to Q. second |
| 49. Q. R. P. one | 49. K. to Q. B. third |
| 50. Q. R. P. one | 50. K. to Q. Kt. second |
| 51. K. to Q. third | 51. Kt. to Q. second |
| 52. B. to Q. B. fifth‡ | |

* Played with commendable boldness ; when the Queens are gone, these pawns may generally be advanced without danger.

† This is the winning style; the first player has now the great advantage of a "passed pawn," and can well afford exchanges.

‡ After a few more moves, La Bourdonnais resigned. His play in these, his last efforts, although unquestionably lacking the vigour and invention which so peculiarly characterised his games in earlier and brighter times, still affords amazing evidence of his almost matchless powers at Chess.

CONFESSIONS OF A CABMAN—*continued.*

CHAP. IV.

"The burly butcher, he who straddling, thus,
Blocks up the path and ever doth exclaim,
'Buy-a-buy-a-buy!' yet letteth no one *bye*."

Unpublished MSS.

"HULLOAH!" cried Toby, pointing to a fat butcher who was opening his shop upon the opposite side of the road, "There's old Udderskin,—he vos my master vonst, but I soon gave him the slip."

"Hulloah, my young gaol-bird," cried the butcher in his turn, recognising Toby, "What you're still out of limbo, are you! What game are you up to, now? Mark me, my Newgate scrag, if I see an officer during the next hour, I'll put him on your scent."

"You'd better come with him, stupid," rejoined Toby. "I say, what did you get for the damaged tail,—aye?"

The last observation, shouted at the top of Toby's lungs, appeared to hit the tenderest part of the butcher, who looked around him as if for some missile to direct at Toby; but finding none, quietly withdrew himself within his shop.

"Yes," added Toby, "that ere living grease-pot vos vonst my master, but I used to sarve him such precious larks. He vos as fat agin ven I first vent to him; but I kept him in such a heat, first with von joke, and then vith t'other, I should a made him a living skeleton had I stopped much longer; howsom-dever, he got the 'dentures throwed up, and he and I divided the connexion. Didn't yer see how glummy he vos on the raw, ven I comed the personal, and obsarved upon the damaged tail."

"I did," said Jack; "tell us all about it."

"Vy, perhaps you didn't notice, may be, vot a werry narrow dog-kennel of a door the shop has gotten. Vell, all the beastes had to go through it to the slaughter-huss at the back. It vos uncommon comfortable for the muttuns and the weals, but ven it come to beef, it wur a hout-and-hout squeeze, sich a holloying and a hooting, and a poking behind vith a nice sharp spike in a stick, and sich a wringing o'tails. Sometimes the hox would stick fast; at others, he'd turn suddenly round and floor half-a-dozen o' the flats who vur enjoying the fun. Vell, ve had von day, von of the most hobstinatest hanimals I ever seed!—he wouldn't go in no how!—sich a mob! I'd got hold on his tail, and in the gentlest manner possuble vos a turning it round like a korfee-mill or a barrel-horgan, jist to let the cretur know some von vos behind him, ven up comes a cove like a Methody parson, and says, says he, 'Disist, fellow, from hurting the poor cretur's feelings, or I summun you for cruelty.' 'O' says I, 'your the hanimal's friend,' says I, 'and I gave the beef

an extra tarn for Methody's sake, ven, if I never moves from this spot, if the tail didn't come off in my hand. Did ye ever know sich a hobstinate beast !"

"O what a cram !" ejaculated Jack, and indeed the *tale* was a marvelous one.

"On my honor !" said Toby, placing his hand on his blue-check shirt. Jack's doubts were dispelled at once.

"Vell, I was pulled afore the beaks, and although I argufied as if I had a vig on, and said the brute didn't vont his tail as he vos going to lose his head ; and though I hofferred to call vitnesses to prove that the beef liked the wringing, it wouldn't do, master vos fined five pounds, and the Methody chap got half on it. But that vosn't the vost of it," continued Toby, "ve spoilt a goodish bit of the beef by whacking it for getting us into the trouble."

"A little bit of fat, stuck under the scale for hanging the jerry* on, soon made up the loss, I suppose," quietly, but slyly, remarked Jack.

"You're out there my kiddy, ve used to do that regular."

"The poor beasts get sadly treated," observed Jack, suddenly growing sentimental.

"Get out vith yer ; they always gets the same beating, and they gets used to it, like the eels. But I'll tell you vot, Jack, the poor mus'n't be cruel, as they calls it, to hanimals, it's too great a treat, so the rich keeps it to themselves. Look at the nobs riding the most beautiful horses to death, and making um do things, they knows it's a sack-o-wheat to a barley-corn, will kill um. There's no Methody chap to pull them up. Then the werry beaks vot fined old Udderskin, ull go and cram themselves with turtle, as they calls it, and if it isn't the exact ticket, they blows up the cook for letting the cretur die too soon arter its head vos hoff."

"I think the rich are as cruel as the poor," observed Jack.

"A sight worse," exclaimed Toby : "Vy von Christnas, I vos at the cattle show, and there vos a chap in the booth, they called a Lord. As I had never seed a Lord afore, I looked at him as much as I did at the other hanimals, and by and bye, I sees him go round and look at the prize pigs. There vos von fat porker, vith a death varrant on its hind quarters, vchich said, 'To be killed on Monday.' Now, the Lord had got a numberella in his fist, with a wery nice sharp ferrel at the top. 'How thick, fel-low, d'ye think the fat of that pig is,' says he to me. 'I don't just know, my Lord,' says I. 'Then I'll try,' says he, and he pokes the sharp ferrel into the pig, vitch, in course, didn't make never no noise 'til it touched the lean, and then it hollowed like mad. 'About two inches and a half,' says the Lord, a looking how far the top of the numberella vos greased. Now, if a poor person had a done that, it vould a been cruelty to hanimals,—five

* The jerry is a hook which dishonest butchers are in the habit of attaching to the scale. It appears so much like a portion of the scale itself, that it seldom attracts attention, and thus the customer is defrauded.—*The Waterman*.

pounds or the tread-mill. But the hoffer I vent up and told it to, bid me mind my own business, and to remember that ven Lords chose to search arter hinformation, it vosn't becoming of sich as me to hinterfere."

"But I vos talking about old Udderskin," added Toby, "and about cruelty to hanimals. Vunst he vos a killing a lamb in the shop," and an old lady says, "Law dear me, how can you kill such a pretty dear little innocent cretur?" 'Would yer eat him alive?' growled old Udderskin."

"Ive hoften dined here ven I vos out of place, and had no tin," remarked Toby, as they approached a cook-shop.

"Do they give trust?" inquired Jack.

"Not a bit on't—used to dine outside over this ary—got the hessence of every thing, biled, baked, and stewed."

"Why the hat-must-fear was so full of fat, that if yer held a slice of bread in it for two minutes, it was buttered on both sides!"

"Just come back a bit,—just come back," cried Toby, as a mischievous thought suddenly occurred to him. "Just come back a bit, and I'll show you what I call a spree."

The two youths were again before the window of the repository for roast and boiled. Jack, however, being ignorant of the length and breadth of the joke his companion was about to explode, wisely determined to become a spectator only, and to sound a retreat altogether, if necessary.

Toby entered the passage, with a swaggering air, kicking and throwing out his long legs on either side, and slamming the steam-besoaked door after him, with a force that made the brass lattice work flap harshly against the small perspiring panes of greenish glass with which it was adorned.

"A slice of that *plum-my* pud-ding," shouted Toby, in an authoritative tone, to a man behind the counter, who had much the appearance of a sack of flour with a table-cloth pinned over it, the head of the said individual representing the knot upon the top of the sack, rendered more natural by an inverted brush, which, having been carelessly thrown upon the top of it, might have stood for hair.

The pudding to which Toby pointed, was a roll of unctuous dough, of about three quarters of a yard in length; besprinkled here and there, on the exterior, with a raisin or two, whose luscious richness had not been disturbed by a contact with water: but in which the scarcity of the fruit was amply made amends for, by the liberal bestowment of large lumps of fat with which the composition was thickly studded.

The obsequious cook obeyed the behest, and skilfully balancing the pulpy substance upon his broad knife, placed it upon Toby's outstretched palm.

"A penny," demanded the cook.

"A penny!" exclaimed Toby, making a fulcrum of his elbow, and weighing the slice up and down in his hand; looking the cook full in the face all the time, with a provoking seriousness.

"A penny," again demanded the cook.

Toby cast the pudding into his left hand with a jerk, and repeated the movement, returned it to his right and then again to his left hand; at each remove very coolly adding the weighing accompaniment of "a penny!" The cook was as irascible as—a cook, and would have lost all patience, but that Toby's eyes evidently bothered him.

"Come, the penny, or put back the pudding," exclaimed the cook, angrily snatching at it; an attempt which Toby dexterously avoided.

"O, then you *do* call this a pennorth?" cried Toby, with the most imperturbable gravity.

"I've told you so half a dozen times," exclaimed the cook—"give it back, you —."

The intended benediction was arrested by a sudden exclamation of pain, on the part of the cook, occasioned by Toby's smacking down the juicy filth upon the counter, with all the force of which he was master, and which filth, spreading to about the extent of a full sized pancake, scattered the fat around like water from a trundled mop.

Under this volley of fat, which covered the face and eyes of the enraged cook, Toby made his escape, and coming up with Jack Straw, exclaimed triumphantly, "Oh, ay'nt I had a prowoking bit of fun."

"You'll get us nibbled," observed Jack, as Toby drew from his pocket a warm savaloy, which he had abstracted at the instant of his escape.

"P'raps you'd like to go back and pay for it?" said Toby, sneeringly. "You must be a greenfinch to pay for vot you can get for nuffin. These ere little haccidents is mere losses in trade—they stick it in to them as does pay, so nobody loses, yer see. They pays as can pay—and they as can't, gets what 'tothers pays for."

"I dare say it is all right," acquiesced Jack, a sudden gingle from the linings of his jacket dispelling any short-lived notions of honesty that had found their way into his pericranium.

"Oh!" exclaimed Toby, drawing up before a small neat archway to a private house, with a clean stone step and an ornamental scraper, the whole of which Toby surveyed with evident admiration. "That's a nice *fit* place—that is. It would be vorth a fortin in a crowded thoroughfare."

"A fit place?" said Jack, more to himself than to Toby; "a fit place for what?"

"Vy, for a fit. Fits are the best moves on the board now—though the game is getting a little stale now—getting too much mixed with the starts. The mend-a-city chaps is awake, yer see."

As Jack still looked the picture of ignorance, Toby condescended to be more explicit, and he consequently cast upon Jack a patronising air, as he pulled forth a small book from an inner pocket of his jacket, and journeying forward, read as follows:

"THE WAY TO FEIGN A FAINT"

"First chew a little parsley or water-cress,—then take a bit of Naples soap and vork it vell into a lather in yer mouth, and then, having first shied a piece of orange peel on the pavement, step on it, and fall comfortably into a snug corner," (sich as that ere, said Toby, casting his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the entry). "Turn up the vites of your eyes, like vinking, and let the lather come from yer mouth like blazes,—the greener it is, the greener vil be the flats what looks on. Keep yer legs stiff, and also yer fistes doubled.

"N.B.—The spoonies always shoves the shillings and sixpences atween the fingers."

"Law dear me!" ejaculated Jack, astonished at his excess of ignorance—"and what's a start?"

"Ven yer see or hear a mend-a-city a coming, to be sure," replied Toby "then yer wery suddenly gets vell and *starts*—that's vot ve calls getting the rhino by *fits* and *starts*," added Toby.

"What a rum book!" remarked Jack, looking over Toby, as he turned over one leaf after another. "Why, it's all writing."

"Ay," observed Toby. "Here's some knowing things here, I can tell you. I prigged it from a reg'lar artful card, who I've heard brag could make more money nor a Bishop, and without half the vork."

"What, do Bishops work?" exclaimed Jack, in amazement.

"Vot do they vear apurns for, if they doesn't?" answered Toby, by asking another question. "A Bishop is just the same as Mother Butler, vot took care of you from a baby, only she voshes linen, and Bishops voshes consciences."

"But Bishops are not laundresses," argued Jack.

"Vell, they vears *lawn-dresses*, though," sharply retorted Toby, "an darnt that all the same? But here's the book, you may look at it for yerself. Wide-awake, used to call it the cadgers wage-makum."

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my love, and when soft sleep
Steals o'er thine eyes and veils their light,
Think there is one whose soul will keep
Sweet vigils for thee through the night.

Good night, my love, and when thine eyes
Blend their sweet light with morning's ray,
Think there is one who 'll gladly rise
To guard thee safely through the day.

H. W. H.

THE FIRST MARINER.

(Abridged from the French of Gesner.)

MANY sorrowful years had passed away, since the fatal night on which the furious waves swept the cottage of Milon from the earth. Built upon a small promontory, the sea suddenly inundated the fertile fields which connected it with the main land, and Milon's dwelling thus became situated upon a solitary island, so far from the opposite shore, that even in the most profound stillness of sea and air, the inhabitants heard not the lowing of the cattle grazing upon the fertile banks; they were deprived of the sweet intercourse of neighbourhood, and the ties of love and friendship were unknown to them.

Milon had, some time previously, been committed to the tomb by his sorrowing wife Semira, who now, in this deep solitude, passed her days with her daughter Melide, having nought to soothe her griefs, save the care of her little flocks, and the glad songs of the birds of heaven. Melide bloomed in her loveliness sweeter than the young blossoms of the peach-tree, when they first unfold their leaves in the glad sunshine, "she walked amidst the beautiful, the brightest still." The gentle Semira, unwilling to sadden the existence of her child, concealed from her all knowledge of the joys she had lost; every day she visited the silent grave of Milon, and weeping bitterly, would exclaim "Alas! alas! thou art no more! thou solace and day-spring of my life; without thee I am heart-broken and desolate; enclosed by the pitiless waves, uncheered by the voice of friendship, all human aid is unavailing. Oh! would that thy gentle frame, my Melide, reposed beneath the green-sod on which I kneel and weep. Should I be taken from thee, and thou be left alone to wander in this solitude, the deep caverns of the rocks would but echo the prolonged accents of thy despair, 'Sorrow would fade the rose of thy youth.' And shouldst thou die! for thee no tears of love would flow from sorrowing hearts. No kindly hands would place thee in thy sepulchre; thy form would, perchance, become the prey of the wild birds, or be destroyed by the burning rays of the mid-day sun. Yes, deep and solemn shades, to you alone will I confide my grief, and my solitary child shall still be shielded from the knowledge of the anguish of her afflicted mother." Meanwhile, Melide employed her hours in training the odoriferous flowers and shrubs, and forming sweet bowers. She played with the young lambs, who needed no shepherd, for the impassable waves, as a fold, surrounded their little pasture; she raised the drooping heads of the flowers, and strengthened their dying stems; she was the tutelary Goddess of the scene, passing her hours of contemplation in a grotto formed in a rock, the sides of which were decorated with shells, gathered from the sea-shore, and gracefully arranged by Melide, in every sparkling variety of form and colour. In the centre of the grot, a large and beautiful shell received the pellucid

drops of water, which fell into it from the roof, with a low sweet sound; and jessamine shed its perfume around the entrance of this calm retreat. Surrounded by these many springs of happiness, Melide had passed her days without feeling her loneliness; but now, when sixteen summers had shed its leaves around her, she would sit sad and thoughtful in the bowers her hands had trained. "Why," she would exclaim, "were we placed in this solitude, more miserable than the creatures that sport around us? I feel that for this I was not born; and, doubtless, some sad misfortune has befallen us. A cloud of mystery veils my mother's brow, and tears bedew her cheek when I would question of the past. She bids me put my trust in the unerring wisdom of the gods, and presume not to murmur at their decrees. Alas! I must await in humble silence the unfolding of the future." Often awakening from deep thought, she would fix her eye upon the boundless sea, exclaiming, "Oh, ye watery plains! say, is this little isle the only spot of earth round which thy waters roll? or flowest thou to other shores too far away to be perceived by me? Oft, in the clear evening hour I see in the far distance, as it were, a fallen cloud forming a long silver line upon the verge of the horizon, and in the deep silence I have thought I heard the sound of distant voices. This can be nought but a world, although it seems so very small, yet have I seen the waves grow less as they retreated from the shore, and our cottage looks much diminished when contemplated from afar. If, indeed, it is a world which I behold, rich, like this, in meadows and fir trees, doubtless it is inhabited by beings for whom these beauties spring. But still they may not in aught resemble me, or be more fitted for my companions, than my flocks and herds; but if they resembled me, and were numerous as the birds of our isle, like them rejoicing in gladness together, oh, happy, happy creatures!! Leave me, ye sweet fantastic visions, ye make my lonely lot more miserable; oh, waves, if ye flow to that shore, tell those joyous beings that an unhappy girl weeps upon the shores of this lonely island."

Thus did the gentle Melide, and her dejected mother, breathe their complaints in the deep silence of their solitude; and the gods, at length, inclined an ear to their prayers, converting their sorrow into joy. Love presided over their brightening destiny, ruling, as he ever does, the fate of the young and beautiful. Upon the land opposite the isle, dwelt a youth, possessing a manly and graceful form, to whom his aged father had oft related the calamities which had befallen the surrounding country, pointing out to him the far off isle, and the eminence on which the cottage of Milon stood. "There," said he, "a daughter was given them, completing their happiness and contentment. The peasants would bring the little Melide gifts, and with blessings leave them at her gentle mother's feet; but in one sad hour was all this felicity destroyed—the remembrance alone freezes me with horror. In a dark and solemn night a fearful noise, more awful than the loudest thunder, spread consternation over the whole country. The earth trembled, the raging sea burst its confines with

a rushing and tremendous sound. Night never shrouded the world in so dark a mantle, beneath which the accents of despair arose unheeded to the skies; affrighted and trembling, all fled to the fields. The first streak of morning unfolded the fearful changes around us, and when the bright rays of the sun rested on the calm sea, we believed we could perceive Milon's cottage and some trees which shaded it.

"Perhaps he yet lives! and his wife and child may yet be spared to him."

The recital of the old man made a deep impression on the spirit of his son; and often would he wander to the beach, reflecting on the sad fates of the inhabitants of the distant isle. The lulling sound of the tranquil sea, one day, induced a peaceful slumber. Love, fluttering near, fanned him with his wings, and sheltering him from the burning sun, presented, in a vision, the shore of the far off isle peopled by bright spirits, wandering beneath the sacred shades; their movements were sorrowful, and they wept under the waving branches of the groves, and upon the flowering turf. From a deep thicket a beautiful maid advanced, with slow and melancholy steps; her fair hair, escaping from the myrtle wreath with which her brows were bound, floated negligently upon her shoulders; her sweet face was pale as the rose which faded on her gentle bosom, feeling and imagination shone in her deep blue eyes. She moved unconscious of the sweet zephyrs which floated around her, or of the beautiful flowers that bent their stems beneath her feet, exhaling perfume as they died. She stayed her steps upon the sea shores, and gazing with a melancholy look upon the misty azures of the distant land, she extended her arms towards it as if imploring assistance. Then the youth in fancy floated on the rolling waves, and Love received him on the wished-for shore leading the beautiful being towards him; bright spirits fluttered their wings above them, and encircled them with wreathes of flowers. Entranced with delight, the dreamer started from his slumber. "Gods," exclaimed he, trembling with emotion, "has the sweet vision fled me? Alas! alas! a dream has deceived me, and henceforth existence can disclose for me but one continued scene of misery and despair."

Often would he exclaim, "Where is my reason? that I should follow a dream—a vain phantom! I slept, and I beheld a vision of surpassing beauty. I am again awake, but it haunts me still, engrossing all my thoughts. How is it that a dream, having no existence in the world of reality, should thus for ever pursue me, drawing my steps irresistibly to the shore? I blush for my folly, and will resume once more my tranquil and industrious life. And, thank heaven! I have yet escaped the derision of my countrymen."

But in vain he endeavoured to overcome this strange passion; the sweet image filled his mind amidst all his occupations. "Shall an illusion cloud the days of my youth with sorrow, for which there is no alleviation?" cried he, "yet is this dream unlike the flitting visions of the night; inspired by a god, it surpasses in beauty all that imagination ever created; but why am I left

without the light of hope to cheer and guide me to this wished-for shore?" 'Tis true "Man is gifted by heaven with high aspirations, and a soul fertile in invention; but how could I trust my footsteps on the waves of the seas? and by swimming, I could not reach the far distant isle."

Seated on the shore, he often reflected deeply upon the means of crossing the watery waste, and as often rejected those which presented themselves; the ingenuity of man not having yet invented the stately vessels which float majestically upon the main.

One day, when gazing thoughtfully on the sea, he perceived some object borne towards him on the advancing tide—joy and hope sparkled in his eyes; it approached nearer, proving at length to be the trunk of a large tree, up-torn by the tempest, and floating upon the rolling waves. A timid rabbit, pursued by the hunter, had taken refuge, and was nestled in the hollow; a leafy branch protected him beneath its shade, and a soft breeze wafted the trunk to the shore, leaving it at the feet of the youth who stood watching its progress. Then arose in his mind vague thoughts, fleeting and changeable as the shades of night, which pass away but to be renewed; he placed the trunk to dry upon the sands, resolved to commence, upon the morrow, a work of which he had not yet a clear perception; sleep visited not his pillow; and at the dawn, provided with some rude implements, he hastened to the beach full of joyful anticipation.

Having observed that the folded leaves floated gently on the waves, and that the butterflies often rested upon them, and thus sailed in safety, without tarnishing the brightness of the apparel in which nature loves to robe these glorious creatures; the youth now endeavoured to hollow the tree sufficiently to afford him a resting-place within; already nature had assisted him in performing half his task, and love, ever triumphant over all difficulties and dangers, still cheered him in his toil; yet would his courage sometimes fail, and he would relinquish his apparently interminable task in despair. However, the reflection that, even if he failed, he would have but wasted his leisure hours, determined him to persevere in his undertaking. Some days had now passed, and the trunk had assumed, although somewhat imperfectly, the form of a boat, which he conveyed, with much difficulty, to a small creek, formed by the influx of the sea. There he launched his bark, and, leaving it to the mercy of the wind and waves, he pondered with an anxious mind upon the faults of his work, and when, from time to time, it was cast by the tide within his reach, he made various improvements in its form and construction which observation suggested, and again and again tried their effect. Having succeeded thus far, he was now perplexed as to the means to which he should resort, in order to steer his course upon the open sea; but having often admired the majestic swan, as she divided the waters with her feet, he determined to profit by the lesson, to imitate the action which enabled her to guide her course at pleasure, and by forming with wood, two large

paddles, and placing one on either side of his frail bark, thus to guide it, as he hoped, in safety. Delighted with this thought, he proceeded to cut from the neighbouring trees, two stout branches, which he rudely fashioned for the purpose, and tried in vain, for some time, to render them available; but success, at length, crowned his efforts; and rendered more daring, the delighted youth ventured, for the first time, upon the open sea. Upon his return, leaping with joy upon the beach, he exclaimed, "At the dawn of day, should the wind prove favourable, I will undertake, in my little bark, the voyage to the Isle." He then anchored his boat in the bay, and returned to his cottage, for night had closed around him.

"Love, invisibly aided the young man in his chivalrous undertaking; and, guided by the light of the moon, he journeyed through the damp air of night, bending his rapid flight towards the Island inhabited by Æolus, from whence was heard afar the moaning of the winds, pent up in the deep caverns of a rock, loud as the roar of the ocean when tempests sweep over it. He alighted where a rock reared its lofty crest above the foaming sea, upon which, at the entrance of the cavern, sat the powerful monarch of the winds; ruling the mighty storms, which, silenced at his word, retreated with a murmuring sound to the deep recesses of the cave. Then would he again send them forth to arouse the sleeping sea, or to sweep, in gusts, across the mountains, charging the gentle zephyrs to breathe softly around the peaceful cottages, and to cool the peasants toil-worn brows. But he gloried not in his dominion; his brow rested on his hand, over which floated the neglected curls of his hair. Oppressed with grief, he contemplated the rolling billows, tinged by the light of the moon. Love for a sea nymph filled his soul with anguish. "Oh, thou," said he, in sorrowful accents, "the most lovely of all the nymphs in Tethy's train, my tenderness awakens not thy love or pity; my sighs are borne to thee on the breath of the winds, but thou heedest them not; the light of day beams upon me when I see thee swimming lightly on the waters, but the darkness of night shrouds me, when thou seekest, beneath the waves, thy home in the coral beds. I seek for thee! when the roaring sea awakens me, at midnight's hour; I think, perhaps, thou lingerest near this shore; I call upon thee all in vain, and then I curse the darkness which veils thee from my sight. Oh! wert thou but a child of earth! come! oh! come! upon this land, and thou shalt find cool grotts, and shades; sweet zephyrs shall fan thee with their sighs, rich with sweetest perfumes. Come! reign Queen of the mighty winds! lovely as when I first beheld thee sleeping amidst the herbs and flowers, and vanish not beneath the waves, as on that fatal day, leaving me a prey to love and disappointment." Thus Æolus complained, when Love approaching him, said, "I have heard thy sighs, powerful monarch of the winds; my mother is the Goddess of Beauty, and it is in my power to alleviate thy sorrows. I swear, by the divine Olympus, to wound, with my sharpest arrow, the gentle heart of the daughter of the sea, if thou

wilt grant my requests, and she shall reward thee with her fondest love." Æolus, in delighted surprise, replied, "Son of the all-powerful Venus, what deservest thou of me? I can but poorly reward thee for a benefit which thou sealest with so sacred an oath." "Know then," replied Love, "that I desire thou shouldst imprison the winds from this hour, until the sun sinks into the sea, and give me power over a thousand zephyrs, which, for this space of time, shall do my bidding." Suddenly, with a loud voice, Æolus recalled the wandering winds; obedient to his command, they hastened home from every part of the universe, and being inclosed within the caverns of the rock, the desired zephyrs sported around the son of Venus.

"Soon," said Love, "thou shalt recover thy recompense; now must I hasten where my presence is required." Saying which, he winged his flight to the shore, followed by the train of zephyrs. In the dim twilight of day, he perceived the intrepid youth, who, delighted at the prospect of so fair a morning, was indulging sweet thoughts and anticipation. The calm sea swelled gently beneath the cheering rays of the early sun, and he saw more clearly than ever the distant Isle. The shore re-echoed with the blithe songs of the birds, and two ring-doves winged their flight above his head to the wished-for shore. Soft breezes waved the shady woods; all was tranquil; as when from the froth of the sea arose the beautiful Venus, when the serene sky, and enamelled shores, contemplated their beauty in the waves; when the winged winds stayed their flight, and zephyrs stooped to kiss the goddess as she rose. Then the youth, encouraged by Love, entered his bark, and trusted himself to the waters, exclaiming, "Neptune! thou sovereign of the seas, favour, I implore thee, my enterprize." When he felt the breezes gently wafting him to the Isle, and saw the waves dividing in his course, he was filled with holy thanksgiving, for he knew a god protected him. Then, from the depths of the ocean, came the sons of Neptune, the Tritons and Sea-nymphs, crowned with shells and sea-weed; sporting in a circle around the bark, astonished at the courage of a mortal, who would thus venture upon the vast ocean in so frail a vessel, and ever and anon, uniting their voices in sweetest harmony, thus cheered the mariner on his way:—

Forth from the gulphs of the deep blue sea,
We come on the waves to welcome thee;
Thy light bark framed on the yellow sand,
In safety shall reach the wished-for land.
Gaily, sweetly, merrily sing,
O'er the waters our wild notes ring.

By Neptune's hand the waves are stayed,
The winds in darkest caves are laid;
Love o'er thee spreads his silvery wings,
And Hope its radiance round thee flings.
Gaily, sweetly, merrily sing,
O'er the waters our wild notes ring.

Thus aided and encouraged, the youth sailed joyously along, and reached in safety the shore of the Isle. Leaping from his boat, he drew it upon the sands, and leaving it in a place of security, proceeded, full of hope, to traverse the shades and pastures of this unknown land, and at every step discovered the care and cultivation which had been bestowed upon it. Clustering grapes hanging in rich profusion on the graceful vine; jessamine and myrtle, forming here and there sweet bowers; and clear rivulets, murmuring gently amidst the sweet flowers, evidenced the skill and taste of the inhabitants of the Isle. While thus occupied, Melide was seated in the cottage, her head resting on her mother's bosom, who, after a mournful silence, in low accents, besought the confidence of her sorrowing child, who could only weep, and declare her inability to define the cause of her grief and depression.

"Why mourn, my Melide?" said her mother; "am not I thy friend, thy companion, grieving when darkness falls upon thy spirit, and rejoicing in the sunshine of thy smile? The plants and flowers spring and bloom to gladden thee. The trees thou hast planted, spread their rich foliage to shelter thee. Why do the young lambs of thy flock no longer delight and amuse thee?"

"Once, dearest mother," replied Melide, "I rejoiced in the opening of every bud, and the perfume of every flower; but now, when I see all around me bright and beautiful, I sigh for some being to share these joys with me; and the happiness of my birds, and flocks, only increases my sorrow. I——"

"Gods! what do I behold!" cried Semira, transfixed and pale, as the youth, who that moment reached the door of the cottage, stood before them.

"It is she!" exclaimed he—"it is, indeed, the angel who visited me in my beautiful dream. By a miracle I arrived upon your Isle, and now, I implore thee, bid me welcome to your dwelling." Melide, during this brief conversation, had speechlessly regarded the beautiful youth. Then, in gentle tones, she said, "Yes, the Gods have heard my prayers, and have sent me a friend and companion—come near, brave youth, and, hand in hand, let us join in grateful thanksgiving; tell me thou wilt never leave me, but partake with me all my pleasures and occupations."

"Long have I loved thee," replied the youth, "and rich is my reward for the perils I have braved for thee."

Semira now approached them, and breathing a fervent blessing on her children, requested some account of the young man's adventures, who briefly related his wonderful dream, and how, assisted by Heaven, he had crossed the mighty ocean in a frail bark, fashioned by his own hands. Full of grateful surprise, Semira now desired Melide to spread the sweetest fruits for their evening meal, who went forth to gather them, accompanied by the youth. But they forgot their mission, and insensibly their steps wandered to the shore, where the boat lay before them. "Look, my beloved," exclaimed the youth, "here is the bark in which I crossed the main, to gain the treasure of thy love."

"Wonderful invention," replied Melide. "And didst thou courageously trust thyself in so frail a vessel, perchance to become the sport of the wind and waves, as the delicate leaf of a flower is tossed wildly in the breeze? Oh! my loved one, how can I repay thee?" Then turning to the bark, she said, "I greet thee, thou tree, uprooted from other lands; thou art, in my estimation, more beautiful, thus robbed of thy garment of leaves, than if decked with the rich blossoms of spring; blessings rest on the spot thou hast shaded, and on the departed spirits of those who planted thee; may summer shed her flowers on the graves which shelter them."

Then they returned to the cottage, for the dews of night were falling around them.

To this enterprise, guided and accomplished by Love, we owe the power of journeying on the ocean. On the shore of this once solitary island, a flourishing town reared its towers to the sky, and stately vessels, richly laden, came from distant lands, bringing the treasures of science and the luxuries and produce of nations before unknown.

S. S.

IDEAL.

I saw thee, and my youthful gaze
Was rapt in wonder and amaze;
Thou wert a dream of fancy bright,
An effluence of unearthly light;
A creature of the evening ray,
That softens o'er the waning day.

I saw thee, and I see thee yet,
Though time has passed since last we met;
Though other forms, as angels fair,
Were hovering dimly round me there;
But thou alone hadst power to move
An unloved spirit unto love.

I saw thee there, I see thee now,
I see the glory of thy brow;
Thy glossy ringlets—and thine eye,
Beaming in vestal purity;
Thy playful smile—thy passing tear—
And in my spirit thou art here.

And nearer forms are dimly seen
Through the dark mist that is between—
And later visions are forgot,
As though I even had known them not;
Yet thou, the loadstone of mine eye,
Still shinest bright in memory.

Alas for me!—that memory
Is all that I have left of thee;
The dreams that made my fairy land,
Have vanished to their own sweet strand;
While thou, fair spirit of a dream
In undimmed glory still dost beam.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

IT having been made generally known to the Artists of Great Britain, by circular ordered by the governors of the Institution, that four prizes of fifty guineas each would be awarded to the painters of the best pictures sent in, the picture-loving world was naturally induced to believe great exertions would be exercised by the highly-gifted to render the gallery in every way as worthy of the attention of the man of taste as of the creature of mere curiosity. In thus offering a tempting inducement by the means of premiums, it was not intended to encourage Royal Academicians, or indeed any that had already passed "the expansive sea of mediocrity," but to invigorate the junior rising artists, and to warm them into a laudable desire for fame and emolument. We are happy to find the intention of the Institution has been fully understood by the members of the Academy, and that that body has kept aloof, and thus afforded fair play to those alone entitled to enter the arena.

From this it must not be understood that the academicians have altogether abstained from exhibiting, for there are several of their works in the collection; but that such having been exhibited in other galleries of art, are ineligible for the competition. This abstinence upon the part of the Academy is but an evidence of "that delicacy, which should be with art inseparable;" yet we fear the result will be a cause of regret to the majority, inasmuch as it deprives the public of many objects of great attraction, and the student of the opportunity of studying much that is excellent in modern art. In other words, that which ought to be a cause of gratification,—the knowledge that the younger branches of the profession have here an ample field allotted them to exhibit their varied powers,—is marred when the price—the withdrawal of so many fine works from more experienced hands is selfishly taken into consideration. We would that this intended self-denial upon the part of the Academy had been as generally known as the fact that prizes were to be awarded: being strongly inclined to believe, that the fear of meeting competition with the higher names in the catalogue, has, in some instances, rendered the efforts of the younger painters powerless and inefficient. Indeed, such failures cannot otherwise be accounted for, when the works by the same artists, of last season, are recalled to mind.

No. 1.—*The Raising of Jairus' Daughter*, by Von Holst, is a daring attempt for the present day, to follow the unprofitable but higher walk of art. Nor is this painter likely to be daunted by the fate of the many historical painters that have preceded him. He is evidently determined to die for his profession, if he cannot live by it. It is a fine and masterly production.

No. 3.—*American Forest Scenery—Seminole Indians firing a White Settlement*: J. Shaw—is a well treated, and admirably managed picture. The attitudes of the

Indians are somewhat ambiguous ; yet, withal, the drawing displays great care and talent.

No. 6.—*Rouen, from Mount St. Catherine*: R. H. Helditch. Although quite a sketch, bearing the impress of talent, and a thorough knowledge of aerial perspective.

No. 8.—*Girl Reading*. A very *sweet* face; perhaps rendered too much so, by the *treachly* shadow which covers it. It is by J. W. King.

No. 10.—*Cattle Reposing*: T. Sidney Cooper. Like all the same artist's works, well drawn and carefully finished, but lacking every other essential to make a good picture.

No. 11.—*Dutch Draining Mill at Nieuwersluis*: E. W. Cooke. Mr. Cooke was always finicking in his touch. It is a fault that will grow with his growth, if not strenuously avoided. But Mr. Cooke is young, and the only cure is confidence. When the mind has determined what the hand shall execute, it should be done; and the hand—the servant of the mind—should not hesitate in the middle of its work, but perform its duty fearlessly.

No. 13.—*Net Profits* is a far superior picture, there being little room for indecision. It is very judiciously and *seasonably* placed near the fire-place; the warm atmosphere in which it is enshrouded being perfectly revivifying.

No. 12.—*The Return from Christening*: F. Goodall. The education of a line engraver, has given to this young artist the power of great carefulness and finish; and we have here, as well as in

No. 180.—*Baptism*, an evidence of present and future success. Mr. Goodall has evidently looked closely at, and studied deeply, the works of Frazer and Edwin Landseer, and engrafted the two styles upon his own with great judgment and taste. The composition, in both pictures, is very happy; and the back grounds are made to fall well into the arrangement. At the same time, we think the edges of the shadows, more particularly those upon the flesh, are too cutting, and have more the appearance of being "bit in," (Mr. Goodall will understand this), than the work of the brush.

No. 16.—*The Trout Stream*: F. R. Lee, R. A. This is by Lee, and we shall echo an observation we over heard made by a Noble Lord, and a very excellent judge—"So English—so lovely—so purely English!"

No. 20.—*Adoration*: J. S. Agar. Adoration!—Where? In the painter's love of his subject, surely no where else!

No. 21.—*The Jew Rabbi*: Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.S. A perfect study, and glazed down to the rich tones of the old masters. It was gratifying to notice the group of young artists who surrounded it, and were observing, one to the other, upon its high merits. An inspection of a work of art, like unto this of the accomplished President's, does more effective service in inculcating a pure taste amongst those who naturally look up to him for advice and assistance in their profession, than would at first be conceived.

No. 24.—*Fisherman's Cottage*: W. Shayer. With all the "trick" that this artist is a finished master in, a really good picture scarcely leaves his easel. There is ever a great want of effect, throughout, and seldom a spot upon which the vision can rest—an absence of life. True, his pictures contain men, women, and children,—horses, donkeys, cows, &c., well and beautifully painted; yet, one and all appear to have been struck motionless, by a magician's wand (mayhap the maul-stick of the artist); and the beholder never fears, as he does when looking at a first rate work of art, that the scene will change, or that the figures will move. This deceptive quality is never absent from a true pourtrayal of nature. It is, perhaps, to be lamented, that Mr.

Shayer paints too rapidly, and cares more for the means by which he would obtain effect, than for the effect itself. Mr. Shayer's pictures, it is but justice to add, are much sought after by dealers, by whose honest aid they are multiplied *ad infinitum*. And by whom, strange to say, the correct knowledge as to effect, in which Mr. S. is himself wanting, is exercised in the transcripts, the copies very frequently being more nearly allied to nature than the originals.

No. 40.—*A subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins*: W. Etty. We cannot do better than quote a high authority upon art, which appeared during the Royal Academy Exhibition. "Five of them were wise, and five of them were foolish"—so says the catalogue, and so says scripture; but these virgins of Mr. Etty's are all foolish, or they are not so foolish as they look. They have more the appearance of the elder scholars of a ladies' boarding school, who have been granted a half-holiday, and been locked out for staying too long, some of whom are supplicating for admission, whilst others appear to be hiding themselves from the frowns of a governess.

We find but one picture, and that a mere sketch, of Mr. William Fowler's, the *Church of St. Etienne, Caen*. It is to be hoped that the talented artist has not been idle, or rather, that the patronage he so well merits has prevented him from getting his customary number of gems ready for the exhibition. Mr. Fowler is one of the few landscape painters who leave nothing to memory, and who, instead of painting the fair face of nature from recollection, sit down before her, and touch off every expression of her beautiful and animated countenance; nor quit their task till she herself warns them of the lateness of the hour, and of her intention to throw aside the gay clothing of the day, for the more sombre mantle of night.

No. 50.—*The Temptation of St. Anthony*. We have heard and read much of the temptation of St. Anthony, and, moreover, have looked upon many pictures intended to give a notion of the resistless force of virtue and self-denial possessed by that excellent and saintly anchorite. Finding in the catalogue a subject of the like kind, we anticipated a further gratification, in gazing upon the fair form of that woman who was said to be the loveliest of her sex, yet with all her beauty and wiles, to be incapable of drawing the attention of the Saint from his spiritual devotions. If the lady, modelled by Mr. Simpson, be a fair duplicate of the original fascinator, it need no longer be looked upon as a miracle, that St. Anthony baffled all her arts. This almost vulgar personage may have been both young and handsome, when she made her moving call upon the Saint; and taking such for granted, it cannot be expected that she should remain so for ever. St. Anthony, too, is not painted as an Egyptian: his complexion is as fair as a German's; but perhaps the sudden visit of the damsel has caused the colour to forsake his countenance.

No. 386.—*Cupid and Calypso*. An exquisite picture, in Mr. Wood's pleasing style. When with Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Wood was an assiduous and attentive pupil, and the good opinion formed of him, together with the prophecies of his future excellence, by the late amiable President, have been fully borne out. Why Mr. Wood is not an R.A. or an Associate, may be a matter of general astonishment; but those who know his modest and retiring demeanour, and are equally conversant with the world and the various little manœuvres required to rise in it, are not surprised to find him possessing equal talent with the elect, yet with a name destitute of honorary initials.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., has two pictures here, (Nos. 104 and 112). It is a great pity this once talented gentleman could not be induced to leave the space they occupy

to the junior exhibitors, the worst of whose efforts are far more agreeable to the eye than the heterogeneous masses of colour bearing his name. One would imagine, that Mr. Turner had left his studio for the kitchen, and discarded his oil, pigment, and brushes, to paint with the contents of the cruet-stand. "*Blue Lights, close at hand, to warn Steam Boats off shoal water !*" is a proof that the painter has had recourse to the aid of gastronomy for his subject. Did any person ever see a closer representation of a mass of eggs and bacon in a frying-pan? We pray thee, put it into an oval black ebon frame, and the deception will be complete indeed!

We have before observed, that four prizes are to be bestowed upon the four best paintings; but have refrained from invidiously pointing out any which more than others deserve the proud distinction. In abstaining from so enticing a speculation, we do not wish to cast a shade of censure upon those journals which have been pleased to adopt a different course; they have a right to give their opinion, and to assist, by their critical acumen, the labours of the committee. At the same time it is incumbent upon us to assert, that the committee is formed of men, of too high a standing in society, and of too matured a judgment, to be influenced, either one way or the other, towards those to whom the press has more or less directed public attention.

Since our visit to the British Institution, we learn, with much gratification, that many of the pictures have been disposed of. The classic Mr. Samuel Rogers has purchased a subject (No. 36) by Mr. F. Stone, which is an illustration of the following lines taken from a Dramatic Romance, by Mr. Henry Taylor :

"The well-spring of his love was poor
Compared to hers; his gifts were fewer;
Too high, too grave, too large, too deep,
Her love could neither laugh nor sleep;
And thus it tired him; * * * *

'Twas irksome, for it stole away
The joy of his love-holiday;
Bred of such uncongenial mood,
At length would some dim doubt intrude."

The Marquis of Lansdowne has secured Mr. E. W. Cooke's picture of *Mount St. Michael*—Peasants returning to Pontorson on the approach of the tide. This, a very hacknied subject with artists, being often selected from the castellated mountain "coming in well," in the composition with any tasteful grouping of figures placed in the foreground.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington has purchased

No. 341.—*Napoleon Buonaparte in the Prison of Nice, 1794.* It is by a young artist, named E. M. Ward, who has thus been fortunate in attracting the attention of the greatest general of the age, under somewhat singular, and, to both, gratifying circumstances. To the Noble Duke it is highly honourable, being an additional instance that he is ever ready to pay a tribute to the memory of that brave man, whom he so often met upon the field, amidst the carnage of battle.

J. G. F.

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

No. I.—ATMOSPHERE, EARTH-LIGHT, AND VOLCANOES OF THE MOON.

OF all the stars, that which interests us the most, after the sun, is the moon, whose phases offer a division of time so remarkable, that it has been primitively in use with all nations. The explanation of the phases of the moon conducts to that of the eclipses, the objects of the fears of man in the time of ignorance, and of his curiosity in all ages. The circular form of the terrestrial shadow in the eclipses of the moon rendered sensible to the first astronomers the sphericity of the earth. The influence of the lunar atmosphere is principally sensible on the duration of the eclipses of the sun and of the stars by the moon: precise and multiplied observations have hardly made us suspect this influence; and they assure us, that at the surface of the moon the horizontal refraction does not exceed five seconds. This refraction on the earth is at least 1,000 times greater; the lunar atmosphere, if it exists, is then of an extreme rarity, and superior to that of the void which we form in our best pneumatic machines. Thence we ought to conclude, that none of the terrestrial animals would be able to respire and to live on the moon, and that if it is inhabited it can only be by animals of another species. There is room to think, that all is solid at its surface; for the great telescopes present it to us as an arid mass, on which we believe we remark the effects and even the explosion of volcanoes. Bouguer has found, by experiment, that the light of the full moon is about 300,000 times more feeble than that of the sun; this is the reason why that light, concentrated to the focus of the greatest mirrors, produces no sensible effect on the thermometer. We distinguish, especially near the new moons, the part of the lunar disc which is not enlightened by the sun. This feeble glimmer, which is named ashy light, is due to the light which the illuminated hemisphere of the earth reflects on the moon; and what proves it is, that it is most sensible towards the new moon, when a great part of that hemisphere is directed towards this star. In effect, it is visible that the earth would offer to an observer, placed on the moon, phases similar to those which the moon presents to us, but accompanied by a more strong light, by reason of the greater extent of the terrestrial surface. Mountains of a great height raise themselves on the surface of the moon; their shadows projected on the plains, there form spots, which vary with the position of the sun. On the borders of the enlightened part of the lunar disc, the mountains present themselves to us under the form of an indentation, which extends itself beyond the line of light, by a quantity whose measure has taught us that their height is at least 3,000 metres.* It is recognised by the direction of the shadows, that the surface of the moon is sown with deep cavities, similar to the basins of our seas. In fine, this surface appears to offer traces of volcanic eruptions; the formation of new spots and of sparks, observed many times in the obscure part, seem even to indicate there some volcanoes in activity.—*Laplace's Exposition du Systeme du Monde.*

* As the French metre is little more than the English yard, the above measures gives but about 9,000 or 10,000 feet for the height of the lunar mountains; about thrice the altitude of Ben Lomond in Scotland, though little more than a third of that of the great mountain of the Himaleh.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

AN ARCHITECTURAL DICTIONARY; *by W. Britton, F. S. A.*

IN case of another edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," or a "Supplement" to that entertaining work, we would recommend its author to find a niche in it for a performance which is certainly a very great "curiosity" in the literature of the day: and being such, we make no apology for bringing it forward, notwithstanding that it was published about three or four years ago. Had it, indeed, been one of the literary lions of the season,—some novel, whose nativity had been cast by all the critics and all the newspapers, and received from them unanimous assurances of immortality, it would by this time have been quite defunct and forgotten,—the mere phœnix of a month, and no more. Happily, the work we are about to review is not a phœnix of that ephemeral class; on the contrary, it is one of most respectable bulk and ponderosity. Still a prodigious phœnix it is: so much so, indeed, that it completely mystified the few critics who spoke of it at the time, and who, accordingly, reported of it as being a work of great labour and research, and as one indispensable to every ANTIQUARY and ARCHITECT; with the exception, it is true, of one or two others, who pointed out what they considered to be egregious blunders and proofs of the grossest ignorance. But all of these, as we shall presently convince our readers, utterly mistook the author's purpose and drift, conceiving him—like dull, matter-of-fact bodies as they were—to have been in perfect earnest, and meant his book to be understood seriously; whereas it is obvious enough, at least to any person of sense, that it was intended as a satire—a pleasant burlesque on dictionaries and dictionary makers. After which last remark, it will, perhaps, be guessed, that the humorous production we have alluded to, is now no other than "Britton's Architectural Dictionary," above specified. We have heard it, indeed, sneeringly spoken of, by one or two professional men, as an exceedingly sad performance; yet, whatever may be other persons' notions of sadness, we must confess, that to us, it appears to be replete with mirth—provoking fun,—to be not only exceedingly comic, but super-eminently comical,—full of whims, drolleries, and conceits; though these merits have not been detected by sapient reviewers, who would have gravely expressed their doubts as to many particulars related in his "Travels," by the veracious Captain Lemuel Gulliver, or in the "Iter Subterraneum," of the scrupulous Niels Klim.

The solemnity assumed by the equally learned and facetious F. S. A., only serves to heighten his ridicule, and to render his book still more diverting. Those who, suffering themselves to be imposed upon by such assumed gravity, take him at his word, and believe him to be in earnest, are downright simpletons. Such people would have been imposed upon by the grotesque parodies and imitations in the once celebrated, but now utterly forgotten, "Rolliad;" or

have been duped by the roguish hypocrisies of the "Rejected Addresses." No; the whole is a piece of remarkably clever mystification, from beginning to end, as we now proceed to show.

To begin, therefore, with the very beginning of all, the dedication to Her Majesty is most capital in its way—an especially rich piece of quiz on the silly pomposity, windy inanity, and hypocritical humility, which generally characterise such addresses; and this aim is rendered evident enough by the very first sentence.

"Sanctioned by your Majesty's royal command, *I*, a sexagenarian, dedicate this volume on Architectural Antiquities, to the most youthful female sovereign that ever occupied the throne of Great Britain. The circumstance, the time, the august epoch of your Majesty's coronation, involve many impressive and conflicting reflections; for the past and the present condition are matters of commanding interest, whilst its future destinies are subjects for anxious speculation. The commencement of your Majesty's reign is full of excitement and of hope:—art, science, and literature; trade, commerce, manufactures, and legislation, are all approaching to a fulness and an altitude which cannot fail to astonish even human wisdom."

Now, no man, in his sober senses, would think of writing such stuff, were it intended to be taken seriously,—so far from which, it is neither more nor less than a sly hit at the laboured nothingness, the unmeaning rhapsodical cant, wrapped up in a parcel of fine words, which it is the etiquette to dole out on such occasions. The manner in which "*I*, a sexagenarian"—is so importantly thrust forth as relating to the more important personage of the two, is irresistably droll; while what follows is intended as a burlesque exemplification, not only of wordy emptiness, but of that species of argument termed a *non sequitur*; because, if the august epoch of the coronation—which, a punster would observe, was a June one—was attended by so many more important reflections, it is plain that people had quite enough to think of just then, without troubling their heads about dictionaries—at any rate, Her Majesty had 'other fish to fry,'—certainly, no time to bestow on word hunting. At first sight, the expression, "anxious speculation," does not strike; yet it is, in reality, a very telling point, for, never yet did the accession of a new sovereign, or a coronation, fail to create a vast deal of "anxious speculation" among the people on the look out for places and appointments. That art, science, and literature—(Jack Sheppardism, and the Newgate school of novel writing, we presume, included)—are about to astonish us all, the wiseacres more especially, was well put in, seeing that manufactures are mentioned also, that being again a palpable hit, viz. at book-making, and the manufacturing very fair looking volumes, by means of scissors and paste.

However, we cannot afford to go through this admirable dedication at the same rate, dissecting it paragraph by paragraph, and commenting upon each of the striking beauties with which it abounds. Neither can we bestow that

attention upon the preface which it deserves, or instance by extracts from it the dry sarcastic humour with which it takes off the tedious egotistical twaddle of those writers, who think they are bound to bore their readers by prosing about their own dear selves, and their valuable labours—which latter are invariably of the most disinterested kind—entirely, it would seem, *pro bono publico*,—perfectly disinterested. Mimicking the tone of such silly praters, the writer professes to tell us how he picked up his scraps of small learning, and how much he was benefitted by swallowing Bailey's, Johnson's, Walker's, and Ashe's dictionaries. After which, he falls to musing upon the French Revolution; yet, we apprehend, he will be thought to have fallen too much into caricature, because dictionary makers seldom interlard their prefaces with reflections upon what were matters of newspaper interest in their younger days. The dictionary itself is a no less pleasant satire upon dictionary making; it being such a queer farrago,—consisting, for the most part, of utterly obsolete and misapplicable terms, while a vast number of those in actual use are omitted, and others again most oddly explained,—that it is impossible to look upon it, as meant otherwise than a burlesque. It would be paying a very poor compliment indeed to the author, to imagine that he intended to pass it upon the public as being in downright earnest, a work seriously designed for the information of ANTIQUARIES and ARCHITECTS; and not a better compliment to the latter, for they must be veritable noodles if they have occasion to be told the meaning of such words as Cellar, Cottage, Court, Embossed, Hermitage, Knife, Tenement, and many more of that class, which are merely explained as in a spelling-book, without any observations with regard to the things themselves. Besides, “knife,” which is here defined to be “a cutting instrument with a sharp edge”—a definition which would include also the entire family of razors, scythes, and broad-swords—is not a tool employed in building and masonry, although it undoubtedly is daily used in sculpture, to wit, in that branch of it which goes by the name of *carving*:—and which, by-the-bye, is, if not openly acknowledged as such, esteemed *in petto* by many persons of *gusto* and *taste*, to be the most excellent branch, not only of that, but of the fine arts generally.

The manufacturers of biography are quizzed in a similar spirit, for the articles of that kind pompously parade before us the names of arrant nobodies—masons, carpenters, and artificers, who, we should say, are now utterly forgotten, were it not that they were never known at all, except to those who paid them their bills. To suppose, that Britton himself fancied, that obscure rubbish of that sort could possibly be of any service at this time of day, to those who have occasion for an architectural dictionary, would be preposterous. No, this department of his book is neither more nor less than a waggish banter on that peculiar foible of antiquary writers and readers, which induces them to treasure up the most frivolous circumstances and details; owing to which micrological prolixity, a county history rivals in extent the history of all the rest of the world. The consequence of which, in turn,

is, that the world leaves such heavy luggage to those who choose to trudge under its weight, and who relish a species of literature as frothy as whipped syllabub, yet as heavy as lead, and sweetened with the sugar of it.

Nor is the author less happy in taking off blundering Etymologists, though some will probably be of opinion, that he has herein indulged too freely in caricature. He tells us, for instance, very jocosely—yet with that gravity of face, so indispensable to an antiquary—that *hospital* is derived from *spittal*. This is so ludicrously absurd, that it cannot impose even upon the merest dunce of a school-boy; it being just such a derivation as would be that of *omnibus* from *buss*; therefore, so far, there can be no mistaking the author's object. Nevertheless, some critics (?) were so completely deceived, that not the slightest suspicion of the learned F. S. A.'s roguish propensity to mystification and hoaxing, came across their minds; on the contrary, they not only imagined him to be perfectly serious, but actually recommended his book as a *bonâ fide* dictionary, instead of praising it as a clever piece of satire in masquerade.

Neither is this the only occasion on which the writer has displayed his talent for humour; some of the dedications and prefaces to his other works being strongly tinged with it, to such a degree, indeed, that it is a vast pity they are not collected together and reprinted in a cheaper form, for such a volume would, most undoubtedly, become very popular among the lovers of literary fun. The prosy twaddle, and dull impertinences, of grave, formal writers, are often most admirably hit off, by our facetious F. S. A. We have been particularly delighted by that hugely comical passage in "The Editor's Preface," to Pugin's *Normandy*, where he goes into a long rigmarole, as to the distinction between an author and an editor, dragging in Campbell, Lockhart, and Barnes,—lest perhaps, folks should fancy that the last of the trio actually writes, every day, the whole of the 'Times' newspaper, advertisements included. Now, that such impertinence is meant in downright earnest, is what no man in his senses can for a moment conceive, for it may be presumed, that in this march-of-intellect age, not only antiquaries, but everybody else, understand tolerably well, the difference between an editor and an author. It is therefore palpable, that the whole is merely a bit of quiz, on the strange, queer, out-of-the-way malapropos stuff which bookmakers are wont to foist into their pages, for the purpose of eking them out. Whether the learned and indefatigable F. S. A. be altogether the profound antiquary he has been represented, is to ourselves, we must confess, somewhat matter of doubt; but we certainly have no hesitation in saying, at all events, that is his very least title to celebrity, because his talent for burlesque drollery, his exquisite fancies and pleasantries, place him, most decidedly, at the head of all the humorists and comic writers of the present day.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON, *by Harry Lorrequer*. Illustrated by *Phiz*. Vol. I. W. Curry, Jun., and Co., Dublin; W. S. Orr and Co., London.

CHARLES O'MALLEY is unquestionably one of the most laughter-provoking books that has ever come under our Critical Notice; and, as may be judged, we have read a few, seeing that we are—Ye powers, our friend Harry Lorrequer had well-nigh seduced us into the unpardonable indiscretion of telling our patriarchal age. Charles O'Malley, what shall we compare thee to, for the raciness of thy wit, the broad facetiæ of thy humorous descriptions—thy free dashing devil-may-care style, and yet, for thy sage reflection, thy sentiment, thy pathos, thy true and hearty Hibernian feeling? To Le Sage, to Defoe, to Sterne, to Swift, to Moliere, or to any other of the never-to-be-too-much-venerated wits? No, we will profit, in this instance, by the polite intimation of Mrs. Malaprop, that “caparisons don't become a young woman,” and so we'll even let O'Malley, or what is the same thing, his Editor, stand

“Alone in his glory.”

It grieves us to find, by the concluding portion of the volume, that owing to an accident (by fire) “the record of our campaigns—our days of battle and nights of bivouac, met the fate of many worthier pages, and were utterly consumed.” The loss, however, so far as the public is concerned, may, by possibility, be compensated, as respects the concluding number of the volume) by a very interesting tale, in three vols.!! comprised in a little more than as many pages, by one of our favourite authors (of romance,) I. P. R. James; more especially when the Editor informs us that the “true web of the narrative” will, in due time, be taken up, notwithstanding the conflagration.

Reader, we wish we could give you a specimen—but where all are equally good, it is a puzzle to know what to chose. The election, the escape, the hunt, the duel, the vice-provost, the wager, the ball, the villa, the route, the march, the battle—the—the—in short, the everything must be read to be appreciated.

Charles O'Malley fully sustains the reputation of “Harry Lorrequer.” The whole story is perfectly Irish—full of real life, and of character strongly marked and ably defined.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN, THE PRINCE; *by Henry Cockton, Author of “Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist,” “Stanly Thorn,” &c. &c., Nos. 1 and 2:* London, Grattan and Gilbert.

THIS is certainly a laughter-loving age, or we should not find so many “laughter-loving philosophers” patronised in it. What a constellation of Wits has this little country—yclept par excellence “Great Britain,”—to boast of among her sons—not of your gaping, yawning sages, who preach (whatever may be their practice) the

“musty, fusty rules

Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools.”

But your real “hearty good fellows, whose practice, like their maxim, is

“Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing.”

Very pleasant if, as some might deem it, (ourselves *not* among the number) not very wise counsel. We love to see men laugh at proper times and seasons; for we never found one of your risible souls who turned out either one of your insidious reputation

assassins, or one of your true Johnsonian "haters." Wherever you find a man who can laugh, you may be equally certain you will meet with one who can sympathise. Some of the truest-hearted men—some of the soundest philosophers and most philanthropic and enlightened Christians we have ever found, have been amongst those who could indulge in the enlivening bursts of glee of your "right merrie laugh."

It is quite refreshing to turn from the "denser" occupations of life, to pass away an hour in the delightful company of those who, by their lively wit, their pleasant satire, or their broad strokes of humour, win a smile from our sadness, and prove that there is something to rejoice at, as well as to weep over, in our lot of life.

What a constellation of wits, we again repeat, has this "little world which we call ours," produced, to drive away our cares and refresh our oftentimes subdued feelings and wearied minds, in our Hooks—our Hoods—our Dickens—our Marryats—our Ingoldbys—our Lorrequers, and our Cocktons.

But not only are such productions as that now under review, acceptable as antidotes to "dull care," but they are also valuable as pointing to our foibles and follies, for their amendment or avoidance. Of this character, so far as we can judge from the parts that have been already issued, is "George St. George Julian, the Prince." The quicksilver scheme is an excellent hit at the many plans by which the world are daily astounded, and the multitude robbed. The character of Bull, a thorough "Grasp-all," old, ugly and avaricious, is well drawn.

When, by a scheme which George had devised (the nature of which our readers will have great gratification in discovering for themselves), the price of quicksilver had been raised about four hundred per cent, George

"Thought it high time to think about selling. But Bull would not hear of it:—he had the highest respect for the judgment of George, and protested that he would not oppose him for the world; but he thought that to sell then would be such a pity.

"George therefore consented to wait another day, and the price then rose to five hundred per cent.

'You see,' cried Bull, smiling with rapture, 'you see, my dear boy, I was right!'

'Well; now let us sell.'

'No, no, no, no; not to-day, my dear boy! not to-day! Say to-morrow. There! only let us wait until to-morrow, and then we'll sell at whatever price it happens to be.'

'We shall play with this thing until we lose it.'

'Lose it! my dearest friend, how can we lose it?'

'I am disposed,' said George, 'to trust to the chapter of accidents no longer.'

'Accident! Impossible! What accident can occur? Besides, look you, it's sure to be higher to-morrow! Why throw a chance away?'

'Why not secure the chance we have? We shall now make a hundred thousand pounds by the transaction.'

'No, not a hundred thousand: not quite a hundred thousand. You forget the ten per cent. Ten per cent is too much. Jones ought to be satisfied with five, or two-and-a-half—eh?—it is not compulsory?'

'He shall have ten per cent. upon mine.'

'Ten is a great deal too much: now I think five, you know, would be nothing but fair! What do *you* think?'

'That we ought to keep faith with him, certainly.'

'Very true:—but consider the amount! You forget that ten per cent. will be ten thousand pounds! And what does a fellow like that want with ten thousand pounds! Why, he'll be so independent I shall never be able to get him to come to business before twelve o'clock in the day! He'd lie in bed till the sun scorched his eyes out, he would.

No, I think that five would be very fair ; I do, indeed ; and he ought to think himself monstrous lucky to get that, he ought.'

'I shall oppose,' said George, 'any diminution. Let us do what we may, we should always keep faith with those with whom we are connected.'

'Well, then, I'll tell you what we 'll do : we 'll just make this ten per cent. extra, in order that we may have our fifty thousand a-piece clear.'

'Be guided by me,' said George ; 'let us sell at once.'

'Nay, nay, let us cover the drawback ! Oh ! do let us cover the drawback ! It 'll be like throwing ten thousand pounds into the gutter ! It is sure to be that at least in the morning. Say the morning ;—oh ! come, say the morning.'"

The result of this delay, of course, is, that the bubble, like many as seemingly prosperous ones before it, bursts, in consequence of Jones in a drunken bout having revealed to his tavern-companions, "certain brokers and others," the whole history of the plot ; and the splendid fortunes that were to have been realised, are yet still to be made, and for the accomplishment of which, other schemes are entered into.

We have an idea, only an idea, but we think we could point to the original of the "Beauty," and doubtless, the other characters are likewise "sketches from nature."

The numbers are capitally illustrated by that clever artist Onwhyn. "The awkward position of Jones" is excellent.

It is superfluous to speak here either of the talent or reputation of "the Author of Valentine Vox." We have only, therefore, further to remark, that "George St. George Julian," promises not merely to sustain, but greatly to add to his well-earned literary fame.

A FURTHER APPEAL TO THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN, AGAINST THE PROPOSED NIGER EXPEDITION : A LETTER ADDRESSED TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by Robert Jamieson, Esq. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

"COLONIZATION" and "Civilization" are terms often used, and subjects very much talked about, even by those by whom they are but very little understood. Most people have their crotchets upon these important topics, and, as a matter of course, we have ours. What these crotchets may be, however, at this present writing, we have neither time nor space to tell. But this we do say, that we very heartily protest against that wholesale system, which has been somewhat rife of late, of seizing upon lands, (even where nominally paid for) and peopling them with the ignorant, the ill-informed, and necessarily, in many instances, the duped, to meet the purposes, or to further the chimerical views, either of certain designing, or, what is as bad, ill-judging pseudo philanthropical colonization projectors. Not, be it understood, that we are averse to colonization in the main, for properly and advisedly undertaken, under efficient and responsible authority, we think it a good thing.

An entirely new scheme (for the civilization of Africa) has recently been set on foot. We by no means desire to impugn the motives of the projectors, in this or any case ; we speak now only of the order of doing of it. But we are inclined to think, that before people are either inveigled from the homes of their "father-land," or are drawn into associations of the nature of the one under consideration, every point which might throw the "shadow of the shade" of a doubt upon the ultimate success of the plan proposed, should be cleared up ; and that, so far as practicable, nothing whatever should be left to what we may somewhat unphilosophically describe as "chance" or "accident."

Every one who knows anything of the history of our colonies, must be aware of the difficulties and dangers, by disease and failure, which have marked the earlier history of the whole of our colonial settlements, just from the expectations held out by their founders to their immigrant inhabitants never having been realized.

That the improvement of our commercial relations, the increase of our influence, by the wise and judicious extension of our territory, and by the opening of new sources for the employment of our money capital, and our labour capital, is *primâ facie* a good, no one will attempt to deny; but where the endeavour to accomplish these desirable ends is attended with risk of loss of life, of private capital, and of the public money, it behoves every well-wisher of his fellow men to raise his voice and demand proof, "clear as holy writ," that at least all the precautions which can be made available have been taken, and that no insuperable difficulties present themselves in the furtherance of the objects proposed—that is, that provision has been made, as far as has been practicable, against the infliction of any positive evil, in the hope of effecting a future possible good.

With regard to the proposed plan of civilizing Africa, we have merely to remark, that however good the object may be, it cannot be accomplished unless the means be adapted to the end, and that, consequently, where the means proposed appear to be either premature, ill-digested, or in any way unsuited, others equally laudable in design, but more practicable in operation, should be adopted.

Mr. Jamieson's pamphlet is a very sensibly and temperately written one, and clearly exhibits some of the difficulties attendant upon the proposed expedition. He commences his letter by saying, "I deem it my duty, before the actual departure of the three government steam-vessels, now finishing their equipment for Africa, to communicate to your Lordship, intelligence which I have received from that coast, and which I consider of importance, as bearing on the plans, in aid of which, these vessels have been built and prepared;" and in so doing, he acts the part of a good citizen, and a worthy member of society, and as such, our cordial thanks are his due; for we take him to be the true friend, who points out the danger which is impending, not him who lets the calamity come, and then sets about alleviating the suffering super-induced. This information seems to have been expressly obtained by Mr. Jamieson upon instructions given by him to the captain of one of his own vessels, and will, no doubt, have becoming weight with the government and the projectors of the "Niger Expedition."

The following addendum has been issued upon the subject since the publication of the above pamphlet:—"Since the preceding went through the press, accounts have been received of the return of the *Ethiope Steamer*, from the Niger to Fernando Po. Captain Becroft confirms the representations given in the preceding Letter, as to his failure to find an entrance to the Quorra by the Benin or Formosa, and his subsequent entrance to it by way of Warree. Thereafter he penetrated into the interior to near Lever, (a short distance from Boussa, and the highest point which has yet been reached on the Niger), where the bed of the river became so contracted and obstructed with rocks, that further progress was stopped. The river throughout was difficult of navigation, being dependant upon the rains, which for the season had been unusually light—trade was attempted at all the leading towns on its banks, but very little could be done, although the natives at all parts were friendly, and favourable to commercial intercourse. Much sickness had prevailed among the white men of the ship's company while in the river, and we regret to add several deaths had taken place. Upon the whole it appears, that from the unhealthiness of the river, and its difficult navigation, the Niger, of which so much has been expected, is likely to remain comparatively of little importance to the world as a medium of commerce with Africa."

THE
BRITISH MISCELLANY.

AGNES HAMILTON—THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

By J. HEMMING WEBB,

AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE ESSAY, "ON THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY."

BOOK I.

THE BETROTHING.

"And now 't was done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted."—BYRON.

CHAP. I.

..... "Sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan, on each decaying grace;
Untimely sorrow touched his thoughtful mien."—BOWLES.

It had been a day of cloud and storm. Not a ray of the golden sun had burst the gloom to shed warmth and gladness on the world. But, like a calm and beautiful dream amidst the tempests of life, an evening, serene and gentle, had supervened. The atmosphere was balmy and clear, and, excepting a fitful fan of the zephyr's wing, there was not a breath of air to scatter the withered leaves. All nature lay hushed as if in a peaceful slumber, and high above were myriads of stars, shining in silent loveliness, the watchers of the hour, and of the scene. It was one of those occasions so sacred to contemplation, that, save the beating of our own hearts in the stillness made almost audible, neither sound nor motion breaks in to dissolve the spell by which the spirit is enchained.

In a small apartment, wherein books and papers were strewn with the negligence that marks the student's habit, stood a pale and venerable looking man, and a maiden, whose thoughtful brow and pensive air, might have denoted that she had reached the age of womanhood. Not so, however, the fact. The elder of the two, the Rev. Walter Hamilton, had but just passed the prime of life; the younger, his daughter—Agnes, had not numbered more than eighteen summers.

The room itself was of small dimensions ; fitted up with great economy, yet with scrupulous care as to convenience and comfort. It was the pastor's study, and contained, arranged on rows of shelves, those treasures of thought, the speculations of the ancient philosophers, and the ascertained truths of the more recent followers in these perplexing and mysterious paths—together with goodly tomes of history, poetry, and divinity, modern and antique. These were interspersed with busts of eminent literary and scientific men, so placed as to form a kind of key to the class of volumes over which they appeared immediately to preside. Above the fire-place hung an oil-painting—the portrait of a lady in the bloom of womanhood. The features were regular and finely expressed, and the complexion fair ; whilst silken tresses, half concealing a neck and shoulders of swan-like grace and whiteness, flowed luxuriantly down. The apparel was plain and simple, in the fashion of some fifty years since ; but, although made perfectly à-la-mode, it was nevertheless somewhat coarse in its texture. The effect of this disparity between the homely garments and the lovely form of the wearer served only to display, if possible, still more strikingly the beautiful countenance which, from whatever position you viewed it, appeared ever to be smiling upon you. It was the production of an unknown artist—one who had wrought it when the hand of death was upon him, and who had imparted to his work that etheriality which beamed from his own pale face and lustrous eye, the sure tokens of martyrdom to decline. In every respect a master-piece, it was a picture of which you seemed never to tire, it was so life-like and lovely. The original had been the clergyman's wife.

Beneath the window was the curate's table, covered with books and papers variously disposed. In front of it was the old arm chair, in which he was accustomed to sit, a type of the student himself, and in due keeping with the chamber and its contents. By its side, and between it and the fire-place, was one smaller and newer, the seat which Agnes usually occupied, during those long dark evenings devoted by the curate to his studies.

At that hour, heretofore, these two lonely ones, for they were lonely in thought, as in dwelling, had been accustomed to withdraw themselves from the world—their little world—to devote themselves to meditation and to prayer. For some time past this course had been interrupted. The curate had been ill. On this evening, however, he had been tempted to re-enter his study.

We said that they were lonely in thought, and they were so. They were not made to mingle with the multitude. They were not children of the vexed and unquiet world ; they had seen but little of it, and dwelt but little in it. The passing show, the pageant, and the parade of life moved on, but they knew it not ; in a crowd they would still have been alone. A great city, to them, would have been a desert, wherein there was nothing of the beautiful ; and of which the very atmosphere would seem arid and unwholesome, save in the stillness of the midnight hour, when, to their minds, it would have been peopled by angels, and filled with the presence of the UNSEEN. Their world was the solitude of

nature, where they could mark the heavens with its brilliant hosts, the earth with her flowers and fruits, and the sea with its untiring waves ; and in which they could indulge in thoughts that were not of time, nor of men's passions, nor of feeble sense.

And evening waned, and night drew on, and deeper shadows gathered over the earth, and the gem-like stars stole out into the darkness—those beautiful stars which, so often the witnesses of strife and noise, and crime and sorrow, yet seem to shrink from the glare of day, as if unmeet for aught but a scene of harmony and peace.

No one can have looked in the still evening upon a beautiful prospect, and heard the gentle rippling of the waters from afar, without having noticed the spirituality which insensibly steals over the senses, and transports the soul, upon the wings of airy imagination, to the region of the skies. Nor can those whose thoughts, at such a time, have travelled back to bygone years, with their joys and their pains, have failed to remember how, when brooding over the sorrow that had saddened their previous history, the tear-drop, slowly gathered in the eye, as if to relieve the swelling heart, filled with a dread of the evil which seemed to fore-shadow the future.

Thus, on that night, mused the clergyman and his daughter ;—he inwardly recounting years and pleasures departed, affections blasted, and hopes destroyed. For, on that evening, nineteen years previously, had he introduced his bride to his solitary home, and talked of duties to be done, and joys to be participated, in future years—that future which was destined to dawn upon him only : and Agnes, lost in one of those vacant reveries wherein the memory, the imagination, and the heart operate together to produce unearthly visions, and in which the mind, unloosed, soars like a spirit over a world of dreams.

In sympathy with the scene, the daughter and the sire stood, in the faint light which the stars threw around them, like the statues of hope and sorrow. It would have been a solemn and impressive sight, could it have been witnessed—the vacant gaze of the latter, fixed unconsciously upon one far distant spot, his hair gently stirred by the transient breath of night, his face lighted up by a pensive and melancholy smile ; and the up-turned eyes, and the beaming visage of his child. How much of meaning would their looks and attitudes have displayed—and how much of what at that moment was passing within them, would thus have been revealed.

Slowly, slowly rose the moon, shedding her cold, clear rays over slumbering nature, and adding increased softness to the scene. It was not till she had risen high in heaven, that a sentence was spoken by either the parent or the child. At length a sigh which burst from Agnes' bosom, recalled the curate from his reverie. Imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, he exclaimed, " Whither tend your thoughts, my sweet child, that you look so wistfully at yonder heaven, and sigh ?"

" I was thinking," she replied, with simple but earnest enthusiasm, " of the

science of the stars. Would I could read them as a page in Nature's history ; for ever as I gaze on them, I long to be familiar with them as with things I love—to trace them in their flight, and know their being, operations, end ! And then there comes the wish that I might choose one brighter and more beauteous than the rest, to watch my life and guide me in my course on earth. And as I seemed but now to travel back to ages of deep mystery, and visit lands of old, renewing empires dead—their being questioned and their histories a tale—and thought upon theories of past times, I sighed to think that my poor wish was vain."

"But why," remarked the curate, "with the smile of the Omniscient beaming over us, wish for the guidance of the stars—his creatures, as ourselves ?"

"Not so," was Agnes' reply ; "but when I see them shining with such tranquil light, I feel they are an emanation from a mind of light, and, in their loveliness, I see the attribute of love in him who framed the spheres, and breathed upon our souls : and who, when he pronounced creation 'good,' sought from his creatures, through his works, worship and homage due. And, as I think of this, and mark some tremulous orb appearing as if it only shone on me, it seems a seraph's smile—the evening air, the music of its voice. And, oh ! there are so many things to throw our memory on the past ! I never see a flower, or listen to the night-bird's song, I never look even upon a worm, but it reminds me of some marvellous tale of worship, or of dread, written in books, the records of old time."

"Ignorance and superstition," was the curate's rejoinder, "twin children of blackest night-growth, stalk hand in hand, the most fearful, ever the most unlearned, and some of whom the world is wont to boast, and deem pre-eminently wise, have not been free from superstition's curse. We learn that even Plato's genius could stoop to arrogate to men the power to talk with beasts and birds ; and so tradition says, were Thales and Melampus gifted."

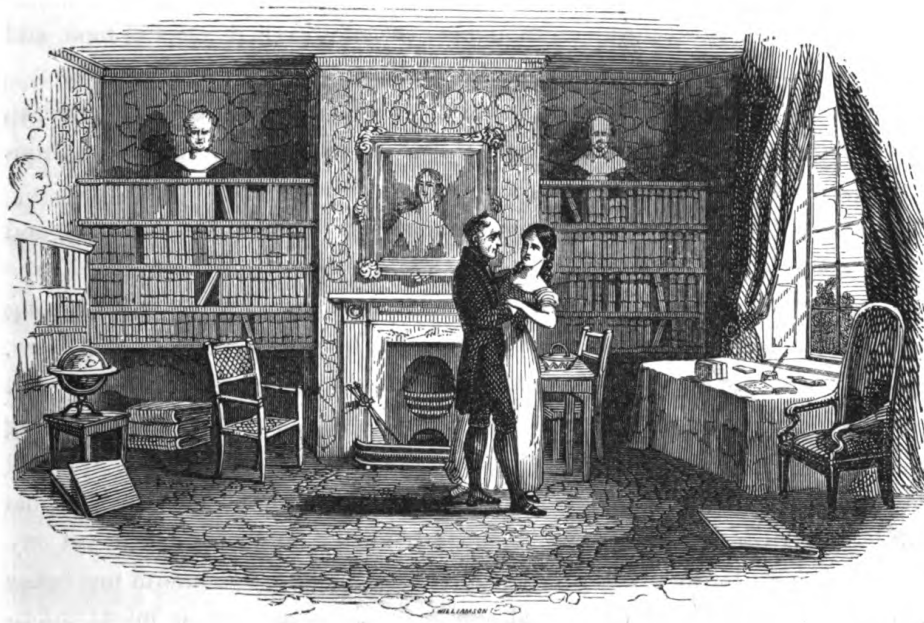
"And," interrupted Agnes, with a deep sigh, "can we, dear father, wish the tale untold—untrue ? In fable even, what an illustration of true innocence !"

"Yes," was the reply ; "the thought is beautiful, that men so torn by passion, and so warped by crime, should throw aside their sinful nature, and commune in secret with the faultless ones ; and, yet, it is but a thought. Tradition is, at best, too often only superstition's chronicle ; and wisdom, leaning on tradition, has little to commend it to regard."

It was in conversations such as these — upon the heavens, and their wonders ; upon the earth, its structure, its mutations and its motions ; its embosomed treasures, its flowers, its fruits, and all its living things ; upon the ocean, its expanse and finny tribes ; upon the seasons, their variety and changes ; upon the soul, its impulses and its powers ; upon time, its fleeting hours, and the sorrows which it seems to bear upon its wing ; upon eternity, its unending duration, and its never failing felicities ; and upon the Deity, as the creator, the preserver, the present governor and the future judge of man—rather than by

the deep study of books, that the curate had formed his daughter's mind. She thus obtained a knowledge of the mysteries of creation, and of the wisdom of its founder; learned to judge of her own heart; and to appreciate those beauties of the external world, between which and her own soul there existed an inward and an inexpressible sympathy; and so she gleaned knowledge of lands far distant from her own, and of the habits and manners of people she never could have seen. And thus did the pastor and his child now continue to converse.

At length, when the hour had grown late, Agnes turned to close the window. As she did so, she perceived that the moon's rays fell upon the portrait. Forgetting for the moment all that she had been talking about, and, indeed, the whole world besides, she exclaimed, "My mother! It may be too late to talk of her to-night, but we will speak of her to-morrow, shall we not? She must have been very beautiful. I sometimes think, as I behold her image, that it seems to smile upon me. I see it in my dreams, as well as in my waking hours." Then lowering her tone, she continued, "How often in my sleep have I appeared to listen to my mother's voice, singing some pleasing melody, or calling to me with such silvery notes, as made me wish it might not cease; and morning has dawned, and I have awoke, cold and alone. Oh, how I could have loved her!—better than all the world, save only you." And she threw her arms around her father's neck, and met a mutual embrace.



The curate wept. His heart was full of sad remembrance, suddenly re-called; and, for the bosom surcharged with grief, the only relief is in tears.

"I have made you weep, dear father," said Agnes, tenderly; "it was very unkind in me to speak so heedlessly; I will not err thus again."

"It was the language of the heart, my child," was her father's response—and his tears fell fast and freely, but they were no evidence of weakness of

mind. In the gloom and solitariness of the sick chamber, former events had crowded upon the curate's memory, and the prospect of the future—the past so bleak and barren, the future so dreary—had constantly been present to his thoughts; and this, amidst the lassitude of disease, had already somewhat unnerved him. Yet, while conversing with his innocent child among his books, those silent companions—those dear friends, whose faces never change, and whose constancy is alike appreciable in adversity and prosperity, he had shaken off, for a brief period, the sadness that had oppressed him. It was, then, the sudden and violent revulsion of feeling, the instant call from subjects of an indifferent nature, to the story of his afflictions; to the thought of his early home, which for years had been barred against his entrance, of the stain which had been made to rest upon his birth, of his young affections nipped, and of his once brilliant prospects and beautiful bride, withered and dead. This, this it was that had moved him into weeping.

The curate's tears were dried, and Agnes' head lay hid in his bosom; and when she raised herself from her recumbent position, it might have been perceived that she too had been weeping.

Agnes lit the taper, and placed before her parent the Book of Life. He read a portion of the Sacred Word. The volume was closed, and the stricken man and the blooming child kneeled before the throne of grace. The former poured out his soul in tones, which at first were feeble and low, but, as his mind became great in intercession, his rich notes swelled into full tone, and grew louder and stronger with the fervour of his devotion.

The service was ended, and the pastor's voice hushed. A stillness and an awe seemed to pervade that domestic temple; and the curate arose from prayer a calmer and happier being.

That night, Agnes retired to her chamber full of thought and anxiety, and with a rising feeling of sadness, if not of sin. Instead of disrobing herself, she threw open the casement and looked out upon the expanse before her, starting with apprehension at every creak of the shutters, at every rustling of the trees, and sighing as if in consonance with the night wind which had sprung up and swept mournfully through the foliage. At length, after apparently debating with herself, she abruptly turned from the window and exclaimed, "I will watch no more. I fear I have not done well. But then he is so good, so gentle, so kind—surely *he* would not ask me to do wrong,—and yet my oppressed spirit tells me I have done ill, else why did I not inform my father so to night. Ah, why did I not tell him at the first—and yet it might grieve him to know I love another. *Love!* Oh principle, most strange and inexplicable, that brings such fear and yet such confidence, such pain and yet such exstasy. Ah, no! he would not be angry with his Agnes; but he may inquire why I have not told him this before, and ask all I can, and all I cannot, tell, and yet" —

Agnes rested her head upon her hand for a while, in silent thought; after

which, she passed to her father's chamber with a lighter step and a happier heart than she had quitted it but now. The mantle of sleep had fallen lightly upon him, and his slumbers were gentle and refreshing. In the tranquillity of repose, there were no traces of grief or pain; it was a sleep so calm, so holy, that Agnes could not awake him; and so she looked on until she fancied that peace had resumed its reign within her.

Presently, the sound of approaching footsteps smote upon her ear. The blood mounted to her brow, her heart beat quick, and a sense of stifling came over her as

“ A voice whisper'd nearer,
Come, love, with me,”

ever and anon softly breathing out her name.

At that voice, all the woman came rushing back into her mind, her promise, her love—she faltered an instant, then, as once more her name was repeated, she raised the lamp, and shading its rays from the eyes of the slumberer, she withdrew.

CHAP. II.

“ The fashion of her gracefulness was not a followed rule,
And her effervescent sprightliness was never learnt at school;
And you heard her words, like voices that o'er the waters creep,
Or like a serenader's lute, that mingles with your sleep.”—WILLIS.

THE Rev. Walter Hamilton was a man of whom our church may justly be proud, although, alas! from her system of preferment, too often embracing only the powerful and the rich, his labours received a very inadequate recompence. But, possessed of truly Christian piety, and fully prepared to suffer whatever of ill might fall to his lot, he was ready to prosecute, without a murmur, every duty which devolved upon him. In manners, he was gentle and suasive; in temper and disposition, mild, charitable, patient, and forgiving; and, in his every act, there was the expression, as the essence of truth, of a simplicity not inconsistent with that lofty and unquestionable sincerity, which, while it is incapable of meditating harm itself, thinks not of evil in others. He was essentially a man of principle; and, however at times he might seem to be acting only from impulse, his judgment was so quick, and his action so prompt, there was a power of decision at work within him, which never lay wholly still. Although a profound scholar in the works of human device, he had also sedulously cultivated that enlightened philosophy, not so much the dicta of the schoolmen as the religion of the heart, which gives us to perceive moral harmonies as well as physical beauties, and to trace the doctrine of final causes (and of causation and consequence generally,) to a source far higher and more supreme than any which the speculations of merely human judgment, however brilliant, could have divined; and which, in teaching us the union and

sympathy that obtains through all parts of creation, confirms in our minds the connection that subsists between God and the soul. And the effect of this moral discipline was beautifully displayed in the character of the clergyman, for he was one who had been long and severely tried in the furnace of affliction ; but, having learned to bow with submission to the disposing hand which mingled sorrow with blessings in his cup, he had come out refined and humbled in faith, exalted in mind, and spiritualised in devotion.

In stature, the curate was rather tall, but an habitual stoop, which told how heavily the burden of grief and misfortune had pressed upon him, lessened his actual height. His forehead was broad and high ; and his eyes keen and piercing, but worn, by intense application, from a brilliant hazel to a faded brown. His visage bore the thin and sallow aspect of the solitary ; and on his brow were the lines of care and thought, in furrows, long and deeply engraven. When he spoke, his countenance was illumined by a smile, so kindly and beneficent, yet, withal, so melancholy and sad, that, while it wrote itself the index to the generous and noble mind within, it pained you with the sorrowfulness of its expression.

In the mind of Agnes Hamilton, the same spirit of gentleness and truth prevailed as in that of her parent ; but there was a fervour and enthusiasm in all that she said and did, which, not detracting from her gentleness, made the truthfulness of her character only the more apparent, and rendered her virtues more attractive. It is a beautiful thing to witness, that resignation and repose of mind, wrought by the hand of time and affliction, which marked the clergyman ; but more delightful still, that sweet simplicity, that confiding affection, that devoted attention, that feeling of looking up to, and dependance upon, the beloved, which actuated his daughter, and which always must move the minds of the youthful and the innocent. In the one case, we cannot but note the traces of the pain that has been suffered, whilst in the other we observe only the happiness which animates ; for who, when regarding the beauty and the sprightliness of childhood, would desire to look forward to the causes which, in years that are to come, may promote the decay of the one, and tend to the decline of the other.

Agnes was perfectly symmetrical in figure, although somewhat below what may be considered as the standard height. Over her classic forehead, tresses of raven hair, and of silken texture, were gracefully braided or parted in clustering curls, and thrown aside, so as in either event to display her intellectual and exquisitely moulded features. Her eyes, dark and lustrous, and fringed by long lashes of jet, spoke, when in repose, only of softness and love ; but, when lighted up by the flash of joy, and sparkling with animation, they told of the enthusiastic temper, and of the depth of soul within. Her voice was soft and musical, and fell pleasingly and soothingly upon the ear. Her feelings were sensitive and quick, and leant ever to the side of virtue and suffering. Unchecked in their warmth by disappointment, unimpaired and unrestrained in their genuineness, and unschooled by the teachers of a false

and vain philosophy, how was it possible but that they should be good? And a fine perception of the beautiful and the true, had Agnes Hamilton. Yes, in all things; not only in the mighty and the grand, but in the mean and the obscure she beheld the germs of beauty and purity, because she witnessed them through the loveliness and innocence of her own unsullied mind.

Of the ancient philosophers, Agnes had caught something of the spirit—nor will this be matter of surprise, when it is remembered that she dwelt, as it were, amongst them. For the curate, from whose side until very recently she had scarcely ever been absent, was not only intimately acquainted with the treasures of modern literature, but deeply skilled in ancient learning, and in the ethical, the metaphysical, and the mechanical sciences. It was the halo of wonder and mystery which surrounded the more abstruse studies of her father, which had thus allured the gentle Agnes. And so is it ever with the young and ardent in feeling. The eccentric, the ideal, the great even of error in the past, have, for them, a peculiar fascination. And, enthusiastic in their natures, they catch at the long shadows thrown from the tombs of the mighty dead, to the danger of overlooking the substantial truths which are gleaned by the experience and the labour of the greater living—greater, because wiser.

Of poetry, she was likewise passionately fond. Nor was her taste limited to any particular era or style, for versed as she was in classic lore, and tutored in the tongue of foreign climes, she could read most of the soul-stirring and beautiful poems, which are

“linked with their lands’ language.”

She thus not only gratified her poetical taste, and increased the amount of her intellectual pleasures, but she also augmented her knowledge of the manners, the habits, the customs, and the language of the various ages and countries, whose poesy she perused. For the poetry of a nation, or of a period, may be regarded as more or less certainly the key to the character of its intellect, and the landmark of its civilisation. It may sometimes appear to be in advance of the time, or superior to the general habits of thought; for poetry must lead, rather than follow, the taste of a people: but the attentive reader, who reflects, and weighs, and judges, will, nevertheless, discover a striking analogy between the manners and the intellectual standard—the poetry of an age.

Agnes had taught herself to appreciate poetry as every holy and virgin mind necessarily does. For poetry, the child of life’s morning, and of the heart’s first bloom in early youth, commands our sympathies, and breathes over our spirits an air of tranquillity and love, caught from the poetry of feeling and of passion, from the poetry which is the life within the life of nature, and the very essence of moral being. Poetry! It may build in the house-tops of the old, but it nestles in the bosoms of the young.

The house, in which dwelt the clergyman and his daughter, stood alone, on the brow of a hill, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. There was no intervening obstacle to intercept the breeze which swept across the ocean, or to obstruct the view of those patient traversers of the mighty deep,

which ever and anon sail onwards, laden with the treasures of the world. And, "in the stilly night," when the breath of nature was calmed, and the voice of man was hushed, as the surges dashed upon the shore, the long low moan of the receding waves, woven with the sigh of the breeze, and with the murmur of the rustling leaves, rose and fell upon the student's ear, as, in some far off chaunt, each cadence swells, a moment lingers, passes on, and dies upon the pensive air.

In the back ground there arose mountains of various magnitudes, and heights towering one above the other; but those which lay between the cottage and the sea were the lowest of all, and from the foot of the foremost, down to the very verge of the cliff, there descended an irregular slope of moor and pasture land. Oh! it was a lovely spot that whereon the Pastor dwelt, surrounded as it was by scenery in which the bold and the beautiful were felicitously mingled, and for the production of which, nature and art seemed alike effectually to have combined.

Between each range of hills were valleys and ravines, dotted here and there with little farm-houses, and cottages built amidst clumps of trees, whilst in a hollow, embosomed in the shade of the forest foliage, lay one of those fairy-like hamlets, which are sometimes to be found among the bolder and more picturesque landscapes of our country's scenery; the church spire peeping through the trees, and the thin white columns of smoke rising from the cotter's hearths, the only token to the distant stranger of the dwelling place of man. The mountain sides, from the apex to the base, were covered with verdure of the most luxuriant and diversified character. Indeed, the land was so prolific of vegetation, that from the top of one of those lofty hills, the eye ranged over extensive undulations, beautifully decked by nature's hand, of seed-land and pasture, of waving crops and springing grain, of forest and of fern. The clergyman, from the position of his abode, seemed to look down upon the people of his care—and they loved, in the evening hour, to note the rays of his lamp gleaming through the lattice, and to pray for blessings on his head. And, as the tired hind or the benighted traveller wended across the lonely moor, or over the adjacent hills, it formed a relief to them still, for miles, to watch it as they walked, till distance hid it with the stars.

The cottage was situate in the centre of a little plot of fertile and well cultivated garden. The tending of this was Agnes' peculiar care. She it was, who, by the help of the village gardener, had laid out the beds, the slopes, and the plots of grass; who had planted the taller and wide spreading trees; and who had reared the delicate flowers, whose rich perfume loaded the air with fragrance, and whose beautiful and varied tints gave pleasure to the mind and to the eye.

Such, then, was the character of the curate and his child, and such the habitation in which they resided, and the scenery amongst which they were placed. How often have we, in times that are passed, lingered amidst that scenery—how often listened to the rich tones of the pastor's voice, and hung,

spell-bound, upon the notes which Agnes carolled, like some woodland-bird warbling at even-tide.

As we have said, the pastor had been laid aside for some months past by sickness; some days were destined still to elapse, ere yet he should be so far recovered as to be enabled to resume his more active engagements. But at length that sabbath dawned, upon which he was again to appear among his flock, although suffering greatly from weakness, and but partially subdued indisposition. The bells rang out a merry peal, and the feathered songsters chimed in with their sweet voices, and brightly shone the sun over that little but happy world. Long ere the tongues of those monitors were silent, many and anxious were the looks directed towards the curate's house, and numerous were the enquiries whether on that day he would again expound the oracles of life.

It wanted a full hour to church time; but the church-yard was thronged with whisperers, for, as if there was a common feeling of subdued apprehension and delight, all held their breath, fearful, as it were, to speak aloud their wishes and their hopes.

Presently a dull heavy note struck upon the ear, as if to warn the tardy of the flight of time, and the near approach of the solemn hour of worship. All eyes were turned in the direction of the curate's abode—a moment of suspense—and then, leaning with one hand upon his stick, and holding the arm of his daughter with the other, the clergyman slowly emerged from his house, and descended the hill-side towards the church; and then a thrill of gladness seemed to dart simultaneously through every bosom. As the holy man approached, every head was bared, and the respectful and dutiful salutation given. It was no time for greeting—he bowed and passed on, followed into the sanctuary by all the villagers, save such as from age or infirmity had already crept in to await his coming, and such as had been detained by unavoidable circumstances within their homes.

The service commenced—meekly but feelingly were the prayers recited, and loudly and fervently the responses given. But when the prayers were offered on behalf of “all Bishops, Deacons, and Curates, and all congregations committed to their charge,” and the “Thanksgiving for recovery from sickness,” there was a louder and more marked response—one which would have told to the stranger who worshipped there, how beloved the pastor, and how fervent the prayer.

And the pastor retired from the place of worship as he had come, leaning on the arm of his child; but no sooner had he emerged from the little rustic ivy wreathed porch, than a universal but respectful and decorous greeting from his people ensued. He looked benignantly upon all around, with a heart filled with gratitude and devotion. For one he had a word of advice, for another a look of mild but touching reproof, and for another an expression of admonition or of encouragement; but for all there was a smile upon his lip and a welcome in his heart.

BRITISH ORATORS.

No. I.—LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN we consider that the critiques upon our great poets and poetry are both numerous and able, it is somewhat surprising that so little should have been written upon their younger brethren and companions—upon British orators and eloquence. Although, since the invention of that mighty master-work, printing, oratory has ceased to be the sole means of directing or embodying public opinion; yet the influence of this great and popular power in our own country, owing to the peculiar form of our government, is scarcely less than it was during the Demosthenean era at Athens.

Many of the speeches of British orators may well challenge comparison with the masterpieces of antiquity. In rhythm and compactness of diction, it is true, that they may not be equal: but this defect (of our language, rather than of our orators,) is more than compensated, by greater closeness of argumentation, by more extended views, by more profound and varied knowledge, not of human nature and human kind alone, but of all that is glorious and sublime in the truths which science has discovered, and revelation unfolded. Nowhere have the true principles of enlightened and profound policy been more clearly stated or better illustrated, or more sagaciously applied to passing events—nowhere have the absurdity and ruinous tendency of the various schemes with which designing men have deluded the unthinking multitude, been exposed with greater ability than in the debates of the British Senate. The wide extension of political privileges, and still more the irrefragable power of public opinion amongst all ranks of people in this country, render the diffusion of a knowledge of political philosophy especially desirable; for, as Lord Brougham well observes,* “it is immeasurably important in countries, living under a free government, that those whom the constitution recognises as sharers, more or less directly, in the supreme power, should have a correct knowledge of the state of their own affairs, and the principles upon which their rights and interests depend.”

This knowledge, or, at least, a very considerable portion of it, can hardly fail to be acquired by him who studies the best speeches of the orators of Great Britain. Amongst the more eminent of these, Lord Chatham will ever stand conspicuous.

Many of his earlier speeches, unfortunately, have shared the fate of those of his great predecessors, Somers, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chesterfield, Murray, and Fox. The names of these great men are, indeed, recorded by history, in the list of orators; but of their speeches there remains at best but a mere

* Political Philosophy, by the Useful Knowledge Society, No. I. p. 25.

outline of arguments; but the vivid imagery, the keen cutting sarcasm, the copious and elegant diction, are irretrievably lost: whilst the lucubrations of writers (then ironically called reporters,) are substituted in their stead. Happily, however, many of Lord Chatham's later speeches, particularly those on the American question, have been preserved to us, in all their fulness and grandeur, with more than usual accuracy, by the Earl of Charlemont and others, who took a deep interest in the debates of that critical period.

Like Demosthenes (who is said to have been his great model), the peculiar excellence of Lord Chatham's style consisted in pointed and impassioned energy. Beautiful examples of metaphor, hyperbole, and apostrophe, are to be found, gracing his eloquence and enforcing his argument; yet, his forte lies not so much in these, as in clear and convincing exposition of what he deemed to be just policy; in overwhelming invectives hurled, as with a giant hand, against opponents; and, in the most thrilling and touching appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature. How grand—how heart-stirring is the following burst of indignant eloquence in reply to Lord Mansfield's vindication of the conduct of the Commons in the expulsion of the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, January 9th, 1770:—

“The Noble Lord assures us that he knows not in what code the law of Parliament is to be found; that the House of Commons, when they act as judges, have no law to direct them, but their own wisdom; that their decision is law; and if they determine wrong, the subject has no appeal but to heaven. What then, my Lords, are all the generous efforts of our ancestors; are all those glorious contentions, by which they meant to secure to themselves and to transmit to their posterity, a known law, a certain rule of living; reduced to the conclusion that, instead of the arbitrary power of a king, we must have the arbitrary power of a House of Commons? If this be true, what benefit do we derive from the exchange? Tyranny, my Lords, is detestable in every shape; but in none is it so formidable as when it is assumed and exercised by a number of tyrants. But, my Lords, this is not the fact; this is not the constitution; we *have* a law of Parliament; we *have* a code in which every honest man may find it. We *have* Magna Charta; we have the Statute Book, and the Bill of Rights.”

The whole passage is worthy, not only of the disciple, but of the original—of the master himself. The truth of the observation, that “tyranny is never so formidable as when exercised by a number of tyrants,” our knowledge of human nature, and the veritable record of history, have over and over again palpably demonstrated.

One of the boldest and most striking metaphors that Lord Chatham ever used, occurs in this speech. The mention of Magna Charta led him to exhort their lordships not to degenerate from the glorious example of those “iron barons,” by whose exertions that great bulwark of our liberties was secured.

"They were," says he, "the guardians of the people: yet *their* virtues, my Lords, were never engaged in a question of so much importance as the present. A breach has been made in the constitution; the battlements are dismantled; the citadel is open to the first invader; the walls totter; the constitution is not tenable; what remains, then, but for us to stand foremost in the breach—to repair it, or to perish in it."

The energy and vividness imparted to his manly sentiments by this appropriate metaphor, exemplify Cicero's observation, "that the most striking metaphors are those taken from the sense of sight."*

In his speech, on the third reading of the bill for quartering soldiers in America, Lord Chatham depicts, in lively colours, the stern resolution which animated the first settlers in America, and shows the folly of expecting the descendants of such men tamely to surrender their inalienable rights. For generous sentiments, expressed in language at once forcible, ornate, and copious, without harshness or superfluity, it will bear a comparison with the passage which immediately precedes the celebrated oath in Demosthenes' masterpiece—his oration on the crown.

"If we take a transient view of those motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the Western World, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will subside. There was no corner of the world into which men of their free and enterprising spirit would not fly with alacrity, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical principles which prevailed at that period in their native country. And shall we wonder, my Lords, if the descendants of such illustrious characters spurn with contempt the hand of unconstitutional power that would snatch from them such dear-bought privileges as they now contend for?"

"Τίς γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ἀγάσαιο τῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐκείνων τῆς ἀρετῆς οἱ καὶ τὴν χώραν καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἐκλιπεῖν ὑπείμειναν εἰς τὰς τριηρεῖς ἔμβαντες ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ το κελευόμενον ποιῆσαι, τὸν μὲν ταῦτα συμβουλευσάντα Θεμιστοκλέα στρατηγὸν ἐλομένοι, τὸν δ' ὑπακούειν ἀποφηνάμενον τοῖς ἐπιταττομένοις Κυρσίλον καταλιθώσαντες, οὐ μόνον αὐτοῦ ἀλλὰ καὶ αἱ γυναῖκες αἱ ὑμέτεραι τὴν γυναῖκα αὐτοῦ. Οὐ γὰρ ἐζητοῦν οἱ τοτ' ἀθηναῖοι οὔτε ῥητορά οὔτε στρατηγὸν δι' ὅτου δουλεύουσιν εὐτυχῶς ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ζῆν ἡξιοῦν εἰ μὴ μετ' ἐλευθερίας ἐξεστὶ τοῦτο ποιεῖν."

"Who can reflect, without astonishment, upon the magnanimity of those who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and when Crysilus proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, how they stoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same

* See his Treatise De Oratore, Dialogue the third, chap. 40.

vengeance on his wife. For, the Athenians of that day looked for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy it in freedom."

Although, as we have already observed, pathos does not constitute the characteristic excellence of Lord Chatham's oratory, his entreaty that their lordships would "proceed," with regard to the Americans, "like a kind and affectionate parent towards a child whom he tenderly loves; and, instead of harsh and severe proceedings, pass an amnesty on all their youthful errors, and clasp them once more in their fond and affectionate embrace," is touching and pathetic in the extreme.

His speech, on moving an amendment to the address, (Nov. 18, 1777,) after expressing his hearty concurrence in the first part of the address, and his sincere joy on the birth of another princess, and her majesty's happy recovery, thus sternly proceeds:—

"I must stop here; my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—which have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors."

Having by this gloomy picture gained, the first object of every orator, the attention of his audience, Lord Chatham poured upon "the confounded ministers" a torrent of invective, denouncing their measures as "having reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt;" and declaring his deep rooted conviction, "that to conquer America was impossible." Warmed by his subject, and entering fully into the lacerated feelings of the Americans, he broke forth into that burst of glowing eloquence, which Grattan (himself no mean orator,) thought finer than any thing in Demosthenes. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!"

The following sublime reply, in this truly magnificent speech, to Lord Suffolk's vindication of the employment of Indians in the war, on the ground, "that it is perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands," is worthy of all praise, and may well lay claim to the same position in English, as the oath of Demosthenes will ever hold in Grecian oratory.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them,

demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution;—I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.”

How solemn is the adjuration of the highest dignities in Church and State, “to save their country from pollution.” The frowning of the glorious commander of that fleet, which triumphed over the Armada, and preserved England from superstition and slavery, is a figure truly bold and poetical; and the terrible picture of the horrors of savage war, makes the blood almost curdle in one’s veins. Well might one of our finest poets say, of this consummate orator—

“ In him Demosthenes was heard again,
 Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,
 She clothed him with authority and awe,
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law :
 His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face ;
 He stood as some inimitable hand
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
 No sycophant or slave that dare oppose
 Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
 And every venal stickler for the yoke,
 Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.”

COWPER’S *Table Talk*.

NEW "TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

No. I.

"Once upon a time"—
 When the day was past its prime—
 A guest,
 So finely drest,
 In Stultz's very best,
 Stepped in to break his fast,
 With a prandiary repast,
 At a country-town commercial inn :
 Right freely did he call
 For the very best of all,
 And he cared for the cost not a pin.

II.

And now he had finished his sumptuous feast,
 And had tasted the richest of wine,—
 The richest, so vouched the good landlord, at least,
 Who would not for the world have his customers fleeced,
 Least of all, one who knew how to dine.
 Then he beckoned mine host with the kindest air,
 And bade him replenish his glass,
 Till mine host, worthy man, began widely to stare,
 And wonder what sort of a being he'd there,
 Who e'en him could in drinking surpass.

III.

Long, long, they sat ; long, long, they drank ;
 At length mine host his guest did thank ;
 For his *host-ly* spirit within him sank,
 As he felt his brain taken in front and flank,
 And found he could scarcely keep steady a shank,
 While he staggered towards the restorative tank.
 But the stranger extended his hand, lean and lank,
 (Though shapely, as showing good-breeding and rank),
 And advised him to stay,
 For he'd something to say,
 That would make him as rich as the Bank.

IV.

'Twas said ; and off they quickly hied,
 To where the landlord's cellared pride,
 In strong array of cask and bottle,
 Stood ready for each thirsty throttle.

" You have a gimlet?" said the guest,
 " Then bore a hole, my man, and lest
 The wine should waste, your finger put
 Within the vent—stick tightly to 't!
 Give me the gimlet—let me bore
 On t' other side, an aperture—
 In that, insert, just as you stand,
 A finger of your other hand.
 Perform we now the chemic charm
 That will preserve your wine from harm—
 Nay, more, will give it such a flavor—
 (Though this, perchance, may seem to savor
 Of something more than sober sooth,
 And yet 'tis certain, honest, truth)—
 A flavor such that all who drink
 Will ever after cease to think
 Of tippling any other liquor:
 The news will spread,—the crowds grow thicker,
 Of those who then will rush in haste
 To seek your far-famed wine to taste.—
 But stay—no—yes—I cannot find—
 I must have left the charm behind—
 Stay here a moment—I'll not linger—
 And for your life, stir not a finger."
 Off sped the guest, in desperate hurry,
 Leaving the host in wond'rous flurry.

V.

The landlord, expectant, impatiently waited;
 No charmer appeared; and at last he debated
 If 'twould not be better to draw from the cask
 His fingers (fatigued with performing the task
 Of vent-peg and spigot), and lose his good wine;
 Go in search of the man he began to opine
 Was a swindler at best, and if possible catch him,
 Enabling the Law in its clutches to snatch him.
 Off started mine host;—the liquor poured forth
 In two roseate streams to the South and the North.
 But he cared not, he heeded naught else, I assure ye,
 Than the object which now had excited his fury.
 He trampled on bottles, he stumbled o'er casks;—
 Into daylight emerged, of each servant he asks
 For his guest,—but, alas! he can only discover
 All hope of pursuing or catching him over.
 He had gone as he came—none knew whither or whence—
 Having fared like a prince at the landlord's expense,—
 Having wasted a cask of his finest old port;—
 And afforded our readers some notable sport!

D. P. F.

OUR CONTINENTAL PANTHEON.

No. III.—K. A. VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

AMONG the *Dii Minores* whom we propose to introduce to the reverent worship of our readers, Varnhagen von Ense seems, to our personal predilections, to be of interest to a certain class of our readers. We knew him for many months in Berlin, and experienced at his hands the most assiduous kindness and assistance, and knowing how true and sincere is the German heart of the man, and how cordially he extends his kindness to all strangers, we cannot do better than recommend every one who thinks of going to Germany, without fail, to procure a letter of introduction to him—or indeed, in German fashion, frankly to call on him, without need of further introduction than being an Englishman. They will find him an elegant, highly cultivated, deep-seeing man, with a warm heart, and a long experience of men and things.

We went to Berlin, carrying a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Carlyle, which was, of course, a patent for cordial reception—but, from our subsequent knowledge of him, we feel convinced that he would have shown the same attention, had we been a simple unheralded visitor—only that we should, of course, have had to make out our own case, instead of having a ready-made interest, by bearing a book (the *Sartor Resartus*) and tidings from one whom all respect, and to whose exertions Germany owes so much of her spiritual recognition in England. Thus *muni*, then, we presented ourselves to Varnhagen, who received us with *impreusement*. Many and many were the times we repeated that visit, and were charmed with the tasteful arrangement of his suite of rooms, crowded with books, busts, cameos, and pictures, and were still more charmed by the refined manners, and interesting conversation of Varnhagen himself. And invariably after those visits did his servant appear at our lodgings, bearing a precious burden of books, which, on inspection, turned out to be works on which our conversation had rested, and which the writer had expressed some desire or intention of consulting. If this be not attentive kindness, then are we but sorrily versed in “the (ill) usages of society.” Not content, however, with heaping civilities on our astonished head—not content with valuable direction of our attention, through the perplexed and marvellously crossed and intercrossed web, spun by German Arachnæ-literati, and pointing out what filaments merely flaunted idly in the air, having a mere aggregative connexion with the vital workings of the web itself—not content with giving up his valuable time to our *blague*—which, owing to the imperfections of our knowledge of the language, could not have been very interesting—not content with these attentions, surely seldom elicited by a letter of introduction, Varnhagen introduced us to Mdle. Solemar, one of the most accomplished and cultivated

women we have met with, and at whose house we met most of the valuable society of Berlin. Much do we owe thee for that, Varnhagen! Many a delightful hour of escape from the intense study of the day, and many a new idea elicited from the philosophers and critics there assembled.

Varnhagen himself is a most charming man—a sort of German Leigh Hunt. Handsome, refined, deep-seeing, sympathising, affable, and witty; of a large experience and a fine tolerant spirit, induced by an extended intercourse with the world. But Carlyle has described him in his own graphic way, which for those who are unable to consult his autobiography,* (one of the most interesting of autobiographies,) may serve to place the man before them. “In the space of half a century that he has lived in this world, his course has been what we might call erratic, in a high degree; from the student’s garret in Halle or Tübingen, to the Tuileries Hall of audience, and the Wagram battle-field; from Chamisso the Poet, to a Napoleon the Emperor, his path has been intersected by all manner of men. He has a fine intellectual gift; and what is the foundation of that and of all, an honest, sympathising, manfully patient, manfully courageous heart. His way of life, too erratic we should fear, for ease or happiness, and singularly chequered by vicissitude, has had this considerable advantage, if no other, that it has trained him, and could not but train him, to a certain Catholicism of mind. He has been a student of Literature, an Author, a Student of Medicine, a Soldier, a Secretary, a Diplomatist. A man, withal, of modest affectionate nature, courteous and yet truthful; of quick apprehension, precise in utterance; of just, extensive, occasionally of deep and fine insight. For clearness, grace of method, easy comprehensibility, he is worthy to be ranked among the French; and, in respect of honesty, valorous gentleness, and simplicity of heart, his character is German, not French.†

To all German readers, we recommend his *Denkwürdigkeiten*, as being the memoirs, *par excellence*, which are to be found in that language. He lived in a wonderful, romantic, variegated, stirring time. He met with Napoleon, Göthe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Schleirmacher, Wolf, Chamisso, Raumer, Schlegel, Fichte, &c.; and there are many interesting glimpses of them which will be quite new to the reader. One we will here present him with—a glimpse of one of the greatest and truest men in German literature, and whose position here in England, is but too *nominal*—we hear his name profusely mentioned, not his works; we hear him classed among the great men, we do not see his works irradiating our shelves—we mean Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Hear then Varnhagen, who, as a student, called on the Poet, and kept a memorandum of his interview.

“I went this morning to Jean Paul’s. A pleasant, kindly, inquisitive

* *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften*. Manheim, 1838.

† Carlyle’s *Miscellanies*, vol. iv., p. 352.

woman, who had opened the door to me, I at once recognised as his wife, by her likeness to her sister. A child was sent for to fetch him. He came directly and received me with great kindness. As he seated himself beside me on the sofa, I almost laughed in his face, for in bending down somewhat, he had the very look our Neumann, in his "*Attempts and Obstacles*," has jestingly given him, and what he said confirmed that impression. Jean Paul is stout of frame; has a full well-ordered face; the eyes small, gleaming out on you with lambent fire, then again veiled in soft dimness; the mouth friendly and with some slight motion in it, even when silent. His speech is rapid, almost hasty, even stuttering somewhat here and there; not without a certain degree of dialect, difficult to designate, but which, probably, is some mixture of Frankish and Saxon.

"First of all I had to tell him what I was charged with, in shape of messages; then, whatsoever I could tell, in any way, about his Berlin friends. He willingly remembered the time he had lived in Berlin, as Marcus Herz's neighbour, in Leder's house, where I, seven years before, had first seen him in the garden, by the Spree, with papers in his hand, which it was privately whispered were leaves of "*Hesperus*." This talk about persons, and then still more about literature, growing out of that, set him fairly underweigh, and soon he had more to impart than to inquire. His conversation was, throughout, amiable and good-natured, always full of meaning, but in quite simple tone and expression. Though I knew, beforehand, that his wit and humour belonged only to his pen; that he could hardly write the shortest note without these introducing themselves, while, on the contra, his oral utterance showed rarely the like—yet it struck me much, that in this continual movement and vivacity of mood to which he yielded himself, I observed no trace of these qualities. His demeanour, otherwise, was like his speaking; nothing forced, nothing studied, nothing that went beyond the burgher tone. His courtesy was the free expression of a kind heart; his way and bearing were patriarchal, considerate of the stranger, yet for himself, altogether unconstrained. Neither in the animation to which some topic or word would excite him, was this fundamental temper ever altered; nowhere did any severity appear, nowhere any exhibiting of himself, no watching or spying of his hearer; everywhere kind-heartedness, free movement of his somewhat loose-flowing nature, open course for him, with a hundred transitions from one course to the other, howsoever or whithersoever it seemed good to him to go. At first he praised everything that was named of our new appearances in literature; and then, when we came a little closer to the matter, there was blame enough to spare. So of Adam Müller's lectures, of F. Schlegel, Tieck, and others.

"With continual copiousness, and in the best humour, Jean Paul (we were now at table) expatiated on all sorts of subjects. We came upon his writings, that questionable string with most authors, which the one will not

have you touch, while another will have you keep jingling continually. He was here what I expected him to be; free, unconstrained, good-natured, and sincere with his whole heart. His 'Dream of a Madman,' just published by Cotta, was what had led us to this. He said he could write such things at any time; the mood for it, when he was in health, lay in his own power; he did but seat himself at the harpsichord, and fantasizing for awhile on it, in the wildest way, deliver himself over to the feeling of the moment, and then write his imaginings—according to a certain predetermined course indeed, which, however, he would often alter as he went on. In this kind he had once undertaken to write a 'Hell,' such as mortal never heard of; and a great deal of it is actually done, but not fit for print. Speaking of descriptive composition, he also started, as in fright, when I ventured to say that Göthe was less complete in this province; he reminded me of two passages in '*Werter*,' which are, indeed, among the finest descriptions. He said, that to describe any scene well, the poet must make the bosom of a man his *camera obscura*, and look at it through *this*, then would he see it poetically.

"I staid to supper, contrary to my purpose, having to set out early next morning. The lady was so kind, and Jean Paul himself so trustful and blithe, I could not withstand their entreaties. At the neat and well-furnished table the best humour reigned. Among other things, we had a good laugh at Jean Paul's offering me an introduction to one of what he called his dearest friends in Stuttgart—and then was obliged to give it up, having irrevocably forgotten his name! Of Göthe he said—'Göthe is a consecrated head; he has a place of his own, high above us all.' We spoke of Göthe afterwards for some time: Jean Paul with more and more admiration, nay with a sort of fear and awe-struck reverence. Some beautiful fruit was brought in for dessert. On a sudden, Jean Paul started up, gave me his hand and said, 'Forgive me, I must go to bed. Stay you, for it is still early, and chat with my wife; there is much to say between you which my talking has kept back. I am a *spiessburger*, and my hour is come for sleep.' He then took his candle and said, 'Good night.'"

This seems to us of peculiar interest, and of such sketches are these volumes made up, sometimes more interesting, sometimes less so; on the whole, the work must prove very acceptable to our German readers. We have also a distinct recollection of some critiques on other works by Varnhagen, in Göthe's works, from the pen of the great *Meister* himself, but we cannot, at this instant, put our hand on them. A volume of reviews, called "*Zur Geschichtschreibung und Litteratur — Hamburg, 1833*," we can cordially recommend as containing valuable papers on French History, French Revolution, Göthe, Rauke, Herder, Pückler Muskau, Heine, Rückert, &c. All written in a spirit of the largest tolerance, and in a style which is of itself a great recommendation; indeed, Von Ense has long been celebrated for the beauty and chastity of his style, though, to our own real taste on the matter,

we think the periods too lengthy and ornate—but as critics and stylists are agreed upon this point, it is not for us, *Miscellaneous* nobodies, to differ. We state the fact for such as are interested in it.

We have now performed the pleasing task of introduction. To one class of our readers—those who may be going to Berlin, we should think it of the greatest utility. They have but to follow our hint, and a warm-hearted valuable acquaintance is to be made at once. To those who interest themselves in “things German,” we recommend the above-mentioned works, that they may get a more intimate acquaintance with *his* spiritual nature; and a clear insight into many historical and biographical subjects.

FRIENDS AND FLATTERERS.

When for thy guests, a goodly band,
 The goblet's brim is bathed with wine,
 Which circling on from hand to hand
 Is ever pledged to thee and thine;
 Dost thou e'er think in hour so gay,
 Should fortune frown upon the morrow,
 How few amid that throng would stay
 To cheer thee in thy time of sorrow!

If fate hath raised thee o'er the crowd,
 Exempt from mortal fear of ill—
 Let pliant knees be round thee bowed,
 And courtly voices laud thee still;
 But if stern Time can e'er destroy
 Thy present shrines of mirth and gladness,
 Spurn flatterers hence, and 'mid thy joy
 Seek friends who'll share, not shun, thy sadness.

H. W. H.

IMPROMPTU.

Alone! in thy grandeur, fair Empress of Night,
 Thou shed'st o'er the world thy mystical light;
 And the waves, as they meet, thy reflection appear
 A vesture of silver and beauty to wear;
 Oh, surely thy breast is a refuge of peace
 For the pilgrims of Earth, when their wand'rings cease—
 A world, undisturbed by the sufferings of this,
 Where the voice of affliction is hushed into bliss.

H. A. S.

HOURS WITH THE OLD POETS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

No. I.—THE PASTORAL POETS OF THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

EDMUND BOLTON.

IN these, our gleanings from the fields of Poesy, we do not intend to restrict ourselves to any predetermined arrangement, our object being to cull the finest and most remarkable passages from such poetical works as have been least commented on, and the beauties of which, therefore, may have escaped the notice of our readers. We furthermore propose to ourselves the pleasure of a little desultory talk upon matters connected with our subject, as we wander through these by-paths of Parnassus, and which we hope will be found not altogether unpleasing or unprofitable, by those who may bear us company. Sir Egerton Brydges, in his Autobiography, says, "all old literature is like a dead-letter, unless it be revived and applied by modern literature. It is not sufficient that truths have been explained long ago; they must be explained again, clothed in new words, and confirmed by new observation. Concurrence of thought is not borrowing. Moral topics will never be exhausted; nor will imagination ever have finished all which it may create." There are many gems of thought and sparkling jewels of imagination hidden amid the accumulated dust of past time, and some of these it is our purpose to rescue from their unmerited oblivion; to reset, and to place in a light, such as that the dazzling corruscations of genius, and the pure rays of benign morality emanating from them may be no longer lost amid that "palpable obscure," through which they now cast but a feeble glimmer. Though much of late has been done, by spirited publishers and laborious commentators, to dissipate this cimmerian darkness, and to bring into public notice the long-neglected and almost forgotten works of our old poets, dramatists, and divines, there yet remains much undiscovered, or but partially revealed treasure, to reward the pains-taking and diligent seeker. Such then is our character—a seeker—an explorer—a propounder, or whatever the chaste reader of the *BRITISH MISCELLANY* may be pleased to denominate us; we are not much afraid of at any time being led into the error of mistaking that for a lump of pure gold, which is in reality but a composition of baser metals; or of holding up to admiration a worthless crystal, under the impression that it is a diamond; yet, should our love for an old Bard, over whose magic lines we have oftentimes hung, as it were, spell-bound—enwreathed, as it were, by rapture—lead us astray in our selection or in our encomiums, be it ascribed to its origin, not any wish to deceive, but to our more sober judgment having been blinded by the excess of our affection for some ancient worthy, or by an over-jealousness for their amusement and edification.

For dainty phrases and choice expressions, commend us to the old madrigal writers. They possessed the most absolute fancy in the matter of verbal decoration, the most refined subtilty of wit, and the most comprehensive inventive powers, of any who have ever professed themselves followers of

“ The tuneful Nine who dwelt upon
The sacred hill of Helicon.”

Living in an age of stately courtesy and extravagant hyperbole, their songs, like their persons, were mostly decked in velvet and brocade—overlaid with quaint and glittering adornments; yet, as beneath this gaudy and ostentatious attire, there beat many a truly noble, but modest heart, so do we find, amid the load of conceit and affectation which characterises the writings of those time-honoured poets, numerous evidences of pure sensibility, impassioned eloquence, lofty sentiment, and sound morality, proving, if such proof were needed, that whatever change may have taken place in the manner of expression, yet the feelings and emotions awakened in the human breast by an observance of the beautiful in nature, or by the passions which make or mar our felicity, ever have been, and ever will be, the same.

EDMUND BOLTON is the first writer whom we shall notice. Of his life, little seems to be known; he is described in most biographies, where his name does occur, as “an antiquary of the 17th century.” Warton, in his “History of English Poetry,” calls him “that sensible old English critic,” and quotes from a work of his, entitled, “Hypercritica,” in which, he says, was “a general criticism of our most noted poets before the year 1600.” Park says this work could not have been written before 1616, because mention is made therein, of a publication which first appeared in that year. From the latter commentator we also learn, that the first edition of the “Hypercritica” was published at Oxford, in 1722; but neither from him, nor from any other writer whom we have consulted, can we gather particulars of the author’s life.

It is stated that his principal work was “Nero Cæsar, or Monarchie depraved,” first published in 1624, and dedicated to George, Duke of Buckingham, whose retainer Bolton is supposed to have been; that he also produced a work, entitled, “Elements of Armories,” which gained him a place in Dallaway’s “Catalogue of Heraldic Writers,” and numerous other prose writings of less note, besides his poems, one of which, a “Commendation” in Latin, was prefixed to the old folio edition of Ben Jonson’s works, published in 1616.

In “England’s Helicon,” a collection of pastoral and lyric poems, which first appeared at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, are preserved some of Bolton’s shorter pieces, one of which is the following Palinode, beautiful alike for its imagery, rhyme, and sentiment :—

“ As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer’s sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains ;—

So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
 The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
 Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
 Vain praise, fair pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy :—
 The withered primrose by the morning river,
 The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
 The light-brown bubble vanished for ever,
 The molten snow upon the mossy mountains,
 Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
 Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

“ For as the snow whose lawn did overspread
 Th' ambitious hills, which, giant-like, did threat
 To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
 Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat ;
 When as the bubble, which did empty fly,
 The dalliance of the undiscerning wind,
 On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
 Hath shipwreck made, where it did dalliance find ;
 And when the sunshine, which dissolved the snow,
 Coloured the bubble with a pleasant varie,
 And made the ruth and timely primrose grow,
 Swarth clouds withdrawn which longer time do tarrie ;
 Oh ! what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
 As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, and snow ? ”

This comparison between the pleasures and gauds of life, and the objects which are most fleeting and evanescent in nature, has never, we think, been more finely drawn, although poets and philosophers have, in all ages, made it their favourite theme. Theocritus says—

“ The lily fair a transient beauty wears,
 And the white snow soon melts away in tears : ”

and that prince of moralists, our own Shakspeare, tells us—

“ So fades, so vanishes, grows dim, and dies,
 All that this world is proud of. ”

We might go on collecting passages of this description from the works of almost every writer, who has left a record of his thoughts and reflections upon the pages of immortality, until we had swelled our article into a volume, for all have experienced the instability of earthly joys, and confessed that “ they came like shadows, and like them depart. ” That beautiful lament of Ben Jonson's here recurs to memory, which we must crave leave to repeat :—

“ Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time to my salt tears ;
 Yet, slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs :
 List to the heavy part the music bears,
 Love weeps out her diversion, when she sings.
 Droop herbs and flowers ;
 Fall grief in showers ;
 Our beauties are not ours,

O, I could still,
 (Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 For nature's pride is now a withered daffodil."

How often have we to lament, in a similar strain, over some object in which our fondest hopes have been fixed, round which our dearest affections have been entwined, and how much it behoves us to wean our hearts from sublunary things, and incline them towards those which are nobler and higher.

The next poem of Bolton's from which we shall quote, is entitled, "Theorello, a shepherd's Edillion." It opens thus :—

" You shepherds that on hillocks sit.
 Like princes on your thrones,
 And guide your flocks, which else would flit,
 Your flocks of little ones ;
 Good kings have not disdained it,
 But shepherds have been named,
 A sheep-hook is a sceptre fit,
 For people well reclaimed,
 The shepherd's life so honoured is, and praised ;
 That kings less happy seem, though higher raised."

Here we have forcibly revealed to our minds the words put by Shakspeare into the mouth of Henry the Sixth, who, wearied with the toils of State, exclaims—

" O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain.
 * * * * *
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?"

The succeeding stanza of this Edillion to the one above quoted, breathes delightfully of country freshness and simplicity, and creates within us a longing for the green woods, and the fields :—

" The summer sun hath gilded fair
 With morning rays the mountains ;
 The birds do carol in the air,
 The naked nymphs in fountains ;
 The sylvans in their shaggy hair,
 With hamadryads trace ;
 The shady satyrs make a quire,
 Which rocks with echoes grace.
 All breathe delight, all solace in their season,
 Not now to sing, were enemy to reason."

The rest of this poem is occupied with a description of the Shepherd's love. Theorello is richly imaginative, but too long for transcription here.

To the next poem which claims our attention, as the same objection does not apply, we shall give it entire :—

“ A PASTORAL, TO AN HONOURABLE FRIEND.

“ As to the blooming prime,
Bleak winter being fled
From compass of the clime
Where Nature lay us dead ;
The rivers dulled with time,
The green leaves withered.
Fresh zephyri (the western brethren) be ;
So the honour of your favour unto me.

“ For us the plains revive
And put on youthful green ;
As plants begin to thrive,
That disattired had been ;
And arbours now alive
In former pomp are seen ;
So if my spring had any flowers before,
Your breath, Favonius, hath increased the store.”

We will not pause to inquire, whether the above tribute was the free-will offering of a heart, actuated by gratitude and affection, or whether it was merely a complimentary effusion. We prefer to think it the former, for it attached us to the writer, by that beautiful bond of sympathy and union, by which kindred hearts are ever united. We cannot but feel a one-ness with the writer, if the expression may be allowed, when we peruse such a glowing manifestation of his kindly feelings. It may, however, have been purely a song produced to gratify the ears of the courtly Buckingham, to whom, as before stated, Bolton is said to have been a retainer. Well, even in that case, might it not have been written in all sincerity of spirit ? and what better means could the poet have adopted to evince his thankfulness for favours bestowed, than by using that power with which he had been endowed, for the expression of his sense of obligation, and his feelings of attachment ? Lest, however, it be thought we are becoming advocates for fulsome adulation, we enter our protest against this author's “ Canzon Pastoral in honour of her Majesty,” wherein he compares Queen Elizabeth to the sun :—

“ Winter, though every where,
Hath no abiding here ;
On brooks and briars she doth rule alone ;—
The sun that lights our world, is always one.”

If our gracious Lady Victoria possessed such powers, her coming abroad would be looked for, and longed for, even more eagerly than it now is, especially by the poor and destitute. One more quotation, and we have done with Edmund Bolton ; it is from a “ Carol, or Hymn for Christmas :”—

“ Lo! how the firmament
 Within an azure fold,
 The flock of stars hath pent,
 That we might them behold.”

This is a fine simile; but Bloomfield, who is not likely ever to have seen it, much more appropriately makes the clouds symbolize a flock of sheep, and directs our thoughts to the Great Shepherd who governs the movements alike of them and us.

“ Others, detached in ranges through the air,
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
 Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
 The beauteous 'semblance of a Flock at rest.
 These to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.”

Where so little is really known of the life of an author, as is the case with the one of whom we have been treating, it is no very difficult matter to supply the deficiency of facts, by theories and conjectures, which may serve to amuse the reader, and swell the paper to its requisite size. Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, those delightful “gossipers,” have proved to us how much may be said on any subject, however barren it may at first sight appear; how much really pregnant matter may be poured out on a leaf, a stone, or any object, animate or inanimate, let alone the biography of men of genius, whose names are invested with a halo of beautiful thoughts and reflections, which lead us on, step by step, into the flowery realms of imagination, there to lose ourselves, and revel in delight, like a bee among nectared chalices. Wandering at our “own sweet will,” we pluck, now a bud of fancy, now a blossom of wild or cultivated intellect, and now the fruit matured of wisdom or philosophy. And shall it be said that this is unprofitable employment, because the world calls it “idleness,” and the matter of fact utilitarian denounces it as a “waste of time?” He, forsooth, “can make nothing of it;” can “see no sense” in such “rhapsodical stuff,” as this talk about poets and poetry—this worshipping of the gods of imagination and intellectual greatness, instead of those of sensuality and physical power—this feeding and nourishing the imperishable part of man, in preference to that portion of him, which is “of the earth, earthy,” and which shall be rotting in the dust, while the immortal spirit is occupying its abiding place in the regions of eternity. We are quite aware that the “worldly wise” pause not to indulge in such “idle dreams and speculations;” yet, nevertheless, we hope and believe, that “fit audience, though few” may be found for these our observations and reflections, albeit they can make no pretensions to the freshness, the originality, the comprehensiveness of research, or the classic beauty of language and illustration, displayed in the writings of the before-named Essayists.

“But what has all this to do with Edmund Bolton?” we hear a peevish reader exclaim. “Why bore us with this circumlocutory address—this torrent of worldly eloquence, if eloquence it may be called? Why not tell us all you know about the man, when he lived and died, what he did, and thought, and wrote, and have done with it?” Softly, softly, be not irate, reader! We have told you all that we know about him, and having confessed our ignorance as to further particulars of his life, we thought it incumbent on us, before introducing to your notice any more of the members of that worshipful society of lyrists, who adorned with their persons, and made musical with their voices, the court of the stately Elizabeth, to give some further information as to the plan of these papers, than may be gathered from the commencement of this first essay; which, because of the impatience you have manifested, we shall at once conclude, and in doing so entreat you to reflect seriously upon the words of old Fuller, who, in the introduction to his collection of Proverbs, thus writes, “It is a matter of no small pains and diligence (whatever lazy, snarling people may think) to pick up so many independent particulars as I have done. * * * * *

“These things being undeniably so, no man ought to despise, ridicule, or any ways discourage the diligence or kindness of those, that take pains to bring home to others, without price, those things of profit and pleasure.”

S K E T C H.

’T was in her fav’rite bow’r my ravished eye
 First met her downcast look, and from that day
 My bounding heart burst from its sleepy chains,
 Throbbing with tenfold pulse of joy; I loved
 With such a deep o’erwhelming tenderness,
 That earth contained no treasure to my heart
 So dear,—and I could willingly have dared
 The death, if borne upon her honied sigh;
 Angel in form, with eye of matchless light,
 Peeping like night-star from its home of blue
 Upon a world of dreams. Her brow was arched
 By love’s own master-hand, anon ’t was sad
 In melancholy sweetness, and in gloom,—
 And then like rainbow, with its stream of tears,
 Herald of smiles and hope; soon were our hearts
 In silken bond of sweet communion joined,
 And whilst she chid me for my burning kiss,
 Still lingered, and returned its madd’ning fire;
 Within my fond embrace, confessed her love,
 Whisp’ring in blissful murmurs, “ever thine.”

JULIAN.

THE VENDÉEN.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I WAS the heir of a Count of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. A name which I still feel pleasure in claiming as my own, and which once would not have been heard by Frenchmen without reverence; but it was one of the effects of the Revolution to destroy those generous and ennobling sentiments which inclined the nation to honour, with peculiar respect, the descendants of her heroes.

At the commencement of events which terminated so fatally for the king and his friends, I was, according to the custom of the young nobility, married, very early in life, to the heiress of an illustrious family; but the tender age of my bride rendering our espousals a mere ceremony, I joined my regiment at Paris, leaving her under the care of my parents at the Château de Montmorenci, where, with my younger sister, she continued to chase the butterfly, and seek the wild rose, on the flowery banks of the Garonne, in the careless happiness of youth, long after the political horizon had assumed an aspect sufficiently alarming to fill the hearts of soldiers and statesmen with dismay.

Four years had, indeed, glided away, since I had seen *Ma Petite Eugénie*, as I used playfully to call my espoused; and, though the letters from every member of my family now teemed with praises of her beauty and charming qualities, I only thought of her as the pretty child with whom I had played at "Colin Maillard" one day, and, in compliance with my father's commands, wedded the next. Probably, the remembrance that she was a wife only recurred to the young Countess de Montmorenci at those times when an accidental glance at her own reflection in the mirror convinced her of her improving loveliness, and caused her ideas to rest, for a moment, on her absent husband.

That husband, so interesting to thee, as the master of thy destiny, and yet so little known; that being to whom thy faith was pledged, and thy hand given before thou could'st know whether thy heart would, in after years, ratify that solemn plight,—in what light did his image, when it occupied a place in thy thoughts, appear to thee, my gentle, my unsophisticated Eugénie?

It is not to be supposed that my feelings had assumed a lover-like cast towards my distant, and almost forgotten bride, at the stormy and eventful period of which I speak. I was a young and ardent soldier, a Frenchman, and a Montmorenci; and, after saying this, it is scarcely necessary to add, that I conducted myself as such in the fearful scenes which preceded and followed the disastrous flight of the royal family to Varrennes. That my arm was once successfully interposed between my royal master and the pike of a regicide, won me the tearful thanks of the Queen, and the knot of white ribbons which Madame Elizabeth took from her sleeve and presented me with on that occa-

sion, as the only tangible mark of her esteem which fortune had left in her power to bestow; was proudly worn by me, and long preserved as a relic of that divine Princess of whom the world was not worthy.

It was by scarcely less than miracle, that I escaped the general doom of horror in which all that were brave, noble, and loyal, were involved on the ruin of the royal cause. Early in the disastrous year, 1793, I quitted Paris, and took the road to Bourdeaux. Good Heavens! what a different aspect did the country present, from that which it wore when I traversed the same districts in 1788. The steps of an invading army never left such frightful traces behind it, as the fell strides of the demon of anarchy had impressed in the once smiling provinces of the South. My heart bled at the scenes of slaughter and devastation which every where met my eyes; but the farther I travelled from Paris, the less frequent became the sight of half-burned châteaux, desolated villages, and the unburied remains of the hapless victims of the bloody oppressors, who, under the name of the champions of liberty, committed excesses against life and property, such as never yet disgraced the annals of the most despotic monarchical tyranny.

It was late in a wintry afternoon when I arrived at the termination of my gloomy and perilous journey, and beheld, once more, my native towers, beneath whose dark shadows the waters of the Garonne glided in unruffled majesty. The sun was setting behind a bank of dark red clouds, whose wild appearance seemed to portend a tempest, and the sanguine lines with which the whole horizon was tinged, were, to my superstitious and excited fancy, like reflections of the scenes of blood then transacting in the metropolis. But I paused not to contemplate the stormy aspect of the heavens; my heart was bound to earth, and fondly anticipating earthly joys. Home, with all its peaceful and pure delights, was before me. A thousand sweet and tender recollections rushed over my soul, and suffused my eyes with tears. The next moment I was in the hallowed circle of that hearth where my place had been so long vacant.

I received the fond embraces of my venerable father, and the rapturous caresses of my sisters, who flew to my arms in a sweet rivalry of affection with each other. But who was she who checked the first impulse which had inclined her to hasten with the rest to greet me, and now timidly awaited my approach with downcast eyes, and a cheek flushed with hues of transcendant brightness, and who was no less distinguished from her fair companions by this beautiful reserve, than by her superior loveliness?

I paused, and gazed upon her in speechless admiration—her radiant eyes met mine, and were instantly withdrawn; but there was language in that brief glance which told me in eloquence which words never yet possessed, that it was my wedded love, whose virgin affections courted my acceptance. And was this peerless creature indeed my own? and did her tearful smiles beam sweet approval of my passion, when, forgetful of the security of a husband, I poured

forth a lover's hopes and fears at her feet? Who shall paint my raptures that evening, when, seated by the side of my adorable Eugenie, with her fair hand my willing prisoner, and ever and anon replying timidly to the fond pressures of mine? A few evenings after my arrival at home, too happy in my present bliss to anticipate any thing but joy for the future, I was detailing to the dear domestic circle, a brief narrative of the perilous scenes in which I had been engaged, forgetful of the lateness of the hour, while my venerable father, full of loyal and parental enthusiasm, and my sisters pale with the intensity of interest, urged me to proceed. My young and beautiful wife, meantime, in the sweet familiarity which bridal love permits, concealing her tearful agitation in my bosom, listened with breathless attention to my recitals of my past sufferings and dangers.

"Hark!" exclaimed my sister, Isabelle, breaking in upon my narrative, "it thunders. I judged rightly, when I said those gloomy clouds, at sunset, portended a storm."

"Thunder, in January!" said Julie, laughing, "your imagination deceives you, my dear Isabelle; it is but the first rising of the wind, howling round these old turrets, that you hear."

"It is the hoarse murmur of the Garonne against foul weather," whispered Eugenie, pressing closer to my heart.

"It is the distant yell of the savage mob, intent on murderous mischief," exclaimed I, starting up—too familiar, alas! with that demoniac tone to mistake it for any other sound.

The next moment, a pale and breathless peasant rushed into the hall, exclaiming, in a shriek of terror, "The Jacobins are come! Save yourselves, my lords and ladies! the villains have fired the village, and are in full march for the Château."

At these dreadful words my sisters uttered a piercing scream, and flung themselves into my father's arms, while my Eugenie, pale and cold as monumental marble, gazed on me in anguish, whose silence was unutterably eloquent.

Flight was, in our case, impracticable; and for resistance we were but ill prepared—a few guns were, indeed, planted on the mouldering walls of the castle, but they were as old as the days of the Valois dynasty; and though they had played their part with all proper *eclat* in the war of the League, they had, since that time, been of no other service than by an occasional *feu de joie*, announcing the birth of a son, or the marriage of a daughter of the house of Montmorenci.

Could we have induced our foes to behold these once warlike apparatus with the same reverence which they excited among the neighbouring peasantry, they might have stood us in good stead; but they were too evidently a part of the old *regime* to claim the slightest respect from those with whom we had to deal.

In this extremity we marshalled our faithful household band in the great hall, where I briefly explained to them the danger with which we were threatened, and the hopelessness of expecting quarter from the wretches by whom we were about to be assailed, I offered to such as might choose to avail themselves of it, permission to quit the castle, and provide singly for their own safety. This they to a man refused, declaring themselves ready to stand by us to the last drop of their blood.

We then distributed among them the pikes and fire arms which had for so many years lain in rust and darkness in the armoury of the castle, and prepared ourselves to repel the terrible attack with which we were menaced. I thrilled with rage and horror, as the fiend-like clamours of the mob, mixed with the wild swell of the *Marsellois* hymn, approached more near, recalling to my memory the frightful scenes of the 2nd and 3rd of September, and filling me with indescribable pangs when I glanced on the devoted circle around me. But on her, the bright treasure of my soul, I looked not—I could not meet the eyes of my beloved Eugenie in the moment when I felt that the torch of bridal love was about to be extinguished in blood.

I will not describe the particulars of a contest so hopeless and unequal as that which ensued, when the armed rabble, whom I will not dignify by the name of soldiers, burst into the hall with a yell, whose demoniac tones, sleeping or waking, have never since been absent from my ears.

That frightful outcry was echoed by the shrieks of the terrified females, and I, maddened by the sound, fought with the fury which may be imagined by those from whom the object of their love is about to be torn for ever. Alas, the desperation of our defence availed us nothing. The blaze of our hospitable hearth was quenched with the heart's blood of my venerable father, and I—miserable destiny! stood the last survivor of the defenders of the castle, alone, amidst our foes, straining in my frantic grasp the broken sword that had failed me at my utmost need.

I was wounded in several places, but I felt it not. I heeded not the deadly faintness which the loss of blood occasioned, for I saw one sister expiring on the bosom of my slaughtered father, and the other, despite her youth and loveliness, pierced by the pike of a monster in the *bonnet rouge*, and I beheld my divine Eugenie in the hands of the murderous rabble.

At that sight, I wrenched, in the resistless fury of despair, a sabre from one of my assailants, and breaking through the tenfold numbers that opposed me, I cleft the skull of the ruffian who had twisted his profane hands in her long fair hair. But the next moment I was overpowered, borne to the earth, and bound hand and foot, amidst the brutal laughter of the mocking fiends who filled the hall of my fathers.

It was then that my Eugenie, with the fond intrepidity of conjugal love, broke from the grasp of the inhuman wretches who had seized her, and, forgetful of every consideration but the danger with which she saw me

threatened, threw herself at the feet of their savage leader, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes implored my life.

I saw her stagger and fall heavily on the marble pavement, but I was spared the agony of beholding more, for in my frantic struggles to loose my fettered hands, the blood poured in torrents from my unstanched wounds, and I fainted from utter exhaustion.

I revived not till the grey light of morning was beginning to steal through the gothic windows of this fatal room: where lately the shout, the shriek, the fearful din of battle resounded, silence deep as that of the grave now prevailed. The ruffians had wrought their work of spoil and murder, and were gone; but they had departed without dealing me the *coup de grace*, leaving me the only living thing in the house of death.

In the first moments of returning consciousness I was like one who had been under the influence of a frightful dream. I endeavoured to raise my bleeding stiffened limbs from the cold marble, and became sensible of the pressure of the cords on my swollen ancles and wrists, which not only restrained me from rising, but caused every movement to be attended with the most excruciating pain.

And oh! the scene on which my unclosing eyes first rested! How shall I describe it? The mangled relics of my faithful followers were scattered around me, gashed and disfigured. Near them, my noble father was stretched in his gore, with my slaughtered sisters on either side of him. And there—why do I live to tell it?—conspicuous even in death, from her superior loveliness, with her fair ringlets spread in beautiful luxuriance on the marble pavement, but dishevelled and stained with blood, laid my murdered bride, with the same look of angelic sweetness and purity that she wore in life, and scarcely paler than when terror for the danger that menaced me, had chased the roses from her tender cheek. The ruffians had destroyed, but had not defaced, that brightest master-piece of nature; even *their* hard hearts had spared that outrage; and but for the crimson stream that continued to issue from her bosom,—that bosom which love had formed in its most perfect mould,—I could have imagined, from her serene and beautiful appearance, that she only slept. How often in the phrenzy of my despair did I call upon her to awake, and conjured her by every tender epithet to revive and answer me, if but by a look, and then struggled with my bonds till they were buried in the bloody circles which they impressed on my lacerated flesh. But I regarded it not—I scarcely seemed to feel the bodily tortures which my own fierce impatience so keenly aggravated. I heeded not the smart of my unbound wounds, nor the cold that benumbed my cramped and stiffened limbs; I was conscious of nothing but the distracting sight before me.

Hour after hour glided away, but their flight was only perceptible to me from the change which they wrought in the sweet flower that lay crushed and withering before me. I could not avert my eyes from her face, which

became less and less life-like, in its icy composure, till, but for the light motion of the fair ringlets that waved in bright profusion round her polished brow, she would rather have resembled a beautiful alabaster statue overthrown from its base, than the fading relics of frail mortality.

The first beams of the sun played over those divine features, and its parting radiance tinged with a deceitful rosy colour that pale fair cheek—but oh! how different was that tint from the blush of health and animation that so lately adorned it! Yet it was with tearless eyes that I gazed on this wreck of all my earthly hopes. Mine was an agony too intense for the softer effusions of grief, and the violent emotions which had induced me to dash my fettered limbs against the unconscious marble on which I was stretched, and to struggle with my bonds with frantic vehemence, had subsided into stern and sullen gloom.

I ceased to call on death to end my sufferings; my feelings had suddenly undergone a complete revulsion. I became desirous of living—of living for revenge.

That word rang on my ear in all the varieties of grief, madness, and rage, through the live-long night. The very elements repeated it. I heard it in the wind that moaned through the gothic passages of the castle—the swollen waters of the Garonne murmured the same. I read it in the faces of the murdered victims that lay around me. Yea, each had found a voice that breathed in unearthly tones—“Revenge us!”

My own despair echoed the same from the depths of my breaking heart, and my lips pronounced it in accents, whose piercing agony might have roused the cold forms around me from the repose of death, till I sunk once more into temporary unconsciousness of life and misery.

When suspended animation was at length restored, I found myself in the cottage of a neighbouring peasant, whom curiosity had prompted to enter the castle, where, finding me yet living among the dead, he had kindly removed me to his humble dwelling, bound up my wounds, and laid me on his own bed.

My wounds, though numerous, were not dangerous: my loss of blood had been considerable, but my chief sufferings arose from mental anguish and hopeless regrets—maladies which render life insupportable, but seldom bring it to a close; and I, slowly, but surely, recovered to brood in cureless despair over the utter desolateness of my lot. I was not ungrateful to the compassionate peasant who had preserved my miserable existence; but I fear he must have considered me as ungracious in my sullen resistance to all his attempts at consolation.

One day, he came to me with a countenance so full of trouble, that I demanded the cause.

“Alas! Monsieur,” said he, “there has a decree gone forth denouncing the punishment of death against those who dare to conceal or harbour Aristocrats. It is not,” he continued, “my want of hospitality that induces me to tell

you this ; but it is one of the precious fruits of this accursed reign of liberty, that no man may dare to call his hearthstone his own. It is now a crime against the nation to offer a fainting traveller a cup of cold water till one has read his passport ; and a man's ignorance of letters will not preserve him from the guillotine if he omit that ceremony. Oh, we had none of these oppressions before the freedom of France, and the equal rights of man, were established."

I perceived the alarm of my worthy host ; and unwilling to imperil him by a longer residence under his roof, I bade him farewell, and commenced my journey to *La Vendée*, where the white standard had been triumphantly raised by Lescure Charrette, La Roche Jaquelin, and other heroes, whose bold and successful enterprises had already inspired the loyal with hope. But what was hope to me ? I stood alone in existence, and my widowed heart was for ever withered and closed against its sunny influence.

Vengeance was my object—vengeance on the monsters who had made my home a desert, and cut me off in the morning of life from the sweet ties of kindred and of love. It was this deep and bitter sense of the irremediable wrongs I had received, that nerved my arm with such fury as to distinguish me even among men so celebrated for their valorous achievements, by the name of *Le Terrible*.

By one of those casualties which scarcely appear the effect of chance, the inhuman destroyer of all my happiness was appointed to the command of a brigade, employed in the reduction of that very district where the regiment which I had organised was engaged in hot service. From the moment that his vicinity became known to me, sleep forsook my nights, and my days were consumed in a restless fever of impatience. The very air that he breathed was noxious and oppressive to me, and the desire of revenge became the ruling principle of my existence. I sought it in the field, and in the trenches. I watched for it in the secret ambush, and the nightly *sortie*. I pursued it with insatiable fury in the day of battle, and through all the dread varieties of this tremendous warfare. At length the opportunity so long, so ardently desired, was mine. In one of those daring nightly attacks on the camp of the Jacobins, which procured us the name of *Chouans*, we surprised the *bivouac*, and succeeded in penetrating to the tent of their general, which he had vacated the moment before ; but I followed on his traces like a blood-hound who has got scent of the skulking felon. I pursued him through the bloody mazes of the straggling but fierce engagement which took place among the overthrown tents. The foes were more than trebly our superiors in numbers ; but what are the odds of numbers to men whom wrongs, like ours, have rendered desperate ? The morning's light revealed the slaughter and confusion of our enemies' ranks, now broken on every side. It was then that I came up with the desolator of all my house. He was surrounded by the officers of his staff, who had rallied for his defence ; but I cut my way through them all and rushed upon him with the spring of a tiger. Whether he were panic-struck by the resistless fury of

my attack, or the unexpected sight of the man whom he had so deeply injured, paralyzed his arm, I know not ; but at the moment I wrenched the sabre from his faltering grasp, he uttered a dastardly prayer for quarter.

“ Miscreant !” I fiercely exclaimed, “ know me for Charles Philippe, of Montmorenci ; the last time you and I met, your sword was red with the blood of all my house. Such mercy as you gave to grey-haired age and tender youth, and woman’s helpless loveliness, expect from the son, the brother, and the husband of your victims.”

I cocked my pistol as I spoke, and raised my arm to fire ; but at that moment his young son, a noble boy of fifteen, who had fought by his side during the whole of this hot skirmish, threw himself at my feet, and clasping my knees implored his father’s life with a flood of tears.

Had all the armies of the Republic interposed to prevent my vengeance, they should not have forced me to resign it. The hope of one day obtaining it, had been my perpetual thought and nightly dream. I had panted for it with a vehemence, of which no one can form an idea who has not been outraged as I had been ; and now that it was in my power, the tears of a simple boy had shaken my purpose. The youth perceived my hesitation, and redoubled his prayers. I looked round upon the officers of my regiment, but there was a stern silence among them, and I read in their countenances that they disapproved my relentions. The boy was conscious of it also, and his sobs became audible. I looked in the face of the suppliant, and my purpose failed. It might be weakness—it might be false sensibility ; but I could not deliberately take the life which I had sought so fiercely through every shape of peril.

“ Go !” I exclaimed, lowering the upraised weapon of destruction as I spoke. “ A Montmorenci will not degrade himself by becoming an executioner. Outraged as I have been, I cannot shed the blood of a father in the sight of his son.”

I sternly turned away as I concluded, and, mounting my horse, took the road to Quibberon in great agitation. But there were other Bourdelais among the victors who beheld, in this monster, the desolater of their homes as well as mine ; and ere I had ridden 200 yards from the spot, the long and terrible cry of vengeance which rent the air, followed by a general discharge of fire-arms, told me that the savage destroyer of my hopes and happiness had paid the earthly forfeit of his crimes.

Why should I pursue to its disastrous close, the glorious but ineffectual struggle which we upheld in La Vendée, or recount the hardships and privations which I, in common with the illustrious sufferers who, by means scarcely less than miraculous, escaped the sword and the scaffold, endured in a land of exile ; or bitterer far, pourtray the indignant feelings with which, on our return to our native country, it was ours, to behold our inheritance in the hands of strangers, while we continued to languish in poverty and

obscurity. True, the lily was triumphant, and the sceptre of France was swayed by a Bourbon monarch; but the King could not, the King dared not, redress the wrongs of his faithful adherents, lest he should be accused of leaning to the cause of the Ultras.

I have suffered for the sake of my principles, and the approbation of my own heart must be my sole reward. Age has not cooled my loyalty, nor sorrow unnerved my arm. I am still ready to draw my sword in the cause of my rightful prince; and if there be any earthly event which could call a solitary throb of pleasure to this blighted heart, it would be to behold the last descendant of *Henri Quartre* restored to the throne of his forefathers.

SONNETS.

TO MARY HOWITT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Oh! thou, who singest of the clear blue streams,
Of verdant meadows, and of gushing springs,—
Lighting the woodlands with their silvery gleams;
Of butterflies, with rainbow-tinted wings;
Of trees, round which the fragrant woodbine clings.
Crowned with a coronal of golden beams;
Of “birds, and flowers, and other country things,”
That toil-worn citizens behold in dreams:—
Who wakest all our kindly sympathies
With ballads quaint, and sweetly musical,
Of cottage-hearth, old manor-house, and hall,
And ships that wander on the stormy seas;—
Whose gentle thoughts, and pure moralities,
Upon the heart, like dew on folded flower-buds, fall.

Fain would I thank thee for the many hours
Of pure and calm delight, that I have spent,
Transported by thy strains to woodland bowers,
Where sorrow cometh not, nor discontent;
Listing the warblings of the song-birds, blent
In one delicious harmony, while flowers
Sprang thickly round—the blue sky o’er me bent—
And trees upon me shed their fragrant showers:
Fain would I thank thee for the visions bright
Thy lays have conjured up, of happy vales,
And quiet nooks, and old men telling tales
To cottage children, laughing “in the light
Of their own loveliness,” ’mid groves bedight
With blossoms, shedding perfume on the balmy gales.

C H E S S.

GAME V.

Brilliant Partie, played a few weeks since, between M. De La Bourdonnais and the Honorary Secretary of the London Chess Club. The former giving the odds of "Pawn and two moves."

MR. P ———

1. K. and Q. P. two
2. K. B. to Q. third (*a*)
3. Q. P. one
4. Q. B. P. two
5. K. B. P. two
6. K. P. takes P.
7. K. Kt. to B. third
8. Q. Kt. P. one
9. Castled
10. Q. B. to Q. Kt. second
11. Q. Kt. to Q. second
12. Q. to K. second
13. K. Kt. to its fifth
14. K. Kt. to K. sixth
15. Q. takes B. check
16. Q. to K. B. fifth
17. Q. to K. Kt. sixth
18. Q. R. to K.
19. B. takes Q.
20. Q. R. to K. sixth
21. Q. R. P. takes P.
22. Q. B. to its third
23. K. R. to Q. R. (*c*)
24. R. takes R.
25. K. R. takes P.
26. K. R. to Q. R. second
27. K. R. to Q. R. eighth
28. K. R. to Q. Kt. eighth
29. Q. R. to K. eighth
30. B. takes R.
31. R. to Q. Kt. seventh
32. K. R. P. two
33. K. B. to its seventh, check
34. B. to K. sixth
35. K. R. P. one
36. K. Kt. P. two
37. B. to Q. seventh, check
38. R. to Q. Kt. eighth
39. B. to K. sixth, check
40. Rook, checkmates.

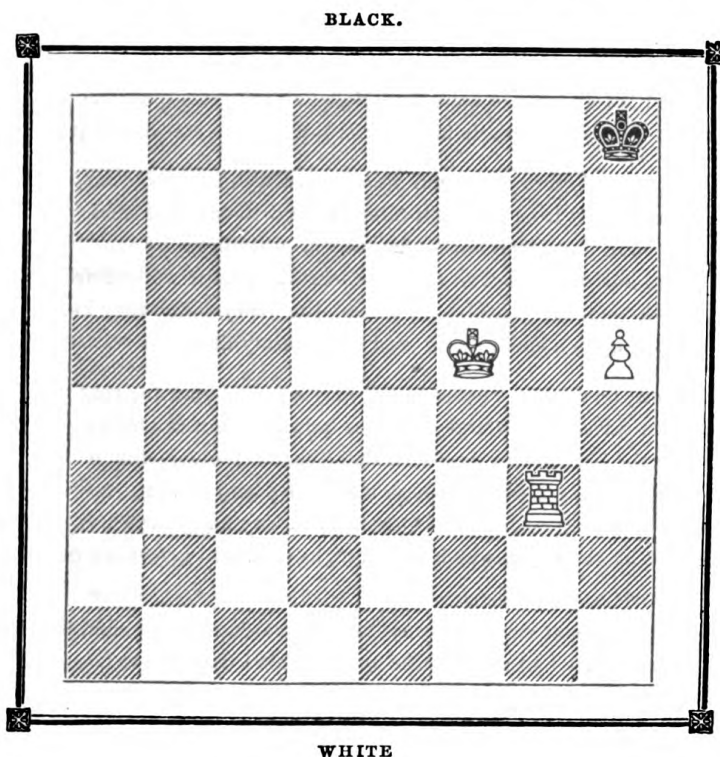
DE LA BOURDONNAIS.

1. K. P. one
2. Q. B. P. two (*b*)
3. Q. P. one
4. K. Kt. to B. third
5. P. takes P.
6. K. B. to K. second
7. Q. Kt. P. two
8. Q. Kt. to Q. second
9. Q. Kt. to its third
10. Q. R. P. two
11. Q. R. P. one
12. Castled
13. K. R. P. one
14. Q. B. takes Kt.
15. K. to R.
16. Q. to Q. second
17. Q. to K.
18. Q. takes Q.
19. Q. R. to its second
20. Q. R. P. takes P.
21. Q. R. to its seventh
22. Q. Kt. P. one
23. P. takes B.
24. P. takes Kt.
25. Q. Kt. to Q. B.
26. K. Kt. to Q. second
27. K. Kt. to Q. Kt. third
28. B. to Q.
29. R. takes R.
30. B. to Q. B. second
31. B. to Q.
32. K. to Kt. (*d*)
33. K. to B.
34. Q. Kt. to K. second
35. K. to his square
36. K. Kt. to Q. R.
37. K. to B. second
38. B. to Q. Kt. third (*e*)
39. K. to B. third.

(*a*) The adversary having no king's bishop's pawn, this move is one of the most attacking that can be made at this point of the opening.

PROBLEM V.

White to checkmate in eight moves without moving his King.



(b) This is not an advisable mode of defence against the "pawn and two moves" attack. The first player might have taken the pawn, or played his K. P. one square, in either case obtaining a strong offensive position.

(c) Boldness indeed! We should have preferred, however, taking the Kt. at K. B. sixth, as safer, and, we believe, much better play.

(d) La Bourdonnais appears here to have overlooked the advantage of winning the K. R. P.

(e) Throwing away the game!

The interest attached to these last relics of La Bourdonnais' skill, is mainly ascribable to the melancholy circumstances connected with them. As specimens of play, they appear to us, upon examination, to afford but a very imperfect and unsatisfactory notion of the pre-eminent powers of invention and combination, which this distinguished player at one time exhibited. In the game before us, he omits to seize the most obvious advantages, and, even after his opponent had sacrificed a piece, permits the victory within his grasp to be wrested from him.

THE STORMY NIGHT.

Oh! 'tis a dark and stormy night—a night that bids us turn
 With grateful mirth unto the hearth where crackling faggots burn ;
 When o'er the whistling wind without, above the tempest's din,
 The merry lay, with chorus gay, sounds joyously within—
 And oh ! 'twere meet in hour like this, when tempests round us sweep,
 To pray " God speed those in their need, who sail upon the deep !"

For us, the bright and cheerful light yon ruddy blaze gives out,
 And unconfined from " vacant mind" the mirth-inspired shout ;
 While round us in each honest face and brightly beaming eye
 We read how vain the world's cold chain when those we love are nigh ;
 But dark—unlit by friendship's torch—the weary watch they keep,
 Who look upon a clouded sky, and on a stormy deep.

E'en now, how many a gallant bark may struggle 'mid the roar
 Of giant waves, which urge to graves 'mid hidden rocks before :
 And in the blast which now doth shake each casement's fragile pane,
 How many a cry is borne on high beseeching help in vain.
 Alas ! full many a cheek will blanch, full many an eye will weep,
 Caused by the blight which such a night hath sent across the deep.

* * * * *

Good night !—yet stay, before we part our closing chaunt shall be
 To breathe once more from those on shore kind thoughts to friends at sea,
 Who many a stormy sea must brave, and many an angry blast,
 Ere home be near, and friends so dear be told of dangers past.
 Good night ! but ere the whistling wind hath lulled ye into sleep,
 Oh ! pray " God speed those in their need, who sail upon the deep."

H. W. H.

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Twas when my May of blood was mounting high,
 And health and hope—twin-spirits of delight—
 Flung fragrant garlands o'er me, fresh and bright,
 That first I longed to woo fair POESY
 To sit by me and sing ;—but from the sky
 Her gentle dew fell not upon me *then* ;—
 Nor 'till wild conflict with the world, and men,
 And mine own passions, and their progeny
 Of bitter pains, had plunged me in the den
 Of cureless melancholy, did she inspire
 The strains, that since hath soothed me oft, when year
 On year hath disappointment brought. Many a tear
 Have I forgot to shed, since to my lyre
 I've sung these words,—"*Hope hath no tenant here.*"

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THOMAS À BECKET,

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS.

“A wish to infuse into remote events a reference to now pending controversies, has subjected THOMAS À BECKET to some misrepresentations at the hands of Philosophical Historians, who have judged it less instructive to persist in a dry statement of facts than to mould them into a parable against the evils of Popery. I, however, professing as I do to look to history rather for amusement than instruction, have no intention to obtrude my Protestantism, staunch as it is, on my readers, and shall inquire into the history of this remarkable man, rather as a curious fact, hitherto imperfectly investigated, than as a vehicle for opinions relating to the present order of things.”—*From an Article on Thomas à Becket, in vol. ii. of the British Magazine.*

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Observations—Becket's Birth and Parentage—His Father's Adventures and Marriage—Becket goes to School at Merton Abbey—The Credulity of the Monks—The Universities of Oxford and Paris—The Philosophy of the Fathers of the Church—The Metaphysics of the Scholastics—The Nature of Becket's Early Pursuits—The Consequences of his Education—His Public Employments.

We study, with profit, the lives of men passed in the pursuit of enterprises requiring, for their execution, extraordinary energies of mind. Attaching interest to whatever is connected with greatness, we need no unnecessary excitement, no prospect of extravagant amusement in the subject matter to create for us an unnatural pleasure in the perusal of their histories, or to excite in us a factitious ardour in the contemplation of their characters and times. But, by the feelings of reverence and admiration which we cannot but entertain for all illustrious characters, we are easily and almost spontaneously attracted to the culture of biography, as one of the most interesting and instructive branches of knowledge. Inspired with the sentiments of affection and esteem for philosophers, historians, moralists, and poets, because we are taught, from the pure and lofty doctrines of truth and justice which they inculcate, lessons for the softening of our hearts, for the elevation of our souls, and for the expansion of our intelligence; and because we are indebted to them for our improvement and general usefulness as members of society, we follow them into the retreat of their homes, contemplate them in their private conduct and character, and ascertain their feelings, thoughts, and actions, at the time when, untainted by any selfish motives, they were rendering to mankind benefits nearly, if not wholly, unalloyed with evil. Great as is our anxiety, from these reasons, to be made acquainted with the private histories of the wise and the

good among mankind, in whatever path they may have trodden, we feel a much keener desire to be conversant with the tempers and motives of those who have occupied, or may still hold, conspicuous stations upon the theatre of public affairs, because their actions are more important to the welfare of the community at large ; and, because, in the discharge of their duties, they are answerable to society for a most grave responsibility. They are entrusted with the preservation of the glory of our country, the protection of our liberties, rights, and immunities, and the guardianship of all our time-honoured institutions. However deep and general may be the interest with which we regard the memories of those who have long been numbered with the illustrious dead, far deeper and more general still is that which we experience for those who have more recently appeared upon the stage of political or polemical warfare—and the effects of whose deeds are yet to be traced in existing political or ecclesiastical occurrences or institutes—nevertheless, an interest, though not so centred and universal, is extended to those public characters who, at periods more remote, have been engaged in effecting important and requisite reformatations ; or, at times farther removed still, in the more primitive epochs of our country's history, in laying the first feeble foundations of our constitution.

It is a source, not only of high intellectual gratification and amusement, but of salutary instruction, the being made intimate with every peculiarity of incident satisfactorily ascertained, in relation to the destinies of those wonderful men, who may well be described as the lights and ornaments of their age ; by what pretensions they have gained the honours of the world, and with what success they have courted the favour of princes ; the artifices exerted, and the labours performed, and the aid by which they succeeded in attaining to their greatness ; or, if otherwise, how their greatness, unsolicited, surprised them in the discharge of their ordinary duties.

It is only after a calm contemplation of their public deeds, and a minute investigation of their private conduct, that we are enabled to form an accurate judgment of the genius and temper of such men ; and trying them by the touchstone of comparison, when placed in juxta-position with other giants of intellect, that we can certify their genuine merit. Similar actions are frequently achieved by those who, equalling them in intellect, boast a sympathy with their genius, merely from watching attentively the machinery that set in motion the minds which have planned and accomplished extraordinary performances. Thus the means by which they compassed their aims are examined, and the motives which induced them to diverge from the level plains of life, to ascend the steep of fame and ambition, are unravelled with beneficial results to aspiring and congenial souls.

This observation, for instance, must be exemplified with the force of truth to those who have compared the great Cardinal Wolsey with the equally great man who is the subject of this biography. The resemblance between them, not only in their profession, and a principal portion of their assimilated

careers, but also in their character, and, what is strange, in their same system of conduct, is so close, that many passages in their lives, and many traits in the dispositions of both, may be applied with fidelity to either one or the other. We may thence fairly infer, that Wolsey must have taken Becket as his prototype, to guide him in his ambitious aspirations.

The value of biographies of this description is enhanced, when the subjects of them are actors in the troubled scenes of eventful times. And, perhaps, no period of English history presents us with an aspect of events relative to ecclesiastical matters, more stirring, and more novel in their nature, than were exhibited during the reign of Henry the Second, when an acrimonious contest was carried on by the prelacy and the sovereign, for procuring the supreme sway in the government of the church. Among the number of the enthusiasts who espoused the cause of the clergy, and who died a martyr to his fanaticism, is to be ranked Thomas à Becket, who, sprung from a humble but decent stock, was indebted for his eminence to his talents; and, who, notwithstanding the disadvantages of his birth, flourished, the greatest and most conspicuous character of that memorable epoch.

Thomas à Becket was a native of London. He was born in Cheapside, in a large house belonging to his father, by the best accounts, upon the 21st day of December, in the year 1117. Some authorities date his nativity upon the 24th day of the same month, and not, improbably, in the year 1119. Of these two conflicting statements, preference, with respect to the days, is in favour of the former; for, the 21st day of December being dedicated to the apostle St. Thomas, it is likely that his parents, who were a couple possessed of exceeding piety, would have the idea suggested to them of christening their offspring Thomas, after the holy disciple, if upon the day consecrated to him their child first drew the breath of life.

The house in which Thomas à Becket was born, was demolished shortly after his martyrdom. It was soon replaced by a chapel and hospital, erected for the use of a master and brethren of the Holy Military Order, which was instituted by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, after the surprisal of Acre, and of which à Becket was ordained the patron. They were raised and dedicated to à Becket after his death, and named, in his honour, St. Thomas of Acre, by his sister Agnes, who was the wife of Thomas Fitz Theobald de Heily. They remained standing, appropriated to the use of these knights hospitallers, till the reign of Henry VIII., when, during the subversion of the monasteries, the advowson of the church was granted by that monarch to the Mercers' Company, and from them it received the name of the Mercers' Chapel. In the subsequent reign of Elizabeth, some reformer, zealous in his new persuasion, and averse to the existence of a sacred building dedicated to a popish saint, destroyed, with unhallowed hands, the image of Becket that stood over the gateway. The chapel was burnt down during the great fire of London. No traces, then, are now left to mark the precise spot where Becket was born; but, to judge from an old

chart of the metropolis, preserved in "Stowe's Survey of London," the Mercers' Chapel stood, as nearly as possible, 300 feet, on the opposite side of the way, from Bow Church.*

In the accounts contained in his letters, now extant, † the parentage of Becket is recorded as reputable. His immediate ancestors were rich and respectable citizens of London, and had all been honestly engaged in traffic and merchandise.

His father, Gilbert, did not follow with ardour the calling of his progenitors, but subsisted upon a patrimony, which amounted to three hundred pounds a-year, at that time an exceedingly handsome fortune; the value of money being fifteen times greater than at present. ‡

Though blest with this plentiful affluence, he did not, like the generality of men who are opulent, squander his time in the pursuit of idle ostentation, and the enjoyment of the pleasures of the world; but, unseduced by vanity and dissipation, he and his wife passed their days in religious observances, in purity of demeanour, and in sobriety of action, and innocency of thought.

His wife was a Saracen woman, whom he had wedded after a series of romantic adventures. Of this marriage, it is believed, that the only fruit was Thomas à Becket, and two daughters, Agnes and Mary.

The means by which this marriage was brought about are too strange to be

* Laurence Surius, a monk of the Carthusian order, in a menological arrangement of the lives of the Saints and Martyrs of the Romish Church, under the head of December (see his book *De Probatis Sanctorum Historiis*, tom. 6. p. 1033), has an abridgement of the prolix biography of Edward, a monk of Canterbury, in which he tells us that on the birth-day of Becket a fire broke out in his father's premises, which, communicating with the neighbouring houses, caused a conflagration that consumed a great part of the city. But as Stowe, in his laborious researches into the History of London, makes no mention of this fire, the relation of the incident is evidently a falsification. The monks, seeming to think that the birth of every great man was attended with some singular or even marvellous event, appear to have gathered from their imaginations the facts of their histories. They meant this, no doubt, as typical and prognosticatory of the future *fiery* disposition of Becket, or of its overwhelming qualities which could bear down every obstacle before them.

† Epist. S. Thom. 108. lib. I.

‡ Such is the fortune attributed to him by Langtoft, in his Chronicles, who also states that his name was Thomas, and not Gilbert. As all the other historians agree that the name of Becket's father was Gilbert, Langtoft's inaccuracy in this point may make us question whether he is an authority to be followed in other respects, particularly when we consider that the income of a sheriff was £300 a-year, which renders it not unlikely that Gilbert only enjoyed that fortune so long as he held that office. Langtoft wrote his Chronicles in doggrel verses, and the part alluded to runs thus:—

Saint Thomas's fader I find hight *Thomas* Becket,
In London of noble kind, and maste of all was let,
A riche man he was,—*not spend three hundreth pound, &c.*

omitted, though the fabulous character of the writer who tells the anecdote,* entitles the narrative to but little credence. If the union of these two persons, so different in religion and country, be true, its singularity, certainly, as a previous writer has observed, seemed to be the presage of an extraordinary life.†

The story runs thus : that Gilbert Becket, in his youth, impelled by a motive of piety, ventured, in accordance with the devotional spirit of those times, upon a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, whither he was accompanied by a single domestic, named Richard. The zeal for his religion, which actuated him to undertake this perilous enterprise, enabled him, when his faith was put to a severer test, to come forth from the ordeal with nobleness and credit.

Shortly after his arrival in Palestine, he, one day, entered, with several other similarly enthusiastic Christians, a building consecrated to religious purposes, when their resort was discovered by a band of Saracens, who, having laid in wait for them, upon their leaving the temple, took them all, put them in chains, and locked them up in the prison of an Admiral—that being the name given by the Saracens to their chief or seignior.

The condition of a bondsman, under the best of circumstances, in those remote and barbarous ages, was pitifully hard ; but, when one had the misfortune to fall, in captivity, into the hands of a people whose general character was unrelenting and ferocious, his case was cruelly severe. These unfortunate Christians were every day chained together, like malefactors guilty of the most enormous outrages to society, and driven from their prison to render service to the state, by working at such arbitrary and laborious tasks as were imposed upon them. Though entitled to our commiseration for a deprivation of his liberty, and the endurance of such bitter toil, Gilbert Becket was, notwithstanding, less an object of pity than his companions ; for, he soon attracted the admiration of the admiral from his prepossessing exterior, and his gentle disposition, and peaceable conduct. So deep was the interest that the admiral took in his fate, that he thenceforth treated him with kindness and lenity ; would make him come to him when he was seated at table at his meals, and hear him recount his adventures, deriving much knowledge and gratification in learning from him many particularities of the countries through which he had travelled, and the manners and customs of the different people among whom he had sojourned.

This Saracen had an only daughter, in whom was centered all his love. At her supplications, he would frequently remit the severities of his captives' discipline. This girl, admiring the wisdom and virtue that shone conspicuous in his conduct, became enamoured of Gilbert Becket. Having been seeking for some time an opportunity of conferring in private with him, she succeeded at length in her object. She then interrogated him as to his country, his city,

* Joan. Bromton.

† Biographie Universelle. Art. Becket, tom. iv.

his creed, and his history. He replied, that he was of "the kingdom of God, and the city of London;" and represented to her, simply, and in a few words, the mysteries of the Christian religion. She then asked him, "if he would suffer, with a good will, death for that God and that Faith of which he made profession?" His answer was ready, and no doubt sincere, when he said, that "the greatest joy the God whom he adored could confer upon so insignificant a being, would be death for His love and His sake." This noble reply won the tender heart of the Saracen maid, who conceived the design of embracing a creed that numbered among its devotees men so pious and sincere. To Gilbert she revealed her mind, unfolding her resolution of converting herself to Christianity, and abandoning, for that object, her religion and her parents, her wealth, and her father-land. But, as it would not be prudent, nor even safe, to trust herself, unbefriended, among the inhabitants of a foreign country, in order that she might have beforehand the consolatory assurance of certain protection, she desired to know whether he would marry her, if she were to escape from the house of her father, after having previously liberated him from his dreary and acute servitude.

Gilbert was struck mute at a proposition so strange and unforeseen. Independently of the execution of this design appearing to him impracticable, he feared that the girl would not attempt it when matters were matured for accomplishment; or that she might have had some secret order from her father to make use of this artifice in order to entrap him into an avowal of his real sentiments.

Upon these considerations, he contented himself with making her a general answer, at the same time speaking to her in the most enthusiastic terms of the blessings of the Christian religion, and telling her that it would be conducive to her own happiness should she embrace his creed.

Unavoidable as was his refusal of her generous offer, the painful confinement in the walls of a prison stimulated Gilbert to indulge dreams and project plans, of once more regaining his lost liberty. In league with his brother captives he every day sought means of escape, till at last he broke from his chains and left the prison during the night, after a year and a half of slavery. The contiguous countries, conquered by the Christians, afforded him a near and convenient asylum, whence, relieved by pecuniary assistance from his fellow-believers, he returned to England.

When the daughter of the Admiral heard of the flight of Gilbert Becket, she resolved to fly also. Having disposed all things for her flight, she left her father's house in the middle of the night, and, resigning herself to Providence, she renounced, with contentment, her country and a great dowry, for a strange land and a Christian husband, and, in lieu of her primitive persuasion, a new and better creed.

In undertaking this adventure, her knowledge had not prefigured to her mind the desolate and perilous situation to which she would expose herself,

in wandering, unattended, over vast tracts of land, covered with hordes of uncivilised barbarians. All diffidence and fear had been banished from the heart of this ardent and romantic girl, who, guided by the hand, and watched by the all-vigilant eye of God, escaped, unharmed, through the land of the Infidels, and entered the territories of the Christians, whence she embarked on board a vessel bound to Europe.

Arrived in England, she proceeded onwards to the metropolis, and, her steps accidentally leading her before the house of Gilbert, it happened that Richard, the servant whom Gilbert had carried with him in his voyage beyond the seas, was passing out at the moment, when, seeing her, he immediately recognised her, and hastened to communicate the intelligence to his master. Gilbert, at first, doubted the veracity of the story, but, instigated by curiosity, he went into the street, when, to his astonishment, he beheld the Saracen maid. With a full conviction, he was now assured that, in the Holy Land, she had volunteered, with unalloyed sincerity, to effect his emancipation from slavery, and that affection for his person, and devotion to his creed, had animated her with the fortitude of making this long and dangerous voyage. With a pleasing excitement, he could not but consider himself bound to be her guardian; and most willingly would he have sheltered her beneath his own roof, had the laws of propriety sanctioned that excess of hospitality from a youth to a maiden. Lest sinister interpretations should be put upon his charitable motives, he commanded Richard to take her to the house of a gentlewoman, a friend of his, whom he besought to provide for her comfort and happiness, with as much solicitude as if she were her own daughter. His mind, at this circumstance, was distracted with considerable agitation. On one hand, he was zealous to contribute to her permanent support and safety, by according her that which she had required of him to facilitate her conversion to Christianity, namely, her marriage with him. On the other hand, having already resolved, in a spirit of piety, to consecrate his life to God, in the wars of the Christians against the Infidels, he felt an extreme repugnance to contract a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of a Saracen.

In this spirit of undecidedness how to proceed, he went to the Bishop of London, for the purpose of holding a consultation with him with respect to the matter. He found the reverend father, with five other bishops, in the church of St. Paul, where they were assembled to treat of some affairs connected with the weal of the Church and the State. Gilbert related to them what had passed between himself and the girl when he was a prisoner in Palestine, and the surprising manner in which she had since quitted her country, to seek him in England. At this, the Bishop of Chichester, interrupting him, cried out, with a loud voice, that it was "a visibly divine vocation; and that God wished to make use of the woman, in presenting the Church with a man, whose sanctity and labours would be conducive to the augmentation of his glory."

The other bishops concurring in the sentiment of their brother prelate of

Chichester, unanimously counselled Gilbert Becket to give the Saracen woman a promise of marriage, provided she became a Christian, in order that she might be so compensated for the adoption of a new life and religion, in embracing which, she had, with unhesitating magnanimity, sacrificed all her worldly possessions. From the strong proofs of faith which she had already manifested, these prelates did not imagine it requisite to prepare her mind for the sacred ceremony of baptism. They brought her at once, upon the following morning, into the cathedral of St. Paul, where a magnificent baptismal font, and every thing else that was necessary, was ready for the solemnity. According to the customs of the church, the Bishop asked her, "if she was willing to be baptised?" when she answered, by the voice of her interpreter, Richard, that "that was her cordial wish, and that it was for that express purpose she had left her distant native country." At this reply, the Bishop of London, accompanied in his exhortation, represented to her briefly the principal obligations of the Christian life. She was then christened by the name of Matilda, and immediately afterwards she was united in marriage to Gilbert Becket. This is the romance transmitted to us by Bromton.*

But whether, in these tyrannical and bigotted times, it was permitted to a Christian to form an alliance with a Pagan, under any circumstances, when we consider the enmity that existed between the nations, from their difference of creed, is highly problematical. It is a question, however, not determinable now, in the nineteenth century. The above cited anecdote, notwithstanding, unfolds, with plausibility, the cause of love between the Christian knight and the Syrian damsel. But, whether the wife of Gilbert Becket was an English or a Saracen woman, all authors concur in bearing testimony to her beautiful character, and the superiority of her virtue. The tenderest attachment was experienced by her husband; she was meek and amiable in her nature, and her disposition was peaceful and domestic. The fascinating influence of the character of this charming wife enchained Gilbert to his native country, where, devoting himself to civil official business, he enjoyed, without interruption, the solid comforts of a happy home.

Beneath the kind and fostering care of these virtuous and holy parents, Becket—as he tells us in his own letters—was brought up, from the cradle, in habits of the strictest piety. He was taught charity and compassion to his fellow-creatures, which lesson was enforced by the example shown him by his inestimable mother.

Upon the bank of the little river of Wandle, in Surrey, at the distance of seven miles from London, there stands a small, rambling, confused mass of ruins, slowly crumbling to ashes:—all that time has left of the once magnificent Merton Abbey. The exterior walls, and some portion of cathedral

* In his *Chronicon*. *Vide* Hist. Anglic. Script. Antiq. (as edited by Sir Roger Twysden) tom. i. pp. 1052-5.

windows that remain, denote the existence of an old convent or priory, in ages past. When perfect, it was inhabited by the regular canons of the order of St. Augustin. Towards the commencement of the twelfth century, the edifice was of spacious construction, and was surrounded by domains, comprising an extent of sixty acres of ground. It is replete with many pleasing reminiscences of antiquity; and is remarkable, among other incidents, as having been the place where Becket received his education.

He was sent thither by his father at an early age. But there, he could merely have been initiated into the rules of grammar, as they are applied to the Latin tongue, or, if his acuteness enabled him, he might have been inducted into the principles of logic, or the elements of rhetoric. To a precocious quickness of abilities, he united industrious habits. He was remarked for his quiet, inobtrusive, and modest manners, and for his prudence, respectfulness, and gravity; in addition to these virtues, not often found in a child, it is said that indications of future greatness were very perceptible in his conduct, and that he evinced signs of that sanctity, for which he was noted in his after life. In proof of the existence of these qualities, a story is told of his father, who was instigated to show him the following marks of veneration. One day, having gone to see him at this priory, he publicly threw himself at his feet, and, with no punctilious nicety, glorified God with profound adoration in his son's person. When he was remonstrated with for the act, by the astonished prior, who was present at the scene, he arose from his knees, and whispered the prior not to be astonished, for "he knew well what he was doing, as his son would be one day very great before God."*

This, is no great criterion of the unexampled piety of Becket; his father might have been deceived by appearances. Into whatever shape the minds of children were moulded, their manners, as soon as they became the inmates of such nurseries of religion as were the conventual schools of those periods, were all fashioned to a strict outward show of religious observances. The system of education then in vogue, necessarily produced this appearance of devotion. One round of prayer awaited them from sunrise till sunset; silence and an austerity of manners were enjoined; ascetic exercises, combined with the mortifications of a lowly, impoverished, and dependent condition, were recommended and enforced; and when not engaged in literary cultivation, their hours were employed in the manual labours of the peasant and artificer.

In other respects, the severe and regular discipline of the monastic life was not observed in the establishment at Merton Abbey. St. Augustine had not bequeathed to his followers any commands for the observance of bitter and mortifying privations. On the contrary, he threw over the monastic life a peculiar charm. Disinterested friendship—social intercourse—lavish liberality, extending, in all cases, to the distribution in common of private property—simplicity of manners—morality, piety, and learning, were the exemplary

* Stephan. Vita S. Thom. p. 10.

virtues practised and taught by the canons who professed his rules ;—no vows were exacted—no confinement was required. Indeed, the Bishop of Hippo, though he occasionally retired to the solitude of cathedral cloisters to meditate, had neither followed himself, nor advocated, the life of an Anchorite. He was the first who established ecclesiastical communities, and thus softened the Christian religion of much of that asperity and moroseness which had been infused into it by the habits of the primitive Christians.

Becket had evidently been sent to this school in preference to every other, in order that he might not be unfitted for the active occupations of the world. Hence, Gilbert, intending his son for the profession of the Church, was naturally desirous of educating him for administering the duties of a secular clergyman, rather than for performing the offices of a monastic priest.*

* There are a few additional anecdotes connected with this period, which I have thrown into a note ; they are of no utility in illustrating the life of Becket, but I have retained them, because they serve to give us some conception of the ignorance and fanaticism of mankind in those dark ages.

These legendary fables, it may reasonably be conjectured, were published after Becket had been beatified as a tutelar saint. The genius of the age then intermingled miracles with the ordinary occurrences of his life. Every deed was striven to be emblazoned into a virtue, and his character to be exalted into one of puereness and sublimity. In endeavouring to effect this, the monks were misguided, through a sincere belief in the marvellous. Their ignorance was gross in science, not only in the affairs of men, but in the mechanical motions of the world. Their acquirements did not extend to a knowledge of the system of the universe, or the operations of God, as displayed in his works. They could not, therefore, justly comprehend the nature of the Divinity ; they believed that the government of the world was administered by angels and spiritual beings, gifted with subtle essences. Of man's existence on earth, of the soul, of a hereafter, they entertained confused, and always extravagant, notions. Their faculties were paralysed at the sight of an eclipse of the sun or the moon ; and they trembled before a thunder storm, for they viewed it as an instance of Divine displeasure, or the certain presage of an extraordinary event. With this limited fund of learning, they may, with sufficient justice, be deemed equally slaves, with the people, to the puerile credulity and prurient superstition by which their generation was disfigured. If it be objected, that the subtlety of thought, and grasp of ability, requisite to master doctrinal metaphysics (for their mental cultivation enabled them to penetrate into some of the most subtle mysteries of that difficult subject—theology), cannot co-exist in a mind which can be so silly as to yield credence to the marvellous and the prodigious, let it be remembered that such an anomaly can be found in intellectual discipline ; a minute spirit of religious speculation destroys sound and practical reason. A fanatic in religion will, in matters connected with his faith, and of fellow-believers, celebrated for their piety, believe miracles, which he would reject as fabulous, if relating to other circumstances and individuals. It is not, then, at all strange, that the ordinary dispensations of Providence, and the occurrences of incidents, the causes of which they could not account for, the monks should, in misunderstanding, ascribe to the interference of an invisible power.

The following story is related of Becket during his residence in, or immediately after he had left, Merton Abbey : the awe with which it may have been listened to in the twelfth century will, in this century, be substituted by a smile.

On one occasion, conversing with some youths who were boasting of the gifts that had been presented to each by the lady of his love, Becket exclaimed, apparently in jest,

Upon leaving Merton Abbey, Becket removed to Oxford, an university which, having been established for some centuries, was then rising yearly into more consequence as a seat of philosophy. It was not, when compared with the continental schools, remarkable for the erudition of its professors, or the number of its scholars: the latter amounted to about sixty, or a hundred, in 1133, which was probably about the time when Becket was an academic student. As little is known of the university at the period in question, not much can be ascertained of the branches of tuition to which the attention of Becket was directed. As he afterwards proceeded to Paris, for the purpose of studying religion, he must have been beforehand a proficient in the arts and the sciences; for, previously to being admitted to theological lessons, he must have gone through a similar course of study as is observed at the present day.

that the woman for whom he felt the tenderest devotion surpassed the most beautiful of her sex, and that the gifts which he had received from her as the pledge of their mutual love, exceeded in its value all others,—alluding to the Virgin Mary and her advocacy for him with the Almighty. Upon his companions, with curiosity, demanding a sight of the gift, he escaped from them, and entering the church prostrated himself with much humility before the altar of the Virgin, and implored her to overlook the immoderate rashness of his speech. The Virgin, to whom he had already consecrated his chastity, pleased with this new testimony of his affection, presented him, as a mark of her increased love and protection, with a superbly ornamented vase, which she placed in his hands. As Becket, in exultation, was passing out of the porch of the church, he was met by his companions, who, surrounding him, pressed him with renewed earnestness to gratify them with a sight of the beautiful woman's gift; gaining possession of the vase, they opened it with mirth, when, to their amazement, they beheld inside of it a sacerdotal vestment woven with a skilful workmanship, and composed of colours of a rich and sanguine dye—a clear vaticination of a bishopric, and an ominous index of his martyrdom!

After the conception of Becket, Matilda had several dreams, according to the historians of the Archbishop. In one of them she imagined that she was at Canterbury, endeavouring to enter the Cathedral; but being ever unsuccessful in her attempts to effect an entrance from the small size of the doors, she believed herself too wicked and unworthy a woman to put footing within so sacred an edifice. She remained without, abstracted in sorrowfulness, so long, that the dream was displaced by another, in which she beheld a shower of a dozen stars falling upon her,—a good augury (she conjectured) of her son being blessed with a multitude of virtues. But the twelve stars were emblematical of the twelve Apostles; and the dream pre-signified that for his excellent actions done upon earth for the weal of the Church, there was to be a reservation for Becket of a seat of supreme glory in the heavenly choir,—that he was to be a judge, and be seated among the twelve luminaries, that is to say, the twelve Apostles, upon the day of judgment.

Upon another night, as Matilda was in a soft slumber, and the infant Thomas lying asleep in a cradle by her side, it seemed to her that the babe was without clothing, at which she asked the nurse “why she did not cover the child?” to which the nurse replied, that “it was already covered with a precious purple sheet, doubled in many folds.” She then fancied that they both rose, and to cover the child more effectually began unfolding the sheet; but were unable to do so, from there not being sufficient room in the chamber,—not even in the largest apartment in the house,—aye, not even in Smithfield (that being the most extensive place in London). Notwithstanding that, she thought that the nurse and herself were upon the point of going to Smithfield, to satisfy themselves that it was

There, however, devoting himself with intense ardour to his studies, whatever they were, he made rapid progress in them; if the mathematics and classical literature, they must have been felicitously adapted to his strong natural abilities; for, so tenacious was his memory, and so quick his apprehension, that whatever he heard or read he could retain with astonishing fidelity; and he could make use of the knowledge that he had acquired in conversation, or gleaned from books, whenever it suited his purpose, with correctness and ease.*

The death of his mother occurred when he had attained his twenty-second year. Becket thereupon discontinued his studies for a year, after which time he resumed them at the university of Paris.

It is to that university that we are principally indebted for the revival of a taste for letters after the long period of dark ages in which learning had been buried: and wherein the nearly extinguished spark of enlightened intelligence fostered in its bosom, rekindled into a flame, and blazed wide over the French territories. The public schools of France had, through the eleventh century, been gradually rising into importance and reputation; and the University of Paris, towards the approach of the twelfth era, flourished the first in celebrity. Students, from all parts of Europe, resorted thither to complete their education; men of the most extensive erudition were preceptors there; and, indeed, the utmost limit of the emulation of scholars was to fulfil the duties of its professors. Encouraged in their labours by persons of influence, and possessing in themselves the enthusiasm of men of learning, both masters and pupils studied with ardour, and, if not with success in the attainment of truth, which is the aim of all knowledge, at least with success in the invigoration of their intellect. With their minds preparatorily exercised in the seven liberal arts, in dialectics and rhetoric, and in mathematics, which comprised, according to their classification, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music, they directed the whole force of

not large enough for the spreading of the sheet, when they heard a voice exclaiming, that "they were stretching the sheet to no purpose, as it was larger than the whole of England." At this exclamation, Matilda awoke, remembering well all that she had seen and heard in her dream, but without being able to account for its signification. The biographers of Becket have taken upon themselves the office of interpreters, by telling us that the purple sheet was typical of the shedding of the blood of the martyr; that the whole of the dream is in perfect keeping, insomuch that when Becket was put to death, his blood that was shed was immediately afterwards covered over with a drapery of great price; also, that the rumour of his martyrdom has not only been propagated throughout England, but has been disseminated through all the countries of Christendom, as was figuratively demonstrated to Matilda in the size of the sheet that was "larger than the whole of England."

Becket, in his childhood, when he was seized with a violent fever, saw a woman appear at his bedside, who, after having healed him, presented him with two golden keys, exclaiming, "Lo! the keys of Heaven, which shall hereafter be under thy especial keeping;" and disappeared.—For the confirmation of these anecdotes, see Steph. Vit. S. Thom. p. 10.—Vit. et Proc. S. Thom. Cant. lib. i. c. 3 & 4. Chron. Brenton. pp. 1055-6.

* Adeo felici gaudebat memoriâ, ut quod semel in sentiis aut verbis didicerat, fere quoties volebat, posset sine difficultate proferre. Hist. Quad. p. 5.

their learning to the examination of theological questions. That was the fashion of the age, and they followed the example of the Fathers of the Church.

It had seemed essential to the eyes of those Fathers to call in the aid of philosophy to prove the establishment of revelation, and the divinity and true import of the Christian religion. The philosophy they approved of, was the Pagan philosophy of the Greeks; they held in high veneration the system of Plato, as, in their opinion, introductory and auxiliary to Christianity. But they excluded from all attention the system of the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, and the Stoics, because in these schools the immortality of the soul was doubted, whilst there were fearless speculations indulged upon the non-existence of a Supreme Being and his Providence. Elucidating, in this manner, the doctrine of Christianity, and contrasting the maxims of its divine founder with those which had been devised by human reason, instead of defining the limits of truth and duty, which they had hoped would have been the end of their enquiries, these learned doctors fell into great dissensions. Taking the reflections of the heathen philosophers for the standard of their own judgment, the profundity of their conclusions was regulated by that of the ancient Grecians, with respect to the attributes of the Deity. Their notion of God was, that he was associated, like a corporeal being, with Space and Time: it was only so that they could reconcile the human condition, and divine kindred, of our Saviour. In inferior matters in theology, they introduced opinions equally singular. Immersed in debate and doubt upon subjects, a distinct knowledge of which was all-important to enforce belief which was indispensable, and to guard against the repetition of controversies which they could not decide, from their being inscrutable by the comprehension of man, they put a severe restraint upon applying human interpretations to the Scriptures, or placing reason side by side with revelation. The prevailing and predominant system then became a Supernaturalism, more or less blended with Rationalism.

At this stage of their speculations arose the Eclectic philosophy, founded by a couple of Ostrogoth patricians, Cassiodorus and Boëthius, who endeavoured to conform the genius of Platonism to the spirit of the Aristotelian system.

The succeeding period* was barbaric and uninformed. Philosophical curiosity lay dormant in the bosoms of men. The public mind, indifferent to its advance in intelligence, brooded in the gloom of universal ignorance, unmoving and inert, like a cloud suspended motionless in an atmosphere obscured by vapours. The darkness slowly dispersed; the light of science gradually unfolded itself from the mists in which it had been enveloped. The precious remains of old philosophy were found buried in the chaos; and thereon were laid the foundations of a new system. Formed in the schools organized throughout France, by the enlightened Charlemagne, it received the designation of Scholasticism.

* From about A. D. 550 to 800.

But, as yet, the human mind groaned under a heavy bondage. It had not embraced the circle of the sciences; and, superficial and undisciplined, it proceeded to investigate the principles of the Christian faith, and the mysterious nature of the Divinity. Dialectics were its sole resources; and men applied their limited metaphysical knowledge to the elucidation of the most abstruse points in psychology and religion. Their researches were productive of no better result than wrangles; and these wrangles supplied no solution to their difficult discussion, but only served to sharpen their minds in acute ingenuities and the subtleties of argumentation. In the course of their abstract reasoning, by the means of which they were desirous of establishing the principles of natural religion, they became confused and divided in their enquiries respecting the nature of general ideas; two sects sprung up, who founded their respective systems of Nominalism and Realism, and created a new era in philosophy.

This dispute was concerning universals. In an universal, two things are distinguished,—the *matter*, which is the one nature multiplicable into many, and the *form*, which is the unity of that nature: wherefore, to constitute an universal, the nature must be one, yet multiplicable. The great question of controversy among these scholastics was to discover such a nature.

The Nominalists, who were Platonists, contended that there were no universals in things, but only in words,—because the same word represents many things, as the word *man* represents all men; whereas the Realists, who were Peripatetics, or the followers of Aristotle, objecting to this doctrine, advanced a contrary hypothesis,—that things themselves formed both a material and formal universal. The Realists derived the universality of things,—their union and aptitude of being in many,—from nature; their opponents contended that universals could only derive their existence from the understanding by which they are contemplated: in other words, the first affirmed that the primordial, or essential forms of things, had a real existence independently of intellectual conception: the latter, that they were nothing more than general notions, formed by mental abstraction, and expressed by words.

These were intricate questions, branching out into almost impalpable distinctions: but, from their very difficulties, they possessed an invincible charm for aspiring sophists. Dialectics, rendered obscure by this twilight of metaphysical complexities and subtleties, instead of detecting truth by the easy process of argumentation, engendered difficulties and multiplied errors. The best interests of religion were defeated; the progress of philosophy was retarded; and there ensued consequences the most injurious to education. In time, the dialectic art became more confined and debased: it was no longer used as a test of religion, but it was subservient to every subject, even though of an inferior nature.

The object of these disputants seemed to extend no higher than to the bare exercitation of their minds: for this they would propose, oftentimes, for solution, absurd and puerile questions. Two parties, with an equal admixture

on both sides, of considerable acrimony, argued in a serious manner, "whether a pig, that was being led to market to be sold, was held by the *man*, or by the *cord tied round its neck*?" As two negatives, in Latin, make an affirmative, they played upon these negatives, multiplying them in their phraseology so frequently, as to render their speech all but unintelligible. To ascertain the number of these negatives, and decide, in consequence, whether the proposition was affirmative or negative, they carried about in their pockets peas, or dry beans, to count them with. It needs no more to prove that the object of the doctors was not to promote the interests of truth so much as to perplex with elaborate distinctions.

It is not known if Becket was a great proficient in these popular exercises of disputation; but, from his character, we may infer, that he neglected no opportunities of instruction which the university afforded him. It would have been curious to have known to which of these doctrines of the sects of Nominalists and Realists he exhibited a partiality. But acquaintance with these branches of science was purchased at a dear cost by a man who, like himself, was not destined to pass his days in the studious retirement of academic groves, but was fated to fill the highest offices of the state. The acquisition of such futile lore, to the omission of the real sciences and the polite branches of learning, as well as of sacred literature, was not without its disadvantages to the future chancellor and archbishop. The peculiar prejudices of the age and the country were contracted by him, in common with others; and these narrowed his views, which, from his exceeding sagacity, would otherwise have been comprehensive. In the classification of the duties of man, the moral were distinguished from the theological virtues, by the subtilizing disciples of scholasticism.

This system of speculative morality was the cause to which we are to ascribe the absence of those lofty principles of action which, it must be admitted, did not regulate the conduct of Becket through all the trying periods of his life. His mind also was clouded by erroneous opinions on other important subjects consequent on his defective educational discipline. His erudition was exuberant, but it was neither accurate nor serviceable: his information did not extend to matters that were of practical utility: history, the study of languages, and experimental science, had fallen into general disrepute, and were altogether neglected. His reason maintained a proud pre-eminence over the influence of human authority, but it was uncertain in keeping this exaltation: at particular emergencies in his difficult career, which required the potent energies of an expansive and superiorly well-informed mind to direct him, it succumbed to the extravagances, superstitions, and sophistries of the age—deviating, with less grasping intellects, into the province of error, and, during the ecclesiastical disputes, in which he was a prominent controversialist, bewildering itself, till it was wholly lost in the labyrinths of chicanery.

With this unprofitable provision of knowledge, Becket left the university,

and, returning to London, he assumed the life and occupation of a clerk in the office of his father, who happened to be the Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

The rank of a Viscount or Sheriff was higher, and his duties were more complex and burthensome in those times, than at the present day. The party holding this office was not unfrequently put into commission as a justice on the circuit, and a magistrate, to keep the public peace in his particular shire or city. He had the farming of the counties let out by the king, and the collecting of the Dane-geld, which was a settled revenue payable to the crown by the inhabitants of counties and large cities. He had also the particular custody and the accounting for the yearly profits of the smaller escheats of the crown: the escheats being lands belonging to the royal demesne, which had either devolved to it from default of heirs, or had been forfeited for the commission of crimes and infringement of the laws. The whole of the king's property, in short, was collected by the sheriffs, who were answerable for the payment of it; and that part of their charge was not unattended with trouble which concerned cases of seizures of lands, levies of deodands, forfeited chattels, rents of private property, and the gathering of the public taxes. The sheriffs of London and Middlesex had even more extensive duties than the sheriffs of other cities and counties in the realm. They were the principal officers who accounted for the rents of all forfeited estates, and the incomes of all devolute offices and serjeanties generally, when they were incorporated in the revenue rolls, and came under the jurisdiction of the High Justiciary. For these duties, allowance was made them for the corrody and equipage of approvers.

Becket, employed as one of the principal secretaries of his father, had consequently many opportunities of gaining a practical insight into the monetary arrangements of the country, a minute knowledge of which must have proved of utility to him afterwards, when he became the Chancellor of England; as that great functionary, in addition to distinct duties, acted in concert with the Justiciary and other great officers of state, in matters of revenue at the Exchequer. It might have been partly on account of this probation, that Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who subsequently became Becket's patron, recommended him to the notice of the sovereign, and procured his appointment to the dignity of Chancellor.

After the death of Gilbert, who did not survive his wife Matilda a year, Becket, deprived of the protection and assistance of his father, abandoned his employment in public affairs in the city of London, and became a courtier.*

* As neither Mr. Berington nor Lord Lyttelton in their Histories of the Reign of Henry II. mention this step in Becket's career, and as they both aspire to give an elaborate and detailed account of that prelate's life, it may be necessary for me to show on what foundation I make this statement. I draw the inference from the expression "*curiarum occupationes*" of Gervasius in Act. Pont. Cantuar. de S. Thom. p. 1668. When Gervasius styles the companions of Becket, immediately after this, "*commiliton*," I conceive he must allude to the court of a king, and not to that of a lord mayor. Were it not for this

He was admitted into some subordinate situation in the administration of the government of the state, which his friends, trusting to his reputation and the signs of his capacity, procured him, in the belief that he would fill it with credit—nor were they mistaken. Here he first displayed a profundity of judgment, a solidity of sense, a subtilty of comprehension, and a quickness of despatch in a variety of business. These valuable qualities became gradually more apparent as he crept slowly onward through the lower gradations of rank, till they burst forth in their matured growth and strength as he rose with gigantic strides to the first situation in the kingdom, to which a subject may aspire with legitimate ambition. The facility with which he resolved the most intricate difficulties and perplexed questions, was a source of miracle to his coadjutors and superiors in office, when they considered, in addition to his youth, how much of his time was dissipated in gaieties; for he was much addicted, in the flush and vigour of his youth and health, and having much money at his command, to the pleasures of the world. He derived delight from the manly pastimes of the age, into the exercise of which he entered with spirit and zeal. Actuated by that craving avidity for popularity, which was his distinguishing characteristic, he soon excelled his companions. Among his foibles, is to be reckoned an affection for women, whom we may believe he easily fascinated, being one of those who, from their earliest years, are endowed with almost all the natural graces. But, though tender in his affections to the sex, there has been laid to his charge no direct accusation of incontinence. And there is no evidence to prove that he broke the vow of celibacy which, as he was a deacon, he had made in common with the members of his holy order.

Of the field sports, he was more particularly charmed with the chase and hawking. And his most intimate friend being a rich proprietor of large demesnes, who also followed this species of recreation, there was ample opportunity for Becket to gratify his taste in these respects.

Fortunately for his ultimate good, this system of life did not continue

expression, "*curiarum occupationes*" might mean as well the duties of a sheriff's clerk, as those of a minister of the crown. The phrase, in pure Latinity, is equally applicable to Guildhall as Westminster: both being places where "*publicæ curæ geruntur*." This is the great drawback of the histories of modern countries being written in Latin, there being so many words in that obsolete language, liable to different significations. However, Charles du Canda, a prior of the monastery of Domp-Martin, in Artois, who wrote a short life of Becket, after stating that Becket was "*esleu au gouvernement de la Police de Londres*," says, that "*après cela il fut admis aux affaires de la Cour*." La Vie de S. Thomas, pp. 11 & 12 (Ed. St. Omer. 1615). If it be said that "*curiarum occupationes*" might apply to the business transacted in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the following passage at the commencement of the second chapter of the *Quadriologus*, lib. i. will put an end to that objection: "*Videns vero (i. e. Becket) vas electionis futuræ in Curis Procerum plurima contrà honestatem cleri, &c. &c. &c. se ad Patrem, &c. Archiepiscopum, quasi per biennium et triennium contulit.*"

long, as his abilities, unassisted by renewed cultivation, would not have exhibited themselves so fully as they did. And hence he would soon have found himself incapacitated from discharging his duties with that credit, talent, and success, which acted as incentives to his promotion.

The current of his career was turned into a calm and direct channel by the influence of a singular incident, which was as productive of result on his mind, as a corresponding event was upon the mind of Martin Luther.*

One day, Becket was riding along the banks of a river, in company with his friend, when the bird, which his hawk had been chasing, dived into the water, and his hawk plunged in after it. Upon this, Becket, regardless of any danger in his eagerness to save his bird (which was a favourite), vaulted from his saddle, and, in an instant, precipitated himself into the flood, and was borne out into the stream. The tide was running rapidly, and with it he was carried to a mill, then at work, at a short distance, apparently to his inevitable destruction. A moment ere he reached it, however, (miraculous to relate!) the wheel stopped of its own accord! and with some difficulty and much injured, a Becket was rescued from his perilous situation.†

Such a visible instance of Divine interposition could not but affect Becket sensibly. His imagination depicted to him the horrors of the future that, from his impurity of conduct, would have awaited him, had the accident been attended with fatal consequences, and from that moment he remodelled his life.

He re-appeared upon the stage of public affairs; and, his unwearied application, his discretion, and his diligence, won him almost universal admiration. But he appears to have been infected with so much religious enthusiasm, caused by the preservation of his life, that he was more zealous in watching

* To those who are familiar with the life of the founder of our persuasion, it is known that Luther, when a young man, returning from his paternal home at Mansfeldt to the University of Erfurt, was walking in the open fields, when he was suddenly overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. Before he could procure a safe shelter, a bolt from the electric fluid fell and tore up the soil at his feet. In consternation, he fell upon his knees; but, discovering that he had escaped uninjured, astonishment and gratitude mingled in his breast, for what he deemed his miraculous preservation. Upon the spot he returned fervent thanks to Providence, and thenceforth regarded his life as dedicated to God. He became gloomy and uncompanionable, and, in monastic seclusion, examined the Christian creed and its observances: the result of these studies was, his protesting against the tenets of the Catholic faith, and laying the foundation, and, indeed, himself commencing and executing a great part of the work of religious reformation.

† May not this anecdote, which, as it is thus told, bears in the body of its details not the slightest appearances of probability, be merely exaggerated? If a conjecture of what might have happened, be substituted, it may be entitled to credence. When Becket was being carried towards the mill, might not his danger have been observed by the men employed, in time to enable them to stop the wheel before he reached it? The anecdote, by this homely version, is not divested of its interest; in the eye of the Christian, the preservation of Becket in this case, is equally providential as in the other.

over the progress of ecclesiastical than civil affairs. With fervour he maintained the rights and liberties of the Church against the aggressions of the laity, who, forming an opposite faction to the party of which Becket was an active ringleader, were equally desirous of abridging the almost absolute authority of the clergy, as instanced in their repeated promulgation of prescriptions.

For these able services rendered to his order, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, rewarded him handsomely, with the gift of several rich benefices. He gave him the rectories of St. Mary, in the Strand, and Otteford, in Kent; and, as they became vacant, instituted him, (though he was still only in deacon's orders,) to two prebendaries in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln. And, foreseeing that he could turn the uncommon abilities of Becket to the further augmentation of his interest, he received him, about this time, into his household. This he did upon the recommendation of two Bolognese brothers, —Baldwin, an archdeacon, and Master Eustace; who had, in former days, been hospitably entertained by Gilbert Becket, and who acknowledged his favours by the introduction of his son to the Primate,—their intimate friend.* Thus patronised and gifted by nature with eminent abilities, by his integrity of conduct, and his strictly moral principles, the rising churchman obtained additional honours in the new position he had gained. In two or three years after his admission into the establishment of the Archbishop, Becket was ranked among the Primate's most intimate friends and counsellors.† The two principal of these were, Roger of Normandy, (then Archdeacon of Canterbury, and afterwards Archbishop of York,) and John of Canterbury.‡ In point of learning, Becket was much their inferior; but he surpassed them both in natural ability. He is reported to have been the most skilful and the most expeditious in business; for which merit, notwithstanding his youth, he was elected a member of the conclave, and gave his voice in the most important deliberations.§

In the constant company of these men, whose judicial and liberal knowledge was deep and copious, Becket was not blind to his own ignorance. To supply the unavoidable deficiencies of his education, in the knowledge of the civil and the canon laws, he proceeded by the license, or more probably, by the advice of Theobald, to Bologna in Italy, where he studied for a year, and whence he subsequently removed to another famous canonical school,—Auxerre, in Burgundy.

* Vit. S. Thomæ Cant. à Stephanide, p. 11.

† Matthew Paris, in anno 1162.

‡ Hist. Quad. p. 6.

§ Fitz Stephen's Vita S. Thom. p. 11.

SULTAN AMURATH'S DREAM.

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Hear ye the dream of the Ottoman lord,
 Which the sages of Islam in terror record.
 At morn he went forth in his pride, and surveyed
 The hosts of the Crescent, for battle arrayed ;
 He gazed on their numbers with haughty delight,
 And he smiled, as he deemed them resistless in might ;
 And presumptuously thought, in his blindness of trust,
 That with these he should trample the Cross in the dust.
 Yet, scarce for the march had he marshalled his line,
 Ere the boaster was foiled in his impious design,
 His thousands were scattered, but not by the war,
 For the Hun and the Frank were still distant afar ;
 Yet his camp was assailed, and his tents were cast down,
 His horsemen disordered, his chariots o'erthrown.—
 They came in their fury, the whirlwind and rain,
 And confounded the muster on Istamboul's plain,
 And proud Amurath felt as if God, in his wrath,
 Surrounded with terrors disputed his path.
 His awe-stricken armament melted away,
 And returned to the city in silent dismay ;
 And himself in the rear of his pale shrinking train,
 Like a fugitive, entered Istamboul again ;
 And oppressed with forebodings of horror and dread,
 Sunk down in a trance of despair on his bed,
 And o'er his dark spirit 'twixt waking and sleep
 Came a vision more wild than the hurricane's sweep ;
 While raged uncontroled in their fury abroad,
 Hail and lightning, performing the will of the Lord.
 He saw 'midst the elements' conflict, a form
 That rose to the heavens and commanded the storm,
 That grasped sun and moon, and resistless in power,
 Had planted one foot on the citadel tower,
 And o'er-reaching the strait with the span of his stride,
 He planted the other on Asia's far side.
 But while haughty Amurath, pale and amazed,
 In trembling dismay on the prodigy gazed,
 Like a spirit of vengeance, it grew to his sight
 More appalling in form, more stupendous in height ;
 And spurning in scorn the proud infidel town,
 In one moment of horror he sternly flung down,
 Like the shock of an earthquake in darkness and dust,
 The towers, and the fane, of the Mussulman trust.

And the lord of the East from that vision's dread thrall,
 Awoke, as he fancied the crush of their fall.
 The priests of the false one, that vision explain,
 With fables delusive, and empty, and vain.
 But the deeds of our days are unfolding, I deem,
 At length the true meaning of Amurath's dream.

The remarkable incident on which this poem is founded, is related in *Knolles' History of the Turks*. "The Sultan Amurath the Third, having levied an army of 200,000 men for the invasion of Hungary, was, on the first day of his march, opposed by so violent a tempest of hail and rain, with thunder and lightning, that the Mussulman armament, believing that the enterprise was contrary to the will of God, disbanded themselves, and fled back to Constantinople. Amurath seeing no remedy, and being himself infected with the general panic, followed the example of his troops; and, having entered his own apartment, threw himself on his couch in a gloomy reverie, when, after a time, he slept, and dreamed that he saw a gigantic figure with one foot on the royal citadel, and the other resting on the opposite shore of Asia. While the Sultan yet gazed on this appalling vision, the apparition, with one stroke of his foot, flung down the citadel, and the Mosque of St. Sophia, and the Sultan awoke with the imaginary shock of their fall."

TAKING THE VEIL.

The vow has been breathed, and she stands arrayed
 In the sable robes of a cloister-maid;
 Her beautiful tresses to earth are thrown,
 And reft from her brow is the bridal crown;
 Tho' trembling, believe not her heart shrinks now
 From its stern resolve, from its plighted vow;
 She hears the organ's solemn dirge-like strain,
 She looks on those she ne'er may see again,
 And marks the wild grief in her mother's eye,
 Who is gazing on her distractedly.
 She has twined in her arms that aged form,
 In a lingering embrace, as in the storm
 The blossom still clings to the parent stem,
 And sheds o'er the wind that would sever them
 A fragrance so sweet, that awhile they lull,
 And bend to the sway of the beautiful.
 Thus earthly love, so pure and free from stain,
 Hath bound its spell around that convent-strain,
 Who sadly pause, ere they for ever close
 Their gloomy portal o'er that maiden's woes.
 'Tis done! she is there in her grief alone,
 That mother bereft of her lovely one,
 The big tears still fall on her withered cheek,
 And her eyes are raised with expression meek,
 As she prays that Heaven may kindly bless
 And smile on the vow of its votaress.

H. A. S.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

THE art of constructing figures, which, by means of internal machinery, would imitate the mechanical actions of animals, appears to have been carried to great perfection by the ancients. Artificial puppets, called Neurospasti, which could run round a table, moving their heads, hands, and eyes, were common both among the Greeks and Romans. Aristotle (*De Mundo*, c. vi.) speaks of some which imitated natural movements with singular faithfulness. Galen also (*De usu partium*, lib. iii.) and Xenophon (*Sympos*) alludes to them. Plato mentions that Dædalus made statues that could walk, and which it was necessary to tie that they might not move. And Archimedes has the fame of having constructed Automata of surpassing excellence. The flying pigeon of Archytas, (Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, b. x, 14, 1,) the fly of Regiomontanus, Roger Bacon's speaking head, and the famous Androides, made by Albertus Magnus, which could speak and walk, are familiar to our readers; but by far the most marvellous automaton of which we have any authentic account, is the flute player, constructed by M. Vaucanson, and exhibited at Paris in 1738. According to the article "Androide" in the *Enc. Met.*, written, it is said, by M. D'Alembert, this figure actually *played on the flute*, that is, projected the air with its lips against the embouchure, producing the different octaves by expanding and contracting their opening; forcing more or less air, in the manner of living performers, and regulating the tones by its fingers.*

It commanded three octaves, the fullest scale of the instrument, containing several notes of great difficulty to most performers. It articulated the notes with the lips. Its height was nearly six feet, with a pedestal, in which some of the machinery was contained.

Stimulated, it is said, by the praises lavished upon this remarkable machine by the Empress Maria Theresa, M. de Kempelin, Aulic Councillor to the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary, a gentleman who had previously distinguished himself in the paths of science, being at Vienna at the representation of some experiments before the imperial court, was induced to promise his Royal Mistress that he would speedily construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had ever witnessed; and, accordingly, within a few months, the AUTOMATON CHESS

* The anonymous author of a poem published in the year 1519, intituled "*Zodiachus Vitæ*," describes a mechanical figure that he had seen at Rome, the invention of a potter, which it would appear possessed the same remarkable powers attributed to the Androides of Vaucanson.

PLAYER was presented at Court, where its extraordinary powers excited the liveliest astonishment. In a short time all Europe rang with the praises of this wondrous figure. The foreign journals vied with each other in the exaggerated reports of its prodigious performances, and the reception salon of the inventor was crowded daily by mathematicians, mechanists, and chess-players. Upon entering the apartment where it was exhibited, the Automaton, attired in gorgeous oriental costume, was seen seated behind a chess-board, which stood upon a chest about three feet in height, two feet wide, and four feet long. The Automaton, the chair upon which it sat, and the chest, were fixed together, and being upon castors, could be moved with facility to any part of the chamber. The exhibitor began by opening certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, pulling out, at the same time, a long shallow drawer, at the bottom of the chest, containing a set of chess-men, a cushion, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen in the body of the figure, and its lower parts were also opened, and the Turkish drapery which covered them was raised, so that the construction, both of the Automaton and the chest, internally, was fully displayed. In this state, the whole apparatus was moved round for the examination of the spectators, and, to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind that any living object was concealed within, a lighted taper was introduced into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each was rendered, in a great measure, transparent, and the most secret corner apparently made visible.

The same precaution to remove suspicion was used at the termination, as before the commencement, of the game of Chess with the Automaton.

The chest upon which the figure appeared to lean while playing, was divided into two unequal compartments, which were filled with springs, wheels, cylinders, and other machinery.

The interior of the body and lower parts of the figure were also occupied by levers, wheels, &c.

After a sufficient time, during which the spectator might satisfy his scruples and curiosity, the exhibitor reclosed the doors, wound up the machine with studied gravity, placed a cushion under the arm of the Automaton, and invited any individual present to a game of Chess. As soon as a champion entered the lists, the eyes of the figure were immediately directed to the board, and after some moments of seeming meditation, it slowly raised its arm, moved it towards the piece to be played, suspended his hand over it for an instant, then grasped it firmly between the fingers, and placed it on the destined square. If a piece was captured the same process was gone through, and at every move, a noise, as of wheels and clockwork, was heard. The Automaton always claimed the first move. Any attempt to disconcert it by a false move was futile; at the least infringement of the customary rules

of Chess, it shook its head, seized the offending piece, and proceeded with the game.*

Upon checking the adversary's king, the lips of the figure opened, and a feebly articulated sound of she' or che' escaped, and it courteously warned the Queen of danger by twice bowing. Nothing necessary to complete the illusion had been neglected, the triumph of M. de Kempelin appeared only commensurate with his deserts, and for years the mystery remained impene- trable. During this period, the Automaton visited the capitals of Germany, of England, and of France; it was everywhere received with curiosity, drew crowds of visitors, and excited the liveliest feelings of surprise and admiration. Returning to Berlin, the Automaton threw down the glove to all the nobles of the Court, and was permitted the honour of playing with the great Frederick himself. The Prince, as is well known, was much attached to Chess, and had evinced his love of it by playing a match by correspondence with Voltaire. In a moment of enthusiasm, Frederick acquired, at great cost, possession of the machine and all its mysteries. The explanation of its exhibitor unfolded all its secrets, and the illusion was dissipated—despised thenceforth by the Prince, the Automaton was stored away amidst the lumber of the Palace, dusty and forgotten.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDEN'S FATE.

He loved me when these eyes had known
 Nor pensive look nor tear of sorrow :
 Then I was all his own, loved own,
 Joy blessed the day and hope the morrow ;
 He loved me in youth's sunny time,
 As birds in summer seek our clime.

He left me when these eyes grew dim
 And lustreless, from hapless weeping ;
 And though their tears were waked by him,
 Yet hope had fled, and love lay sleeping.
 'Tis winter, and each bird has flown !
 'Tis sorrow's hour—I weep alone.

H. W. H.

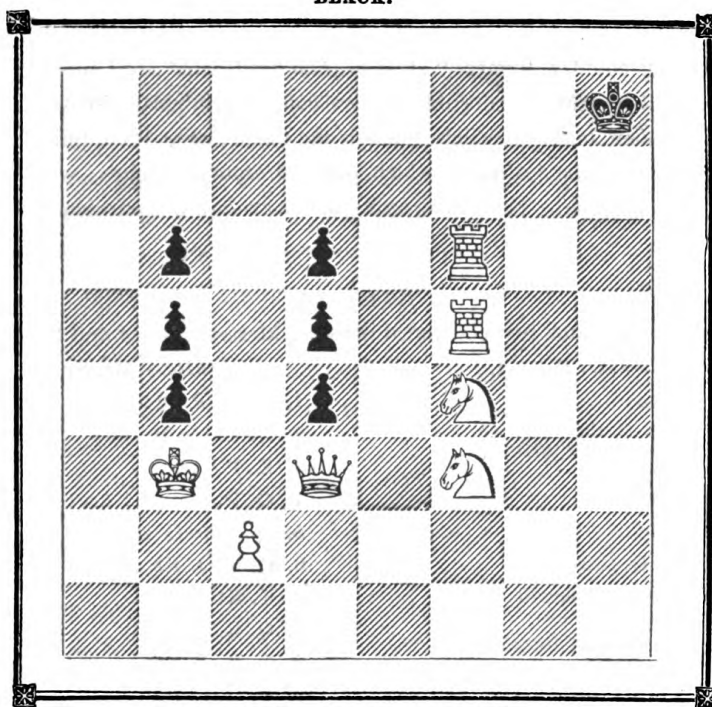
* Spectators frequently indulged themselves by thus testing the discriminating powers of the figure. When Buonaparte visited it at Berlin, he played with the Automaton, and an amusing anecdote of the contest is related. After some half-dozen moves, Napoleon designedly played a false move: the figure gravely bowed, and replaced the piece. Apparently much pleased, the great Corsican again played illegally; this time the Automaton seized the offending piece and made his own move. Napoleon laughed heartily; and to put the patience of his silent opponent to a severer trial, he once more played an unallowed move, upon which the Automaton raised his arm, swept the pieces from the board, and, by motions, declined continuing the game.

C H E S S.

PROBLEM VI.

For this ingenious and elaborate stratagem we are indebted to the kindness of the
Rev. H. Bolton.

BLACK.



White engages to checkmate the adversary with his pawn in 44 moves, without taking any of the adverse pawns, or permitting them to be moved.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

A communication has been opened with Mr. Cochrane, at present in India, who for many years had the reputation of being the most brilliant player in the London Chess Club, for the purpose of obtaining a collection of games played by the Brahmins of Hindoostan, who are reported to possess the most surprising skill at Chess.

The proposed match between three of the best English and three of the strongest French Chess-players would be productive of great interest in the Chess circles. We heartily wish the necessary arrangements may be completed, and beg to suggest that the elegant Chess-rooms on Ludgate-hill, or the Grand Divan of Ries' would be a convenient and appropriate arena for the contest.

A new Chess-club has recently been established at Bath, and a series of Chess-Games and Problems is in course of publication in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

W. T. G.—It is not at all clear to us that the gambit-pawn in the Queen's gambit "cannot be defended successfully." The new elementary work by Mr. Lewis will give an elaborate analysis of this too-much-neglected opening—"K. B. P. two squares" as the second move of the defence to the King's bishop's game is unquestionably bad play.

The first player may take K. Kt. with his B. and then play Q. P. two squares, or play Q. P. two before capturing the Kt.—in either place he would obtain a winning position.

R. M.—“Sarratt recommends the party defending the ordinary K. Kt. opening, to play at his fourth move, ‘Q. to K.’s second sq.’ Do you think this the best move to be adopted?” Among Chess-writers, this point is a *verata questio*. We are inclined to think the move mentioned the very best that can be played at that stage of the game.

G. C. S.—We cordially thank our frank-speaking communicant for his good wishes and zealous efforts for our success, and we fully concur with him in his reflections upon the witling mentioned. For silencing such petty slanderers, the potent syllogism so much used in the sister country, termed “*Argumentum bacillinum*” is of amazing efficacy.

T. M.’s manuscript is so illegible that we can only in parts discover his meaning. The old Norwegian tales, of which Chess is the theme, have been published before—and the passage in the “Edda,” which our correspondent cites, will not bear the construction he suggests. The games sent shall be examined immediately.

GAME VI.

Played in the match just concluded between Messrs P—T and ST—N.

Black.—Mr. P—T.

1. K. P. two
2. K. Kt. to B. third (a)
3. Q. B. P. one
4. Q. P. two
5. K. P. one
6. K. B. to Q. third
7. K. B. to Q. B. second
8. Castled
9. Q. R. P. two
10. Q. Kt. to R. third
11. P. takes P.
12. Q. to K. second (c)
13. Kt. takes Kt.
14. Kt. to K. third
15. K. Kt. to Q. second
16. Q. to K. Kt. fourth (d)
17. Kt. to K. B. third
18. Q. to K. Kt. third
19. B. to Q. second
20. Q. R. to Q. B.
21. Q. R. to Q. B. second.
22. K. R. to Q. B.
23. K. Kt. to Kt. fifth

White.—Mr. ST—N.

1. Q. B. P. two
2. Q. Kt. to B. third
3. K. P. one
4. Q. P. two
5. Q. B. to Q. second
6. Q. to Q. Kt. third (b)
7. K. Kt. P. one
8. Q. R. to Q. B.
9. Q. R. P. two
10. P. takes P.
11. Kt. to Q. Kt. fifth
12. Kt. takes B.
13. Q. to Kt. sixth
14. Q. B. takes P.
15. Q. to Kt. fifth
16. Q. B. to Q. second (e)
17. K. R. P. two
18. Q. Kt. P. one
19. Q. to K. second (f)
20. B. to Q. B. third
21. Q. to Q. second
22. Kt. to K. second
23. K. B. to R. third

(a) This is not considered to be so good a move as “K. B. P. two.”

(b) At this stage of the defence, Lewis, La Bourdonnais, and other first-rate players, invariably bring out the Queen thus.

(c) By this move the first player loses a pawn.

(d) Threatening to gain the Q.’s P. with Kt.

(e) Instead of moving this Bishop, K. R. P. might have been played two squares.

(f) It would have been injudicious play to take the Q. Kt. P.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 24. K. R. P. two | 24. Castled |
| 25. Q. to K. B. fourth (<i>g</i>) | 25. B. to K. Kt. second |
| 26. Kt. to K. B. third (<i>h</i>) | 26. K. B. P. one |
| 27. Q. to Kt. third | 27. P. takes P. |
| 28. P. takes P. | 28. B. to Q. Kt. second (<i>i</i>) |
| 29. Kt. to Q. fourth | 29. R. takes R. |
| 30. R. takes R. | 30. R. to Q. B. |
| 31. R. takes R. | 31. B. takes R. |
| 32. Q. to K. Kt. fifth | 32. K. to R. second |
| 33. K. Kt. P. two | 33. B. to K. R. third |
| 34. Q. to K. B. sixth | 34. Kt. to K. Kt. |
| 35. Q. to B. third | 35. P. takes P. |
| 36. Q. takes P. | 36. Q. to Q. R. fifth |
| 37. K. to Kt. second | 37. Kt. to K. second |
| 38. K. to Kt. third | 38. Kt. to Q. B. third |
| 39. Kt. takes Kt. | 39. Q. takes Kt. |
| 40. K. R. P. one | 40. Q. to K. |
| 41. P. takes P., check | 41. Q. takes P. |
| 42. Q. takes Q., check | 42. K. takes Q. |
| 43. K. B. P. two | 43. K. B. to B. |
| 44. K. B. P. one, check (<i>l</i>) | 44. P. takes P. |
| 45. Kt. takes Q. P. | 45. K. B. to Q. B. fourth |
| 46. Q. Kt. P. two | 46. P. takes P. |
| 47. B. takes P. (<i>m</i>) | 47. B. takes B. |
| 48. Kt. takes B. | 48. K. to Kt. fourth |
| 49. Kt. to Q. fifth | 49. Q. Kt. P. one |
| 50. K. to B. second | 50. K. B. P. one |
| 51. Kt. to Q. Kt. fourth | 51. B. to Q. Kt. second |
| 52. Kt. to Q. B. second | 52. B. to Q. fourth |
| 53. K. to K. second | 53. K. to B. fourth |
| 54. P. one (<i>n</i>) | 54. K. takes P. |
| 55. K. to B. second | 55. K. to K. fourth |
| 56. Kt. to K. | 56. B. to K. fifth |
| 57. K. to K. second | 57. K. to Q. fifth (<i>o</i>) |

(*g*) For the purpose of advancing K. Kt. P. two.

(*h*) He was compelled to retire the Kt. from apprehension of his opponent playing K. B. P.

(*i*) If the second player had now advanced his Q.'s P. he would have speedily lost all the advantage acquired at the beginning of the game.

(*k*) We should have preferred checking with the Kt. at K. B. fourth.

(*l*) Well played : by the disunion of these valuable pawns, the strength of White's position is materially diminished.

(*m*) Had Black taken this pawn with Kt. instead of the B., his antagonist, we presume, would not have captured the Kt., but have played his Q. B. to Q. Kt. second.

(*n*) The check with Kt. at Q.'s fourth would have been useless, because if Black had ventured afterwards to seize the P. he must have lost his Kt.

(*o*) After a few defensive moves, the first player resigned. His efforts to recover the advantage which his adversary obtained in the opening of the game, evinced considerable skill, and ought, probably, as they at one period promised, to have drawn the battle.

GAME VII.

The following was the last game De La Bourdonnais ever played, giving the odds of a rook. His opponent on this occasion was a very promising player in the London Chess Club.

DE LA BOURDONNAIS.

1. K. P. two
2. K. B. P. two
3. K. B. to Q. B. fourth
4. K. to B
5. Q. Kt. to B. third
6. Q. P. two
7. K. Kt. to B. third
8. Q. Kt. to Q. fifth
9. K. R. P. two
10. Q. Kt. to B. third
11. K. to B. second
12. P. takes Kt.'s P.
13. P. takes B.
14. Q. Kt. to K. second
15. Q. B. takes P.
16. Q. B. to K. third
17. K. B. P. one
18. Q. Kt. to K. Kt. third
19. Kt. to K. R. fifth
20. K. R. to Kt.
21. R. takes B.
22. R. to K. Kt. third
23. Kt. takes Kt.
24. Q. P. one
25. Kt. to K. B. fifth
26. P. takes P.
27. Q. takes P., check
28. K. B. to Q. third
29. Q. to Q. Kt. fourth
30. Q. to Q. R. fifth, check
31. B. takes Kt., check
32. Q. takes P., check
33. Q. to Q. Kt. seventh, check
34. Q. to Q. Kt. third check
35. Q. to Q. B. third, check
36. Q. to K. fifth, check
37. Q. to Q. sixth, check
38. B. to Q. R. sixth, mate

MR. W ———

1. K. P. two
2. P. takes P.
3. Q. checks
4. K. Kt. P. two
5. K. B. to Kt. second
6. Q. P. one
7. Q. to K. R. fourth
8. K. to Q
9. Q. B. P. one
10. K. R. P. one
11. Q. B. to K. Kt. fifth
12. B. takes Kt.
13. Q. takes P., on K. Kt. fourth
14. Q. Kt. to Q. second
15. Q. to K. B. third
16. K. to Q. B. second
17. K. Kt. to K. second
18. Q. R. to Q.
19. Q. to K. Kt. third
20. Q. takes K. P.
21. K. Kt. to K. B. fourth
22. Kt. takes R.
23. Q. to K. second
24. Q. R. to K.
25. Q. to K. fifth
26. P. takes P.
27. K. to Q.
28. Q. to K. R. eighth
29. K. R. to Kt.
30. Kt. interposes
31. P. takes B.
32. K. to Q. second
33. K. to K. third
34. K. to K. B. third
35. K. to K. third
36. K. to Q. second
37. K. to Q. B.

This game is admirably contested throughout, but the play of De La Bourdonnais at the latter part of it, is especially commendable.

EPITHALAMIUMS—WEDDING-DAYS—VIVIA PERPETUA.

By LEIGH HUNT.

WE had hoped to annex to the following remarks on Wedding Days, like some exquisite fringe to the bridal garment, a whole heap of beautiful passages out of Epithalamiums, or Wedding-Songs,—wondering that we could not call them to mind on the instant, and resolved to give a delightful rebuke to our memory by ransacking a multitude of the rogues, ancient and modern. But our memory proved correcter than our enthusiasm: so the song, as of old, shall go before the bride; and if we subsequently fall into a train of graver reflection than our outset promised, this, we trust, will not be held inconsistent in people witnessing the delights of others, especially as it will be founded in the very natural regret that every body is not so happy as every body else, nor all exquisite creatures going to be married next Monday. (Imagine if they were,—China included!—the Balearic Isles;—all Italy and Spain, and all Tobolski!—one universal bridal hymn rising from the whole globe, like fragrance from a peach!)

The poets have not written so many Epithalamiums, by a hundredth part, as might have been expected, nor is the majority of what they have written worth reading. In Italy, it is true, and we suppose in other southern countries, there are poetasters who make a trade of such things, and who send you up a panegyric sonnet from the street-door, on every possible occasion; but we are speaking of what has been written by poets, truly so called; and whether it is, that they themselves have seldom written on such subjects but for patrons, or whether the poem would have been thought too great a display for the parties, or whether the poet felt too much in earnest about them to write even a hearty song, or thought too strongly upon his own case (good or ill), or whether he “envied” the man, and wished, as Sir Anthony Absolute says, to “marry the girl himself”—certain it is, that Epithalamiums from celebrated pens have been, for the most part, failures,—cold and splendid nothings. See those in the Latin and Italian poets (Tasso and others), the French, and the old English. They are all escapes from character and feeling, into every species of irrelevancy except one, and that one is badly managed. We have plenty of stately words, plenty of personifications of realms and rivers, plenty of Auroras and Venuses and other mythologies, and plenty of *politics*. Seime weds Danube, or Danube weds Tiber, or somebody’s Marquisate weds somebody’s Earldom, and Hymen is invoked, and the bride is very beautiful, and the bridegroom a paragon of manliness, and there is a heap of roses and lilies, and Cupids, and hopes, and tresses, and pearls, and torches, and evening stars, and now and then a plentiful sprinkle of indecorums; but seldom a word of real feeling, much less any distinctions of *character*,—any real portraits of the wedded couple,—any such account as we like to have when *who* has married

who, and anticipations are made of the kind of happiness to be looked for from the nature and disposition of the parties. There is a whole volume of Epithalamiums written by Marino, who carried every folly in verse to an extreme ; and these might serve for thorough specimens, or involuntary burlesques, of the entire system. The best things about them are the names of the parties. It is difficult to read of unions between "Don Francesco Gonzaga of Mantua, and Donna Margherita of Savoy," or "Don Vincenzo Imperiali" and the lady "Caterina Grimaldi," or the "most illustrious Signor the Conte Filiberto Tesauero" and "Madama di Vernon," without hoping something better to ensue than long canting odes about ancestors and Paphos, or sonnets on doves and turtles. One would almost feel ashamed to think (if his manifestly good heart did not relieve even his horrible debauchery) that the very best bit of genuine tenderness ever effused on these occasions, is to be found in the pages of a Latin poet,—and he, one of the most profligate writers that ever lived ! Yet so it is. We are aware of nothing in all the land of Epithalamium, comparable to that single exquisite little picture of the infant,—the pledge of love,—in the poems of Catullus.

Torquatus, volo, parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiante labello.

" May a young Torquatus soon,
Lying next his mother's heart,
Stretch his little hands apart,
And with mouth half ope the while
Sweetly at his father smile."

But the version of this passage, be it said (since we have a personal right to make the objection), does not do it justice. "May there soon be a young Torquatus," says the poet, "who, stretching forth his tender hands from the bosom of his mother, shall sweetly smile at his father with his little half-open mouth."

And what follows, is not unworthy :—

Sit suo similis patri
Manlio, et facile insciis
Noscitur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiae suæ
Matris indicet ore.

" May his look his father's be,
So as to strike instantly ;
Yet his mother's, too, express,
In a certain bashfulness."

Indeed, the whole poem is full of paintings after nature, and the most genuine feeling. Theocritus, and Homer himself, would have admired it. Nor should we be so ungrateful to the author as to fancy that its most exquisite passages may have been stolen from the Greeks ; for though a great poacher upon them, he had a rich stock of genius of his own. There is nothing even in Theocritus's Bridal of Helen to compare with it, though the former contains one of the best Epithalamiums extant. We confess we hold it for a shame to the modern world, boasting as it does to surpass the ancients in sentiment, particularly in regard to womankind, that it can produce nothing of the sort, to rival the effusion of Catullus. Some of the little wedding-songs in Beaumont

and Fletcher, are the best we can at present think of; but far indeed from the affectionate tenderness of the Latin poet; and those extraordinary poets almost always spoil what they do, with a mixture of town rakery. Suckling's famous ballad on a wedding, is exquisite of its kind,—fresh as a young, a cunning, and good-natured lip; but the kind is unluckily a mixed one, after the same fashion, and difficult to quote. Yet who can ever mention it, without repeating the ever-quoted passage?

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly.”

Nor is the pettier fancy about the feet less original, or hardly less admired; and observe how he effaces, and, as it were, swallows it up, in the larger overwhelming simile of the burst of sunshine:—

“ Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.”

The celebrated Epithalamium of Spenser, perhaps the best altogether in the language, is gorgeous, voluptuous, full of the most refined sensual elegance, and consecrated moreover by the stars; yet, like those of Tasso, it is somehow too stately, and scholar-like,—too loftily serious, even in its gaieties. One fancies that a kind of celestial schoolmaster is going to be married. And yet never was mythology so daintily managed. Here is a picture equal to Correggio:

“ Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
’Twixt sleep and wake, when that she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.”

Next to Spenser's poem, our best Epithalamiums, and the only ones, we fear, worth much remembrance, are those of a great wit and intellect, who is supposed, by some, to be nothing but a bundle of conceits—Dr. Donne. In occasional passages, they are even superior in depth and feeling, though the very audacity of their truthfulness (honest in that depth) hinders them from being quotable to the “general ear.” One of them is upon the marriage of poor wretched Car, Earl of Somerset, with Lady Essex,—singular personages for the feeling and thoughtful Donne to panegyryze. The faith expressed in their love, however, by this good and great child-like man, however startling to us when we know under what circumstances they were married, was, no doubt, as far as regards himself, good and true. Let us hope, therefore, there were more circumstances than we are aware of, to extenuate, if possible, their

crimes. One thing there certainly was—they were victims of their own beauty.

What made us call these bridal effusions to mind, was the having been present the other day at the marriage of a friend. It is an increasing, and we think laudable fashion, to conduct these matters with as much privacy as possible; for though wedding-favours are a cheerful sight for the eyes of the rest of the world, and cheerful sights are not often enough given them, and although publicity, when it is not to be helped, as in the case of royal marriages, ought to put the best face on the business it can, yet it must be felt by all truly loving couples, as something of a desecration and an impertinence. If we lived in a golden age, and nothing evil were thought of what is not so, or no impertinent consciousness and sense of power assumed over the parties upon the strength of so innocent a bit of knowledge, then, indeed, the case would be altered; and not only would the white ribbons in hats, and the paragraphs in newspapers, and the proclamations in churches, be regarded but as public dues to sympathy and the rights of joy, but the street-musicians might come forth, as of old, and dinners be set forth, and healths drunk at open windows to the populace, and even a license, within the bounds of good taste, be given to all sorts of loving associations of ideas, and merry speeches; but till the planet roll round into that sunny period out of the mists and difficulties in the way of us “honest youth” of the *Honi soit* principle, delicacy must be allowed to step a pace or two back in the road of progression, by very reason of the multitudes that have become half-cognizant of it; and, therefore, we are for private marriages, single-meanings, and no favours to coachmen. There is meaning enough in the thoughts of every body; and (not to be prudish and hypocritical, which we hate worse than a little license, for there is worse belief in it) very pretty meaning it is, and very allowable, because very human, and not to be helped; but as it is beautiful to see this consciousness manifest itself in the very increase of the respect, mixed with cheerful tenderness, towards the parties, so we heartily sympathize with that honest sea-captain whom Steele mentions somewhere, as present at a wedding-dinner, and who, whenever a silly fellow uttered some distressing impertinence, added, by way of an inverted sort of Amen, “Knock him down.”

On a wedding-day, every body, so to speak, is wedded. The servants—the household—think of nothing but the day for a month before; the older relations recall their own; the younger, if marriageable, go through a thousand reflections upon “new ties,” hopes, non-hopes, doubts, difficulties, and Mr. Smith; and the youngest of all look as if they had suddenly grown five years older, and had some respectable and matronly thoughts on the subject, apart from sympathies with their brother or sister. The little girl writes a long letter to her friend, Miss Thomson; and having felt herself at a disadvantage in the throng, and being conscious of no ideas on the matter, except

that she must vindicate her right to be thought something of, though Susan is married, declares she has acquired a dislike to the "wedded state;" and is very severe on the dresses of some of the parties, and the foolish looks of "that hobbady hoy," Mr. Thomas Gibbs. As to the boys, they are in some extreme, either of politeness or indifference, or else they are very insolent and brotherly, especially if school-boys, and more especially if brothers to the lady. They congratulate her on having "got a husband at last;" and wonder what a figure she will cut, sitting at the head of a table.

But all the grown people (with the exception of such as differ with the match, or were not consulted upon it) are in a state of benevolence; and they meet an equally benevolent party, though strangers, in the clergyman and parish-clerk, who await them in the vestry, and the pew-opener who stands curtsying in the chancel. The clergyman, being a gentleman, is not to be supposed to care for his fee in the particular; but neither is it to be expected of him that he should be indifferent to it in the gross. The clerk, breathing a serene clerical atmosphere, adjusts his respectable demeanour to the tranquillity of the clergyman; and if the pew-opener's curtsy has a bland eye to her half-crown, still there is something about herself that is decent and motherly, and not unmingled with a genuine feeling of consideration toward the *young-folks* as well as the *gentle-folks*. She, as well as the clerk and the clergyman, has had a wedding of her own; and perhaps she sighs to think how people may be disappointed, even though they come to be married in silks and satins. She has a daughter also, and is not quite sure that she is happy with the green-grocer. Then there are the passengers who gather as the carriage stops, and make an avenue for the party to the church-door. It must be said, to their credit, that they are generally very staid and well-mannered. Their puzzle is, to be certain that they distinguish the bride and bridegroom; not always an easy matter among a party of friends and bride-maids. In Charles the Second's time, spectators were hardly so considerate, though the internal reflections among them were perhaps not very different. The parties themselves, also, did not carry matters so gravely. "To church in the morning," says Pepys, in one of his memorandums, "and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another; and strange to see the delight we married people have, to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." (Vol. i. c. iv. p. 384.) Which reminds us of an anecdote of pleasant Jack Taylor, author of "*Monsieur Tonson*," whom we met, a little before his death, hobbling with an ever juvenile countenance to a dinner-party. He said one day, "I met So-and-So this morning. He is married, and I congratulated him upon it. And yet, I don't know, poor fellow, why I did so; for he never did me any injury."

On the occasion which gave rise to the present article, the parties assembled in the church were all of a nature which it was agreeable to contemplate.

The father, a man of wealth and consequence, with a spirit above the ordinary notions on such points, was at the altar, to give his daughter away to a young man of letters, not poor, but not rich. The latter, no ordinary scholar, with a rare universality of apprehension, and destined, if we are not greatly mistaken, to make a distinguished figure in his career, if he can but subject a certain vehemence of will to the greatness of his heart and understanding, had fancied that this said will would carry him through any scene unshaken; and yet, here he was, trembling as the service began, through every masculine fibre, at the thought of the solemn responsibility he was taking upon him for the happiness of the person he loved. The young lady, than whom none could have been better qualified for his companion, both by good temper and by a like catholic tendency of brain, discernible through that very kind of child-like gaiety and ingenuousness, which is confounded by the undiscerning with a simplicity of a different sort, was more collected than himself, by reason of her being gathered for life under the shadow of his wing. You could only see how she was affected, by the most pleasing of all indications in these cases,—the low gentleness of her responses. The rest of us, both young and old, we flatter ourselves, all behaved with an extreme propriety, between cheerfulness and awe; the painted window over the altar (always looking like a bit of heaven) shone down upon us; the very clerk seemed to catch a more than clerical tone of good sense and feeling from the clergyman; and the clergyman it was impossible for any clergyman to surpass, in the emphatic reasonableness, the unaffected grace, and well-tempered Christian emotion, with which he read the service. We were happy to find (as indeed we expected of such a man) that he omitted a part of it, now seldom read, and surely much better dropped, in which a mistaken spirituality is carried to an extreme, degrading to honest natural affections, and dangerous to the sense of truth. The rest, like almost every part of the services of the church, is delicate and beautiful.

The first marriage ceremony at which we ever attended, was during our childhood; and we remember being astonished at our getting into a corner apart, and pouring out floods of tears. It was an evidence of that remarkable intuition which resides in the feelings, and which every body must have observed in themselves who have thought about the matter;—that knowledge, as it were, *without knowledge*, or intellectual perception without consciousness,—of the critical reasons for feeling as we do, long before we can give any account of them. All uncritical people have it at all times more or less, at all times of life. Audiences at theatres are full of it; and laugh and weep in the right places, though one man in fifty might not be able to give a reason for his emotion, in a paragraph in a newspaper. Infants have it, when they reciprocate practical jests and arch looks, before they can speak. It is Nature's reasoning; and twenty to one, if it could speak, would beat hollow that of the critics, considering how diverted from pure reason they are accustomed to be

by a hundred sophisticate irrelevancies. What our tears meant, without our knowing it, was, that we were in the presence of two people about to unite their destinies for life, and calling upon heaven to witness the care and love they would have for one another, "for better, for worse," come betwixt that time and the grave what might. The whole obscure future of human existence, and the next world besides, was set open before us, and the glimpse overwhelmed us with a sense of all the doubt, weakness, and responsibility, which these two fellow-creatures were taking upon themselves to encounter. Never since have we been able to restrain our eyes quite on similar occasions, though the drops have fallen less and less, and

"Years have brought the philosophic mind."

But, on the present occasion, we encountered a new and unexpected source of emotion. The clergyman, such as we have described him, and something more besides,—a man with keen eyes, a good-natured smile, and a noble profile,—in short, himself an extraordinary man both for reputation and powers, turned out to be one who was supposed to have been the critic, and the very hard critic, of the dearest friend we ever possessed,—of one of the rarest and best-intentioned friends the world ever possessed;—and to have dealt a severe blow to his reputation, and his heart. The supposition has been declared unfounded, and we have nothing farther to say on that part of the matter;—indeed, we should not have touched farther upon it in any case. All that we meant to observe, was, that there, for the first time, stood visible to us this supposed enemy of our friend, and that so loving and unhostile, nevertheless, was the image that that friend retained in our memories, and so the reverse of all that was supposed of him the impression left by his doctrines, mixed as all doctrines are with mistake, that our first and only impulse, as his representative, was to have gone up to his critic, and requested him, in both our names, to shake hands with us. And we should unquestionably have done so, had we thought it would have been as pleasing to his notions of Christianity as to our own; in which doubt we very likely did him a wrong, and assumed too much for ourselves; and we hereby accordingly beg his pardon for it;—not with any feeling of an ostentatious charity, God knows, or any thing the least resembling it,—granting even that we had a right to give charity more than to take it; which we do not pretend. Far from us be any such despicable impertinence. But what we felt, we have stated; to be construed, we hope, in his own and other such minds, after their kindest fashion. We are all human beings alike, the frailest of us, as well as the noblest; and what he and every one else, arrived at the truly Christian time of life and reflection, of which such minds are capable, will, we trust, be glad of, is to see that it is possible for men of the greatest difference of opinion on some points, to mean well, and feel not unkindly, on all.

The contemplation of the happiness of others makes one desire to see all the world happy; and the truly Christian sentiments to be found at the heart

of every Christian creed are apt to make us wonder that all the world does not become so. However, all in good time. The root must grow before the flower. Happy they, meanwhile, who can distinguish its buddings, and are sure that it will come. This is not a theological magazine, nor are we going to violate its ordinances, even with the most dulcet of contradictions; but just before our presence at this marriage, we had been reading a new and beautiful poem, the heroine of which, made for all affectionate enjoyment, was compelled, by her loving conscience, to differ with friends, father, nation, and become a bleeding martyr. Good and excellent people, too, were many who differed with her; for man (thank Heaven!) is superior to the worst part of his doctrines; or where would his race have been by this time! Her friends partly shudder at, and partly implore her; her little child is brought to her; her father, an awful sight! prostrates himself on the ground before her. In vain. Nothing must turn her purpose; for she thinks that all friends, and all children, and all fathers, to the end of time, are concerned in her abiding by it. So with tears in her heaven-ward eyes, and anguish at her heart, she endures the blow of the executioner, and goes staggering out of life like a slaughtered lamb. What a lesson does that vindication of the rights and supremacy of a loving creed, over every shape of opposition, give in behalf of every loving form of such creeds, and of its growth and development in the softening airs of time—flower above flower! For a Christian legend, repeated now, with the ever bettering knowledge of advancing civilization, is not the half-Christian legend it used to be, nor uttered with the same mixtures of threat and contradiction. It partakes of them as little as need be, and only inasmuch as compelled by the time in which the scene is laid; but the utterer, not living in that time, has lived nearer the flower than the root, and the breath of the narrative partakes, in consequence, of a purer air, and a more honeyed anticipation.

Sorry are we that we can do little on this occasion but speak in vague terms of the poem that has thus moved us. It is called "*Vivia Perpetua*," and is the production of a lady (Mrs. Adams) who, we will dare to affirm (and we only use the word "*dare*," because we are not in the habit of using a great appellation indiscriminately), is a *poetess* of the truest order; and worthy, in any portrait which admiration may paint of her, to have the sacred leaf wound about her hair. It is not uncommon to say of an interesting book, that the reader could not quit till he finished it; but we are hardly exaggerating when we say, that from the moment we began the volume containing *Vivia Perpetua*, we scarcely altered our posture. From long practice, we read quickly; enthusiasm for such books makes us read in a state of absorption; and when we had finished this poem, we looked round about us, our eyes in tears, conscious of coming back into another world, and longing to have seen the authoress near us, that we might kiss her hands, and thank her for her exquisite production.

“ VIVIA (*alone*).

“ It cannot be, that I, whose heart was wont
To live upon my lips, like any child's,
Should now begin a life externe, untrue,
Now that this great Reality hath come
To wake renewing life within, that gives
A fuller impulse to my every thought—
A growth so sensible, that days seem years
To pass me onward. Yesterday, scarce woman,
Weak, poor, unknowing God, *save in my fear—
To-day, a soul adoring him with love.*
Yet what to do? *This silence grows too great ;*
Hath it not, even now, press'd on the sense
To find a speech in phantoms? *Fearful, too,
My father's face between me and my child !*
The never-failing sweetest peace, that once
Would sit and watch in fellowship with me,
Beside his rosy sleep, hath vanish'd all
Before that pallid shadow ! Whence?—O Heaven !
Is it thy mute reproach unto my silence ?
To break it—how? To say unto my father,
I am a Christian ! Oh, 't were easier far
To speak those words unto assembled Carthage,
Than one should raise even a doubt in him !
I cannot, *while he stands full in the sun,
A child for hopefulness, a man for strength,
I cannot play the tempest to his joy,
And smite him to the earth.—Who comes ?*”

On another occasion, Satorus, a Christian, speaks :—

“ *I never yet did hear a hot abuse,
But that some good had been its provocation ;
For, in itself, abuse is so much wrong,
It gives fair aspect to its opposite.*
Thus, when I heard the Christian faith beset
With venomous thoughts, and the tongues' sharpest arrows
Levelled the while at acts that spoke to me
Like loving voices, listen'd for, for years,
I turn'd me full to meet it, face to face ;
And lo ! my soul was stricken with a God !

* * * * *

From that time forth, did every human form
Stand for a living shrine of Deity.
How dark soe'er, no fire upon the altar,
Still it was man—man capable of God !
Each blacken'd criminal for me became
A hope towards an angel.”

Vivia takes leave of her old faith.

*" Temple of Jupiter Olympius. Vivia Perpetua at an altar
before a statue of the God."*

" Lo !—where all trembling I have knelt and pray'd,
Where vow and sacrifice, at morn and eve,
Shrouded in incense dim, have risen to appease
The wrath, great Jove, of thy once-dreaded thunder,
Up to the might of thy majestic brows
Yet terrible with anger,—thus I utter,—
I am no longer worshipper of thine !
Witness the firm farewell, these stedfast eyes
For ever *grave* upon thy marble front ;
Witness these hands—*their trembling is not fear*—
That on thine altar set, for ever more,
A firm renouncing seal—I am a Christian !

Where are thy lightnings ?—where thine awful thunder,
Melted from out thy grasp by love and peace ?
Hushed are those timorous whisperings of fear ;
Only sad Echo, roaming through the space,
Lingers upon her way, again to catch
Sounds fraught with joy, seld heard within thy temple.

*The shadows blacken, and the altar-flame
Troubles them into motion. GOD OF STONE,*
For the last time, farewell ! and farewell ye,
The altar where my childhood's wreath was flung,
Frail as the faith that claim'd it's dedication !—
Yon niche, where an apart was sought alone,
From crowds that own'd no reverence for him
They named their god—is still the god they name !—
Unconscious treasury of tears, that oft
Fell, like fast rain, upon those senseless stones,
That, like yon image, then a deity,
Sent no returning pity. Jove ! give back—
Give back those tears were shed in vain to thee ;
Give back those trembling vows were made to thee ;
Give back the sacrifice was paid to thee,—
That I may render all to that dear God,
Hath freed me from those agonies of fear
Thou reckonest for worship. Oh ! to Him
Vows upward rise like springing flowers, from whom
Sweet mercy first hath dropp'd the precious seed ;
And sacrifice, that ceaseth, while it maketh,
So much of love doth mingle with the deed ;
And blessed prayer, that wings the trusting soul
At once into the heaven where He dwells ;
And while we hallow his Almighty name,
Doth teach us say, Our Father. Hear me now ;—
Hear, thou great God of love ; hear, blessed Christ !

Ye, dwelling not in temple made of hands,
Up in the eternal greatness of the heavens—
 Bear witness, all ye myriads of angels,
 That, like to radiant stars, cluster in heaven ;
 Thus on my knees—thus—thus, before the Lord,
 I solemnly vow,—record it, all ye hosts,—
 Never again to come within this temple,
 Whate'er the penalty, or death to me,
 Or agony—worse death—to those I love.
Upon my head so let it come, O God !"

The whole drama, a little spun out occasionally, from the natural luxuriation of such a mind in its own thoughts, and not contemplating stage-action, is worthy of these passages. And yet, (though it could not be helped, the world being then still in the "root" of things,—with how many graceful fibres mingled!) it seems a pity that scorn and resentment should be at all mixed up in Vivia's mind with so much love, and that the new faith could not have been drawn more tenderly out of the old. We feel, somehow, even for the old "stone god," and the altered opinion entertained of him by such a worshipper. And let it be said for paganism, that in its willingness to tolerate, as well as in the more graceful and good-natured forms of the poetical part of its belief, it was no unworthy precursor even of Christianity, nor unfitted to merge one gentleness into another. And governments found it so, and the traveller in Catholic countries recognizes every where the easiness with which saints and angels were substituted for the deities of way-sides and vineyards. Poetry also has retained its Olympian heaven, beneath (not to speak it irreverently) the other; as distant from it, it is true, as a hill-top from the empyrean; yet still as real in its way as the lights and shadows on hill-tops, and immortally beautiful. The world, thanks to its Great First Cause, was beautiful from the beginning; and let us believe and be certain, that as its last change will be its best, and its most Christian, so none through which it has gone, was ever without some form of divineness, nor unsuitable to progression.

APHORISMS FROM THE GERMAN.

KARL USCHNER.

THE consolation which we cannot derive from our own resources is of none effect; the grief which the external world has the power to embitter, is void of truth.

To acquire knowledge of human nature, we must begin by forming a correct acquaintance with ourselves.

S. E.

THE DISTINCTIVE DIE.

BY HENRY COCKTON.

WHEN the science of Phrenology shall have established an universal Lynch Law, by virtue of the testimony of a man's own organs being considered legal evidence against him, it must be abundantly manifest to all, save those who are either extremely thick-headed, or whose organs are rather suspiciously developed, that such perfection will be held to be a sound constitutional comfort, *per se*, by every regular philanthropist alive.

Happily, however, there is no real necessity for waiting until Trial by Phrenology shall have totally superseded our present corrupt system of Trial by Jury, in order to illustrate the strictly scientific proposition, that there is among men no organ so universally developed by either the cerebellum or the cerebrum, as that of Philoprogenitiveness proper. Its influence, moreover, is most powerful: if viewed solely with reference to a man's own offspring, nothing can surpass it in point of strength: it is shed upon every infant, in every social sphere, from the royal angel to the dustman's duck.

Such being the case, then, it will not, by the intellectual, be deemed extraordinary, that Mr. Thomas Trimmer, the respectable individual now about to be introduced, should have had this particular organ large. It will be, notwithstanding, quite right to explain, that its influence, previously to his own little stranger being welcomed, had been so completely unfelt that he never gave the children of his friends the apparition of a chance, although subsequently to that important period of his history, he amused, caressed, and romped with them all, with a daring disregard of those natural consequences with which such temerity commonly teems; for he loved them, and they loved him; even with those who were old enough to judge of the human countenance, he was a favourite, he was so ugly.

It is, of course, well known there are several species of ugliness which are repulsive; but the ugliness of this gentleman was of an interesting caste. His laugh was the most contagious laugh ever beheld; for as he brought every muscle into play, he laughed completely all over his face, which was very agreeable. But, independently of this pleasing characteristic, there was a peculiar charm about his figure; for although he was short, he was strikingly plump, and as he prided himself especially upon the undeniably fashionable cut of his clothes, his appearance, on the whole, was unique.

Now, that a man thus gifted should have an amiable, elegant wife, is not marvellous: the fact, therefore, of Mrs. Trimmer being elegant and amiable, is not stated with the view of inducing the world to wonder, but in order to show how natural it was for Trimmer himself to be happy; for happy, indeed, he was, very happy, and so was Mrs. Trimmer; they loved

each other fondly, and when the heir arrived, he was, in the estimation of both, the most extraordinary specimen of his species ever invented. In the annals of infants not one could be found remotely comparable with him. He was, indeed, a phenomenon; there was nothing at all like him alive. He had ten of the most remarkable *toes* in nature! and so extremely precocious was he, that before he was ten months old he could actually lie upon his back, bring the two great ones up to his mouth, and continue to suck them, like an angel, for hours! Nor was this all! Not by any means; no—in less than twelve months from the period of his birth, he had three of the most wonderful teeth that ever sprang from human gums. They were perfectly unparalleled teeth. Nothing like them had ever been seen. And he would *show* them!—it was amazing how that child would show those three teeth. Nor did he stop even here! One morning, a *fourth* was discovered in the act of peeping through, and that discovery led to circumstances which render that particular morning memorable—circumstances which it is now deemed correct to record.

Philosophers who have dived to any depth into the study of human motives, have, in all probability, observed that children, in general, are extremely fond of paper; but whether philosophers have, in reality, observed this or not, it may be stated, that children in general *are*, and that the value of any paper within reach, is not, in their view, a matter of the smallest importance, for they would just as soon tear up a fifty pound note as they would pick to bits a five-cent-and-a-half representative of the beautiful currency of Natchez or Mississippi.

The propriety of alluding to this fact may not, at present, perhaps, be very apparent; but anon, it will be seen how this singular fondness for paper produced those results which have now to be explained.

Having somewhat miraculously discovered this fourth fancy tooth, Mrs. Trimmer, in the pride of her heart, rushed into the parlour, with the view of showing the novel production to papa; and as the sight of it threw them both into a state of inexpressible rapture, the infant managed, unperceived, to pluck a note from the joyous bosom of Mrs. Trimmer, and to hold it tightly until she had quitted the room alone.

She had scarcely, however, left a single instant before Trimmer, while dancing and singing and lavishing the usual endearments upon his own little beauty, saw this horrid note, of which the contents were as follow:—

“ My dearest Love,

“ Indeed, it delights me to think that I shall, this evening, pass another happy hour with you alone. It was kind of you to inform me that Trimmer dines out, and I will give you a thousand kisses for that act of kindness; but till seven, my sweetest, adieu, and believe me to be ever your own

“ ALFRED.”

Trimmer groaned on reading this: he groaned fiercely: and having pursed his lips and knitted his brows, groaned again.

“ Is it possible?” he exclaimed, as the perspiration sprang from every

pore. "Is it, can it be, possible! Woman!—woman! oh! woman!—*Another* happy hour!" he added, on recurring with a fiend-like smile to this most unhappy note. "He dines out!—*does* he? a *thousand* kisses!—I should like to catch him at it! Come here, you little wretch!" he continued, placing the infant upon his knee, and looking at it with an expression of the most intense severity. "If you could tell tales! if *you* knew what *I* wish to know!—Why what likeness is there between us? Is that my nose? Is that mouth like mine? Would I own such a mouth? You miserable little imp—I almost hate you!"

As the infant had been by no means accustomed to such extremely harsh language, he began to express his feelings of indignation in the usual manner, when Trimmer, with an aspect of disgust, rolled him roughly upon the rug, and rang the bell.

"Take that kid from the room," said he, furiously, as the servant entered; "I'll not have the little wretch squalling here."

The girl *looked* at her master with an expression of amazement; for she really did not know what to make of it at all! Instead, however, of calling upon him to explain, she demanded an immediate explanation of the child.

"What is the masser wis se little man?" she cried. "What is the masser wis my little ducks of diamonds? Never mind sen!—come and tell me all about it! Come sen!—and sen we'll go aboady. There!—bless his little heart sen!—Isn't he a little ducks?"

"I'm a miserable man!" exclaimed Trimmer, intensely, on being left alone. "Who would have thought it? Who *could* have conceived it to be possible?—I'll strangle him! And as for her!—Monstrous hypocrisy! Oh! monstrous! What's to be done? How am I to act? Shall I tell her at once that I have discovered her perfidy, or shall I watch her, and thereby deprive the base creature of the power to deny her shameless conduct?"

"Dear Tom! Why what on *earth* is the matter?" exclaimed the lady, as she entered into the room at this moment with the infant in her arms.

"The matter, madam!" echoed Trimmer, with a look of scorn.

"Why, what in the name of goodness can this mean?"

"Do you, madam," said Trimmer, severely, and he trembled with violence as he spoke. "Do you perceive any resemblance between that child and me?"

"Resemblance!" said the lady, who could not assert with the slightest show of truth that she did, simply because there really was none. "Why he may resemble you more as he grows up. It's impossible to say; children at his age are so much alike."

"That's the misery. They are much alike! That's the germ of impunity for baseness. There should be some *distinctive die*, madam!—some *DISTINCTIVE DIE!*"

"What *do* you mean?"

"Mean, madam! Can you thus shamelessly look in my face, and, with the calmness of innocence, ask what I mean?"

"*Shamelessly* look in your face! Tom, you are a monster!"

"I know it! I *feel* it! That ever I should have lived to see this day!"

"I will not put up with it, sir! You treat me very ill! My father shall know of your cruelty."

"Weep, madam; weep! But oh! that I could see you weep for shame!"

"Shame! What is it you mean, sir? I insist upon knowing what you mean!"

"I dine out this evening, do I not? You will pass, madam, *another* happy hour alone! A *thousand* sweet kisses.—Oh! model of deception!—you amaze me!"

"You amaze *me*, sir!"

"Leave the room, madam!"

"I have never before disobeyed you; but I will *not* leave the room!—nor shall you, sir! until you have explained."

"Do *you* require an explanation?"

"I do."

"Then do you happen," said he, with a most sarcastic sneer, as he held the dreadful note in his left hand, and violently struck it with his right: "do you happen to have seen this hand-writing before?"

"I have—it is that of Captain Todd."

"The devil fly away with Captain Todd!—And can you stand confessed—can you stand there and proclaim your shame—without even a blush!"

The lady smiled.

"What!" exclaimed Trimmer. "And are you thus abandoned!"

"I have a great mind to tease you, Tom! I now perceive what you mean. It would serve you quite right, sir!—you richly deserve it."

"Tease me, madam! Though my heart is tortured, though my fond hopes are blighted, though you have driven me almost to madness, I am not to be played with like a child!"

"And *is* he jealous!"

"No, madam, I am not jealous; but I *will* be satisfied!"

"Do you see this envelope, Tom?"

Trimmer snatched it from her hand when she had drawn it from her bosom, and found it addressed to his sister!

"Harriet!" he exclaimed, "*was* this sent to Harriet?"

"Why, of course!"

Trimmer dropped both the note and the envelope, and stood for a moment as if petrified,

"Fool!" said he, at length. "Oh!—fool!"

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"Oh! Maria, forgive me!"

"Indeed, sir, I shall not. I have given you no cause to doubt my fidelity, and will not tolerate your unjust suspicions. That is all for which you jealous creatures care! You pay no regard whatever to *our* feelings. Oh! no—wound us as you will; charge us with whatever wickedness you will; you imagine, when you find that you are in error, that all you have to say is, 'Maria, forgive me!' Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort."

"But I'm really very sorry: I am, upon my honour. I am fit to strike my head off, for being such an ass. I, indeed, had no idea that they corresponded now; nor did I even know that his name was Alfred!"

"You should have inquired, sir, instead of at once accusing me of wickedness. I am surprised at you!"

"I am wrong, my love; I know that I am wrong; and am anxious to make all the reparation in my power; what *can* I do, what can I say, more?"

"Tom! Is it not amazing, that men who profess to love their wives—nay, who do love them, fondly—should be so anxious to catch at every word, at every thought, having reference to their infidelity, when they know that the suspicions thus engendered, may alone, however baseless they may be, have the direct effect of withering their happiness for ever?"

"Maria; as a husband and wife are morally one, so all men who are jealous of their own honour, must, of necessity, be jealous of the honour of their wives."

"Nay, but when men are jealous, they appear to be most anxious to have their suspicions *confirmed*!"

"Not when they really love. That is the case only with those who are anxious to *repudiate* their wives. Do you think, now, that *I* would rather have my suspicions confirmed than removed?"

"I don't know."

"You do know, Maria! You know that I would not. You know that you are all the world to me."

"Indeed, I know nothing of the sort. You are very cruel, Tom. I have a great mind to be seriously angry with you."

"Come! you must forgive me! *Can* you resist?"

At this moment his look was so droll that she could not help smiling, and the moment he perceived that, he kissed her with unfeigned affection.

"This is the way in which you cruel creatures triumph over our weakness," she observed. "But, indeed, I will not love you, if you are jealous."

"I'll be jealous no more. I am now so happy, that I could almost be tempted to let Captain Todd come to the house when he pleased. And you, my little beauty!" he added, taking the infant in his arms, "why, I might have been sure, as far as you were concerned!—those little laughing eyes might alone have convinced me!"

Still he strongly felt, that as in the absence of every test we are left completely in the dark upon the subject, it would be quite as well, not only as an improvement upon phrenology, but as a means of effectually preventing all mistakes, if every child were born with some *DISTINCTIVE* *DIE*.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REV. ROBERT HOUSMAN, A.B., "*the founder, and for above forty years the Incumbent Minister, of St. Anne's, Lancaster; and formerly Curate to the Rev. T. Robinson, M.A., of Leicester.*" By ROBERT FLETCHER HOUSMAN, Esq.—London; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., &c. &c.—Lancaster: L. and R. Willan, 1841.

DOUBTLESS there is much that is pleasing, as well as exciting, in the recital of the histories of those whom the world calls "GREAT"—that is, of her mighty warriors; of her heroic patriots; of her subtile statesmen; of her philosophers, historians, orators and poets; but there is something more delightful still to the chastened and rightly attuned mind, in the perusal of the lives of those who may emphatically be denominated the "GOOD:" and, amongst this number the subject of the present memoir may justly be classed. Biography is at all times a fascinating and profitable study, but Christian biography more especially so, for since, as is well observed in the preface, the real object of the biographer is "to enlarge our acquaintance with specific modifications of our common nature, by laying before us, with as much minuteness and fidelity as may be, the inner movements, the essential principles, the whole moral progress, and the whole moral portraiture of an individual mind," the more holy and the more pure the moral and spiritual tenor of the mind which is portrayed, the more instructive must be its practical teaching, and the more elevated the point to which the mind of the student will be directed. It is cause of deep regret, then, that amidst all the biographical notices which are continually being put forth, so few should be dedicated to the lives of the eminently pious, as well as to the remarkably literary, scientific, maritime, and martial.

The period over which these memoirs extend, and to which they either more immediately or more remotely refer, is one, perhaps, as interesting and important in relation to the true principles of Christianity, as any in modern "sacred history." In this respect, they may be said to involve nearly the whole of the past century, for they embrace many of the more stirring events which are connected with the Ecclesiastical history and polity of that era—events through which the Established Church of these realms, and indeed Protestantism in general, have been refined and purified from much of unsound doctrine, of false principle, of lax practice, and of every questionable orthodoxy, and which have led to the revival of religion, and indeed to what might almost be termed a second "Reformation" in our Churches.

The times, indeed, in which the Rev. Robert Housman lived, were momentous and remarkable, for they were times of spiritual darkness and error—partially illumined, however, by the devoted labours of some of the wisest and best of men who have ever adorned the religion they have professed. Wesley, Whitfield, Venn, Simeon, Edwardes, Jones, Robinson, Romaine, Scott, Fletcher, Newton, Berridge, Mason, Selina Countess of Huntingdon, and many others, who may justly be described as "the salt of the earth," were the intimate friends or the immediate cotemporaries of Mr. Housman; and, with letters from many, if not from all of these, the volume under review abounds.

It is painful to remember how, during the period in question, all who were faithful to the cause in which they were engaged, and to the high and holy trust which was

reposed in them, were called upon to submit to the loss of worldly good, to endure indignity and calumny, uncharitableness, false accusations and imputations, and all manner of evil-speaking and reproach, to suffer in person and in worldly prospects, and to abide persecution and wrong, for their noble attempts to throw off the too circumscribed restrictions imposed upon them by church authorities, ordinances and decrees—for their endeavours to tear aside the veil which was sought to be drawn over their own mental vision, and that of the people for whom they were appointed to minister, to watch, and to pray: for their praiseworthy efforts to establish the precepts of Christianity upon a pure and Scriptural basis: for their defence of principle, and their stand “for conscience sake,” in opposition to the intolerance and bigotry of what may be described as the High Church party: and, for their denunciation of the ill-founded tenets, and the unscriptural dogmas, which had crept into the church, and having become engrafted, as it were, upon her holier services, and blended with her fundamental articles, had debased her institutions and detracted from her worth—and to which may be attributed her declension, and the wide spread of conscientious and well-founded dissent.

The evidences of this degenerate spirit, are indicated in many passages of this interesting book, particularly in the letters of the Countess of Huntingdon, and, we might add in the memoirs of others of these venerable apostles of truth. Thus, for instance, in the life of the Rev. H. Venn, prefixed to one of his works, it is recorded that his “activity and zeal offended some of the neighbouring clergy, who took no pains in their parishes, and occasioned them to stigmatise him as an enthusiast and methodist.” “Once, at a meeting of some clergymen, his character being thus rudely treated, he met with a singular defender in an old fox-hunting clergyman—‘Hush!’ said he, ‘I feel great respect for such men as Mr. Venn, and wish there were more of the kind. They are the salt of our order, and keep it from putrefaction. If the whole body of the clergy were like ourselves, the world would see that we were of no use, and take away our tithes; but a few of these pious ones redeem our credit, and save for us our livings.’”^{*}—The Countess of Huntingdon, in writing to a friend, says, “I find such a backwardness in all our fine clergy in preaching the Gospel, that I really know not what to make of it.”[†]—The Rev. Thomas Jones says, “My present parishioners (of St. Saviour’s, Southwark) do not receive my ministry. I speak of them now, in general, as a people: there are a blessed few, I trust, who receive the truth in the love of it; but, in general, my person is despised, and my ministry rejected.”[‡] Nor was the spirit of persecution evidenced only towards the revivalist clergy; it was extended in many cases even to those of the laity, who were attached to their doctrines.[§] Thus, Mrs. Adams (the lady to whom the before quoted letter of the Countess of Huntingdon was addressed) was turned out of her father’s (Lord Bateman’s) house—he having conceived, as we are told, “in common with the bulk of his order, a deadly horror of the Methodists” (as all not of the High Church party were ironically denominated), “and, on finding his daughter to be smitten with the infection, his hatred broke out in furious anger against his offending child. He told her, that of course she had a perfect right to please herself in the choice of a religion, but he accompanied the concession in the true spirit, and after the established habit, of intolerance, with a peremptory

^{*} “Complete Duty of Man,” p. 8. Edit. printed for the Religious Tract Society, 1840.

[†] Life of Housman.

[‡] Ibid.

[§] Ibid.

declaration, that if she *did* please herself, he would disinherit her;" and he kept his word, for "taking out his purse, he presented her with a shilling—opened the door of his house—and commanding her to see his face no more, bade her farewell." And to like persecutions, as a faithful pastor, the Rev. Robert Housman was equally exposed.

Into a consideration of Mr. Housman's doctrines upon particular points of divinity, we cannot now enter; neither can we attempt to give anything like a delineation of his general character, or of the incidents of which his long, eventual, and useful life may be said to have been made up. We must, therefore, rest satisfied upon these points, by merely saying, that he was a consistent, humble, earnest, faithful, Evangelical Minister of the Gospel; that he gained the reverence and esteem of all who knew and could appreciate his worth, and that as he lived beloved, so he died happily, and in peace and charity with all men.

The volume before us is a very delightful one—a book which it is a luxury to read, and which we most cordially commend to the notice of our readers. Truth and piety are stamped on every page, whilst all that relates to the holy man of whose history and times it is a record—to his thoughts and words and actions—to his whole mind as developed in his letters and discourses—in his public ministrations and his private exhortations—in his persecutions, his silent suffering, his patient endurance, and his gentle tones of remonstrance and reproof—bears the inscription of "Holiness unto the Lord;" and in the scheme of his life and character, there are the evidences of a heart filled with love to God, and concern for the souls of men.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAUSES AND TREATMENT OF CURVATURE OF THE SPINE; *to which is added, a Chapter on Pulmonary Consumption.* By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Leeds: W. Bean and Son.

THIS is a valuable treatise on subjects of deep importance, and one which ought to be found in the library of every medical practitioner and student; and in the hands of all who have the management of children, in whatever relation they may be placed, whether as mothers or nurses. It is of interest, not only to those who may already be suffering from the maladies upon whose nature and cure it dilates, but to the general well-being of society, and the sanatory condition of the community at large. The first chapter treats of the *causes of the disease*, essentially the only correct way of dealing with the subject, inasmuch as if the *causes* be but indifferently understood, the treatment for the remedy of the disease cannot but be unsatisfactory. Section I. is devoted to the management of infants, as respects their food, exercise, and clothing. The second Section treats of one of the most prevalent causes of deformity in the gentler sex, namely, the impropriety of dress—more especially as to stays, their effects and construction. From these considerations, the author proceeds to dilate, in the third Section, upon the necessity of attention to general health. Chapter II. contains a sketch of the anatomy of the spine; and the several succeeding chapters relate to curvature of the spine, its causes and symptoms,—on lateral curvature,—on angular curvature, or projection of the spine,—on excurvature of the spine,—on incurvation of the spine,—on the treatment of spinal disease,—description of the apparatus recommended by Mr. Hare, for the cure of the various forms of the disease,—on spinal irritation,—and on pulmonary consumption. Although we have only been able just to specify the principal

heads of the subjects treated of, we have no hesitation in saying that the whole subject is handled in a very lucid and comprehensive manner. Perhaps we cannot more clearly or concisely state the general principles upon which Mr. Hare has proceeded in dealing with his subject, than by letting him speak for himself. Thus, he says,—

“The facts and observations which he now submits to the consideration of his medical brethren, are the result of careful investigation, both as respects his experience in his own case, and in those of the patients who have been under his care. Having had, in the course of a long continued practice (nearly forty years having elapsed since he first entered the profession), abundant reason to conclude that his opinions and consequent mode of treatment are founded upon correct principles; and being able, moreover, to record what may be considered surprising instances of success, even in cases of the worst description, he is led to conclude that it would be neglecting an obvious duty, were he longer to refrain from giving them publicity. Some of the most important of these cases are detailed in the course of the volume, and he is inclined to anticipate, that they will be perused with some degree of interest by the profession, and also by those who are suffering from the baneful effects to which they refer.

“In treating of the causes of distortion, he has endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his readers the indisputable fact, that the principal source of the production of one species of the disease, and that the most common, the lateral curvature, is to be attributed to the improper adaptation of modern female attire, and more especially, to the injurious pressure occasioned by the excessive constriction of corsets: with a view to make this still more apparent, he has given a brief, but comprehensive sketch of the anatomy of the spine and chest, an attentive perusal of which will, he hopes, enable the non-professional reader easily to understand the manner in which the injury is inflicted. It is to be hoped, that the repeated admonitions and warnings which have, from time to time, been given by medical men on the pernicious tendency of the prevailing custom of tight lacing, will, at length, have some effect in opening the eyes of young females and their mothers to the danger of the practice.

“In that part of the work which treats on excurvation and incurvation, the author has considered it unnecessary to enter very largely. There is much in each species that is of a similar character, and therefore, after having given a full description of curvature in general, and lateral in particular, it was less necessary to enlarge on the other species separately. Though they do not all originate in the same cause, yet their symptoms and the usual train of suffering are very similar, and the treatment they require is, with the exception of different mechanical adaptations, for the most part, the same.

“In the chapter on treatment, which will be regarded as an important part of the treatise, the author has considered it requisite to be somewhat particular in his directions: in the part relating to mechanical treatment, he has given a description of an apparatus, which he has found of the most decided advantage in the various cases of spinal affection which have come under his care.

“The chapter on spinal irritation, under which term are included those affections of the spine which have their origin in nervous irritability, and which, though not always accompanied with deformity, are yet highly susceptible, and occasion mental and corporeal suffering of a very peculiar, disagreeable, and painful nature, can scarcely fail to be interesting to such as are unhappily under the influence of such a morbid state.

“For the reasons therein assigned, a concluding chapter or appendix has been appropriated to the consideration of pulmonary consumption. The writer wishes to draw the attention of the profession to this, in consequence of his having noticed the decided advantage attending the use of the apparatus in cases where there was strong reason to apprehend tuberculous disease of the lungs.

"The engravings, which are inserted at the commencement of the chapters on the respective species of the curvature to which they refer, and which are intended to illustrate the disease and its treatment, have been executed with the greatest care, and may be altogether relied upon for their fidelity. The surprising improvement they display in the contour of the figure, will be the best criterion of the merits of the treatment under which such favourable results were obtained."

We are ourselves, also, more particularly desirous of calling attention to the last chapter,—that on pulmonary consumption, entertaining, as we do, a firm conviction that it is a subject of the highest importance; and that, with proper and timely treatment, it ought not to be so generally fatal as it is,—and in the hope, moreover, of drawing the minds of the medical profession in general to a more correct pathological view of this disease, both as regards its prevention and its cure.

Mr. Hare combats the general notion that consumption is hereditary, and asserts that it is not "confirmed by observation and fact,"—"and further, that it is not always incurable;" and, certainly, he substantiates his opinion, both by argumentation and illustration. After having entered at some length, and considerable minuteness, into "the origin of pulmonary consumption," he proceeds to show "in what manner recumbency of position," (which may be described as the prime principle of his treatment) "or the use of the apparatus before described may be expected to be serviceable;" and to point out the principal advantages "to be derived from the adoption of this treatment, by patients predisposed to consumption." The recumbent position, however, he adds, with the other means pointed out, are only introduced as "being, *next* to the removal of the first causes of tubercles in the lungs, one of the most important *auxiliaries* possessed by the profession for the cure of cases of incipient consumption." For this extract, and the advantages of the plan, see pp. 138 and 149.

The author's views are enforced by drawings of his apparatus, which exhibit very clearly the mode of treatment recommended, and the result of his practice.

On the whole, we can only reiterate what we have before expressed, that this is a very valuable treatise upon subjects of great importance to the general welfare of society.

LONDON—No. 1. Charles Knight and Co., 1841.

THIS is another of the cheap, illustrated, and excellent works which are so continually being issued by these enterprising publishers. Their establishment may almost be described as a perpetual spring of books, new and good, or of old ones newly dressed; for no sooner is one series of these hebdomadal or monthly publications finished, than another rises up to take its place. Thus we have had the Pictorial History of England—the Pictorial Bible—the Pictorial Prayer Book—the Pictorial Shakspeare—the Penny Magazine—the Penny Cyclopædia—the Arabian Night's Entertainment, *cum multis aliis*, and now we have the illustrated London—in every way worthy of a place beside the best of this class of works that have yet been issued.

The taste for illustrated cheap literature has been created, and admirably sustained, by the judgment and spirit of Messrs. Knight and Co.; for, although their publications have been numerous, still they have all been good in point of matter, whilst the picto-

rial parts, many of them stand out as perfect gems of art both as to design and execution. And this observation applies, in a marked degree, to the number before us. The matter is first rate, and the illustrations are very superior.

It is impossible, from the portions we have seen, to describe the character of "London," further than as being of great interest,—as giving us rapid glances at the metropolis in past ages, and faithful sketches of its old places, customs, and habits,—and that, sailing down the stream of time, it notes the changes which have been wrought in each of these respects, and so brings before the mind, as at one view and within a small compass, the prominent features both of the by-gone and of the present, in relation to the first metropolis of the world. The publishers, in their prospectus, have announced that their work is neither to be a survey of London, nor a history of London; that its arrangement will neither be topographical nor chronological—in fact, that it is unambitious of any classification. The principle upon which they state that it is their intention to proceed, is a very excellent one, and for its success they have our best wishes. It is that of "looking at the present through the past, and at the past through the present."

The first number is devoted to "The Silent Highway"—*The Silent Highway*—why, to him who knows any thing of the history of London—of the noble freights of the illustrious doomed, who have thus been borne to their prison-house and tomb—of the "revels gaie" which were wont to be held upon the silent waters, which sweep our City's banks—of the processions and the pageants of former days, aye, and even of those of more modern date, humble though they be, and most greatly fallen their dignity,—and of the traffic that is now done upon its bosom, there is something in the very expression calculated to engender strange and multitudinous thought, and to awaken within every bosom the reflection that as glideth the great river to pour its tributive stream into the mighty ocean of waters, so the years of man pass away and lose themselves in the flood of time. We think this is a very happy idea for the commencement of a book that might almost be described as a *record of change*.

ANNALS OF HUMBLE LIFE. John Miland, Chapel-street, Belgrave-square. 1840.

THIS is a little volume of tales illustrative of humble life. Some of the stories evince considerable power, and all are calculated to awaken interest. Perhaps the best in the book is "Isidore—a Tale of France." It delineates, in painful colours, the effects of passion, and the power which an evil-minded man has, in times of revolution and turbulence, to inflict wrong upon the object of his hate. The story is as follows:—Isidore, is a conscript, betrothed to a lovely young peasant, Adèle Lancfranc. His officer, Major de l'Agneau (who is anything but a "lamb" in demeanour or mind) alights at the village, becomes enamoured of Adèle, orders Isidore to his regiment, treats him with most unbecoming harshness, and seeks an opportunity for his ruin. This is afforded to him by the illness of Isidore's mother. Isidore, having vainly sought permission to visit her, endeavours to do so unknown, and to return in time for the performance of his duties. In this he fails, arrives a quarter of an hour too late, is tried, condemned, and shot for desertion. Adèle enters a Convent; the major becomes hated by his fellow-soldiers, changes his regiment, and ultimately dies in England, miserable and poverty stricken.

THE KENTISH CORONAL; *consisting of original contributions in prose and poetry, by persons connected with the county of Kent.* Edited by H. G. ADAMS, author of "The Ocean Queen," "The Departure of the Israelites," &c. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1841.

THE motive with which, as we are informed by the editor, the "Coronal" was primarily undertaken (it was commenced as a Monthly Repository), was, "to see brought into circulation a work which might afford the means of communication to the kindred spirits scattered throughout Kent, which might thus be to them a bond of union, drawing them closer together, and making them better acquainted with each other's writings." Judging by the specimens before us, the editor has reason to be well pleased with the result of his efforts, seeing that he has succeeded in producing a volume, not only highly honourable to the genius of Kent, but of general interest. It is, indeed, an extremely pleasing production. It is enriched by the flowers of prose, and studded with poetic genius, like "Heaven's blue arch with stars."

We would more particularly notice those articles, entitled the "Vegetable Productions of Kent," by Ann Pratt, author of "Flowers, and their Associations," a very lady-like subject for a lady to employ her leisure and talent upon; on the "Geology of Maidstone and its Neighbourhood," by W. H. Bensted; and on the "Historical and Traditionary Incidents connected with the County," by the Editor.

We have only space sufficient for the following extract.

"The Robin, a Sketch,—By W. H. Bensted.

"Perhaps a scene of greater bustle and confusion cannot well be imagined, than is witnessed on the departure of a Gravesend Steam Boat from the London Bridge Wharf. The bell ringing clamourously; boys running hither and thither, thrusting cheap periodicals into your face, and crying 'Paper, Sir?—Paper, Sir?' with an assiduity and quickness of utterance, rendered necessary by the shortness of time allowed for the disposal of their wares; the steam, like a confined monster, roaring in the pipe; new London Bridge rattling with the din of a hundred wheels; porters shouting 'by your leave!' yet, nevertheless, bearing all before them; the angry remonstrances of the passengers thus unceremoniously treated, and crashing of boxes as they come in contact; the Captain's warning shout, 'shore, shore!' and lastly, the hurried farewell of lingering friends; the narrow wooden bridge is withdrawn; the steam ceases its roarings; the paddle wheels begin slowly to revolve, and away goes the gallant boat, to

'Walk the waters like a thing of life,'

and make her way through the crowded pool as best she may. I had taken my station in the saloon with a book, and after trying vainly, amid this confusion of sounds, to fix my attention on its contents, was shutting it in despair, when the note of a bird, so familiar as to fix my attention in a moment, came on my ear. It was the same I had often heard when wandering in the sequestered solitudes of a wood, where the giant oaks have mosses of the freshest green, and pure grey lichens, fringing their gnarled limbs and rugged stems, while around them the briars are matted and tangled, forming a wilderness seldom trodden by the foot of man.

"Yes! 'twas the very note that I had often listened to, when standing beneath those 'Monarchs of the Forest,' and all was so still that I could hear the rustling of the dead leaves, as the unsuspecting mole worked his way among the twisted and curled roots, and the tapping of the distant woodpecker seemed close at hand, as he monotonously hammered upon the decayed limbs. In such places, and at such times, I have watched the lone, yet familiar bird, peer at me through the branches of the hazel underwood, and

flit in bold confidence around; then again perching on some leafless spray would he pour forth his 'wood-notes wild'—to me, the sweetest of all songs; and now, the same gush of simple melody was mingled with the incongruous noises above described. 'Alas, poor prisoner! never did thy lay seem so melancholy before,' exclaimed I, as the song ceased, and looking towards the cage wherein he was confined, I saw him fold his wings and gaze listlessly on the unnatural objects around, like one, whose hopes are dead,—whose joys are all departed.

"How strangely mingled were the associations and images called up in my mind, by the notes of this familiar bird in so uncongenial a situation. The beautiful lines of Cowper recurred to my memory.

"And now the uproar on deck increased, as if the demon of discord were raising his voice in derision at my thoughts of silence and solitude. The trampling of many feet; shouts and cries were heard, above which might be distinguished the gruff tones of the Captain, and shrill accents of the repeating boy in such terms as 'Ease her!'—'Stop her!'—'Turn astern!' &c. &c. Presently came the shock and crash caused by a collision with another vessel, upon which ensued 'confusion worse confounded.' Gradually, however, the noises subsided, and my thoughts were again withdrawn from surrounding objects by the musing spirit of reverie. Memory conjured up an autumnal scene in which the sweet note of my favourite bird sounded like a requiem for the departed beauties of Summer. The woods were still clothed in the gorgeous dress which nature assumes, ere she disrobes for her winter's slumber. A breathless quietude reigned, pressing upon all around, and lulling the feelings into a state of pure and placid enjoyment. I stood upon a rising ground, and beneath me the proud oaks reared their dark forms in sullen grandeur, while the half-naked underwood encircled them like serfs on the battle field surrounding their feudal superiors. Near me was a young beech tree, its smooth and delicately rounded stem clothed in a vesture of bright green, fringed and embroidered with gold; there wanted but little imagination to invest it with a feminine character.

"While gazing on this delightful picture, a change came o'er the scene; the sun, breaking through the clouds which had hitherto obscured his brightness, shed over hill and dale so subdued and tender a light, that it indeed seemed like a 'breathing from a rarer world,' and the mighty oaks, as they now stood forth in all the glory of autumnal splendour, welcomed the golden beams to their bosoms, where they lingered as if enamoured of their gorgeous resting-places. All was so hushed and holy, that one might fancy angels, with folded wings, were bending from the skies: anon, a 'still small voice' arose; it was

"A timid, stealing unobtrusive sound,
Afraid dim Nature's deep repose to wound,"

and stole upon the senses like a vesper hymn, harmonizing with the scene around. It was the Robin's song, for, looking up, I saw a sear and curled leaf, parted from the bough which had given it birth, slowly descending with a wavering motion; it was caught and retained awhile by a web of gossamer, in whose meshes it hung turning over and over, but presently the concealed songster flew past, and the flutter of his wing severed the frail support; I saw it fall; I heard a faint rustle as it reached the ground—its place of sepulture! And as the earth thrown upon the coffin-lid, causes the heart-stricken mourner a deep throe of anguish; so did that fallen leaf send a pang through my bosom, from its similitude with the common lot,—the fate of perishable man. But the shadows of evening were gathering around, and with reluctant steps I left a scene so hallowed by sweet and soothing reflections, a place of rest from the turmoils and vexations of life, to which memory often reverts, and lures back the mind to dwell with felicity in its peaceful regions."



