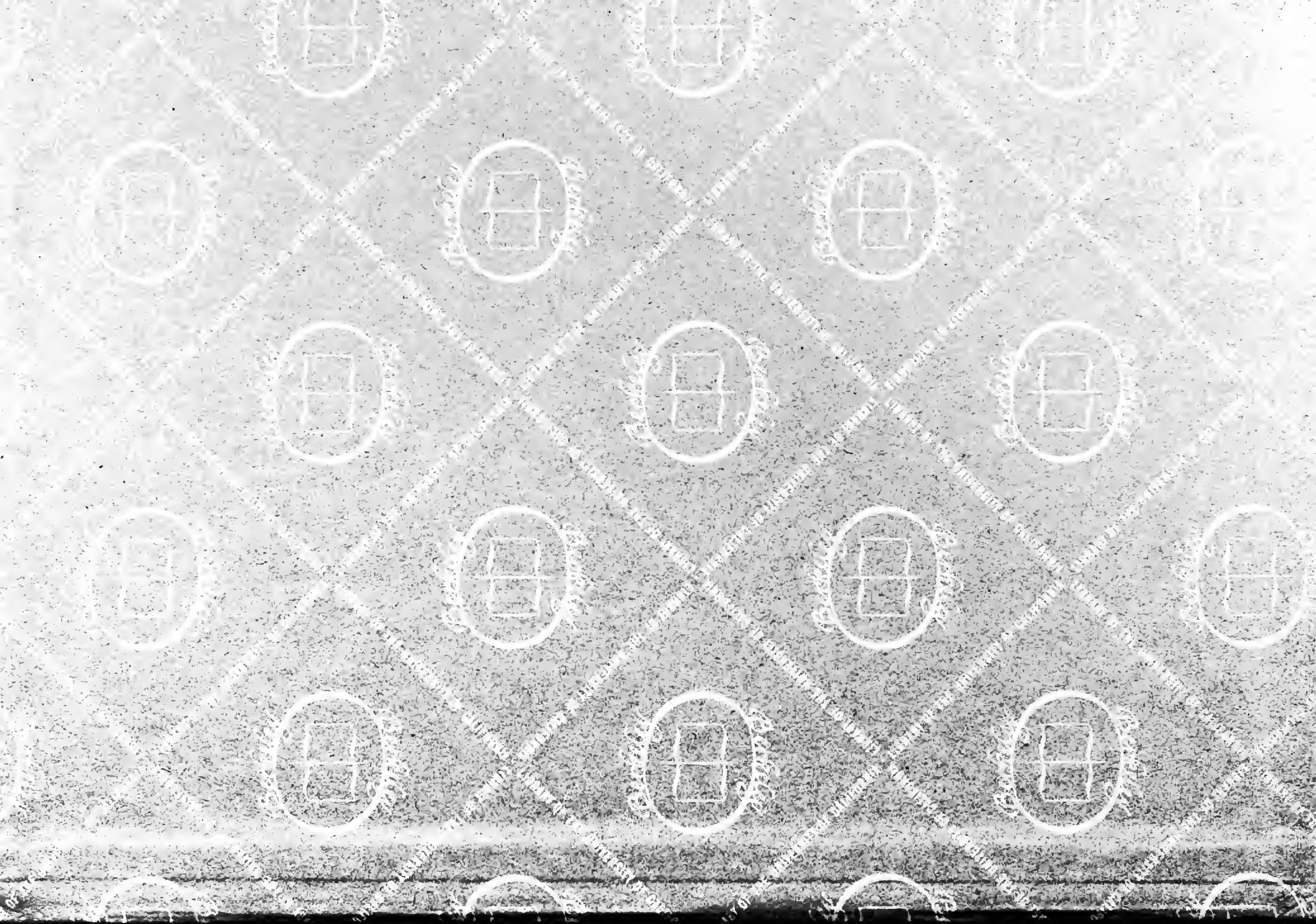

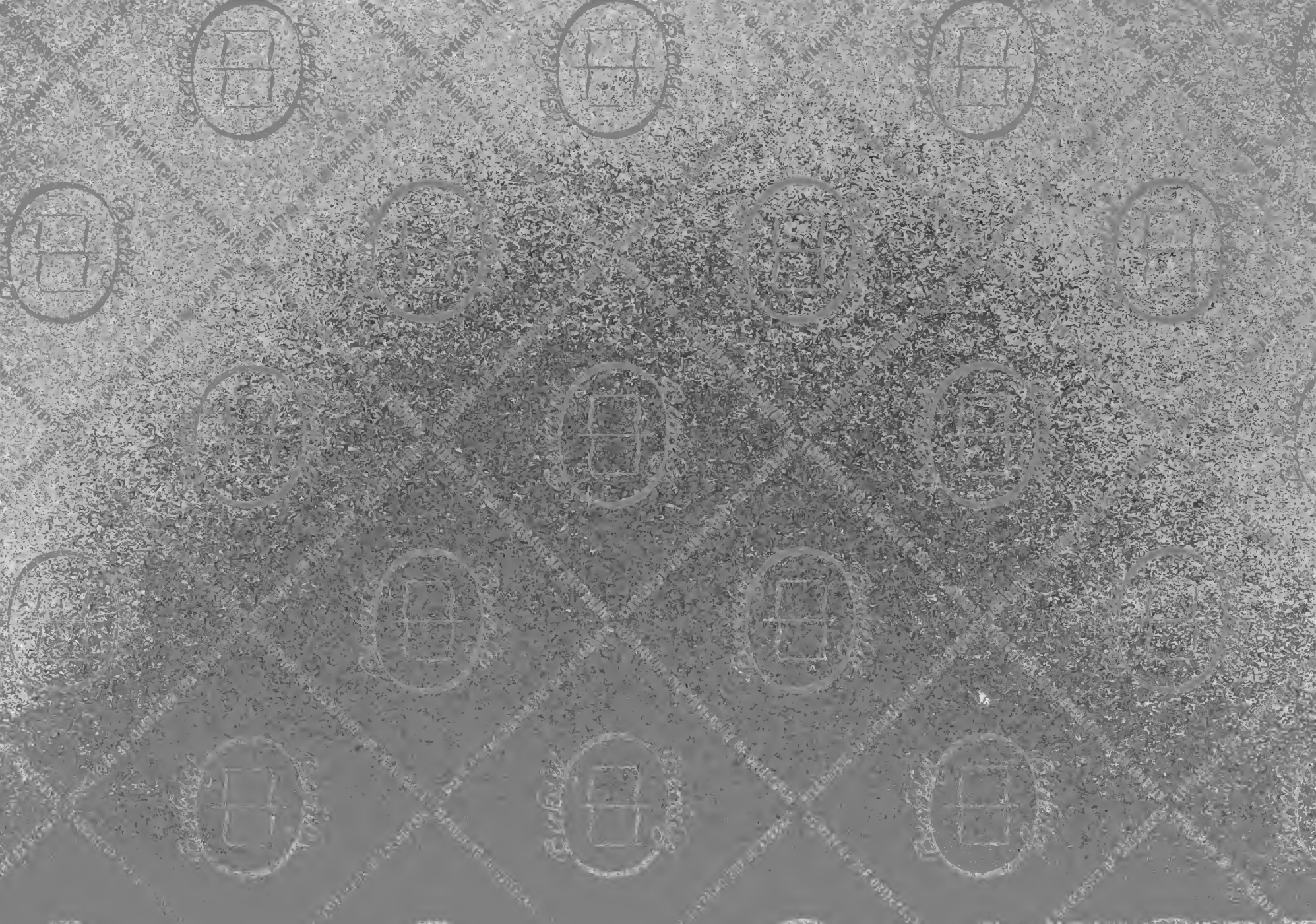

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A Christmas Gift.

To

Master John Bogue

From

A Sincere Friend

1855

Drawn by K. Meadows. Engraved by — Knight

THE

DRAWING-ROOM ALBUM,

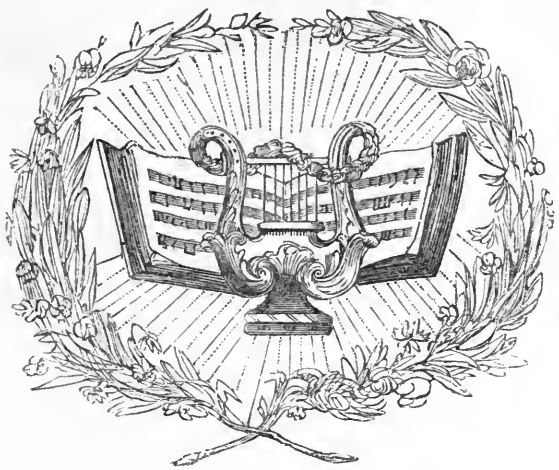
AND

Companion for the Boudoir,

AN ELEGANT LITERARY MISCELLANY,

ILLUSTRATED WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

"Buds and flowers begin the year,
"Song and tale bring up the the rear."



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS HOLMES,

Great Book Establishment,

76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

W. J. Sharks, Printer, 1, Ivy Lane Paternoster Row

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D7

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

Duchess of Kent,

AS A FERVENT HOMAGE TO HER MANY PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES,

THE

"DRAWING-ROOM ALBUM."

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE PUBLISHER.

012

PREFACE.

THE "DRAWING ROOM ALBUM," has hitherto held so prominent a place in the estimation of all the lovers of elegant Literature, that it is hardly thought necessary to offer any remarks by way of preface, except most gratefully to thank its numerous patrons for the favourable reception it has always met with; and to observe, that in order to reap the benefit of such continued favor, the present Volume has been produced with no ordinary care and attention: to use its own words—

"Much money has been freely spent,
"In giving me accomplishment;
"In short no effort has been wanting
"To make me perfectly enchanting."

The class of books called "Annuals," unfortunately have been thought to have reference and possess interest only at the moment,—but there is no description of works of light reading so really well worthy of being perused and examined, at all times, as the majority of them are;

"Ay, a bit bookie o' ane's ain writin', a poem perhaps, or a garland o' ballants and sangs, with twa three lovin' verses on the fly leaf, by way o' inscription."—BURNS.

The Illustrations are all of a superior class, and it is hoped that no one of its contemporaries has, upon the whole, a greater claim upon public favor.

It should be observed, that the work is also printed on a smaller size,—the prose part being published separately, and called "*The Magnet;*" while the poetry assumes a small neat form for the pocket, or reticule.

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Drawn by A.E. Chalon, R.A. Engraved by Chas. Heath.

THE ADIEU.

THE ADIEU.

The roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtur'd 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till Time crops the leaves, with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain, with endearments, we soothe the sad heart
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour, may command us to part
Or death disunite us, in love's last adieu!

Still, Hope, breathing peace, through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, our "meeting we may yet renew;"
With this dream of deceit, half our sorrow's represt,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh, mark you yon pair, in the sunshine of youth,
Love twin'd round their childhood his flow'rs as they grew;
They flourish awhile, in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way,
Down a cheek, which outrivals thy bosom in hue!
Yet, why do I ask? to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon Misanthrope, shunning mankind?
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind,
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart, which, in love's easy chains,
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now enflames the dark tide of his veins,
He ponders in frenzy, on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch, with a soul wrapt in steel,
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few;
Who laughs at the pang, that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast,
No more with love's former devotion we sue:
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast,
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation, for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due:
From him, who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample, in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the God, on his altar of light,
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew,
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight,
His cypress, the garland of love's last adieu!

THE LAST LETTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

They tell me, I am greatly changed,
From that which I have been;
So changed, it would have passed belief,
Had they not known—not seen:
They tell me my once graceful form
Is waning—pale and thin—
Alas! these blighted locks scarce speak,
The deeper blight within!—

They tell me in one little month,
I seem to have lived years;
My ringlets have the shade of age,
My eyes are worn with tears;
They say the beauteous cheek you praised,
Now wears a *deadly* hue;
And, oh, I feel within my breast,
My heart is dying too!

I do not *wish* to send one pang
Of sadness to thy soul;
But there are feelings—deep and strong—
We may not quite control;
I do not—do I love reproach?
O! if—forgive—forgive;
'Tis woe to think of thee—and die!
'Tis worse than woe—to live!

My sleep is wild and dark to me,
My dreams are of the dead;
I wake—and bless the light of day,
Though day brings its own dread:
The visions and the tongues of *home*,
Haunt all my steps with pain;
'Till fire is in my aching sight—
And madness in my brain!

This may not—will not—long endure;
I know death's hour is nigh,
And, oh! 'tis all on earth I ask,
To see thee—ere I die!—
Is it too much for all my tears,
For all my anguish past,
To grant me this—my parting prayer—
My last—my very last!

GOOD-NATURE.

BY MISS H. MORE.

O! gentlest blessing man can find!
Sweet soother of the ruffled mind!
As the soft powers of oil assuage
Of ocean's waves the furious rage,—
Lull to repose the boiling tide,
Whose billows, charmed to rest, subside;
Smooth the vexed bosom of the deep,
Till every trembling motion sleep,—
Thy soft enchantments thus control
The tumult of the troubled soul!
By labour worn, by care oppressed,
On *thee* the weary mind shall rest:
From business and distraction free,
Delighted, shall return to *thee;*
To *thee* the aching heart shall cling,
And find the peace it does not bring.

Ye candidates for earth's best prize,
Domestic life's sweet charities!
Oh! if your erring eye once strays
From smooth good-nature's level ways;
If e'er, in evil hour betrayed,
You choose some vain fantastic maid,—
On such for bliss if you depend,
Without the means you seek the end;
A pyramid you strive to place,
The point inverted for the base;
You hope, in spite of reason's laws,
A consequence without a cause.
And you, bright nymphs, who bless our eyes,
With all that skill, that taste supplies,
Learn, that accomplishments, at best,
Serve but for garnish in life's feast—
Yet still, with these, the polished wife
Should deck the feast of human life:
Wit a poor standing dish would prove,
Though 'tis an excellent remove;
Howe'er your transient guest may praise
Your gay parade on gala-days,
Yet know, your husband still would wish—
Good-nature for his standing dish.

Still in life's calendar you presume
Eternal holidays will come;
But in its highest, happiest lot,
O, let it never be forgot,
Life is not an Olympic game,
Where sports and play must gain the fame;
Each month is not the month of May,
Nor is each day a holiday!—
Though Wit may gild life's atmosphere,
When all is lucid, calm, and clear,
In bleak affliction's dreary hour,
The brightest flash must lose its power,
While Temper, in the darkest skies,
A kindly light and warmth supplies.

Divine *Good-nature!* 'tis decreed
The happiest still thy charm should need.
Sweet Architect! raised by thy hands
Fair Concord's temple firmly stands.
Though sense, though prudence rear the pile,
Though each approving virtue smile,
Some sudden gust (not rare the case)
May shake the building to its base,
Unless, to guard against surprise,
On *thy* firm arch the structure rise.

APPROACH OF NIGHT.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up: for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of coral beads.
See! the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the gamesome face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout,
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb, or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks:
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God.—Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! so farewell,
Thus I end my evening's knell.

CLOSE OF A GOOD LIFE.

BY S. ROGERS, ESQ.

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope, like evening stars, attending;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults—were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And earth recedes, and heaven itself appears!
'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting, and, through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to night;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!
  Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say rather, soared to heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him, to whom 't is given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of eternity.
When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upwards—That he is not here,
That he is risen!

PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! With what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muses made!
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
E'en cold Caucasean rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shattered are their arms,
Yet heaven their various plants for use designs—
For houses, cedars—and for shipping, pines—
Cypress provides, for spokes and wheels of wains,
And all for keels of ships, that scour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war, from stubborn myrtle, shafts receives—
From cornels, javelins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth-grained, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance with these gifts, the funny joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
Wine urged to lawless lust the Centaur's train;
Through wine they quarrelled, and through wine were slain.
  O, happy!—if he knew his happy state—
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
To admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes, devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold,
Betrays the streaks of ill-dissembled gold:
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dyed
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed with noise,
The Country King his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome nights, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inured to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the Gods adored with rights profane.
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

THE LUTE!

Music and Beauty! Tell me not
Some witching tale—some wondrous story:
And lay the scenes 'neath balmy skies,
With dames whose dark eyes swim in glory:
As o'er the lute's electric wires
Love's hand runs hot as heaven's own fires.

Music and Beauty! Sing me not
A song far sweeter than wild honey,
Or praise to bards or power to kings,
To women rule—to miser's money;
A lyric where love shakes his wings
Dove-like, along the lute's soft strings.

Music and Beauty! to all climes
How dear. From frozen Greenland snowing,
To England's happy land: from France,
Crushing her grapes, to India glowing:
Twin-born delights—they cheer us—charm us,
Spell bind us, wile us, witch us, warm us.

For of all countries and all ranks,
Music and Beauty come. Whoe'er
Heard of a land which lacked them Look
To that deep ravishment of ear,
The air admiring hangs and mute,
O'er one glad and triumphant lute.

Thy will is done. Young Beauty, thou
Hast wrought thy spell, thy love may lay
His lute aside—those eyes would mar
His skill. I heard a poet say
That Beauty, meek-eyed, sweet and silent,
Charmed minstrels mute and awed the valiant.

This is the triumph of thy art,
Proud painter. There man's might lies scattered
At beauty's feet—he can but gaze
With soul and senses stunned and fettered,
While she—her might but half divining,
Reigns sure as any monarch reigning.

THE DISCOVERY.

How first upon the blooming earth,
Her yet secure and stainless dwelling,
Pandora's hand gave Evil birth,
Is now a tale, too old for telling;
And how each daughter of her race
Pursues the bright example set her,—
Zealous her mother's path to trace,
And fill her precepts to the letter.

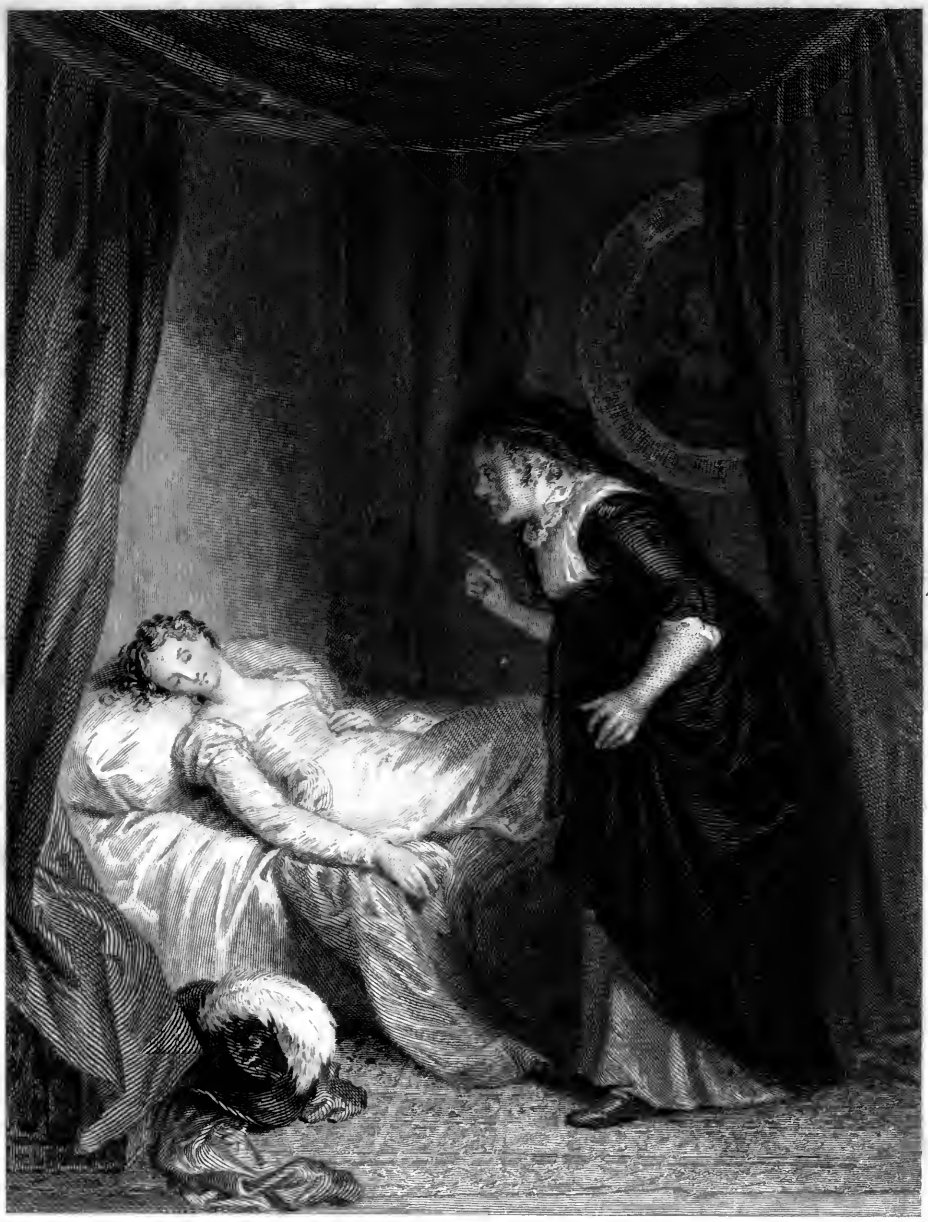
At chains the free-born spirit mocks,
Light beams thro' Winter's scowl severest:
And Bramah! even thy patent locks
Must yield before a female querist.
Seals—drawers—envelopes—they who most
Their trust in such defences centre,
Reckon, for once, without their host,
If wife, or friend, or sister enter.

And Bards may fable as they please,
Of eagles' gaze, and looks of lynxes—
But what to ladies' eyes are these?
What, to their wiles, the riddling Sphynxes?
This two-fold thirst no bosom spares,
(Name one, whose acts refuse to shew it?)
First—that each secret may be theirs:
And, next—that all the world may know it.

Thus, in its bitter mood, hath sung
That Wit whose hate all worth engages,
And Falsehood, with her ready tongue,
Retailed the barren jest for ages:
But, were the vain assertion sooth,
So rife in each satiric season,
How readily the voice of truth
Might give at once excuse and reason.

And be the picture Scandal draws,
With amplified proportions granted;
Alas! how deep and stern a cause
That ever needful sense hath planted:
The altered look—the studied slight—
The promise, scorned as soon as spoken—
Love, like the fleeting mists of night—
And vows, but uttered to be broken.

And, caution! oh, how many a heart
A victim to its over kindness!
(That last frail shelter thrown apart,)
Hath mourned Affection's fearless blindness,
And traced its fancied joys in dust,
Forsaken, cheerless, ill-requited—
And blamed, too late, its childish trust,
As hope's last bud fell sere and blighted.



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CHATSWORTH,

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Chatsworth House is most beautifully situated, standing near the foot of a steep and well-wooded hill; beneath which, at a short distance, flows the Derwent. This lovely river runs through the park in a luxuriant valley, bounded by the Peak Mountains. At the summit, and on the point of the hill, behind the hall, stands an ancient tower about ninety feet in height, called the Hunting Tower; from the top of which it was formerly usual for ladies to behold the diversion of hunting. Within a moat, by the river side, is another tower, called the Bower of Mary, Queen of Scots; reported to have been her favourite resort during her stay at Chatsworth.

Chatsworth Hall was termed, on its completion—and is still considered—the first of the seven wonders of the Peak, thus concisely recorded by Hobbes, the celebrated philosopher of Malmsbury, in a Latin verse, of which the following is a rude translation:—

"A wondrous house, high mountain, horrid pit,
Two fountains, and two caves, Peak has in it."

Dr. Leigh, in his Natural History of Derbyshire, thus describes Chatsworth:—"Chatsworth, like a sun in the hazy air, gives lustre to the dusky mountains of the Peak, and attracts a general congress to be spectators of its wonders. The passage to it is of easy ascent; the gate adorned with several trophies; the hill composes a stately square; from which, through a gallery upon stone stairs, you have a prospect of a most beautiful Chapel and Hall, full of choice and curious paintings; the one containing the History of Cæsar, stabbed in the Senate; and the other, a lively and admirable draught of the Resurrection; both performed by Signor Vario, that great master of the art. The chambers are noble and great, most richly inlaid with the choicest woods, and compose a very stately gallery; at the upper end of which is the Duke's closet, finely beautified with Indian paint, and the various figures of birds, as they are drawn by the native Indians. The next curiosity is the gardens, which are very delightful, pleasant, and stately, adorned with exquisite water-works; as, first, Neptune, with his sea-nymphs, who seem to sport themselves in the waters (let out in several columns), which appear to fall upon the sea-weeds. Second, a pond where sea-horses continually rowl. Third, a tree, exactly resembling a willow, made of copper, of which, by the turning of a cock, every leaf continually distils drops of water, and so lively represents a shower of rain. Fourth, a grove of cypress, and a cascade; at the top of which stand two sea-nymphs, with each a jar under her arm, from whence the water falling upon the cascade, whilst they seem to squeeze the vessels, produces a loud rumbling noise, like the Egyptian or Indian cataracts. Fifth, at the bottom of this cascade is another pond, in which is an artificial rose; through which, by the turning of a cock, the water ascends and hangs suspended in the air in the figure of that flower. Sixth, there is also another pond, wherein is Mercury, pointing to the Gods, and throwing up water. Seventh, besides these things, there are several statues of Gladiators, with the muscles of the body very lively displayed in their different postures. This pile is not completely finished, though the late Duke of Devonshire was continually making additions to it for twenty years; but, as 'tis, 'tis a magnificent structure, and suitable to so great and illustrious a family."

SONNETS.

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL. D

I.—TIME.

Seen through pure crystal, the imprisoned sand,
Without a murmur, counts its flowing hour;—
The dial's shifting bar of shade;—the hand
Of the hall-clock, that, with a life-like power,
Moves undisturbed;—the equal pulse of Time
Throbs on, as beats man's heart in happy health,
Not noticed, yet how sure! with easy stealth,
Unwearied in its ministry sublime:—
And there are those, to whom the matin lark
Proclaims day's duties, or the cock, whose cheer
Came sad to panic-stricken Simon's ear,
When for a little moment Faith was dark:—
Frail heart!—that still believed, yet shook to hear
The storm of Man's vain anger round his bark!

II.—ALFRED.

Alfred!—Oh read his tale by Milton told!—
In seasons when the change of day and night
Doth in our heaven ill separate the light
For studious men,—his hands in prayer did fold,
By angels seen,—and coloured tapers bright
Each lone hour's watch with varying hues record,
While Europe's fates, in ample scroll unrolled,
Are spread before the mighty island's lord;
And then, and now hath Alfred his reward!
Of all that noble life no hour was lost,—
Thoughtful in act,—and active while he prayed,
He loved the land for which his vows were paid,
Restored to peace a people tempest-tossed,
And England is the nation *he* hath made!

THE FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS.

The Mass! The Mass! that name brings nigh
Remembrances of Altars high,
Of gorgeous tombs, and paintings rare;
Of Incense stealing thro' the air:
Devoted looks from all around,
And bended knees that meet the ground:
Stained windows, with their magic light,
And sacred types a goodly sight;
The Virgin's looks, divine and mild,
The image of the holy child.
The pious prayer and fervent hymn,
Confession made in ascents dim;
The notes of that sweet angel quire,
And tones so low of heavenly lyre:
The pealing strains of organ loud,
The effect on that devoted crowd.

The Mass it is kept every where,
Catholic France, and Britain fair;
In chapel small,—in saintly Rome,
And in Cathedrals fretted doom;
On Candia's Isle, and Spanish land,
Piccardy's Glens,—and Cyprus' Strand;
Whatever road the travellers pass,—
The people celebrate their Mass.

And who can gaze with cold surprise,
On those young forms before our eyes,
Each beauteous girl, each lovely face,
Each humble attitude of grace,
With banners bless'd, and words of prayer,
To what they think is holy there:
Their hearts perchance are pure and free,
Like ripling waves on summer sea,
And mingled awe and worship meet
In pious accents soft and sweet.

AUTHORSHIP.

One remembers writing his first Book as distinctly as he recollects the first time he saw the ocean. Like the unquiet sea, all the elements of our nature are then heaving and tumultuous. Restless, insatiable ambition, is on us like a fiery charm. Every thing partakes of the brightness and boundlessness of our own hopes. Nature is encircled with a perpetual glory; and the seasons, as they pass on, scatter pearls and diamonds for our abundant fancy. It then seems strange how mortals can *avoid* being intellectually great; for irresistible inspiration appears to stream in upon the human mind, like the light and heat of the sun. Creation is an open volume of poetry and truth, and it seems as if whoever glanced upon it must read what angels have written there.

We then feel interested in all the world, and think all the world must feel interested in us; yet it is not vanity—it is simply the expansive power of a youthful ambitious mind, measuring its strength by its hopes. We then write because we cannot help it—the mind is a full fountain that *will* overflow—and if the waters sparkle as they fall, it is from their own impetuous abundance.

Such are the feelings with which we write at first. Afterward, the cares of the world press heavily on the spirit. The smiles of the public no longer have power to kindle us into enthusiastic energy; and its frowns fall like a shadow on the rock. We learn that ambition is not always power—that the eager eye may be fastened on the sun, but the weary wing can never reach it.

The gaol, which once appeared bright in the distance, is despised because another still brighter lies beyond it—and when we know how unsatisfactory that too would prove, if gained, how can it be pursued with eagerness?

Whoever seeks for fame rolls the stone of Sisyphus. When we have grown old at the task, the sight of young ambition sometimes makes us smile in sad mockery of its hopes; and we feel that imagination has no bitterer curse to bestow upon an enemy.

But thoughts like these are merely the occasional struggles of the giant beneath the mountain he cannot heave from him. In general, the love of quiet rests on the mind like a drowsy spell; and we are all well content to have for our epitaph that we have lived and have died. Alas, that the proud and weary spirit cannot always rest! The opal, pale, and cold, and cloudy, as it seems, has a spark of fire for ever imprisoned in its bosom.

The last book, like the first, may indeed be written because we cannot help it: not that the full mind overflows—but the printer's boy stands at our elbow. We then look to booksellers' accounts for inspiration, hunt for pearls because we have promised to furnish them, and string glass beads because they will sell better than diamonds.

Such is the difference between the first and last of all things the world can give us. We start fresh and vigorous, as if life were a revelry—the game proves to be a battle, hardly worth the winning—and we pause midway tired and disheartened, content to dream ourselves into the realities of death.

But there are gifts, over which the world has no power. Religious hope, and deep domestic love, can meet no change, except the transfer from a happy earth to a happier heaven. The heart—blessed be God! the heart never grows old.

THE FALSE ACCUSATION.

Silence! forth we bring them
In their last array!
From love and grief, the freed, the flown—
May for the bier—make way!

"And is there no hope? Is death so very near?" anxiously enquired the unhappy Emily, as she stood watching the last moments of a youth whom I was attending in the capacity of physician.

"Alas, none!" I answered! and at that moment he expired.

She heaved a deep sigh, embraced the senseless form of the departed Frederick, articulated a few unintelligible words, and fell lifeless in my arms. Poor Emily! every virtue, every attribute of perfection shone in her now heavenly countenance! I could have for ever gazed upon her angelic face, animated as it once was with so pure a spirit. But other duties imperiously demanded my attention; therefore gently laying her upon a sofa, I quickly summoned the domestics of the house, that the last sad duties might be paid this ill-fated pair.

I now hastened from this melancholy scene, filled with adoration at the wonderful ways of Him, who had thought fit, by a multitude of bitter sorrows, to prepare these two most blameless of his creature for the glorious society of Himself. In a few days I was invited to attend the funeral; when, in one grave, were the remains of both deposited.

Shortly after this lamentable event, I was made acquainted with the following history.

Frederick and Emily were cousins of the same age, of dispositions similar, and in situation in life nearly alike. The parents of both resided within a mile of each other. Being always companions and playmates, they had from the first dawn of their infant faculties imbibed a mutual and lasting affection, which ripened to pure and ardent love.

Frederick Blandford was the son of respectable parents. His father in former years had been gamekeeper to Lord Baltimore, but had retired upon a small property, and was now in the enjoyment of a farm, of which Frederick took the sole management. He was in his three-and-twentieth year, and about to be united to his cousin Emily, when he was sent by his father for a gun from the neighbouring town, where it had been for repairs. Upon his return, on a fine moonlight night, through a small wood, he was suddenly accosted by a large party of men in disguise: in an instant he was surrounded; but turning quickly round, demanded who and what they were? He got no answer, but heard one of the party say, "That's Master Frederick, son of old Blandford, the game-keeper, down with him, my boys!" Being young and extremely active, he broke from them, and set off at full speed across the fields to reach the open road; but finding his pursuers close at his heels, he turned and fired upon them: he had scarcely discharged his piece, when he was struck on the centre of his face by a stone aimed at him by one of the poachers, which brought him senseless to the ground. The villains then deprived him of his gun, and took him off with them on horseback for nearly ten miles, until they arrived at a small farm-house belonging to an old man named Layton, who resided there with his daughter. When they approached Layton's, the party halted, and talked together for some time. Frederick could hear but little; but distinctly heard the leader of the ruffians say, "Do not hurt the old man; though if you can't get the girl off without, then you must not spare him, boys!" Six of the men immediately broke into the house. Frederick by this time had recovered sufficiently to enable him to stand, although with difficulty, and was leaning against a wall, his face still streaming with blood, when from the house issued two villains with old Layton's daughter in their arms; and hurried her on a pillion, where a man in disguise was already sitting. They were making through the yard, when the old man came out exclaiming, "Take all I have, you villains, but leave me my child!" On the instant one of the fellows seized him by the throat, and held him back while the robber of his child galloped off. The old man now made one desperate plunge, and with a pitchfork struck the villain a blow that laid open his forehead. A shot was now fired which laid the old man stretched upon the ground. While this scene of bloodshed was going on, poor Frederick was ready to faint, and heart-broken that he could not render assistance. Layton was conveyed in-doors, with scarce a hope of life remaining. One of the labourers saw Frederick weak and bleeding, leaning against the wall. To seize and secure him was the work of a moment, for he was ready to drop; his gun was discovered near the immediate scene of murder. He was dragged into the house, where the poor old man lay extended, with a horrid wound in his neck, from which the blood was copiously flowing. Frederick said a few words, with a view of explaining how he became present at this dreadful scene, when the dying man opened his eyes, and fixing them upon him with a horrid glare, exclaimed, "*That's the villain. I marked him! Look at his face! My blood and my child's blood be upon him?*" At these words Frederick Blandford fainted with weakness and horror, and for some time remained in a state of insensibility. Upon recovering his senses, he saw in the room several constables and a magistrate, taking down the dying declaration of old Layton.

The unhappy youth was now pinioned, and conveyed to jail as a murderer. It was not until the following day that the anxious father became acquainted with the fate of his unfortunate son. Upon the arrival of the sad intelligence, he and the broken-hearted Emily immediately set off to

visit him in prison. The swelling of his face completely blinded him. He could not see his poor father, who pressed him to his afflicted heart, and felt the scalding tears as they fell upon his cheek. But when he heard the faint voice of his Emily he exclaimed, "Oh father!—my Emily I am innocent!" "I hope so, Frederick," replied the father. "By my God, I'll swear it!" uttered the distracted girl, throwing herself round the neck of her unhappy cousin. The melancholy answer of his father seemed to strike deep into the soul of Frederick, as betraying a doubt; "O yes, my father, I am innocent!" was all his fevered tongue could utter; when his parent comforted him by saying, "I believe you, my son."

In a few days it was reported that one of the villains had turned king's evidence: this was true, and the informer no other than James Rodder, a notorious bad character, and a bitter enemy to old Mr. Blandford. This scoundrel had some time before been obliged to fly the country, for poaching on Lord Baltimore's estate. Upon his examination before the magistrate, he gave a similar account to that of old Layton, swearing that Frederick alone was the man who fired the fatal shot. This wretch was sent down to the jail, to await the trial at the ensuing assizes.

The neighbours of the two families of Frederick and Emily deeply sympathized with them in their melancholy situation; for no one who ever knew the former entertained a single doubt of his innocence.

A few days previous to the trial coming on, he was permitted pens, ink, and paper, and he wrote a whole account of his sad case. His father procured the aid of an eminent council from London. The assizes commenced, and the villain Rodder persisted in his story, adding that young Garrard, from the neighbouring county, was the man that ran off with old Layton's daughter, and had never been heard of since. The evidence of this wretch prevailed and weighed against poor Frederick's plain-told tale. The gun acknowledged to be his, just discharged, was found on the spot; the shot by which the poor man met his death corresponded with those remaining in Frederick's belt. The wound inflicted by the old man upon the face of the fellow who seized him, and his dying declaration—all tended to fix the guilt upon young Blandford. The verdict of "Guilty" was pronounced amid the cries and shrieks of his wretched relatives. Frederick heard it unmoved, but with uplifted eyes he seemed to look to his merciful God with hope and confidence. Immediately after his condemnation, old Mr. Blandford set off for the estate of Lord Baltimore, earnestly supplicating his Lordship to use all his interest to procure a respite for a few days, but to no effect; the judge's report was so strong against the probability of the young man's innocence, that this favour was denied.

The plain statement of facts which Frederick had drawn up—the excellent character he had always maintained for integrity—the all-pathetic appeal of poor Emily—together with the knowledge Lord Baltimore possessed of the infamous mode of life which Rodder had long pursued, induced him to offer one hundred guineas reward to any of the men concerned in the murder and outrage at old Layton's, who would come forward and declare the whole truth! Immediately this proclamation became known and talked of in the jail, Jacob Rodder (who was allowed the run of the prison-yard) was detected in attempting to escape; in consequence of which, he was closely confined and watched. Of this event Frederick instantly informed his father, whose suspicions against Rodder became much strengthened; he communicated this fact with prompt dispatch to Lord Baltimore, and a respite of fourteen days was granted to the condemned youth.

This time had expired save but one day, and every preparation made for the final scene of this unhappy tragedy. The next morning Frederick Blandford was to die for murder, and his aged and afflicted parents to be deprived of an industrious and affectionate son. To depict the heart-rending anguish of his cousin Emily is impossible—it would be to harrow up from the depths of misery each particle of its composition.

On the eve of that awful day Garrard was apprehended, who confessed before Lord Baltimore, and the judges assembled, the whole truth. Rodder, upon hearing of Garrard's open declaration, was taken in strong fits, which never left him until death closed his miserable eyes. In his frenzy he accused himself of murder, and often would ask if poor innocent Mr. Blandford had yet suffered. This villain expired at the very hour that was to have been the last in this world to Frederick Blandford.

The unhappy but innocent youth was now liberated and conducted back by his fond father and devoted Emily to his once happy dwelling. They again thought of seeing and long enjoying days of peace; but, alas! these were gone for ever! Without any visible illness, Frederick day by day wasted; his handsome face was disfigured for ever; his tall and manly form was in a short time reduced to a mere skeleton. Emily was his constant attendant—but death, alas! had marked him for his own. Not one unkind word ever passed his lips—not one complaint against his manifold sufferings. The only smile that played upon his lip during this sad and heavy time, was at that moment in which he surrendered up his spotless soul into the hands of his Creator. The rest of this melancholy drama is already told. "Peace be to their memory!"

NEWBY ABBEY,

DUMFRIESHIRE

From an Original Drawing by D. Roberts.

Engraved by A. Le Petit

London, Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers Court & T.W. Stevens, 10, Derby Street, Kings Cross

GOODWOOD

Is situated in the parishes of Boxgrove and West Hampnett, in the county of Sussex. The front of the building has a handsome and imposing effect, having a singular outline, tending to the semi-octagonal, or oriel form, and a centre 166 feet long, and two wings, each 106 feet, forming a total of 378 feet. The wings recede in an angle of 45 degrees, and at all the corners are very bold and handsome circular towers, which have the cornice extended round them, and an upper story with parapet and flat domed roof. In the centre is a light and very graceful portico and loggia, of six Doric columns below, and six Ionic above, with good entablatures and a surmounting balustrade; the wings are differently ornamented. The apartments are both numerous, and of the most magnificent description. The Paintings include specimens of some of the best masters; and in the New Biliard Room there are about thirty, the principal of which is the celebrated *Darnley Picture*, of eminent antiquarian and historical interest, 7 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., inscribed "TRAGICA ET LAMENTABILIS INTERNECIO SERENISSIMI HENRICI SCOTORUM REGIS."

Two corresponding paintings on this subject were executed by the same artist for Matthew, Earl of Lennox, the Earl's father. One passed, by marriage, into the Pomfret family, and, having been presented to Caroline, Queen of George II, is now in Kensington Palace. The other, which had been given by the Earl to his brother, the Lord of Aubigny, and, on the extinction of the ancient dukedom, had passed with that castle into the hands of the present family, was brought from thence by the third Duke of Richmond, and deposited at Goodwood.

The artist's name is written in the Kensington picture alone; his christian name is *Levinus*, but the other has been variously read *Vogelarius* and *Venetianus*.

It is not our intention at the present time to enter into that minute, historical, and descriptive account which this painting intrinsically merits. A copious and very ingenious MS. account, drawn up by *Vertue*, is in the library at Goodwood. In addition to the principal design, there are minor accompaniments, in the shape of medallions or *Relievi*, depicting various circumstances of the tragical deed: and in one part of the painting is a compartment, 23 inches by 17, exhibiting a very elaborate and faithful representation of the battle of *Carberry Hill*, where Mary separated herself from Bothwell, and surrendered to the confederated Lords.

The body of the painting represents a chapel, the tomb and effigies, with all the religious and heraldic accompaniments of the time, erected to the memory of the murdered Darnley, before which are kneeling the Earl and Countess of Lennox, the young king, afterwards James I., and his brother. Various Latin inscriptions are inserted, invoking Justice and Vengeance; and the picture itself was painted a very short time after the murder, as a memorial to the youthful prince, and an incitement to retribution, as if they had said

"EXORIARE ALIQUIS, NOSTRIS EX OSSIBUS, ULTOR!"

The effect, though interesting, is melancholy, and it is obvious that it was executed under circumstances of recent passionate grief. Of the circumstances of the original transaction, it is unnecessary for us to speak, and it is a subject on which we should feel pain, as we are strongly inclined to compassionate the hapless Mary, the character of whose husband, Darnley, is here, doubtless with a pardonable parental feeling, egregiously flattered. We fear, however, she was not innocently ignorant of the act of Bothwell; and what can palliate premeditated murder, whether by treachery, or vested under the name of *a duel?* —bloodshed will have its vengeance, and the earth cannot hide its cry. Still, all that can be said should be said in behalf of this most unhappy queen—ill-used almost from her cradle to her grave—early thrown, with the dangerous attractions of exquisite beauty, and with the giddiness and inexperience of a child, amidst factions of savage and ambitious men, without a guide or friend; and whose crimes, if they were so, were repaid by years of persecution and bereavement, and closed, by an unjust death, from the cold and artful hypocrisy of a sister, which was nobly endured, and her chequered career terminated with virtuous and Christian hope. She has suffered enough:— *Requiescat in pace!*

Amongst other pictures in this room are a beautiful recumbent Venus, playing with a squirrel, 7 feet by 5 feet, an undoubted *Titian;* Mary de Medici, widow of Henry IV., and mother of the beautiful but wayward queen of Charles I. of England, a fine portrait; full-length portraits of George III. and his queen, by Allan Ramsey; a fine head of Robert Bruce, the friend of Wallace and hero of Brannockburn; Madam de Montespan; several other fine portraits, including one of Lord Anson, whose ship, the Centurion, forms one of three sea pieces, by *Allin;* some fine small paintings, in the Flemish style; four views on the Rhine; portrait *Sophonisba Anguisciola;* a female Italian artist, one of two which this young lady painted herself, and presented to Rubens and Vandyke, 3 feet 7 by 3 feet 6, playing on a spinnet, and attended by her nurse. This is, *par eminence*, the loveliest portrait in the house; the beautiful and clear-coloured face, with Madona hair, relieved by a close-fitting dark dress, and very fine chiaro scuro, form one of the happiest effects that can easily be witnessed.

STYLE OF LIVING IN SWEDEN.

The upper classes in Sweden are very hospitable, and keep, I may almost say, open honses all the year round; for no stranger or acquaintance, even if unasked, ever knock at their doors without meeting a hearty welcome. As their style of living, however, (I here more particularly speak of the country, for in Stockholm and other large cities it may vary a little,) is very different from ours * * * *

At an early hour in the morning, while yet in bed, coffee is usually served up, without any accompaniment in the shape of bread and butter. At nine or ten comes breakfast; prior to this, every one has the option of helping himself at a side-table to a glass of brandy and a snack of something *piquante*————a provocative, as it were to the appetite. The breakfast itself consists of a variety of hot dishes and wine; it is, in fact, a regular *dejeuné à la fourchette*, and is as substantial a meal as a dinner.

At one or two, the usual hour in Sweden, the dinner itself is announced, and this is preceded, as at breakfast, by another dram, in which custom the ladies not unfrequently indulge themselves. At this, as at all other meals, the several dishes, after being first carved, are, with appropriate vegetables, &c. handed round by one at a time. Should any particular dish, however, not please the palate of a person, he must wait until the next in succession makes its appearance, as it is quite contrary to etiquette to be helped to any thing else that may happen to be on the table. If the courses be numerous, which is often the case, and the party large, this meal may last a very long while. Occasionally, there is a good deal of wine drank at table, but none afterwards, for the gentlemen retire at the same time with the ladies, which is usually within a very short period of the termination of the dinner. Grace is always said both before and after meals. Coffee is now served up in the drawing-room, after which the gentlemen retire to other apartments, that they may indulge themselves either with a nap or a pipe, or probably with both one and the other. At four or five o'clock sweetmeats, fruits, punch, &c. are handed round; and at six, tea, truly denominated tea-water, is introduced.

In England, where we usually dine at a late hour, we sometimes take a slight luncheon about the middle of the day; but the Swedes, from breakfasting at nine or ten o'clock, and dining at one or two, have little occasion for such refreshment; they have therefore reversed the thing, and instead of a *nooning*, they not unfrequently indulge themselves, about six or seven o'clock, with what they call an *after-nooning*. This, however, usually only consists of a dram, and a little bread and butter, &c.

At nine or ten comes supper, preparatory to which the usual glass of brandy is not forgotten: another meal, when the table again groans under the weight of hot dishes, and among the rest of other good things, joints of meat. This, like the dinner, often lasts a long time; when it is finished, however, bed-candles are forthcoming, and every one retires to rest.

The Swedes use much sugar and other sweets in their cookery; I have seen a turbot served up with sweet sauce. They frequently mix sugar in their wine, and beer, &c. Of butter, also they make abundant use; meat, fish, and vegetables, may often be seen almost floating in it.

POPE IN HIS ROMANTIC RETREAT;

HAYLEY PARK, WARWICKSHIRE.

He sate in his own loved bowers,
While the summer-moon's soft light
Was bathing the roses and jessamine flowers,
That bloomed through the noon of night!
The spirit of Nature benignly had blest
The scene and the season with beauty and rest.

Before him a bright lake lay,
And a fruitful valley smiled;
And beyond, in the moonbeam's glancing ray,
Were the polished glaciers piled;
And the splendour of million worlds was lent
To the face of the dark-blue firmament.

And not the charm alone
Of visible Nature was there;
For the mind's high triumphs and beauties shone
Even more divinely fair:
After years of labour, the patient sage
In rapture gazed on the perfect page.

He had linked his humble name
With that of the mighty dead;
And already he felt the rich wreath of Fame
On his throbbing temples shed;
The splendid circle was round them twined,
And he reigned a king in the realms of mind!

Home—There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife? Domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart.

A SUMMER VISION.

Oft in the days of bright July,
When the parched earth is brown and dry,
And the hot noon-day's sun looks down
Upon the dusty, barren town,
And scorching walls, sun smitten, glare—
And stifling is the breezeless air,
And, through the day, flows all around
A ceaseless tide of wearying sound,
And busy crowds with restless feet,
Pass up and down the burning street,
I sit in some still room apart,
And summer visions fill my heart
Visions of beauty, green and cool—
The water-lilly's shadowy pool;
The untrodden wood's sequestered shrine
Where hides the lustrous columbine,
And leaves astir for ever make,
A breezy freshness through the brake

I think of some old country-hall,
With carved porch, and chimneys tall,
And pleasant windows many a one,
Set deep into the old, gray stone,
Hid among trees so large and green
'Tis only dimly to be seen.
I think of its dusk garden-bowers,
Its little plots of curious flowers,
Its casements wreathed with jessamin,
Flung wide to let all odours in,
And all sweet sounds of bird and bee,
And the cool fountain's melody.

I think of the mountains still and gray,
Stretching in summer light away,
Where the blue, cloudless skies repose
Above the solitude of snows;
Of gleaning lakes, whose waters lie
In restless beauty sparklingly;
Of little island-nooks of rest
Where the grave heron makes her nest;
And wild cascades with hurrying roar,
Like the wild tumult of Lodore—
Lodore!—that name recalls to me
Visions of stern sublimity,
And pastoral vales, and lonely rills,
And shepherd people on the hills,—
And more—old names of men unknown
Save on their mouldering church-yard stone,
Or to some mountain-chronicler
Who talketh of the days that were;—
For, in gone years, they of my race
Had, 'mong the hills, their dwelling-place,
In an old mansion that doth stand
As in the heart of fairy-land.
Then mountains, lakes, and glorious skies
Lived in their children's memories,
There tended they, in evening-hours,
Their garden's antiquated flowers,
And, on the Skiddaw mountain gray
They gambled through the sunny day,—
Blest summer revellers! and did float
On Keswick Lake their little boat!—

Let Mammon's sons with vissage lean,
Restless and vigilant, and keen,
Whose thoughts but to buy and sell,
In the hot oiling city dwell;
Give me to walk on mountains bare,
Give me to breathe the open air,
To hear the village-children's mirth,
To see the beauty of the earth—
In wood and wild, by lake and sea
To dwell with foot and spirit free!

TIME.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones,
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultation, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*. The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball. Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—to-day, 'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years
That flash'd unnotic'd.—
Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
Where are concealed the days which have elaps'd?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal
By indistinct and half-glimps'd images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.
The good man's hope is laid, far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

The Lake of Como, the Lacus Larius of the ancients, is upwards of thirty miles long, and between two and three miles broad. It is divided into two branches, one of which leads directly to the town of Como, while the other, called the Lake of Lecco, discharges the Adda, and communicates, by means of that river and its canals, with Milan. The borders of the lake are lofty hills, covered with vines, chesnut, walnut, and almond trees, and enlivened with numerous villages. The temperature is mild, and not only the inhabitants of Milan, but numerous strangers, amongst whom are many English, retreat to the delightful villas with which the lake is surrounded. Like its neighbour the Benacus, the Lacus Larius is subject to tempests, which sometimes render its navigation dangerous.

In consequence of the lake being fed by the melting of the snow on the neighbouring mountains, the water is higher in summer than in winter.

On the eastern side of the lake is situated the Pliniana, a villa belonging to a Milanese nobleman, and supposed to be the site of one of Pliny's beautiful residences on the borders of Lacus Larius. He has himself described the situation of two. "We are pretty much agreed, likewise, I find, in our situations; and as your buildings are carrying on upon the sea coast, mine are rising upon the site of the Larian Lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which I take most delight, so they give me most employment. They are both situated like those at Baiæ: one of them stands upon a rock, and has a prospect of the lake, the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my tragic, the other as resting upon the humble rock, my comic villa. They have each their particular beauties, which recommend themselves to me so much the more, as they are of different kinds. The former commands a wider prospect of the lake: the latter enjoys a nearer view of it. This, by an easy bend, embraces a little bay; the promontory upon which the other stands forms two. Here you have a straight walk extending along the banks of the lake; there a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them: from that you see the fishing vessels below: from this you may fish for yourself, and throw your line from your chamber, and almost from your bed, as from a boat. It is the beauties, therefore, these agreeable villas possess that tempt me to add to them those which are wanting."

The resemblance of the Pliniana to either of these descriptions has been questioned by Mr. Eustace. Some writers have supposed that one of the villas which Pliny possessed, in the neighbourhood of Como, occupied this site; but, though he had many in the vicinity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favourite retreats, and the situation of the Pliniana corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and in this respect it resembled the Pliniana.

The attachment which Pliny felt for his Larian villas, and the longing desire which, amidst the bustle of Rome, he experienced to visit those delightful retreats, are beautifully expressed in one of his letters to Caninius. "How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study or in those of the field? Or does he unite both, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind, as the surrounding woods will afford you game: while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will, at the same time, dispose your mind to contemplation.

Whether you are engaged with some only, or with each of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you, but I must confess I greatly regret that I cannot also partake of them,—a happiness I long for as earnestly as a man in a fever for drink to allay his thirst, or for baths and fountains to assuage his heat. But if it be not given to me to see a conclusion of these unpleasant occupations, shall I never at least break loose from them? Never, indeed, I much fear; for new affairs are daily rising, while the former still remain unfinished: such an endless train of business is continually pressing upon me and rivetting my chains still faster."—In a small court at the back of the villa Pliniana rises the celebrated ebbing and flowing spring, which has been described by both the elder and younger Pliny. It rises from the rock about twenty feet from the level of the lake, into which, after passing through the under story of the villa, it pours itself. The following description of it, from the letters of the younger Pliny, is inscribed in Latin and Italian upon the walls of the villa: "There is a spring which rises in the neighbouring mountain, and, running among the rocks, is received into a little banqueting room, from whence, after the force of its current is a little restrained, it falls into the Larian lake.

The nature of this spring is extremely surprising: it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. The increase and decrease are plainly visible, and very amusing to observe. You go down by the side of the fountain, and while you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees, till it is entirely covered, and then gently retires: and if you wait, you may see it thus alternately advance and recede three successive times." The rising and falling of the water is said to be affected by the direction and force of the wind, and at the present day the fountain presents the same phenomena described by Pliny.

LAKE OF COMO.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

"This is the story of my life—
I've felt the loss of child—of wife—
Of friends—of fortune—every joy
Which God can give, or man destroy."

"I have lifted the painted veil which men call life."

It was in the summer of 1820 I returned to my native land, after a sojourn of three years in South and North America. To the New World I had emigrated, in the joyful hope of turning the scale of disappointment and misfortune, to which, for the seven previous years, my destiny had wedded me. I need not add a seven years of my spring of life, when I state, that on my regaining the merry shores of England, I had not completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of my birth. Time, we are told by all philosophers, is the sole medicine for grief—yet there are regrets which must endure while we exist.

While absent from the land of my birth—the repository of all I held dear—the home of my aged parents—my friends in woe or weal—my numerous sufferings I endured with patience, buoyed up with the anticipation that my anxious thirst for independence might yet meet success. Time, thought I, will bring a balm, the nectareous draught of which will enable me to forget past sorrows, and bid me hail with gladness a visitation of happiness.

At such a distance from my native country—among a people, I may say, by instinct, as also by education, hostile towards the English—it will be believed, after suffering under deceit and the most cruel disappointments, I became doubtful whether fondly to link my affections to the world—or upon the grave. The loveliness of earth saved me from despair, and the known mercy of Providence inspired me with hope.

While thus between hope and fear, I received a letter from my father, transmitting me the means of returning home. I lost no time in my equipment; and when again upon the dark blue sea, and a favourable wind wafting me to my native isle, I turned from all past recollections with eagerness, to drink in the balmy sweetness the future prospects now opened to my view. Nor were these hopes groundless. The return, the reception, were alike—both happy; my long absent friends were before me in tears and smiles—thrilling kisses pressed my lips, and the arms of affection were around me. Such are the endearments of home, that well may I say—

That wheresoever our footsteps roam,
There is no resting-place like home.

In the autumn of the same year I visited Hastings, where I had not been many days before I met a lady, a long esteemed friend of my family, and one intimately acquainted with me from my youth. With the same kindly feeling which she manifested on my departure to seek my fortunes in a foreign land, did she now greet me on my return from my unsuccessful toils; and with equal warmth did this good lady impress upon me the necessity of my utmost exertion to obtain for myself a place in society, by independence, naming to me the wide and open field—"marriage." In vain did I declare my never-to-be-altered determination of singly bearing my misfortunes, and not to add a sharer to my destinies. "Could I," I would often say, "see the coast of success clearly before me, willingly would I make a wife a participator in it; but the future with me is too gloomy—it forebodes more of the rocks and shoals of this life, than of its even common vicissitudes. No, no! my dear lady," oft was my reply—"it cannot, cannot be!" But too soon, alass! I broke my resolution.

By this lady I was solicited to be her escort to the theatre, to which, like a true lady's knight, I readily acceded.

The play was King Lear, and *well, well,* shall I remember it. Kean threw all his energy into the part, and that which was mere representation of our immortal bard, in his hands became reality. In one of the boxes near the stage sat a most beautiful woman, in all the possession of blooming youth. Her whole attention seemed absorbed in the tragedy; her left arm rested upon the box, while her right hand was applying her handkerchief to the drying up the tears caused by the pathetic display this tragedy pourtrays: so agitated seemed her young heart, that it appeared to me she felt every word of the drama spoke audibly, some annunciation which she could not interpret, and every burst of applause seemed to disclose a sight she dare not look upon!

The interest I took in this young creature became manifest to the scrutinizing glance of my more aged companion; she taxed me with it, but far from discouraged my feelings, which I found growing into something beyond curiosity.

When this tragic drama had concluded, and the busy scene of some ridiculous farce had commenced, I succeeded in meeting the eye of my fair incognita, and discovered from her ungloved hand that she was unmarried. No gentleman, save a younger brother, was of her party, and therefore my persuasive fancies told me she was free. Animated with fresh hope, that on the morrow I should see her in the promenades, I, with my lady friend, left the theatre.

On the following morning I arose early. My dreams and every waking thought had been fixed upon one object. How to obtain an interview I knew not; to her name I was a stranger—her family, her connexion, were alike foreign to me. When I thought of her beauty, her splendid appearance, my aching heart sickened in despair. I felt a terror I could not reveal even to myself—my pulse

beat quickly. That I was interested in this fair unknown, I felt certain; but at all events, thought I, I must leave off sighing and thinking, for sure enough I can derive no good from it; besides it is meet my countenance should assume a more cheerful expression, if I wish for success in my now conceived plan of obtaining not only a knowledge of my incegnita, but also an interview.

After partaking of breakfast, and completing my toilet—to the latter, I must confess, I paid more than ordinary attention—I sallied forth into the public walks to seek the object of my thoughts—but to no purpose; and again becoming pensive, I turned my steps towards the more retired part of the beach, where in a few seconds I saw her lovely form rising from a bench. I followed her, and upon my coming up to the place where she had been seated, I discovered she had left her parasol. Eagerly did I bare it to its owner, and, on its presentation, observed the good fortune chance had thrown in my way, which, together with some passing compliment. was acknowledged by a smile and slight inclination of the head. During this momentary interview I had an opportunity of viewing her personal appearance. She was remarkably handsome, of tall but slender stature, to which her finely turned figure was in strict accordance. There was intelligence in the piercing glance of her large blue eye, and a smile of mixed gaiety and pensiveness sat upon her lip. Her complexion was of a delicate paleness, without any other colour save that which is diffused upon the cheek by the influence of some passing emotion.

From this hour did she become the very idol of my soul—of my existence. I followed her, at a distance, to the library, and from the librarian ascertained my fair lady's name. She was passing the season at Hastings with her family, with whom afterwards I constantly met her in the public walks. I now felt a most ardent attachment, and daily frequented each place of resort, for the purpose of enhancing my own gratification—my whole soul I had surrendered to her. To conceal my attachment I could not, nay, was determined would not, from the objeet of my adoration.

In the ardour of my feelings I was incapable of admitting the least alloy of cold, calculating precaution, but came to the immediate determination, having repeatedly attracted her attention, of writing to her, soliciting permission to address her, could I be so fortunate as to obtain an introduction.

Thus hastily did I despatch the first messenger of love. Daily after, I saw her in company with her mother; yet no reply came to my note. Again I wrote, apologizing for my former freedom in addressing a lady to whom I was unknown, yet urging in the all strong language which love dictates, for the honour of an interview, that I might the more fully declare my sentiments and the honourable integrity of my proposals. To this letter, like my first, I received no answer.

I now wandered out, I scarce knew whither, until I found myself pacing the very street wherein resided my enchantress. I saw her at the window reading my letter. I met her glance; and the smile of recognition it contained, told me all my fondest hopes would be realized: I returned this salutation with respect, but evident earnestness. In an instant all my former misfortunes seemed trivial, compared with the coming deluge of joy: "happiness," said I, "is again restored to my dwelling, and fortune is yet willing to mark me out for her own."

The impatience of my nature would not let me rest—I counted the minutes, the hours, as though the time would never come that I might again see my beloved. After dinner I took a stroll on the beach, full of thought—one moment looking back upon the tumultuous life I had already passed—then to dwell upon its chances for the future. Thus fearfully calculating upon probabilities, I pensively took my seat upon the very bench I had first met my beautiful enchantress, whose lovely form still wandered on my mind. In a few seconds my own sweet love was before me, and alone. Not having received any reply to my letters, I felt great timidity in approaching her, and before I could bring my mind to act upon any fixed plan—I was at her side, offering a thousand apologies for my freedom in writing to her.

"You must excuse," said she, "my answering your letters, yet I feel highly flattered by the expressions they contain, and I must confess that you have not been altogether unobserved by me."

I now endeavoured to learn from her the names of some of her friends, in the hope of finding one through whom I might obtain a formal introduction; but neither within the sphere of her or my connexion, could we discover any equally known to us both.

It became now no difficult task to perceive, by the interchange of conversation, that a mutual feeling of interest existed. I assured her of the hope I cherished, at a future day, of being admitted by her friends into that earthly paradise her society alone could create. She smiled, and by the expression of her large blue eye, told me such a hope was not the most foreign to her own heart.

Our conversation now turned upon the fineness of the evening, and I observed, "In spite of the symptoms of coming desolation, there are few recreations more delightful than a walk in the country at the close of autumn, though it indeed scarcely presents a tithe of its wonted beauty; and yet, with all the appearance of external dreariness, there is a moral beauty in the scene."

"You are happy in the view you have taken of this season of the year," observed my fair companion; "your idea coincides with mine. The contrast betwixt the

youthful freshness of spring, and the matron graces of autumn, to some minds may be of too sombre and gloomy a character; but to me I must confess the *waning year* is rich in associations that are not the less agreeable for the tinge of melancholy that surrounds them."

"Indeed," said I, "there is such union in our thoughts, that I trust I may not be foiled in the anticipation of often having the pleasure of conversing with you upon this and other subjects."

"O yes!" she hastily replied; but at the same instant checking herself, observed, "I was about to say how different is the situation of the labourer in the country and in London—the toil of both may be hard, but the many long hours an artisan must pass in the tainted close atmosphere of a crowded city, must be miserable, compared with the countryman, surrounded by every thing that is rural and inviting—and after his daily toil to have time and health to trim his own garden and superintend the cultivation of his small property. Well might Thomson exclaim,

'Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough.'"

"And well," replied I, "might Pope say,

'Happy the man, whose highest care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground:
Whose flocks with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose herds supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.'"

We had now approached to within a few doors of my Ellen's home; when receiving from her a pledge of meeting me the following evening, I took my leave.

I now returned to my hotel, and, after taking some refreshment, retired to rest.

* * * * * *

"———————————with
My fortune and my seeming destiny
She made the bond, and broke it not with me."

The following and every succeeding day we contrived to meet: our intimacy grew quickly into mutual love. In one of our walks, after I had made known to my Ellen my situation in life, she informed me, with true delicacy of feeling, that she was one of a large family, and though her father was by the world reputed a man of property, yet she felt assured her portion would not exceed a thousand pounds, and perhaps not that, if she married without his consent. I entreated her to let me see her father, doubting not, from the respectability of my family, though myself without fortune, he would not withhold his sanction, when he saw how mutual was the affection we entertained for each other. Her argument, founded upon prudence and a latent fear on my part lest my family should object to our union, induced me to consent for the present to conceal our attachment, and even knowledge of each other.

In a few weeks my beloved Ellen returned to town, where again, through the medium of her servant, we had daily opportunities of seeing each other, and which lasted uninterruptedly for six months.—At the expiration of this period, being slightly indisposed, she was ordered change of air. Lodgings were taken for her in the vicinity of London, where she remained for some time, accompanied by her younger sister and her maid. Here was I enabled constantly to be in the society of my devoted love. So ardent and so sincere became our attachment, that to prevent the possibility of being parted by any unlucky discovery, I proposed a secret marriage."

"When we love," said I, "it is our aim and conclusion to make the object a part of ourselves; therefore, my dear Ellen, forgive me if I propose our immediate marriage."

Her generous and devoted heart heard my proposal with godlike feeling. "Yes, Adolphus," she replied, "I do tenderly worship thee, and to call thee by the endearing name of husband will be the bliss of paradise."

From my Ellen's being under age, we were compelled to be married by bans—the progress of publishing which, having expired, I pressed to my bosom one of God's fairest works, one of the best of his creatures, as my lawful wife. Just as we were entering the porch of Fulham church, to solemnize that grand compact, marriage, my Ellen observed to me, with an expression of such intense feeling, and with a look that seemed to read my most inmost thoughts—"If, Adolphus, I should ever become insane, never let me be placed in a lunatic asylum; but you, my Adolphus, will watch over me."

"By my God I swear it! and never will I forsake thee, my beloved creature!" was my instant reply to this strange question.

Having now become possessed of each other, and united by a love no human being could dissever, we had to use our utmost caution to prevent a discovery, until I was in a situation to take my wife home. Two months of suspense had scarcely passed, when by an anonymous letter her father was made acquainted with his daughter's marriage. Neither of our families had the slightest knowledge even of our acquaintance, yet by both, immediate pardon was granted. The small fortune I now received enabled me to enter as a junior partner in a mercantile establishment.

In my family, my Ellen was beloved—in hers I was with equal sincerity respected.

It would be monotonous and too uninteresting to lead my reader through the scenes of domestic happiness, and uninterrupted bliss, that attended the earlier months of our union. I believe the following lines, had they been written at that period, would often have been repeated by us both:

"Part from thee! never—no, my pale, sweet flower,
The wealth of worlds would bribe my heart in vain,
Though 'twere to give thee up for one short hour—"

An increase of happiness was now about to be rendered to our already contended home, my beloved wife was in daily expectation of becoming a mother; often and often did we picture to our delighted imaginations the future scenes of domestic bliss.

The period of her accouchement arrived, and after considerable danger and much protracted pain, she presented me with a daughter. As soon as I was permitted to enter the chamber of my Ellen, and while standing eying her as she caressed her infant, she thus addressed me: "Is she not worthy all my fears?"—then after a pause added, "With this sweet child at my side, and thee as its father, may we not defy the whole world?—here is happiness, which, with God's will, must render us blessed for ever!"

On visiting the bedside of the young mother the following morning, "O my Adolphus," she said, "my mind during the night has been occupied with such beautiful thoughts, upon the double situation I now hold, of mother and wife.—O my dear husband, it is a dear link to earth," she exclaimed, "to love and be beloved; and will you not sympathize with the beating bosom and anxious heart of a fond mother?—to see our little innocent raise its rosy lips, appealing to us by her smiles, as perfectly as though its tongue were fledged with words!"

"O yes! yes, my beloved wife," I replied, "thy husband, and the father of thy child, will ever sympathize with thee. —O my Ellen, it was thy dear self alone that inspired my affections! Now thou hast indeed kindled a fresh claim, even were it wanting, in me.—Yes, my dear wife, I will hold thee close to my heart, I will cling to you in our brighter days, and watch over thee with increased fondness in our declining years. In health I will be the participator of thy joys—in sickness I will press thy pale lip to mine; and while mine arm hath strength, I will hold thee to my bosom, and repay thee, with my love, all I owe thee."

Finding the fatigue of conversation, and the emotion caused by this ebullition of her feelings, were overpowering, I begged her to be composed, assuring her I would again see her on my return from the city.

"God bless you," was her reply. "And pray, my husband, to God to bless our child, with a heart of purity, of holiness!"

"When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The infant child's a clod of clay."

On my return from the city, I was greatly distressed to learn from the nurse, that the mother and her infant were much indisposed, particularly the latter. Previously to the arrival of the doctor, the child had been seized with convulsions, which baffled all the skill of medicine, and ere midnight had closed the passing day, our little infant, our fondest hope, had ceased to breathe. Thus in one short day was the abode of the fond and anxious mother and her new born babe, converted into the chamber of death. To describe the deep anguish of the recent happy parent would be more than the hand can pen, or the head conceive. While I stood weeping at the bedside of my distressed Ellen, she thus addressed me, "O Adolphus, my dear husband—they would not let our child live—do you remember *only* yesterday how we doted upon our darling?—poor little thing! I heard it cry.—O my dear husband, I will bear this extremity of sorrow for thy dear sake, if it surpasses not the strength of human forbearance."

I felt my wife now loved me more tenderly than ever. I addressed a few words of comfort to her, and in some degree the voice of sorrow was hushed in her heart.

The great excitement she had undergone, by this time had completely exhausted her, and she sunk into a quiet and peaceful repose. During her sleep, which lasted above an hour, I was left to my all-absorbing thoughts; though I knew my wife possessed a strong mind, yet I equally well knew the instinctive feeling of her nature, which, together with her bodily weakness, I much feared would be the prelude to a severe illness. My anticipations became too fully verified—the subsequent two years and more, health was a stranger to our once happy dwelling. My wife's continued sufferings, her nervous excitement, and constant depression of spirits, rendered her an alien to society. Medical practitioners became now the constant inmates of our house; and though much she *wished me* not to debar myself of recreative pleasure, yet such was the devotedness of my attachment and determination to be to her *in* sickness the same true friend *I had* been to her in health, rivetted me to her chamber. Those of my readers who may discover the *propriæ personæ* in this tragedy of real life, will bear me out in the extreme sufferings she underwent, and the constant and unremitting affection I ever entertained for this devoted partner of my existence.

After her partial recovery we proceeded to France, and at our return met the congratulations of friends upon my Ellen's comparative restoration to health.

From this period, and for some months in succession, we had little need of the doctors, and once more our faded hopes revived. The promise of another offspring was again the subject of our conversation and the object of our most fervent wishes.

The time came, and after forty-eight hours intense suffering my poor wife blessed me with a son—alas! for why! But the inscrutable wisdom of Providence we dare not impugn! The *morn welcomed* in the *birth of our second child*—for the evening's twilight to waft its spirit to

Painted by Louisa Sharpe. Engraved by W. H. Mote.

the realms above;—thus were our regenerated hopes alas! blasted. To describe the misery of the again deserted chamber, would be but to recapitulate my Ellen's former sorrow, to depict the bitter feelings of dispair—to paint in vivid colours a heart almost instigated to madness, and to harrow up the very essence of misery. Yet in all this scene of domestic affliction a tear upon my cheek would at once disarm my anxious wife of all her grief.

To dispel my sorrow now became her principal care. Often in my solitary hours have I thought, that woman was born to grace and smooth the rugged path of life! To render me happy, and the endeavour to bear the appearance of it herself, was her sole and only thought—the advancement of this one endearing sentiment was the prized object of her existence, and its successful termination would have been to her a rich reward. My afflicted wife became less capable, by the delicacy of her frame, from following even the domestic pursuits of her house. The sorrow she endured few scarcely knew—for often when welcoming me with smiles, has her poor heart been nigh to break.

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* * * * Happiness!
But no! not yet—'twas Heaven's decree
That I should meet more misery.—
HERMIT'S STORY.

The melancholy events mentioned much tended to diminish the health of my poor wife, it had already made sad inroads upon her shattered constitution. Her spirits became so dreadfully depressed, that often would she say to me, "O my dear husband! truly hast thou performed thy pledge, made at the altar of our God. Yet soon shall I bid thee farewell, to join our children in heaven. To-morrow we meet again, and another to-morrow will come also—and I shall be no more seen."

I was now recommended again to try change of scene, but neither it, nor the skilful aid of our medical advisers, could avert the melancholy catastrophe. *Insanity*, that saddest of our God's visitations, was now added to her already bitter cup of woe. Her blanched cheek, long pale with sickness—her pensive look—her lip which still fondly smiled—all seemed as though her bewildered mind would say, that *I* had not been unkind, but that 'twas *unkindness* had robbed her of her mind's peace.

So rapidly increased my now unfortunate yet ever beloved wife's disorder, that it became necessary to remove her from my dwelling, to prevent the possibility of self-destruction, which she had more than once attempted, and to place her under the care of proper attendants; but not in a receptacle for insane persons. No—her request, made on our wedding day, and my compliance, I had not forgotten—every comfort, in her deplorable situation, was by me administered. A faithful and kind-hearted housekeeper, with two female attendants, versed in the mode of treating diseased minds, were carefully selected by me, and placed in a house of my own, under the sole direction of a most excellent and amiable physician.

Often did I muse to my now lonely self; and when I reflected on the night I first saw my Ellen in tears, at the tragedy of King Lear, little did I imagine to see that dreadful malady raging under our domestic roof.

Eight months passed, and no abatement took place in her wretched situation. Yet in all her sorrows, my Ellen did not forget her husband; as the following letter will adduce. She was not permitted to write, yet she contrived, in secret, to pen the following lines:

"O Adolphus! your wife's miserable end will ere long take place. It would be some alleviation, were I to see you again. Whatever they may say of you in the world, to me my wretched self, you have been a kind and indulgent husband; you have, by your conduct to your lost wife, ruined yourself. May the prayers of the righteous ascend in your behalf. When I told you I had no power in myself, I told you true; the Almighty dispossessed me. O Adolphus! I am lost; worms and animals are to visit me this night, and to destroy my body, ere life is extinct.—Yet my dying words I send you—gratitude, I deeply owe to you. O how I have loved you! And could I recall the time I have passed, those moments, alone with you, were happy. Farewell—farewell! Let me be drowned—but they come to bury me alive.

"Your wretched and affectionate wife,

"ELLEN."

After the receipt of this letter, I could not believe my afflicted wife was insane. But alas the symptoms were too evident; for the next day she would not see me, and her violence alarmed her attendants. Over twelve months did this all-calamitous scene extend, when I again received a letter which left not the shadow of a doubt of her complete recovery. Immediately did I hasten to Dr. P—, who instantly proceeded to ascertain the truth of her apparent sudden recovery; by him I forwarded a letter of rejoicing, stating that on the morrow I would again see my beloved Ellen.

Upon the doctor's return, he told to my all eager and listening ear, that my fondest hopes were realized; to verify which, he handed me the following letter. In haste I broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Thursday, 21st July, 1830.

"Can it be possible, dearest and best of men, that you

will again see your poor wife?—shall she, will she, be allowed to live with you? O Adolphus! your kind, affectionate letter, has raised my heart from the depth of misery to the realms of bliss. May the blessed hope, so raised, be realized! I once, dearest, made you happy, and I feel now confident, give me but the trial, and I will use my every effort to do so again. * *

"O bless that hand which dictated your letter this morning! The world will be now to us as nothing; for so will I act to you, that I will defy the world. Your picture I never will part with, it shall be my companion for ever. In all the misery I have endured, for the last twelve months, and before, your image, your kindness, has never ceased to be the theme of my conversation, and the occupant of my thoughts, even amidst ideas the most horrid that human being could possess. Come to me, to your wife —and O let me see you—O think how I shall feel! Come then, my dearest, and transplant me from misery to bliss! —Delay not, dearest, best of men!—Bless you, dear, dear Adolphus, and thank God for having preserved thy

"ELLEN."

" . . . . . Hope revived,
But soon, alas! the magic spell was done."

THE following morning I once more beheld and received into my arms my beloved wife. The scene I shall never forget. But O, the change the past year of sorrow had wrought upon the person and countenance of my poor Ellen! how truly did it portray the intensity of misery her mind had suffered! The pensive melancholy of her eye soon rekindled into the brightness of joy, when I convinced her I had again come to live with her. Now was our paradise regained, and all recollections of the past vanished like snow before the noonday sun;—the past seemed but as a dream told.

Our peace of mind, our future prospects, nay, our very hopes, all now bore the semblance of a continued and uninterrupted scene of joy. Six days had we consumed in the most endearing and domestic bliss. The happiness which shone on the pure complexion of my Ellen, evinced the joy of her heart; her bright eye glittered amid her thick ringlets, till every curl was edged with gold.

On the seventh day from her recovery, at the earnest request of my beloved Ellen, I took her to town. We visited the various exhibitions, &c., and a happier forenoon I never spent. Shortly after our return home, having finished dinner, my love, under some pretence, left the room; and scarcely had two minutes elapsed ere I heard a heavy noise. I immediately flew to the chamber of my Ellen; and, O God! what was my horror to behold the lifeless body of my beloved wife! On the instant arrival of medical aid, the melancholy truth of her having taken poison was preceptible. All professional skill was now useless; the vital spark had fled, and her pure spirit flown to the regions of our blessed Saviour. I stood for some time motionless, viewing the remains of that beloved being, whose beauty and splendour had so often shed a lively brightness in society. "O God!" exclaimed I, "what a contrast she now is to the lovely being thou created her!" Her eye—that eye I had never seen equalled, and which so intensely remains in my memory—was now closed for ever, to re-wake only to witness the pure, solemn, and beautiful serenity of heaven!

O, gentle reader! on this scene I cannot, dare not dwell. Her life ebbed away in gentle imperceptibleness, and my Ellen ceased to suffer. To her remains, with affection overwhelmed with suffering, did I pay the last sad tribute of faithful attachment, and consigned her to a resting-place free from those hopes and fears which, in her short sojourn in this world, rendered her so truly miserable. Upon the stone that marks her bed of rest, are these words written—

Here lies a hapless one,
That lived—that loved—*is* dead.

* * * * *

I now became

"——Like one lost in a thorny road,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out."

Thus far did misfortune and the bitter lot of life follow me. The seven years previous to the commencement of this narrative could equally unfold a tale abounding with the most trying vicissitudes. But of all my sorrows, this last sad stroke was the downfall of my hopes. Now, alas! did I contemplate alone my changed condition:—bereft of child—of wife—of home!

By this time it had become necessary to acknowledge the many letters of condolence I had received. From one only shall I make extract; it was from the father of my Ellen.

"Mrs.—— and myself most sincerely and affectionately condole with you on this most sudden and melancholy event, alike distressing to us as yourself. And it is the more so, as we anticipated from late accounts the termination of that delusion with which it had pleased Providence to afflict our departed relative. To the will of the Almighty it is our duty to submit. Be assured, my dear Sir, *we are both sensible* of the *kindness* which you have *ever* evinced to our departed daughter, *such as will remain long, long in my memory.* * * * * * * I am well aware of your irreparable loss; time alone, and the reflection of having

done your duty as an affectionate husband, will be your best consolation."

I had scarcely had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and look into my financial concerns, ere the pressing demand of creditors was made upon me. My poor Ellen's late illness had cost me above eleven hundred pounds. In the emergency of the case, and with the view of obtaining time, I applied to my father-in-law for temporary assistance. I obtained it not; but, in reply to my application, received a letter, stating, that as all relationship had ceased between us, so had all my claim upon *him*. Hurt at this cold, calculating caution from a man who had witnessed and acknowledged my unerring and uniform conduct to his afflicted daughter, my heart shuddered at the unfeelingness of a world through which I had yet many years to struggle. Hope thus baffled in a channel where I had a double claim, my mind became distracted, and willingly would I have closed my eyes upon the ingratitude of the world, to have re-opened them in that kingdom where my wife now reposed in peace.

To add to my all-accumulated catalogue of misery, I was summoned, at this period, to attend the funeral of an endeared and fond mother, inflicting another pang on my almost bankrupt heart. Thus arrived that moment of my existence when I could have exclaimed with our Saviour, "When will this bitter cup pass from me?" but could scarcely, from frenzy, add, "O Lord, thy will, not mine, be done." Disconsolate and alone—not even a timid hope to nurse in silence—every ray of future happiness now extinct—not even a relict of my former days, save what a memory pregnant with misery could afford, rendered my anguish too oppressive. The unceasing and unrelenting demand of creditors added to the more unfeeling conduct of those whose aid ought to have been voluntary, dispossessed me of nerve; I became enervated and neglectful of business, and in a few months, from severe mercantile losses, I quitted with disgust a scene fraught with hearts of lifeless mass, that flutter and float, and will for ever, on the sea of life. Yet in my solitude, one regret will be ever extant in my pensive thoughts—the sorrow that in my fall a truly valuable and venerated father, and other branches of a united family, have been too deeply sufferers. But even amid sorrows such as mine, to live in their esteem is yet a blessing rendering life desirable.

Such, alas! has been

> "* * * the story of my life—
> I've felt the loss of child—of wife—
> Of friend—of fortune—every joy
> Which God can give, or man destroy."

And thus, "I have lifted the painted veil which men call life."

THE JEW'S LOVE OF JERUSALEM.

The missionary Wolff met at Jerusalem with some aged Jews, who came from Poland to die there. One of them said to him, "It is not pleasant now to *live* in Palestine, but it is pleasant to *die* in this land, and all of us here have come to *die in the land of Israel.*"

Returning from a stranger land,
We come, a feeble, aged band,
To linger out life's fading hours,
Beside our ruined Salem's towers;
Where once exulting myriads trode
To throng the fame of Judah's God,
With trembling pace her exiles creep,
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep.

The spicy breath of Lebanon
Our welcome sighs, and passes on;
We stand on Olivet's ascent,
Where royal David weeping went.
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,
'Twas there our beauteous Temple rose;
But not a vestige, not a stone,
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone!

Unmeet it were for us to dwell
Where Pagan hymns through Zion swell
And day by day, with callous eye,
Gaze on her faded majesty,
And view the gorgeous mosque arise,
Where blaz'd her holiest sacrifice.
Beneath the crescent's impious pride
It is not meet that we abide.

But, oh! how pleasant 'tis to *die*
Where Israel's ruin'd glories lie!
How sweet to bid her children's bones
Blend with the dust of Salem's stones!
Her's is the mould beneath them spread,
And her's the sod above their head.
E'en the cold worm with slimy coil,
Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weary frames of ours
Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers;
Her outcast tribes no longer come
To greet her as their hallowed home;
But sadly joy to lay their head
Beneath hor foe's insulting tread;
To fall by her they could not save;
Their glory once, and now their grave!

DEVOTEES AND THE RELICS.

Pity—but oh! despise them not,
For thine is a resplendent lot.
Wealth, ease, and freedom hast thou known;
'Mid boundless knowledge hast thou grown:
From land to land thy feet have trod,
To mark the ways of man and God:
To give thy spirit scope and might;
To find, to choose, to do the right.
But they—though born among the hills
Where Nature speaks and Freedom thrills,
Yet could not raise their heads to share
The awful wisdom hovering there.
Life's pressing cares, life's daily need,
The Sire of all to them decreed;
And priestly arts, traditions old,
Have bound their spirits, fold on fold.
Oh shame! oh pity! that the base,
Heaven's gladsome light—heaven's glorious grace,
With felon hands should dare control,
And feed upon the human soul.
These—these—the evil power have felt;
To stocks and stones have trembling knelt;
And poured the spirit's prayer forlorn
To things which are a very scorn.
Weak is the judgment—weak and wrong;
But oh, the heart! the heart is strong;
That—nature's strong-hold—has withstood
All creeds, all follies,—simply good:
That, on the forms low bending there
Has stamped devotion's living air.
Their faith may err; yet shall its wing
To heaven their trusting spirits bring.
Like their own mountains wrapt in cloud,
Their nature, dimmed but never bowed,
Shall stand in patience firm as they,
Till bursts the gloom—and all is day.

MOUNTAIN MARY.

By raven rock where roars the stream,
  Meand'ring down yon dingle,
Where from the chinks of Wallace' cave
  The oozing droppers tingle,—
I sat and woo'd the fairest maid
  I ever call'd my deary;
To screen the blast, the sloe-shrub shade
  Bloom'd round my Mountain Mary.

A sun-beam glinted down the glen,
  And shew'd the furze in blossom;
So from the folds of Mary's robe
  Glinted her lily bosom.
The ev'ning star, at setting sun,
  Shone o'er the heights of Breary;
So from her jetty ringlets shone
  The eyes of Mountain Mary.

I've seen her, down yon green hill's brow,
  At dewy eve descending,
The milky flocks all gazing round—
  The little lambs attending.
Did not my heart with rapture swell?
  And what could make me dreary?
When, 'mid the brachens in the vale,
  I met my Mountain Mary.

Thrice have the sun's faint beams oblique
  Scarce clear'd the southern mountains,—
Thrice has the steely breath of frost
  Enchain'd the bubbling fountains;
And thrice the humble blue-bell bloom'd
  By yonder yew-copse dreary,
To deck the turf that wastes the shroud
  Of my sweet Mountain Mary.

How brightly shone the morning beam!
  No eye could reckless view it!
What had the noontide radiance been,
  Had the dire Fates allow'd it?
Dark, deep, and drear the tempest blew—
  She droop'd, all pale and weary;
Now lonely I the dingle view,
  Bereft of Mountain Mary.

Fond memory to this heart is dear—
  Fancy the past beguiling;
Fond Memory brings my Mary near,
  And fancy shews her smiling.
I may forget dear Friendship's ties,
  Which oft have made me cheery--
I may forget all other loves,
  But not my Mountain Mary.

Marriage.—Sir Thomas More compares a man going to be married to one who puts his hand into a sack, in the hope of drawing out a single eel from among a hundred vipers. "It is a hundred to one," adds he, "but he will pick out a viper." Lord Bacon maintains a directly contrary opinion, and asserts, "that in this marriage sack, the eels would be in the ratio of a hundred to one of the vipers." Perhaps, after all, the eels and the vipers are mingled in nearly an equal proportion, and all we have to do, is to make the best choice we can.

Drawn by E. T. Parris.

Engraved by H. T. Ryall.

A REVERIE OF ARCADIA.

And where they happy, who of old did dwell
  In this fair world of changeless flowers and skies?
Whose life flowed calmly on as poets tell:
  Did no immortal hopes or yearnings rise,
On their strong wings to bear the eternal soul,
  Bid her these listless joys of earth despise,
And spurn the narrow world that would her flight control?

They knew no crimes; they had no mad desires,
  No burning hopes, to wear the wasted frame
With the fierce bickering of incessant fires;
  One day rolled on in peace—another came
As glad, as bright, as holy as the last;
  The sons in quiet lived, as lived their sires,
And sank in gentle sleep, when their long life was past.

Were they then happy? Did no stronger mind
  Rise in its daring, high beyond the rest,
And mourn their briefer scope to earth confined,
  Deeming itself, with all its longings, blest
Far more than they, who knew no wish nor pain,
  Nor lifted to the stars their eager quest,
Nor ever did to Heaven of worlds unknown complain?

They had their gods and temples;—but their gifts
  Were calmly offered up with grateful hearts:
They knew not that full prayer the soul that lifts
  Towards the Eternal, when from earth she parts,
Driven from all mortal trust, and crushed with woe,
  First with faint flight—then like an eagle, starts
Far above tears and guilt!—*that* rest they could not know!

Their Arcady was blooming all the year,
  The earth poured ever forth new fruits and flowers:
Look at this Eden! They were dwellers here!
  Unworn by toil they lived through sunny hours:—
Were they not happy? Does their record say,
  That they have mourned amid these laughing bowers?
Or has their memory faded quite away?

Aye, there *are* records—of a man who dared
  To storm high Heaven, and pluck down living fire:
Thus was the boundless might of mind declared;
  Thus did the god-like to brave deeds aspire!
Erewhile I deemed these shepherds less than men,
  Who lived in sloth without one bold desire,
But here, once more, I know our daring race again.

What, though swift ruin came? Arcadian bliss
  Was man's no more—Arcadian idleness!
A noble spirit rues not joys like this,
  But through life's hottest tumults on will press,
Happier, in all his fight with grief and crime,
  If once his aid a sorrowing soul may bless,
Than if in drowsy ease he lived through countless time!

W. B. C.

LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM AN ALBUM IN WHICH ARE PLACED THE HAIR OF RELATIVES.

By George Emerson.

When parents fancy they can trace,
  Much beauty in their infants' face,
What gives those claims increasing grace?
  Young Locks of Hair.

When ringlets wildly o'er the brow,
  Flaunt to the winds—they quickly know,
New pleasures, and more proudly show
  The Locks of Hair.

With rapture they are quite elate,
  But if Death spoils their happy state,
What yields a balm to soothe their fate?
  Sweet Locks of Hair!

The lover's language—often vain—
  Is urged, in many a fervent strain,
To his fair maid, that he may gain
  A Lock of Hair.

When friends must visit distant parts,
  They interchange to ease their hearts,
And check the tear that often starts,
  Their Locks of Hair.

Though gone the Locks—the tear of pearl
  Falls o'er the aged Lover's curl,
Or when friends meet they'll all unfurl
  Those Locks of Hair.

When soul from body takes its flight,
  What gives surviving friends delight,
When viewed by day, express'd by night!
  Their Locks of Hair.

Then keep, dear girl, those relics dear,
  When we are gone drop the fond tear,
And think our guardian spirits near,
  Those Locks of Hair.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MORNING.

OLD POETS.

———Now 'gins the morn
To open to the earth heaven's eastern gates,
Displaying by degrees the new-born light;—
The young day's sentinel, the morning star,
Now drives before him all his glittering flock,
And bids them rest within the fold unseen;
Till with his whistle Hesperus calls them forth.
Now Titan up and ready, calls aloud,
And bids the rolling hours bestir them quick,
And harness up his prancing, foaming steeds,
To hurry out the sun's bright chariot:
O, now I hear their trampling feet approach!
Now, now, I see that glorious lamp to dart
His nearer beams, and all bepaint with gold
The over-peeping tops of highest hills.

HAWKINS.

AURORA, see, puts on her crimson blush,
And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the top
Of yon aspiring hill! the pearly dew
Hangs on the rosebud's top; and knowing it
Must be anon exhal'd, for sorrow shrinks
Itself into a tear. The early lark,
With other winged choristers of the morn
Chanting their anthems in harmonious airs.

LEWIS SHARP.

The rosy-fingered morn did there disclose
Her beauty, ruddy as a blooming bride;
Gilding the marigold, painting the rose;
With Indian chrysolites her cheeks were dyed.

BARON.

Now morn, her rosy steps i' the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.

MILTON.

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes, of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new.
* * * * *

FAIRFAX.

ODE WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHILE in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrowed ground;
Save were unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll;—
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul.

Yet worse what polar climates share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his voice a storm:
His frown the shivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or song
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak* and the dart prepare,
On summer seas to work their way,
And wage the watery war, and make the seals their prey.

Too delicate! reproach no more
The seasons of thy native shore—
There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
With smiling brow and placid eye;
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And, scattered from her liberal hand,
Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn the land.

SCOTT.

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY SIR W. DAVENANT.

SHE ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.
She never had in busy cities been;
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

Quintessence of English Poetry.

* A Greenland fishing-boat.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

WOLSEY'S ADVICE.

————Thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard—say I taught thee—
Say WOLSEY, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me:
CROMWELL, I charge thee, fling away Ambition;
By that sin fell the Angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself least: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty:—
Still in thy right-hand carry gentle peace;
To silence envious tongues, "Be just and fear not:"
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

DUELLING.

Your words have took such pains, as if they laboured
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

SYMPATHY.

ARIEL.——If you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
PROSPERO. Dost thou think so, Spirit?
ARI.—Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROS. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.—

MUSIC.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
—O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour!—

SONG IN CYMBELINE.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:*
My lady sweet arise!—
——Arise!——arise!

* Is.

IRWAN'S VALE.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where fancy led;
And soothed me with the western gale
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
—Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
—Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along the banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by!
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
—Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away,
Fair fancy sure shall never fail;
—Though far from these and Irwan's vale!

LANGHORNE.

THE HAPPY PEASANT

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallow tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills;
From hence the country markets are supplied:
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield—
A crop so plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry several season is employed,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoyed.
The yeaning yews prevent the springing year:
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Baked in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes; and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast:
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellowed by the frost.
His cares are eased with intervals of bliss;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crowned with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepared,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on Holy-days,
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
And on the Green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst: the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crowned.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize:
The groom his fellow groom at buts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes,
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches, with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led:
So Remus and his brother god were bred.
From whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race derived her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquered earth)
Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains;
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurped the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoyed her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forged th' inhuman sword,
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peal of death,
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

(1590).

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hill and valley, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield!

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant poesies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:—
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love!

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:—
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love!

[illegible] FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S KENILWORTH.

MAY AND AMY ROBSART & JANE

From an Original Drawing by J. Nash.

Engraved by [illegible]

London Published Augt 1st 1834 by Simpkin & Marshall Stationers Court & W. Stevens [illegible] Cross.

INNOCENCE.

Still, at the new-moon's joyous birth,
Raise, Phidyle, thy hands from earth;
With incense and with spicy showers
Propitiate the Eternal Powers!

Then constant on thy bending vine
Clear skies and fostering suns shall shine;
Nor tempest's angry scowl descend,
The harvest's joyous hopes to rend;

No mildew, in the vernal night,
The year's young promise rudely blight,
And Autumn's noxious clouds in vain
Shall hover o'er thy fleecy train.

From Algidus's snowy head,
Or Alba's hilly pastures, led,
Where Pontiff's altars proudly gleam,
The victim pours his crimson stream.

Thee no rich offering befits,
Since Heaven a lowlier pledge permits
On guiltless hands the blessing lies
More than the costly sacrifice!

For myrtle wreaths, and rosemary,
Thy household gods will smile on thee.
Though mortals all their store dispense,
The gift best loved is Innocence.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Alleluia! cheerly sing
Praises to the Heavenly King;
To the God supremely great,
Alleluia in the height.

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his presence stand;
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, Sun, at each extreme,
Orient streak and western beam;
Moon and stars of mystic dance,
Silvering in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar,
Heaven and heaven for evermore;
And ye streams of living rill
Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
From whose fruitful word they came;
And they first began to be
As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds
For duration without bounds;
And their covenant has sealed,
Which shall never be repealed.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains.
Praise, ye mutes, that sea contains;
They that on the surface leap,
And the dragons of the deep.

Battering hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plumy snow;
Wind and storm, his wrath incurred,
Winged and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
Every hill, and every vale;
Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
Cedars that perfume the skies!

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that gaze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feathered millions formed for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide;
Heroes of their country's cause,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praise be paid;
For his Word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
Of his people, raised and blest;
While we serve with praise and prayers,
All in Christ his saints and heirs.

DIEPPE.

The dull, flat monotony of the French coast, is the subject of general remark on the approach of it from the sea, and is strongly contrasted with the bold, craggy, and precipitous aspect of that of England. This feature applies to almost every portion of the opposite continent; and, with the exception of the short range of hilly land on which stands its once-important fortress, Dieppe partakes of the general characteristic. To the English visitor, however, it has some claim to peculiar interest.

The castle is finely seated on the crest of a lofty eminence, which completely commands the town, and forms a beautiful feature in the local scenery. It is of great antiquity, and was a post of no inconsiderable value to the English during their possession of Normandy; by whom in a great measure it was rebuilt, or, at least, enlarged. It varies little from the general style of the numerous strong-holds which a few centuries ago, studded the French coast. The castle is surrounded by a high rampart, protected at the angles by circular towers, originally introduced into the prevailing military architecture by the Crusaders; each tower crowned by a conical roof of a much more modern date. It is only by personal influence with the authorities that access can be obtained to the castle, and the splendid view from it will well reward the curiosity of the visitor. The marine scenery is busy and beautiful; and that towards the land, rich and varied, spreading over a vast extent of well-cultivated country.

The enormous crucifix on the quay is the first object which especially attracts notice, on approaching Dieppe from the sea; and from the bustle which every where prevails, the stranger is impressed with an erroneous idea of the extraordinary commercial activity of the port. In truth, it is chiefly indebted for its prosperity to its intercourse with England; although its merchants may claim the distinction of having first imported Elephants' teeth into Europe, from Africa, about 1554. The town has all the external appearances of great antiquity. The houses are chiefly of stone, with high slanting roofs and over-hanging narrow and filthy streets; and there are two churches, one of them dedicated to St. Jacques, finished, but in very bad taste, partly in the highly-enriched Gothic style of the fourteenth century. The head dress of the female inhabitants of Dieppe is singularly curious, and has prevailed uninfluenced by fashionable modifications, from a very early period: it consists of a pasteboard frame, about half a yard high, the lower part covered with silk, in many instances edged with gold or silver lace; above this is an enormous lappet of muslin, and the whole presents an appearance extremely picturesque. The neighbourhood of Dieppe is celebrated in historical recollections, from its having been the scene of the battle in which Henry IV. defeated the duke of Mayenne.

CROMA, (FROM OSSIAN.)

THE king commands my fleet, with flowing sail,
Directs its course to lovely Inisfail,
And safely moors in Croma's sounding bay
Where Crothar, Fingal's friend, maintains his sway.
But aged, blind, distressed, sunk in woe,
Attack'd by ruthless Rothmar as a foe;
His call the ready aid of Fingal draws,
And Ossian lands to vindicate his cause.

With these glad tidings tuneful bands I sent,
With Morven's sons to Crothar's halls I went;
Amid his father's arms the Chief we found,
His eyes had fail'd, involv'd in night profound;
Around his staff his hoary locks were spread,
And on his bosom lean'd his careful head.
How soon he heard our forces move along,
Of other times he humm'd the solemn song,
Rose from his seat, and trembling grasp'd my hand,
And welcom'd me with blessings to his land.

"Ossian," he said, "mine arm has lost its force,
My feet have fail'd in the rapid course—
O could I wield the steel of beamy light
As when at Strutha Fingal rul'd the fight,—
Fingal of mortal man the highest name;
But Crothar wanted not his share of fame;—
E'en he with praise bestow'd the bossy shield,
Which Crothar bore as lightning through the field.
There hangs the trophy which I proudly bore,
But Crothar's eyes can see it now no more;
Strong as thy father's can'st thou lift the steel,—
Thy brawny arm let sightless Crothar feel."
I reach'd to him mine arm—quick rose his sight—
Fast flow'd the tear adown from either eye:
"Though strong, my son—thy father's stronger far,
Excells in strength the strongest sons of war;
Now let the feast within my halls be spread,
And let the song provoke the warlike deed:
Great is the man who deigns our feast to share,
A far fam'd Hero, Croma's son is here."

The feast is spread, and harps of sweetest sound
Strive to excite the joy of all around;
But inward grief forbade the mirth to glow,
And bitter drops of sorrow darkly flow;
Stopt was each voice—the mirthful music dies,
And Crothar's bosom heaves with piercing sigh—
But not a tear falls from his sightless eyes—
His tale of woe, with seeming firmness given,
Was like the moon-beam on the cloud of Heaven.

"While sorrow dimly dwells on every face,
Dark is our feast to mighty Fingal's race,
But no sad darkness dwells in Crothar's breast—
When my brave friends sat smiling round my feast.—

Within my hall the stranger sung with joy,
Dear to my soul when bloom'd my lovely boy;
But, like the meteor of the gloomy night,
He fell, and falling left no gleam of light:
He boldly dar'd to fight a father's strife—
He bravely died to save a father's life.
"Rothmar had heard the chief of Fromla's race,
Mine eyes had fail'd, mine arms had found their place;
Against my age arose his haughty pride—
He fought, he conquered, and my people died:
I seized my arms with heart oppress'd with woe,
But what, alas! could sightless Crothar do?
O for the days, I said, when strong I stood,
Days when I fought and won in fields of blood;
When lo! my son returned from the chase,
Fair Favergarmo, last of all my race.
As yet he had not prov'd the spear and shield,
For youth deny'd to reap the bloody field;
But from his eye-balls dart the martial fires,
To match the brave his ardent soul aspires.
At my unequal steps his sigh arose,
As his warm heart with filial ardour glows.
"Why, O my father, why these weighty arms,
Hast thou no son to shield thee from alarms;
A manly strength I now begin to know,
I swing thy sword, and I have bent thy bow;
O let me meet fierce Rothmar, and engage,
With Croma's youth the utmost of his rage;
Why should my father such a suit control,—
O grant the wishes of my ardent soul."
Charm'd with my darling youth, I thus begun;—
And thou shalt meet him, sightless Crotha's son;
But let the bravest fight beside thine arm,
And aid thy youth, and guard thee in alarm,
That I may hail the tread of thy return,
And be not left a childless sire to mourn.
He march'd, he met, he fought the daring foe—
He fell—to me the cause of ceaseless woe.
Again is Rothmar's battle drawing near,
To shake at Croma's walls his bloody spear.
Hence be the feast, I said; I seized my shield;
The deathful sword, and heavy spear I wield;
My heros saw the lightning of mine eyes,
And round their chief a gallant host arise:
To meet the foe we camped on the heath,
And long'd for morn to dare the deeds of death.
The early dawn display'd its cheering beam,—
A vale appears, where flows a rushing stream;
Along its banks dark Rothmar's army lies,
But seeing us with shouts they quickly rise.
We fought—and long the tide of battle roared,
Till Rothmar fell beneath my vengeful sword;
Then o'er the heath his scatt'ring army flew—
With bloody haste my conqu'ring troops pursue.
The setting sun vermillioned all the land,
When Rothmar's head I gave to Crothar's hand;
The aged felt the armour of his foe,
And dawning joy assumes the place of woe.
Now to the hall the joyful people haste,
The harp resounds, and makes the mirthful feast;
Five hoary bards, amidst the ardent throng,
In Ossian's praise pour forth the mirthful song;
Full of the theme they chant the mirthful lay,
And mirth and triumph wing the hours away.
With joy the heart of Croma's sons expand,
For peace blooms o'er a lately bleeding land.
No daring foe since gloomy Rothmar's fall
Assaults, or Croma's tribe, or Croma's wall.
I rais'd the song to Favergarmo's shade,
When low in earth the lovely youth was laid;
Crothar, though then suppress'd the mournful moan,
But search'd the wounds of his beloved son;
Full in the breast he found the deathful place,
And conscious pride illumes his aged face.
To Ossian, full of joy, the aged came,
O King of spears, my Hero fell with fame:
In dastard flight he yielded not to breath,
But, daring danger, met the pointed death.
Happy are they in early youth who die—
Short is their day, but their renown is high;
Within their halls no feeble sneering bands
Mark with derisive smile their trembling hands;
The Virgin's secret tear for them is shed,
And songs embalm their memory when dead.
Not so the aged, withering away
The deeds forgotten of their youthful day;
Neglected and in secret how they die,
No sons express for them the grateful sigh;
Carelessly laid along the deathful bier,
Their stone of fame is placed without a tear.
O happy they in blooming youth who die,
Short is their day, but their renown is high.

DRUNKENNESS.—Young men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you carefully guard against ever submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, and dissipated men; and hold it as a maxim that you had better be alone than in mean company. Let your companions be such as yourself, or superior; for the worth of a man will always be rated by that of his company. You do not find pigeons associate with hawks, or lambs with bears; and it is unnatural for a moral man to be the companion of blackguards.

TO A PICTURE OF EVENING, NEAR THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Evening and Sunset!—what a thousand dreams
  Are those two spell-words to my heart recalling;
The ripple of my native mountain streams,
  The quiet home, whereon the dews were falling;
And leaves without were drooping 'neath their power,
  And hearts within were closing like the flower;
And the low murmur of the evening prayer
  Stole from the casement, till the passer by
Might deem it was the jessamine blossoms there,
  Breathing a deeper and more fervent sigh
Unto His praise, who hung them on their stems,
    Like pearls on diadems;

But oh, sweet picture! where I fix mine eye
  Until it fills with tears, unbidden springing,
Why, like to a remembered melody,
  Are vague sweet voices in my spirit ringing,
At sight of thee? Thou art not like my home,
  Nor the dim quiet haunts of leafy gloom
Where once I dwelt!—The holy evening hour
  Is the sole, slender clue for memory:
But she is like the lightning in her power;
  And, though it is so slight, it still may be
The link to guide to the electric chain,
    That thrills through heart and brain.

The painter in a hallowed hour did trace thee,
  Thou bright creation of his wondrous art!
And time may dim thy colouring and efface thee,
  But cannot blot thine image from my heart:
Nor the broad river, that to the pure sky
  Looks up with all the calmness of an eye,
Through which a great and holy soul is shining—
  The scattered sheep, the overshadowing trees,
And the far mountains, 'neath the Sun's declining,
  Looking like waves of the dark troubled seas,
Stayed in one moment by the power of God,
    Bursting from his abode

In Heaven, like sunshine!—Picture! thou hast borne me
  Away from my first thought of mine own fate;
I feel, though grief from many a tie hath torn me,
  While such scenes are, I am not desolate!
In such an hour as this my spirit catches
  The light of loveliness, until it matches
Almost in glory the resplendent burst
  Of sunset on the world; when, from some cloud,
The Day-God droppeth, as a spirit nurst
  On earth for Heaven breaks from its fragile shroud!
My thoughts are too extatic to be glad,
    Too holy to be sad.

Vast hill! this strain of mine will never reach you—
  Yet want it not—a thousand sweeter far,
If ye could understand, would surely teach you,
  That you might teach your children ,what ye are:
Made only to be loved in liberty—
  Fit only to be trodden by the free!
The peasant maiden's song, in timid tone,
  Hath floated 'midst you oft on eves like this;
And bolder strains have burst from many a son,
  Who knoweth what the right of Nature is:
May still your echoes Freedom's voice prolong,
    Poured in a glorious song!

GO, DIG YE A TOMB!

Go, dig ye a tomb! for the joys of the earth are
More frail than the vanity foredoom'd of yore;
Youth has nought but wild passion, and middle age care,
And the ripeness of years is a fate to deplore:—
Hot, hot and evanishing all our first pleasures,
Which yield to the struggle of life and its gloom,
And then, to complete what the earth counts its treasures
Come the pains of decline—oh! go, dig ye a tomb!

Go, dig ye a tomb! though the magic of loving
Gives to earth its sole gleam of a transient bliss,
Though a moment may pass, perfect happiness proving—
'Tis the moment the kiss lasts—it dies with the kiss.
What though all heaven swells in the bosom you cherish;
Though no Persian rose like that sigh's fond perfume;
That bosom so beauteous is form'd but to perish,
And that sigh to a groan changes—Dig ye a tomb!

Go, dig ye a tomb! but be honour'd in story,
Let the trumpet and laurel illustrate your fame;
On the blood-streams of battle establish your glory,
And bid dying gasps your high triumphs proclaim,—
With the hurras of victory mingling proudly—
Oh! how the soul beats in its poor mortal room!
But the hour is at hand: let it rise e'er so loudly,
The applause is unheard; and ye sleep in the tomb!

Go, dig ye a tomb! yet for wealth are ye panting?
Have ye bound the dull power in your chains as a slave,
Till luxury pants to invent what is wanting—
Death strikes,—can ye carry your gold to the grave?
No! youth, age, love, glory, and wealth, are the dreaming
Of idiot dreams that our short span consume;
Existence is only a flash hardly gleaming
On thy dark edge, eternity! Dig ye a tomb!

Anonymous.

EVENING.

(COMPOSITION)

Drawn & Engraved by Thos. Hosmer Shepherd

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,—
(So runs the law of Heaven),
Was offered holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon, the just and the devout,
Who frequent in the fane
Had for his Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain;

Came Heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the promised child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest, asking eye:—
"My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord, let thy servant die!

"At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

"The Star and Glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!"

LOGAN.

TO SUSANNAH,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

From the Dutch.

Think not I shall deck thy hands
With a silken riband gay
On thy happy natal day;
For I know thou hat'st the bands,
Yes, the shew of slavery.
Nor expect a wreath from me;
For the colours on thy cheek
And thy breath of fragrance (ne'er
Flowers gave forth a breath so fair!)
Of themselves a wreath can make.—
But the pure, the virtuous truth
Of thy undesembling youth,
E'en far better garlands owns—
Virtues are the noblest crowns!

INSCRIPTION FOR A BATH.

WHITEHEAD.

Whoe'er thou art, approach.—Has medicine failed?
Have balms and herbs essayed their powers in vain?
Nor the free air, nor fostering sun prevailed
To raise thy drooping strength, or soothe thy pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to trust thy frame
To the cold bosom of this lucid lake.
Here health may greet thee, and life's languid flame
Even from its icy grasp new vigour take.

What soft Ausonia's genial shores deny,
May Zembla give. Then boldly trust the wave;
So shall thy grateful tablet hang on high,
And frequent votaries bless this healing Cave.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day;
Thus lovely was my Henry's dawn,
Thus swiftly led his life away.

And as the flower, that early dies,
Escapes from many a coming woe,
No lustre lends to guilty eyes,
Nor blushes on a guilty brow;

So the sad hour that took my boy,
Perhaps has spared some heavier doom;
Snatch'd him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.

He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires;
Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's controul
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

He died to sin, he died to care,
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soar'd to God.

This—the blest theme that cheers my voice,
The grave is not my darling's prison;
The "stone" that cover'd half my joys
Is "rolled away," and "he is risen."

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.—Byron.

The Castle of Chillon can never be viewed without exciting the noblest associations—those to which liberty and genius give birth. The names of Bonnivard the martyr of freedom, and of Byron, her martyr and her laureate, have consecrated the scene. With the prisoner of Chillon are connected feelings no less in unison with the writer's early and deplored fate than with the sublime and beautiful scenery around. The greatest of our modern poets is known to have passed some of the happiest days of his brief and chequered existence in the vicinity of Chillon. Passionately fond of sailing, the lake afforded him the full indulgence of this taste, combined with that character of scenery he from a boy most admired, and with the sort of leisure and social enjoyment he always best loved. It was here he first formed some of his most agreeable connexions, in particular with the Shelleys, and several distinguished strangers and foreigners, whom he ever afterwards continued to esteem.

In this retirement too, his health was said to have rapidly improved; he had every thing around him calculated to give scope to a genius like his, and to those "fitful moods and fancies" by which he was always so liable to be surprised. He had here even formed habits of regular study and exercise; he had solitude and society at his command; and his mind and manners evidently partook of the beneficial change. Such, at least, is the opinion of those who there knew him in the zenith of his genius, when engaged in writing the third and fourth Cantos of his 'Childe Harold,' and that admirable embodying of "the spirit and the power" of captivity in his "Prisoner of Chillon."

It seems to have been his object in this exquisitely pathetic and beautiful poem to analyse the nature and effect of solitary confinement on the human mind. He makes us feel its encroachments hour by hour, and day by day, upon the victim's heart: we breathe another atmosphere; "the common sun, the air, the sky," become eclipsed from our view, as if, by this intense and fearful vision, the enthusiast of liberty burned to hold up "tyranny" to the everlasting abhorrence of mankind.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart.—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind,
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vaults dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedoms fame finds wings on every wind.

The subject was doubtless first suggested by the singularly wild and gloomy yet picturesque appearance of the Castle from the lake on approaching near the town of Villeneuve. From this point of view Lord Byron most frequently must have beheld it, and there, probably, he conceived the idea of investing it with a fame that will endure when not a stone shall be left uncovered by the surrounding waters.

The style of architecture which the castle exhibits is that of the middle ages: its aspect is gloomy and low, and there is nothing very striking, far less pleasing, about it, when divested of its surrounding scenery and associations. It is, in short, a strong, low fortress, built on a rock emerging out of the lake, and only connected with the shore by means of a drawbridge, or rather platform, for the accommodation of its visitors. On one side there rises to view the delightful Clareus, and upon the other is seen the town of Villeneuve. Not far from the latter the river Rhone pours itself into the lake. Almost immediately opposite rise the rocks of Meillerie, a name too celebrated, perhaps, in the romantic descriptions of Rousseau. The scene of his well-known romance is there, the catastrophe of which is laid at a spot nearly adjoining the Castle. Beneath its walls are situated the dungeons, excavated in the solid rock, below the level of the waters. In these were buried alive numbers of state prisoners, particularly during the long and sanguinary conflicts between the ancient dukes of Savoy and the citizens of Geneva, the latter of whom were often consigned to captivity. The cells now seen there, extensive as they appear, were once filled with thes e victims of political strife. In one part is placed a beam of oak, roughly hewn and blackened by age, formerly used as a block on which many of those executions so disgraceful to the times, and for which this Castle was so remarkable, repeatedly took place.

The large arched vault aoove is supported by seven pillars, and to some of these iron rings are still fastened, intended for the purpose of restraining the wretched inmates within the limits allotted to them by their gaolers. In the hard pavement are left many traces of the footsteps of the prisoners.

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod:—

and doubtless among others by Francois Bonnivard, one of the boldest and most persevering assertors of Geneva's liberties, imprisoned there for a space of six years.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.

The two younger at length fell victims: the free spirit of the hunter first pines within him, and he dies; next the youngest and most loved. The passage in which the fate of the last is related is exquisitely beautiful; the most masterly, with one exception, in the entire poem.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free:
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stork away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But there were horrors, this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure, and slow;
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So fearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind.

After this event the poet supposed Bonnivard to lose all sense of his sorrows in stupor and delirium. When again restored to a consciousness of his lot, he hears near him the note of a bird. This trivial and natural little incident, with its effect upon the captive's mind, is admirably employed to heighten the beautiful and pathetic picture.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;—
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun,
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond as tame,
And tamer than upon the tree
A lovely bird with azure wings,
A song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate.
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird!—I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For,—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me:
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone——as a solitary cloud.

If this be a truly poetical and correct, no less than an appalling picture of the sorrows of a captive's heart, the following will be found equally true in point of local and descriptive interest. The traveller gazing around him from the walls of Chillon, will not fail to recognize the scenery described by the delighted Bonnivard when he is represented as obtaining a view of it from his prison.

But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

———

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er chan nel'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down:

And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view:
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breadth and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load.—

When at length the prisoner is set free, it seems to him like a mockery rather than a blessing; he had become familiar even with the reptile inmates of his den, and felt the pressure of his chain like the hand of a friend.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

In making Bonnivard the hero of his poem, Lord Byron has not attempted to sketch, with correctness, the history or the character of the patriot. "When the foregoing poem was composed," he observes, in a note "I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues.

Fortitude is the fairest blossom that springs from a noble mind, and with conscious innocence for its support, may defy the wrongs of a malignant and unjust world, to deprive it of internal peace.

Sorrow and disappointment humanize the mind; and the only lasting and true pleasure the soul can feel arises from benevolent actions.

FORGIVENESS.

BY THE REVEREND DR. CRABBE.

"But, tell me, Ellis, didst thou then desire
To heap upon their heads those coals of fire?"

"If fire to melt—that feeling is confest:
If fire to burn—I let that question rest.
But if aught more the sacred words imply,
I know it not:—no commentator I."

"Then didst thou freely—from thy soul—forgive?"
"Sure, as I trust before my Judge to live;
Sure, as I trust his mercy to receive;
Sure, as his word I honour and believe;
Sure, as the Saviour died upon the tree
For all that sin—for that poor wretch and me,
Whom never more, on earth, will I forsake or see!"

MEMENTO MORI.

We start to see our neighbours fall,
And feel a trembling dread;
Yet still we haste at pleasure's call
Unmindful of the dead.

Like as a keel that parts the wave
And leaves no trace behind,
Eager, tho' God the warning gave,
We chase it from our mind:

Or the swift arrow sent on high,
That no impression makes,
The soul immers'd in sensual joy,
At death no warning takes.

Oft business, noise, and empty show,
Concur to make us blind,
If we are sometimes touch'd with woe,
We soon a lenient find.

Haste to the tombs—learn to be wise,
And bear thou home this line
Inscrib'd where each honest rustic lies,—
The next grave open'd may be thine.

A King may confer titles, but it is personal merit, and acknowledged worth alone, that gives a man any claim to respect.

Painted by Rochard. Engraved by H. Cook

Lady Caroline Maitn.

VIRGINIA.

If I were like thee, lovely child,
As happy and as gay,
I would not care where splendour smil'd,
Nor seek ambition's way.

The gather'd flowers that round thee lie
Are still in sweets array'd;
But mine were gather'd but to die,
And only bloom'd to fade.

So light thy fairy footstep bounds,
It scarce awakes the air;
To after years the echo sounds,
To tell what change is there.

For soon the honey dews are past,
That life's first blossoms fill:
Ah why, when pleasures fade so fast,
Should sorrow linger still!

SOLITUDE.

BY JAMES EDMISTON.

Give me solitude awhile,
From the tumult of the earth;
I would some short hours beguile
With a dream of higher birth;
Thoughts all radiant and bright,
As the seraph's wings of light.

On this bank, where forest-rose
Weaves a shelter from the heat,—
Where the woodbine round it grows,
And the green turf forms a seat,
Will I sit and sing away
This so cloudless summer's day:

While the brook beside me sounds,
Gently murmuring along,
And the deer starts up, and bounds,
Waken'd by my forest song,—
And the birds, from tree to tree,
Make their wild wood minstrelsy.

Ah! methinks, this world how fair,
Were it but from sin refined!
Man how free and happy there,
Were he pure as God is kind!
But the breath of sin has past
O'er it like a poison blast.

Lovely still, some happy hours
Beam between, to glad us here;
And these forest-thicket bowers
Almost void of ill appear,
Smiling as if nought had been
Here to mar the lovely scene.

Yet, how many forms of harm,
E'en these green-wood coverts bear!
Well the deer starts with alarm,
Well the wild bird shuns the snare;
And within the flowery brake
Lurks the evil-venomed snake.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The last pale gleam of day
Had pass'd from earth away,
And waned beyond the fountain and the flood,—
Where o'er the field of fight,
Fast fading into night,
The sun that rose in beauty set in blood.

From morn to noon had played
The ruthless cannonade,—
And now the battle-field was lost and won;
Though still amid the gloom,
Came back with hollow boom,
The rolling thunder of the 'random gun.'

Then 'mid the dim night-fall,
The bugles rung recall,
Deem'd by the vengeful victors all too soon,—
Who saw the foe retire
Beneath the parting fire
Of sullen vollies pealing by platoon.

The moon rose round and red
Above the plunder'd dead,
That in their gory wounds all shroudless there
Were stiffening seen to lie,
With faces to the sky,
All wan and ghastly, glimmering in her glare.

And winds were loaded then
With moans of dying men,
Mingled with wild hoarse voices from afar,
Upon the ear that fell
Like chorus sent from hell,—
Curses, and shrieks and laughter,—such is war!

SENTIMENT.

It is the fashion in this philosophic day to laugh at Romance, and cut all acquaintance with sentiment; but I doubt whether these same philosophers are not making themselves 'too *wise* to be happy.' Wordsworth has called 'fancy the mother of deep truth,' and perhaps the time will come when the learned will acknowledge that there is more philosophy in Romance, than their sagacity has dreamed of. Mysterious aspirations after something higher and holier—the gladness of fancy that comes upon the heart in the stillness of nature—impatience under the tyranny of earth-born passions—and the pure and joyous light of truth, reflecting its own innocent brightness on a corrupted and selfish world—all these belong to the young and the romantic. What does increase of years and knowledge teach us? It teaches us to seem what we are not—to act as if the world were what we know it is not—and to be cautious not to alarm the self-love of others, lest our own should be wounded in return. And is this wisdom? No. I do believe the young mind, that has not reasoned itself into scepticism and coldness, stands nearer heaven's own light, and reflects it more perfectly, than the proud ones who laugh at its intuitive perceptions. Do not all the boasted results of human research and human philosophy vary in different ages, climates, situations, and circumstances? Are not the deep, immutable, and sacred sympathies, that bind mankind in the golden chain of brotherhood, instinctive? Yes, I do believe the influences of a better world are around youthful purity, teaching it a higher and more infallible morality than has ever been taught by worldly experience. Man must wander from the school of Nature before he can need to look for his duties in a code of ethics.

The Egyptians had a pleasant fancy with regard to the soul. They thought that the minds of men were once angelic spirits, who, discontented with their heavenly home, had passed its boundary, drank the cup of oblivion suspended half-way between heaven and earth, and descended to try their destiny among mortals. Here, reminiscences of what they had left would come before them in glances and visions, startling memory into hope, and waking experience into prophecy. Various philosophers have supposed that our souls have passed, and will yet pass, through infinite modes of existenee. It is a theory I love to think upon. There is something beautiful in the idea that we have thus obtained the sudden thoughts, which sometimes flash into life at the touch of association, fresh as if newly created, yet familiar as if they had always slumbered in the soul. How the beautiful things of creation arouse a crowd of fitful fancies in the mind. Is not the restlessness produced by their indistinct loveliness strangely like a child's puzzled remembrance of its early abandoned home?

But all this is not to the point. My question is, not how romantic ideas came into the soul—but whether it be true wisdom to drive them thence?

Observation of the world will convince us that it is not wise to expel romantic ideas, but simply to regulate them. All our nicest sympathies, and most delicate perceptions, have a tinge of what the world calls romance. Let earthly passions breathe upon them, or experience touch them with her icy finger, and they flit away like fairies when they hear the tread of a human foot. There are those who laugh at love, imagination, and religion, and sneeringly call them 'dreams—all dreams;' but the proudest of them cannot laugh at the lover, the poet, and the devotee, without a smothered sigh that their aerial visitants have gone from him for ever, and the dark mantle of wordly experience fallen so heavily over their remembered glories.

It is wise to keep something of romance, though not too much. Our nature is an union of extremes; and it is true philosophy to keep them balanced.

To let the imagination sicken with love of ideal beauty, till it pines away into echo, is worse than folly; but to check our afflictions, and school our ideas, till thought and feeling reject every thing they cannot see, touch, and handle, certainly is not wisdom.

Do not send reason to the school of theory, and then bid her give a distinct outline of shadowy fancies—she will but distort what she cannot comprehend. Do not by petulance and sensuality, frighten away the tenderness and holy reverence of youthful love—philosophy may teach you a lesson of resignation, or scorn, but your heart is human, and it cannot learn it. Do not reason upon religion till it becomes lifeless; would you murder and dissect the oracle to find whence the voice of God proceeds?

Be, then, rational enough for earth; but keep enough of romance to remind us of heaven. We will not live on unsubstantial fairy-ground—but we will let the beautiful troop visit us without being scared from the scene of their graceful and happy gambols.

Minds must assimulate, and be capable of feeling reciprocal pleasure in conversation, to convey any satisfaction to either party. The language of nature speaks more to the heart than to the understanding, and false refinements make us prefer the artificial to the natural, because custom and education has made it more congenial to our feelings.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by shewing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN THE ABBEY CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

Fled from the mansions of the great and gay,
  Where idle pleasure wastes her fleeting breath,
Through this sad cell I'll take my lonely way,
  And view the havoc made by time and death.

And, as I enter, let no swelling rage,
  No thoughts impure, my pensive bosom load,
But sweet religion all the man engage:
  For this was once the sacred house of God;

Where oft Devotion, with her pious train,
  In silent contemplation spent her days,
Or waked to ectasy the glowing strain,
  With grateful accents to her Maker's praise.

No more shall youth and beauty grace the shrine,
  Or pious sages to the portals throng;
No more the arch shall meet the voice divine,
  Receive the sound, or echo back the song.

The pride and glory of our country 's fled,
  The great supporters of the nation's laws,
The statesmen, heroes, and the kings are dead,
  Who fought through fields of blood in freedom's cause.

Vast heaps of kindred here bestrew the ground,
  And skulls and coffins to my view arise;
Here's friend and foe profusely scatter'd round,
  And here a jaw, and there a thigh-bone, lies.

Perhaps this hand has, in some bloody fray,
  With lusty sinews grasp'd the flaming brand,
Fought through the creadful carnage of the day,
  And drove Oppression from its native land.

Yet fame and honour are but empty things,
  The fleeting sunshine of uncertain day;
For statesmen, peasants, beggars, lords, and kings,
  All fall alike to cruel Time a prey.

Though men, mere men, may unregarded rot,
  And buried in their native dust consume,
Shall Scotland's great commander be forgot,
  And moulder, unregretted, in the tomb?

Will no kind bard in grateful numbers sing
  The mighty wonders of each heroe's arm?
Will no kind friend protect a clay-cold king,
  Collect his bones, and keep them safe from harm?

Would some sweet muse assist me in the song,
  I'd dwell with rapture on the glowing strain,
Roll the smooth tide of harmony along,
  Till echo undulate applause again.

When night's dark curtain hid the beams of day
  From these sad eyes, my soul should banish sleep;
Again I'd raise the sympathetic lay,
  And teach the sullen monument to weep.

Ye sons of Scotland! though you cannot raise
  Your long-lost monarch from the silent bier,
Their deeds are worthy of the highest praise,
  And simple gratitude demands a tear.

For you they bore the falchion and the shield,
  For you each piercing winter blast they stood,
For you they struggled in the hostile field,
  For you they wither'd in their crimson blood.

Let no base slander on their mem'ry fall,
  Nor malice of their little faults complain;
They were such men, as, take them all in all,
  We shall not look upon their like again!

Here lies the partner of the heroe's bed,
  Whose every feature wore unequall'd grace:
Can Love's soft murmurs raise this death-struck head,
  Or take the pale complexion from the face!

Go then, ye fair! exert your utmost skill,
  Employ each art to keep your beauty fast:
Try each perfume, use paint, do what you will,
  Of this sad colour you must be at last.

Ah, me! how melancholy seem these walls,
  To earth returning with a quick decay!
Take heed, O man! for, as each atom falls,
  So wastes thy little spark of life away.

O thou, my soul, from worldly vices fly,
  And follow Innocence where'er she strays;
See with what ease an honest man can die,
  None but the wicked wish for length of days.

CHARLES SALMON.

Sceptics—A man may be allowed to *doubt*, because his powers of comprehension are extremely limited; but surely a man ought not to be vain-glorious of his doubting. But *sceptics* are generally proud of their septicism; according to the old story, they thank God for their ignorance, and i'faith they have generally a great deal to be thankful for.

BISHOP'S AUCKLAND PALACE.

This most princely palace, formerly a castle, is seated upon a hill between two rivers, and has been, for a long period of time, the chosen residence of the bishops of Durham. Its original castellated form, erected, it is supposed, by Antonius de Beck, is entirely lost. According to Leland, "he raised a great haulle, and divers pillars of black marble, speckeled with white, and an exceeding faire gret churche, with others there. He made also an exceedingly goodly chappelle of ston, well squarid, and a college with dene and prebends in it, and a quadrant on the north-east side of the castelle for ministres of the college." There are scarcely any remains of these—the quaint description of the writer has survived them; and now, the "gret haulle" and "exceeding faire gret churche," have been leng since transformed, or rather have made way for one of the most splendid episcopal seats in the empire.

Bishop's Auckland castle more nearly approaches to the grand and magnificent monasteries which we find on the Continent than any other structure of the same kind we have seen in England. It is an irregular pile, built at several periods, and can boast of no very great antiquity; indeed, excepting the church, there are no remains of the labours of Antonius de Beck; for this place, having been granted by parliament to that furious partizan, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, he demolished almost the whole of the buildings there—prostrated in all directions the fond erections of Beck's architectural fancy, and in a very short space of time converted the ruins into a spacious and noble dwelling for himself. A like fate, however, in turn attended Sir Arthur's Vitruvian achievements.

A series of the most merciless persecutions, contrived and excited by his enemies, had produced in the celebrated Dr. Cousin, Bishop of Durham, an aversion even to touch or look upon, much more to possess, any thing that had belonged to or had been associated with them. He, therefore, upon his appointment to the bishopric, resolved to destroy the work of hands which had been dipped in the blood of the martyr Charles I., and soon, in his excess of piety, accomplished it. The bishop, having thus pulled down, restored the materials to their original character.

IMAGINARY ADDRESS OF NAPOLEON.

Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea—
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest's wave.

And as far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind;
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that sky-ward curl'd,
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in records sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renown'd 'till the wreck of expiring time
Be the glorified land of my birth.

Yes! bury my heart in the boundless sea—
It would burst from a narrower tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
Or wrapp'd in less horrible gloom.

THE CYPRESS.

BY L. E. L.

Thou graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to you blue heaven stooping,
I mek humility.

Like one who patient grieves,
When the fierce wind's o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping,
While tear-like fall thy green leaves.

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining,
Yet with thy slight boughs declining,
Still thou seekest the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green:
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee,
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
On some martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in thy weakness,
And trust in Heaven!

BAY OF NAPLES,

WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS

From an Original Painting by G. Arnald A.R.A

Engraved by E. Benjamin

AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

It was on one of those chilling evenings in the month of October, that the family of Sir William and Lady Dorville were, from the somewhat mournful aspect of nature at that season of the year, particularly in the country, induced to collect at an earlier hour than usual round the blazing hearth, where they thought no better amusement could be found than the ancient and well-approved one of story-telling. I do not mean the practice of circulating abominable slanders against one's friends, but the harmless and good-natured recreation of retailing wonderful narratives. Sir William immediately proposed that himself, his sons, Augustus and William, should each relate some tale founded on fact, and in which they had been either directly or indirectly interested—that, at the conclusion of each narrative, his daughters, Emma, Julia, and Marion, should repeat some lines from their respective favourite authors. The order of the evening being thus agreed upon, Sir William commenced the following story, perfacing it with the fact, that his father, mother, and great aunt, formed the principal characters in this strange history.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF SECOND SIGHT.

"My father and mother, whom I will designate as Sir Charles and Lady Dorville, had lately been made happy in the possession of each other: they had gone from the neighbouring Scottish border to spend some delightful weeks as the guest of Lord Roland. A few days after their arrival, Sir Charles was persuaded to accompany Lord Roland on a visit to the distant mansion of a neighbouring chieftain, and was to return upon the following day. That period arrived, and although the other ladies were well aware of the numerous chances which the warmth of Highland kindness afforded to prevent the departure of a guest on the appointed day, yet the restless emotion which Lady Dorville felt in her own bosom was excited by her husband's absence: she guessed, and guessed rightly, that no temptation, however powerful, could operate to delay his return, when its object was to regain the enjoyment of her society. She therefore continued still to expect him, after every one else had abandoned all hope of his appearance. She started at every sound, and glanced her fine eyes hastily to the door at every footstep, nor could the assurances of her companions persuade her to dismiss her anxiety, or convince her that it was not now at all probable that the gentlemen would arrive that night, late as it then was; but that it was more likely they had been prevailed upon to remain to participate in some hunting expedition, projected for the amusement of the stranger.

"There was another personage, a guest at a festive board of Lord Roland, on whom mirth seemed to have little effect; its beams, which shot in every direction from the eyes of the young and the gay around her, fell on her high and marble features, and raven eye, like those of the sun on the dark cavern of some cheerless and sea-beaten crag, engulfing, rather than reflecting, its light. This was the Lady Assynt, my old aunt: she added but little to the general mirth, for ever since her arrival, she had sat in the midst of hilarity, like the lonely cormorant on its rock, unmoved and regardless of the playful waves that murmured around her. Few attempts were made to bring her into the play of conversation, and even those few were soon silenced by chilling monosyllabic replies, delivered in a lofty and repulsive manner. She was, therefore, left undisturbed to the full possession of her own gloomy thoughts. At last her very presence seemed to be almost forgotten, or, if observed at all, she was noticed with no other interest than were the stiff and smoke-discoloured portraits of family ancestry, that stared in sullen and silent majesty from the deep carved pannels of the ancient apartment where the party was seated.

"The good-humoured jest, and the merry tale went round, and the laugh of youthful joy was at its highest,—when a piercing shriek produced a sudden and death-like silence, and directed every head toward the Lady Assynt, who seemed for a moment to be violently convulsed. The effect of such an unlooked-for interruption to the general gaiety may be easily conceived. The ladies arose in confusion; every assistance was proffered; and numerous inquiries were made. But seeming to endeavour, by a desperate effort, to summon up resolution to overcome the sudden nervous malady which apparently affected her, she put back both the kind and the curious with a wave of her hand, and haughtily resumed her usual dignified and freezing deportment, without deigning to give any explanation.

"It was some time before the company was restored to its composure; hilarity had hardly begun again to enliven it, when a louder and yet more unearthly shriek again roused their alarm, and raised them from their seats in the utmost consternation. The Lady Assynt now presented a spectacle that chilled every one. The same convulsion seemed to have recurred with redoubled violence. She started up in its paroxysm; and her uncommonly tall figure was raised to its full height, and set rigidly against the high back of the gothic chair in which she had been seated, as if from anxiety to retreat as far as its confined space would allow, from some horrible spectacle that appalled her. Her arms were thrown up in a line with her person; each particular bony finger was widely separated from its fellow; and her stretched eyeballs were fixed in glassy and motionless unconsciousness. She seemed for a time to lose all sense of existence, and, though in an upright posture, to have been suddenly struck into a stiffened corse. By

degrees she began to writhe, as if enduring extreme agony: her lived lips moved rapidly, without the utterance of sound; until finally overcome by her sufferings, she sank within the depth of the antique chair, and remained for some minutes in a languid and abstracted reverie. The mingled anxiety and curiosity of the company was unbounded; numerous and loud were the inquiries; and of the inquirers, Lady Dorville, who seemed instinctively to apprehend something dreadful connected with her own fate, was the most earnestly solicitous of all. The Lady Assynt heeded not the swarm of interrogatories which buzzed around her. She looked at first as if she heard them not; then raised herself solemnly, and somewhat austerely, from the reclining position into which she had dropped, she spread her hands before her, and sweeping them slowly backwards to right and left, she divided the ring of females who surrounded her, and brought Lady Dorville full within the range of her vision. At first she started involuntarily at sight of her; but melancholy and pity mingling themselves amidst the sternness of features to which such tender emotions seemed to have been long strangers, in a deep and articulate voice, and with a solemn and sibylline air, she slowly addressed her niece, whilst profound silence sat upon every other lip. 'Let the voice of gladness yield to that of mourning! Cruel is the blow that hangs over thee, poor innocent dove! and sad is it for me to tell thee what thou art but too anxious to know. A vision crossed my sight, and I saw a little boat, in which were thy lord and Lord Roland: it was tossed by a sudden and temptestuous gust, that swept the dark surface of the loch in a whitening line. I saw the waves dashing over the frail bark; and sorely did the two Highlanders who rowed them contend with their oars against the outrageous whirlwind. I hoped, yet shuddered, from fear of the event.——Again the spirit of vision opened my unwilling eyes, and compelled me to behold that last wave, which whelmed them beneath the burst of its tremendous swell. The land was near. Stoutly the drowning wretches struggled with their fate. I saw Lord Roland and his sturdy servants, one by one, reach the shore, but——'

"'My husband!' shrieked Lady Dorville, in anguish, as she grasped the arm of the seer. 'Oh! tell me that my husband was saved!'

"'His body,' replied the Lady Assynt, in a lower and more melancholy voice—'his body was driven by the merciless waves upon the yellow beach: the moonbeam fell upon his face, but the spark of life was quenched.' Lady Dorville's death-like grasp was relaxed, but she swooned away in the arms of those who surrounded her. The Lady Assynt regarded her not: somewhat of her former convulsion again came upon her; and starting up in a frenzied manner, she exclaimed, in a piercing voice, scarcely distinguishable from a scream, 'And now they bear him hither!—See how pale and cold he looks—how his long hair drips—how ghastly are his unclosed eyes—how blanched those lips where lately sat the warm smile of love!' Then sinking again, after a short interval, she continued, in a more subdued tone, 'He is gone for ever! No more shall he revisit his own fair halls and fertile fields. Yet is not all hope lost with him; for his son shall live after him, and bring back anew the image of his father.'

"The ladies were now buised about Lady Dorville, who lay in a deep faint. All seemed to be as much interested in her as if the events described in the waking visions of the Lady Assynt had already actually happened. Yet every one affected to treat her words as the idle dreams of a distempered brain; although, in the very looks of the different speakers, there was a fear betrayed, that ill-accorded with their words, manifesting the general apprehension that something tragical was to be dreaded. At last a confused noise seemded to arise from the under apartments of the castle; mutterings, and broken sentences, and half-suppressed exclamations, were heard on the great stairs and in the passages. The name of Sir Charles was frequently repeated by different voices. The more anxious of the party tried to gain information by running to the windows. The flaring lights of torches were seen to hurry across the court-yard, where all seemed to be bustle and dismay. And then it was that the doleful sound of the bagpipe, playing a sad and wailing lament, came upon the ear from without the castle-gate. A slow, heavy, and measured tramp of many feet upon the draw-bridge, told that a party of men were bearing some heavy weight across it. Unable longer to submit to the suspense in which they were held, the greater part of the females now rushed from the hall. A cry of horror was heard; and the mysterious anticipations of the gifted Lady Assynt were found to be, in truth, too dreadfully realized.

"Lord Roland, in the deepest affliction, told the sad tale, with all its circumstances. Though much pressed to remain, Sir Charles had resisted all the kind importunity of their host. Their homeward way lay across the ferry of———. The sudden squalls affecting such inland arms of the sea are too well known: one of these had assailed them in the middle of the loch, and had been productive of the melancholy catastrophe. Nor was the prophetic conclusion of the seer's vision left unaccomplished. There was no suspicion of Lady Dorville's pregnancy at the time; but such proved to be the case, and, according to the prediction, the child was a son. That child," continued Sir William, addressing his children, "is now your father."

After the ebullition of feeling excited by the relation of the foregoing tale, had subsided, Emma repeated the following poem from the German, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower:—

RESIGNATION.

FROM SCHILLER.

I too was born Arcadia's happy child,
And nature on my infant years,
In pledge of many a future blessing, smiled:
I too was born Arcadia's happy child,
Yet my short spring has left me nought but tears.

The May of life but once for man may bloom;
For me its bloom is o'er:
Weep, brethren, weep! the deity of gloom
Inverts the torch he ne'er will re-illume—
The vision smiles no more.

Thy aid, enfolded in thy awful veil,
Dark arbitress, I claim!
Of thee they told me once a pious tale,
That judgment trembled in thy blanched scale—
That Retribution was thy awful name!

E'en now the arch that spans thy gloomy reign,
Eternity I press!
Take back the pledge of bliss bestowed in vain,
Take the false record unredeemed again—
I know no happiness!

They told how pain awaits the evil there,
And joys the virtuous few—
That thou would'st lay the evil bosom bare,
The wondrous riddle of my life declare,
And clear th' account to long endurance due.

There, as they told, the wanderer's couch was spread—
There closed the sufferer's thorny path of pain:
A goddess child, whose name was Truth, they said,
Whom few embraced, from whom the many fled,
Hung on my rapid course, and checked the reign.

"I will repay thee in a future state,
"Give me thy youth in this:
"I can but pledge the payment—sure, though late."
I took the pledge, signed for a future state,
And gave her all my youth and all its bliss.

Give me thine own! the loved one of thy heart!
"Thy Laura give! thy bride!
"With interest after death I pay the smart."
I tore her bleeding from my wounded heart,
And wept aloud, and gave her from my side.

"Thy bond must be exacted from the dead,"
Thus scoffed the world at me;
"And she to whom thy substance now is fled,
"False one, has given a shadow in its stead—
"Its term expires, when thou hast ceased to be."

Taunting, they told me, that my bliss was sold
For dreams, which old prescription's right defends.
What can those agents, who, as fables old
Pretend, creation's tottering frame uphold,
Whom man's invention to his misery lends?

They talked of future, by the tomb conceal'd—
Eternity, thy empty boast and pride.
What are they? Honoured, awful, till revealed—
Fear's giant spectres, in the concave field
Of thy false mirror, conscience, magnified.

"A mummy form emerging from the tomb,
"To cheat mankind and lie;
"By hope's balsamic juice through years of gloom
"Preserved, it leaves his proper catacomb,
"And madmen call it Immortality.

"For hopes, which cold corruption stamps for lies,
"Thou gav'st thy tried and certain happiness;
"None from the grave have yet been known to rise—
"Six thousand years have passed, and death denies
"All tidings of the gloomy Arbitress."

To other regions time slow winged his way.
And nature's form, which bloomed so bright before,
Behind his path, a corpse, all blasted lay;
Yet from the grave none rose to upper day—
I still believed the oath the goddess swore.

"To thee my joys I sacrificed and slayed,
"And, goddess, cast me now before thy throne.
"With scorn the taunting many's scorn I paid;
"Thy gifts alone against the world I weighed,
"And kneel before thee now to ask my own.

"My love proclaims each child of earth my friend."
A viewless Deity exclaimed;
"Two flowers—my children, listen and attend—
"Two flowers reward each mortal aid and end,
"Hope and Enjoyment named.

"He who has plucked the one needs not to gain,
"And may not strive to pluck, the sister flower:
"Taste he who trusts not; 'tis an ancient strain,
"Old as the world, let him who trusts refrain,
"The world's records confirm the maxim's power.

"Hope has been thine: thy bliss is won and worn—
"Thy Faith thy blessing—thy Belief thy lot.
"Ask all the wisest men of women born—
"What from the passing moment has been torn
"Eternity refunds it not."

It now became Augustus's turn to give some account of his travels: he had but lately returned from Sweden, where he had sojourned for nearly two years. "I will," observed Augustus, "narrate to you the manner in which the festival of Christmas is celebrated in Sweden, and conclude my part in the evening's amusement with some anecdotes of the wolves, which came within my own observation."

FESTIVITIES OF CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

"The last Christmas I spent at Wildeholm, where, early in December, great preparations were making by all classes to celebrate the solemn festival of Christmas. The floors of the rooms, belonging to the rich as well as the poor, after undergoing a through purification, were littered with straw, in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour in a stable. Like with us in England at this season, every good that can pamper the appetite, as far as means will allow, is likewise put into requisition. Amidst all their preparations for their own gratification the peasants do not forget the inferior order of the creation. In fact, it is almost an universal custom among them to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn on a pole in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds, which at this inclement period of the year, are in a state of actual starvation. The reason alleged by these kind-hearted people for performing this act of beneficence is, that all creatures should be made to rejoice on the anniversary of Christ's coming among us mortals.

"Christmas Eve I had the pleasure of spending at the residence of Mrs. Geijert. Near the conclusion of the supper, two figures, masked and attired in the most grotesque habiliments, entered the room—one carrying a bell, the other a large basket; this latter contained a great variety of presents, destined for the different branches of the family and guests. To many of these presents some amusing little scrap of prose or verse was appended, the reading of which occasionally created no little merriment among the assembled party. The donors do not attach their names to the presents, but in most instances a tolerably shrewd guess is intertained from whom they come. This merry and hearty sociality of the time, as observed here and, I understand, all over Sweden, will remind you of what you have read of our *old* English Christmas celebrations, when feasting alone was not considered sufficient, without an interchange of the kindness of the heart. Alas! the over-refinement of England now has degraded this genial custom into the sordid Christmas-box given to menials. In fact, throughout Sweden, the hearty though homely manner in which this season is celebrated, is the admiration of all foreigners.

"On Christmas Day I attended divine service, which commenced at six in the morning. As it was nearly three hours before the sun was above the horizon, candles were made use of. In spite, however, of the earliness of the hour, the church was crowded to excess. Near to the conclusion of the service, and after some observations apposite to the occasion, the clergyman read from a paper, entitled *Personalia*, the names of those persons who had recently died within the parish. This contained also many particulars relating to the birth, parentage, &c. of each of the deceased individuals. He then expatiated on their good or bad deeds upon earth, and concluded with some remarks on the uncertainty of life, or other reflections of a similarly impressive nature. The *Personalia*, which I happened to hear, and which I have in my possession, I will here read to you.

"'There is but one step between me and death,'* said a man, whose life was at that time in imminent danger; and every-day experience shows the truth of this saying. If we always thought and saw how near death was to us—how near he follows our steps—how soon he comes up with us—then we should tread the uncertain path of life with more caution, and count the passing moments, and contemplate with awe his inevitable coming. Of what immense importance is this step! We must all take it, and how soon it is taken! In one moment we are snatched from the theatre of life, on which we appeared as passing shadows! What a difference between the light of day and the darkness of night—the warmth of life and the chill of death—the animating feeling of existence, and the mouldering grave!

"We have now before us a melancholy instance of the uncertainty of human life. A young man, in the bloom of youth, in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, is in a few moments bereft of existence—lifeless! What an example does that corpse exhibit to us! What does it say to us, though dumb? What I have just said, 'There is only one step between me and death.'

"He that has now taken this last earthly step, and whose remains we have this day consigned to the grave, was Olof Carlsson, from Bu-torp, eldest son of Carl Dicksson, and his wife Christina. He was born the 22nd. of October, 1810, and was drowned in the river Uf, the thirtieth of last month, being then in the eighteenth year of his age. This unlooked-for event is to be deeply lamented for many reasons.

"All participate in your sorrows, disconsolate parents! You are advanced in years. Heavy will be the afflictions of your old age, now that they can no longer be lightened by the hand of your child. You had without doubt fondly anticipated that he would have been the prop of your declining years, when you were tottering on the brink of the grave, and have rendered you the last sad offices by closing your eyes.

* 1 Samuel, xx. 3.

CHRISTOPHER SLY & THE HOSTESS.

TAMING OF THE SHREW — ACT 1ST SCENE 1ST

From an Original Drawing by J. Nash

Engraved by T. Hon.

"For many reasons the departed has made himself worthy of our regrets. One of the sublimest, and, alas! unusual epitaphs of our days which we can inscribe to his memory as an example for the present and future generation, is, that he was never known to take the Lord's name in vain. For this he deserves our unqualified praise, that sin being unhappily so prevalent. According to the concurrent testimony of every one, the life of the deceased, in other respects, was irreproachable. He was always to be seen near his aged parents. The evening of the day may be different from the morning. Every one knows in what short space of time this unhappy occurrence took place. Thus hastily was the prop of your old age, and the good example for youth, hurried into another life.—But you sigh heavily! Do you think he is gone for ever? I will pour balsam into your bleeding heart; the departed live, and we become immortal through death. He is only gone a little while before you. When you have finished your course on earth, you will find him in the blessed abodes of eternity. And time flies so fast, that perhaps in a few moments some of us will be reckoned among the dead."

"Having given you this account of the mode of celebrating Christmas, I will now relate to you the particulars of a wolf-shooting excursion in which I was myself a party; and also a circumstance showing the savage nature of the wolf.

WOLF-SHOOTING.

"In company with a friend of mine, a Captain Nordenalder, together with several companions, we started off during a very severe frost on an expedition of wolf-shooting. These voracious animals being very partial to pigs, we caused one of a small size to be sewed up in a sack, with the exception of his snout. We provided ourselves with a large sledge, such as are used in Sweden to convey coke to the furnaces, a pig, and an ample supply of guns, ammunition, &c. We drove on to a great piece of water which was then frozen over, in the vicinity of Forsbacka, and at no great distance from the town of Gefle. Here we began to pinch the ears, &c. of the pig, who, of course, squeaked out tremendously.

"This, as we anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about our sledge. When these had approached within range, we opened a fire upon them, and destroyed or mutilated several of the number. All the animals that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions. This, as I understand, is invariably the case, if there be many congregated together.

"The blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves, instead of satiating their hunger, only served to make them more savage and ferocious than before; for, in spite of the fire we kept up, they advanced close to the sledge, with the apparent intention of making an instant attack. To preserve our lives, therefore, the Captain threw the pig on to the ice; this, which was quickly devoured by the wolves, had the effect, for the moment, of diverting their fury to another object.

"Whilst this was going forward, our horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the ferocious animals, struggled and plunged so violently, that he broke the shafts to pieces: being thus disengaged from the vehicle, the poor animal galloped off, and succeeded in making good his escape.

"When the pig was devoured, which was probably hardly the work of a minute, the wolves again threatened to attack our party; and as the destruction of a few out of so immense a drove as was then assembled, only served to render the survivors more blood-thirsty, the Captain now proposed our turning the sledge bottom up, and thus take refuge beneath its friendly shelter.

"In this situation we remained for many hours, the wolves in that while making repeated attempts to get at us, by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length, however, assistance arrived, and we were then, to the great joy of all the party, relieved from our most perilous situation.

"I will now conclude with the following interesting story of the savage nature of the wolf.

A WOMAN ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

"A woman accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and at last were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of her children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailant another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner.

"Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A

peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live.

"This man was committed to prison, but subsequently received his pardon."

Augustus having finished, Julia immediately recited the two following pieces—the first from the works of Charles Lamb, and the second from the German.

SABBATH BELLS.

"The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion · chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of man, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

OUR JOYS.

FROM GOETHE.

"There fluttered round the spring
A fly of filmy wing,
Libella, lightly ranging,
Long had she pleased my sight,
From dark to lovely bright,
Like the cameleon, changing:
Red, blue, and green,
Soon lost as seen—
Oh! that I had her near, and knew
Her real changeless hue!

She flutters and floats—and will for ever—
But hold—on the willow she'll light—
There, there, I have her! I have her!
And now for a nearer sight—
I look—and see a sad dark blue;
Thus, Analyst of Joy, it fares with you."

Captain William Dorville, (who was at the taking of Torres Vedras during the late war,) now commenced his story.

HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

"I will give you," said he, "some idea of a scene I witnessed at Miranda do Cervo, on the ninth day of our pursuit of the enemy. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it.

"I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black, grim, and gloomy sort of a day—at one time fierce blasts of winds, and at another perfect stillness, with far-off thunder. Altogether there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky before us; and then they would break up suddenly, as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and bloody distance. I felt myself, towards the fall of the evening, in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better entirely of all my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream, who never thinks of questioning any thing he sees or hears, but believes all the phantasms around with a strength of belief seemingly proportioned to their utter dissimilarity to the objects of the real world of nature.

"Just as I was passing the great cross in the principal street, I met an old, haggard-looking wretch—a woman, who seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty—a glance like that of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (without being questioned,) in broken English, that I would find comfortable accommodation in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork trees; pointing to them at the same time, with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh. You will find, said she, nothing there to disturb you.

"I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger in the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the old crone powerfully affected me; and though, after all, she was only such an old woman as one may see any where, I really began to invest her with many most imposing qualities, till I found, that, in a sort of reverie, I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not, in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

"Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture

in which they had died. I looked at them for at least a minute, before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me then to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats, and rugs, and tattered great-coats; some of them merely wrapped round about with girdles of straw; and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonized, bloodless. Many glazed eyes were wide open; and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle. So many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed upon different objects: some cast up to heaven, some looking straight-forward, and some with the white orbs turned round, and deep sunk in the sockets.

"It was a sort of hospital. These wretched beings were mostly all desperately or mortally wounded; and after having been stripped by their comrades, they had been left there dead and to die. Such were they, who, as the old hag said, would not trouble me.

"I had begun to view this ghastly sight with some composure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the hospital, a gigantic figure sitting, covered with blood and almost naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leaning against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. I thought he was alive and shuddered; but he was stone dead. In the last agonies he had bitten his under lip almost entirely off, and his long black beard was drenched in clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots on his shaggy bosom. One of his hands had convulsively grasped the wood-work of the bedstead, which had been crushed in the grasp. I recognised the corpse. He was a sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and, during the retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour. One day he killed, with his own hand, Harry Warburton, the right-hand man of my own company, perhaps the finest made and most powerful man in the British army. My soldiers had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellation, and I really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. There he sat, as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and raising up the giant's muscular arm, it fell down again with a hollow sound against the bloody side of the corpse.

"My eyes unconsciously wandered along the walls. They were covered with grotesque figures and caricatures of the English, absolutely drawn in blood. Horrid blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities in the shape of songs, were in like manner written there; and you may guess what an effect they had upon me, when the wretches who had conceived them lay all dead corpses around my feet. I saw two books lying on the floor. I lifted them up. One seemed to be full of the most hideous obscenity, the other was the Bible! It is impossible to tell you the horror produced in me by this circumstance. The books fell from my hand. They fell upon the breast of one of the bodies. It was a woman's breast. A woman had lived and died in such a place as this! What had been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hours before! I knew not. It is possible, love strong as death,—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice unto misery,—but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

"Near this corpse lay that of a perfect boy, certainly not more than seventeen years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter. I saw enough to know that it was from his mother—*Mon chere fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties. Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they once all happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies once lie in undisturbed beds? Did those clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now all was loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature itself seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again? Why should they? Robbers, ravishers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides (for a dragoon lay with a a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces), *heroes!* The only two powers that reigned here, were agony and death. Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all faces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from wickedness.

"It was now almost dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment showed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round about the building, and the old window-casement gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in upon the floor. Something rose up with an angry growl from among the dead bodies. It was a huge, dark-coloured wolf-dog, with a spiked collar round his neck; and seeing me, he leaped forwards with gaunt and bony limbs. I am confident that his jaws were bloody. I had instinctively moved backwards towards the door. The surly savage returned growling to his lair; and, in a state of stupefaction, I found myself in the open air. A bugle was playing, and the light-infantry company of my own regiment was entering the village with loud shouts and hurras."

Marion now concluded the evening's amusement, by repeating the annexed beautiful lines from Schiller.

THE INTERVIEW.

"I SEE her yet amidst her lovely train,
As there, the loveliest of them all, she stood;
Her sunlike beauty struck the glance with pain,
I stood aloof, irresolute, subdued,
A pleasing shudder thrilled each beating vein,
Awed by the circling loveliness I viewed;
But all at once, as on resistless wing,
An impulse came, and bade me strike the string.

What may have been that moment's wildered feeling,
And what my song, in vain would I recall;
My heart had found an organ new, revealing
Its every wish, its holy movements all,
My soul, for long long years its love concealing,
Now burst at once impetuous from its thrall,
And from its deepest depths aroused a tone,
Which slumbered there divine, yet all unknown.

Hushed were the chords, and that wild impulse by,
My soul relapsed into itself again;
But in her angel face I might descry
Sweet bashfulness resisting love in vain.
Rapt with the pure delight of realms on high,
Her few soft words I caught, a soothing strain—
Oh! none henceforth may breathe such tones of love,
But spirits blest, that swell the choirs above.

The faithful heart that pines disconsolate,
Nursing a timid love in silence long,
Shall find one soul its self-hid worth to rate,
Be mine to wreak that heart on fortune's wrong;
Poor though it be, it claims the brightest fate;
To love alone the flowers of love belong;
The fairest boon rewards the heart aright,
Which feels its worth, and will that worth requite."

CONTENT.—I knew a man that had wealth and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and who would often trouble himself and family by removing from one house to another. Being asked by a friend why he removed so often, he replied, it was to find content in some one of them. "Content," said his friend, "ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul."——J. W.

THE SHADOW.

I HUNG o'er the side of the vessel while cleaving
Mid the blue rolling waters her pathway of light;
Behind was the white silver track she was leaving,
And before her the billows lay buoyant and bright

Her white sail was spread to the beauty of Morning,
Which waked like a rose crimson from her night's rest—
Now wooing the wind, and now, woman-like, scorning
The lover whose home was yet deep in her breast.

On sprang the ship, like the stag from its pillow,
In beauty, in music, in gladness, she past;
But follow'd her still one dark shade on the billow;
That fair ship! from her could such darkness be cast?

The sun-beam hath its shadow, and youth hath its sorrow,
The fair bark its dark side,—and such is mine own;
Brightness and gladness my pathway may borrow,
But still my heart's darkness upon it is thrown.

THE RAINBOW.

Oh! look ye on the rainbow, in its first
Exceeding faintness, like a rising thought,
Or a fine feeling of the beautiful,
An evanescence! so you fear must be
The slight tinged silence of the showery sky,
Nor yet dare name its name, till breathing out
Into such colours as may not deceive,
And undelusive in their heavenliness,
O'er all the hues that happy nature knows,
Although it be the gentlest of them all
Prevailing the celestial violet,
To eyes by beauty made religious, lo!
Brightening the house by God inhabited
The full form'd rainbow glows! beneath her arch
The glittering earth once more is paradise;
Nor sin nor sorrow hath her dwelling there,
Nor death; but an immortal happiness
For us made angels! swifter than a dream
It fades—it flies—and we and this our earth
Are disenchanted back to mortal life;
Earth to its gloom, we to our miseries."

THE THUNDER-STORM.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
  The wind was laid, the storm was overpassed,
And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
  Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
  I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
  Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
  Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
  Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
  For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung
  And gossipped, as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the gray oak, the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping, from the ground the grashopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
  Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
  That seemed a living blossom of the air,
  The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them; in the way
  Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
  Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the cell,
  And precipice upspringing like a wall,
  And glassy river, and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
  And beauteous scene; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens, the same soft, golden light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
  An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
  The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
  And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions crouching in the dust to one,
  No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabonred captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers,
  And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
  And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
  The storm; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past;
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
  And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF BURMAH.

The Burmese, like all other heathen countries, have religious services performed in various ways to their gods; but one in particular is deserving of notice, as being altogether peculiar to themselves. This is the adoration paid to a *White Elephant*, which is kept with a degree of splendour not exceeded by that of the Emperor himself. How well does the Apostle's assertion apply here to those men who, thinking themselves wise, have 'become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts are darkened.'

This white elephant has his residence contiguous to the royal palace, with which it is connected by a long open gallery. At the further end of this gallery, a lofty curtain of black velvet, richly embossed with gold, conceals the animal from the eyes of the vulgar. Before this curtain the presents that are intended to be offered to him, consisting of gold and silver, muslins, broad cloths, *attar*, (otto) of roses, rose water, Benares brocades, tea, &c. are displayed on carpets. His dwelling is a lofty hall, richly gilt from top to bottom, both inside and out, and supported by sixty-four pillars, thirty-six of which are also richly gilt. His two fore-feet are fastened by a thick silver chain to one of these pillars. His bedding consists of a thick straw mattress, covered with the finest blue cloth, over which is spread another of softer materials, covered with crimson silk. He has a regular household, consisting of a chief minister, a secretary of state, an inferior secretary, an obtainer of intelligence, and other inferior ministers. Besides these, he has officers who transact the business of several estates which he possesses in various parts of the country, and an establishment of a thousand men, including guards, servants, and other attendants. His trappings are of extreme magnificence, being all of gold, and the richest gold cloth, thickly studded with large diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones. The vessels out of which he eats and drinks are likewise of gold, inlaid with numerous precious stones.

THE CRUSADE.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brushed the level brine;
All in azure steel arrayed,
O'er the wave our weapons played,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel strung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung;
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets, as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van.
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kissed the sacred earth
That gave a murdered Saviour birth:
Then with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renewed.
"Lo! the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favoured hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep;
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm;
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravished honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking Pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quenched thy lamps that beamed so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain, thy gloomy castles frown;
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy,
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doomed to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fields of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold!

WARTON.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of love:
Love but lasts a transient season—
Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure
Felt, when soul with soul unites?
Other blessings have their measure:
Friendship without bound delights.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood side-ways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the Sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er!
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more!"

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the Death-Angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O Sailor boy! wo to thy dream of delight;
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

Oh! Sailor boy! Sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh Sailor boy! Sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG.

The bee delights in opening flowers,
The birds rejoice in scented bowers,
The plover loves the lonesome hill,
The speckled trout the silver rill,
The wakeful bittern loves the bog
And I love thee, my faithful dog
I love with thee, as forth we walk,
Mute as thou art, to smile and talk,
Through beds of lilies white as snow
Treading their dewy heads, we go
Arousing in our merry race,
The mousing cat thou fear'st to face—
The mild of mood ay look with awe
On creatures wearing tooth and claw
But let at night the scared owl screech,
Thy look is fire, thy bark is speech;
With tail extended, white teeth baring,
No lion looks more fierce and daring:
Thy back with rage is all one bristle,
Thy whiskers sharpen like a thistle,
On days of state, 'tis grand to see
Thee strut with dogs of high degree.
No peacock waves his golden tail,
So stately as thou shak'st thy tail.
Live on unharmed by chain or clog,
My word is,—Love me—Love my dog,

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

The rocky county of Strafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristies of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter Scott would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no "Mountain House," perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion. A distinguished artist, Mr. Cole, found the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprize, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but unconsciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splended alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionable have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favourite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indulgence and admiration, yet Mrs. Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her days of splendour; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety. Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. The bloom on her cheek, which in youth had been like the sweet pea blossom, that most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true, somewhat faded; but the rich, intellectual expression, did but receive additional majesty from years; and the exercise of quiet domestic love, which, where it is suffered to exist, always deepens and brightens with time, had given a bland and placid expression, which might well have atoned for the absence of more striking beauty. To such a woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence?

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual energies, she had a heart that could not have found another home. The bird will drop into its nest though the treasures of earth and sky are open. To have proved marriage a tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a thraldom, would have affected Caroline Campbell as little, as to be told that the pure, sweet atmosphere she breathed, was pressiug upon her so many pounds to every square inch! Over such a heart, and such a soul, external circumstances have little power; all worldy interest was concentrated in her husband and babes, and her spirit was satisfied with that inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature gives, and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but, growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungo-

MINNA TROIL IN THE CHAMBER OF NORNA.

VIDE SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PIRATE

From an Original Painting by [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible]

veroable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing, and taste of every thing which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy; and he went home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

> "It was as if the dead could feel
> The icy worm around him steal."

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and reverenced him, feared that the spark of reason was for ever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterward took his name, probably looking out for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man." "Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed the gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased, "A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while his eye still loved to look on the bright sun, and the green earth! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men!"

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow-men; and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

By taking revenge, a man is out even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior..

THE MARQUISA AND HER DOG.

Ay, clasp thy treasure, gentle one! such love is pure and sweet;
In this fair bond of kindness, there lurketh no deceit;
Well suits the sportive favourite with the sunshine of thy years,
A love which never breaketh—a joy which knows not tears.

Sport'st thou among the flow'rs, fair girl! he sports beside thee there,
Joying in gambols like thine own, in knowing aught of care;
Thy garlands of the wilding blooms, the green woods yield, will deck,
In their pure and simple elegance, his dark and glossy neck.

Sleep'st thou beneath the shady boughs, thy love meets its reward,
The partner of thy pleasures wakes, to serve thee as a guard;
No stranger-hand to scare thy rest with startling touch may dare,
For he who shares thy waking sports, is watching o'er thee there.

His love will never turn to hate: like thee, he does not guess
That there can come a cloud to chill affection's sweet excess;
He knows not of the thousand lures, which help to overthrow
The dream of joy—as thou too sure, fair girl! wilt one day know.

Ay, cling to thy mute favourite—let thy guileless heart pour forth
The gentle feelings which were giv'n to gladden us on earth;
For years will come, and loves will rise, to which this infant one
Will seem a blessed dream of peace, too early lost and gone!

Far other steps will follow thine, young beauty! on thy way;
And other eyes look into thine—yet both in turn will stray;
New smiles may lure aside the feet which follow'd in thy train,
And glances thou shalt learn to love, ne'er answer thine again.

For other favourites will join in the world's giddy game,
And some may fill thine eye with tears, and some thy heart with blame:
All—all—may leave a sting behind, thou canst not guess at now,
And cast a shadow o'er thy soul—a gloom upon thy brow!

Life is a pageant with thee here—a dream of sport and light;
Sweet sounds are in thy infant years, sweet forms beneath thy sight:
Thy waking thoughts are love and joy, and when thy head hath prest
Its pillow, 'tis in tenderness, young dove! thou seekest rest.

This passion leaves no bitterness—*this* fondness wakes no tears—
Oh! that it were a type of those which wait thy after years;
Yet cling to this sweet dream, fair child! for none will love so well,
And leave such perfect bliss behind, as thy poor fond *Fidele!*

TO MRS. HEMANS.

With a mosaic pegasus brought from Rome, and a leaf of bay gathered at the fountain of Castalia.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BUTLER.

Too old to climb the sacred hill,
Around its base I linger still,
And send my Pegasus to try
A loftier range than I can fly.
Him, lighted on Hesperian ground,
By Tiber's yellow stream I found,
With arching neck, and floating mane,
And wings outspread for flight again.
I seized him, though control he spurned,
And from his frontlet, as he turned,
Ere from my grasp he burst away,
There dropt a leaf of Delphic bay.
Who shall receive the gift divine,
'Midst all the suppliants of the Nine?
Who, but the worthiest, best, shall keep
The leaf that wav'd o'er Delphi's steep,
Pluck'd from the god's own Virgin tree,
And bath'd in dews of Castaly?
Who, but the child of sweetest song?
To whose enraptured lays belong,
Words that the flintest heart can move,
And thoughts that angels may approve:
The tenderest grace, the magic skill
To lead the captive soul at will;
To thrill with fear, and awe to sway,
And guide in virtue's holiest way.

Who can this best and worthiest be?
Whom, HEMANS, *can* we name but thee?

THE SPLENDID ANNUAL.

Literature, even in this literary age, is not the ordinary pursuit of the citizens of London, although every merchant is necessarily a man of letters, and underwriters are as common as cucumbers. Notwithstanding, however, my being a citizen, I am tempted to disclose the miseries and misfortunes of my life in these pages, because, having heard the "Drawing Room Album" called a splendid annual, I hope for sympathy from its readers, seeing that I have been a "*splendid annual*" myself.

My name is Scropps—I *am* an Alderman—I *was* Sheriff—I *have been* Lord Mayor—and the three great eras of my existence were the year of my shrievalty, the year of my mayoralty, and the year after it. Until I had passed through this ordeal I had no conception of the extremes of happiness and wretchedness to which a human being may be carried, nor ever believed that society presented to its members, an eminence so exalted as that which I once touched, or imagined a fall so great as that which I experienced.

I came originally from that place to which persons of bad character are said to be sent—I mean Coventry, where my father for many years contributed his share to the success of parliamentary candidates, the happiness of new married couples, and even the gratification of ambitious courtiers, by taking part in the manufacture of ribands for election cockades, wedding favours, and cordons of chivalry; but trade failed, and, like his betters, he became bankrupt, but, unlike his betters, without any consequent advantage to himself; and I, at the age of fifteen, was thrown upon the world with nothing but a strong constitution, a moderate education, and fifteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings in my pocket.

With these qualifications I started from my native town on a pedestrian excursion to London; and although I fell into none of those romantic adventures of which I had read at school, I met with more kindness than the world generally gets credit for, and on the fourth day after my departure, having slept soundly, if not magnificently, every night, and eaten with an appetite which my mode of travelling was admirably calculated to stimulate, reached the great metropolis, having preserved of my patrimony, no less a sum than nine shillings and seven-pence.

The bells of one of the churches in the city were ringing merrily as I descended the heights of Islington; and were it not that my patronymic Scropps never could, under the most improved system of campanology, be jingled into any thing harmonious, I have no doubt, I, like my great predecessor Whittington, might have heard in that peal a prediction of my future exaltation; certain it is I did not; and, wearied with my journey, I took up my lodging for the night at a very humble house near Smithfield, to which I had been kindly recommended by the driver of a return postchaise, of whose liberal offer of the moiety of his bar to town I had availed myself at Barnet.

As it is not my intention to deduce a moral from my progress in the world at this period of my life, I need not here dilate upon the good policy of honesty, or the advantages of temperance and perseverance, by which I worked my way upwards, until after meriting the confidence of an excellent master, I found myself enjoying it fully. To his business I succeeded at his death, having several years before, with his sanction, married a young and deserving woman, about my own age, of whose prudence and skill in household matters I had long had a daily experience. In the subordinate character of his sole domestic servant, in which she figured when I first knew her, she had but few opportunities of displaying her intellectual qualities, but when she rose in the world, and felt the cheering influence of prosperity, her mind, like a balloon, soaring into regions where the bright sun beams on it, expanded, and she became, as she remains, the kind unsophisticated partner of my sorrows and my pleasures, the friend of my heart, and the guiding star of my destinies.

To be brief, Providence blessed my efforts and increased my means; I became a wholesale dealer in every thing, from barrels of gunpowder down to pickled herrings; in the civic acceptation of the word I was a merchant; amongst the vulgar I am called a drysalter. I accumulated wealth; with my fortune my family also grew, and one male Scropps, and four female ditto, grace my board at least once in every week; for I hold it an article of faith to have a sirloin of roasted beef upon my table on Sundays, and all my children round me to partake of it: this may be prejudice—no matter—so long as he could afford it, my poor father did so before me; I plead that precedent, and am not ashamed of the custom.

Passing over the minor gradations of my life, the removal from one residence to another, the enlargement of this warehouse, the rebuilding of that, the anxiety of a canvass for common councilman, activity in the company of which I am liveryman, inquests, and vestries, and ward meetings, and all the other pleasing toils to which an active citizen is subject, let us come at once to the first marked epoch of my life—the year of my Shrievalty. The announcement of my nomination and election filled Mrs. S. with delight; and when I took my children to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look at the gay chariot brushing up for me, I confess I felt proud and happy to be able to show my progeny the arms of London, those of the Spectacle Makers' Company, and those of the Scroppses (recently found at a trivial expense) all figuring upon the same pannels. They looked magnificent upon the pea-green ground, and the wheels, "white picked out crimson," looked so chaste, and the hammercloth, and the fringe, and the festoons, and the Scropps' crests all looked so rich, and the silk linings and white tassels, and the squabs and

the yellow cushions and the crimson carpet looked so comfortable, that, as I stood contemplating the equipage, I said to myself, "What have I done to deserve *this?*—O that my poor father were alive to see his boy Jack going down to Westminster, to chop sticks and count hobnails, in a carriage like this!" My children were like mad things: and in the afternoon, when I put on my first new brown court suit (lined, like my chariot, with white silk) and fitted up with cut steet buttons, just to try the effect, it all appeared like a dream; the sword, which I tried on, every night for half an hour after I went to bed, to practice walking with it, was very inconvenient at first; but use is second nature; and so by rehearsing and rehearsing I made myself perfect before that auspicious day when Sheriffs flourish—and geese prevail—namely, the twenty-ninth of September.

The twelve months which followed were very delightful, for independently of the *positive* honour and *éclat* they produced, I had the Mayoralty in *prospestû* (having obtained my aldermanic gown by an immense majority the preceding year), and as I used during the session to sit in my box at the Old Bailey, with my bag at my back and my bouquet on my book, my thoughts were wholly devoted to one object of contemplation; culprits stood trembling to hear the verdict of a jury, and I regarded them not; convicts knelt to receive the fatal fiat of the Recorder, and I heeded not their sufferings, as I watched the Lord Mayor seated in the centre of the bench, with the sword of justice stuck up in a goblet over his head—there, thought I, if I live two years, shall *I* sit—however, even as it was, it was very agreeable. When executions, the chief drawbacks to my delight, happened, I found, after a little seasoning, I took the thing coolly, and enjoyed my toast and tea after the patients were turned off, just as if nothing had happened; for, in *my* time, we hanged at eight and breakfasted at a quarter after, so that without much hurry we were able to finish our muffins just in time for the cutting down at nine. I had to go to the House of Commons with a petition, and to Court with an address—trying situation for one of the Scroppses—however, the want of state in parliament, and the very little attention paid to us by the members, put me quite at my ease at Westminster; while the gracious urbanity of our accomplished Monarch on his throne made me equally comfortable at St. James's. Still I was but a secondary person, or rather only one of two secondary persons—the chief of bailiffs and principal Jack Ketch; there *was* a step to gain—and, as I often mentioned in confidence to Mrs. Scropps, I was sure my heart would never be still until I had reached the pinnacle.

Behold at length the time arrived!—Guildhall crowded to excess—the hustings thronged—the aldermen retire—they return—their choice is announced to the people—it has fallen upon John Ebenezer Scropps, Esq. Alderman and spectacle maker—a sudden shout is heard—"Scropps for ever!" resounds—the whole assembly seems to vanish from my sight—I come forward—am invested with the chain—I bow—make a speech—tumble over the train of the Recorder, and tread upon the tenderest toe of Mr. Deputy Pod—leave the hall in ecstasy, and drive home to Mrs. Scropps in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The days wore on, each one seemed as long as a week, until at length the eighth of November arrived, and then did it seem certain that I should be Lord Mayor—I was sworn in—the civic insignia were delivered to me—I returned them to the proper officers—my chaplain was near me—the esquires of my household were behind me—the thing was done—never shall I forget the tingling sensation I felt in my ear when I was first called "My Lord"—I even doubted if it were addressed to me, and hesitated to answer—but it *was* so—the reign of splendour had begun, and, after going through the accustomed ceremonies, I got home and retired to bed early, in order to be fresh for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

Sleep I did not—how was it to be expected?—some part of the night I was in consultation with Mrs. Scropps upon the different arrangements; settling about the girls, their places at the banquet, and their partners at the ball; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house I took for trumpets sounding my approach; and the ordinary incidental noise in the family I fancied the popguns at Stangage, announcing my disembarkation at Westminster—thus I tossed and tumbled until the long wished-for day dawned, and I jumped up anxiously to realize the visions of the night. I was not long at my toilet—I was soon shaven and dressed—but just as I was settling myself comfortable into my beautiful brown broadcloth inexpressibles, crack went something, and I discovered that a seam had ripped half a foot long. Had it been consistent with the dignity of a Lord Mayor to swear, I should, I believe at that moment, have anathematized the offending tailor;—as it was, what was to be done?—I heard trumpets in earnest, carriages drawing up and setting down sheriffs, and chaplains, mace bearers, train bearers, sword bearers, water bailiffs, remembrancers, Mr. Common Hunt, the Town clerk, and the deputy town clerk, all bustling about—the bells ringing—and *I* late, with a hole in my inexpressibles! There was but one remedy—my wife's maid, kind, intelligent creature, civil and obliging, and ready to turn her hand to any thing, came to my aid, and in less than fifteen minutes her activity, exerted in the midst of the confusion, repaired the injury, and turned me out fit to be seen by the whole corporation of London.

When I was dressed, I tapped at Mrs. Scropps's door, went in, and asked her if she thought I should do; the dear soul, after settling my point lace frill (which she had

Painted by Edwin Landseer R.A. Engraved by J. Thomson.

The Marchioness of Abercorn and Child

been good enough to pick off her own petticoat on purpose) and putting my bag straight, gave me the sweetest salute imaginable.

"I wish your Lordship health and happiness," said she.

"Sally," said I, "your Ladyship is an angel;" and so, having kissed each of my daughters, who were in progress of dressing, I descended the stairs, to begin the auspicious day in which I reached the apex of my greatness. Never shall I forget the bows—the civilities—the congratulations—Sheriffs bending before me—the Recorder smiling—the Common Serjeant at my feet—the pageant was intoxicating; and when, after having breakfasted, I stepped into that glazed and gilded house upon wheels, called the state coach, and saw my sword bearer pop himself into one of the boots, with the sword of state in his hand, I was lost in ecstacy, I threw myself back upon the seat of the vehicle with all imaginable dignity, but not without damage, for in the midst of my ease and elegance I snapped off the cut steel hilt of my sword, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of my body right, or rather wrong, directly upon the top of it.

But what was a sword hilt or a bruise to *me*? I was the Lord Mayor—the greatest man of the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world. The people realized my anticipations, and "Bravo, Scropps!" and "Scropps for ever!" again resounded, as we proceeded slowly and majestically towards the river, through a fog, which prevented our being advantageously seen, and which got down the throat of the sword bearer, who coughed incessantly during our progress, much to my annoyance, not to speak of the ungraceful movements which his convulsive barkings gave to the red velvet scabbard of the official glave as it stuck out of the window of the coach.

We embarked in *my* barge; a new scene of splendour awaited me, guns, shouts, music, flags, banners, in short, every thing that fancy could paint or a water bailiff provide; there, in the gilded bark, was prepared a cold collation—I ate, but tasted nothing—fowls, *patés*, tongue, game, beef, ham, all had the same flavour; champagne, hock, and Madeira were all alike to *me*—Lord Mayor was all I saw, all I heard, all I swallowed; every thing was pervaded by the one captivating word, and the repeated appeal to "my Lordship" was sweeter than nectar.

At Westminster, having been presented and received, I—desired—I John Ebenezer Scropps, of Coventry—I desired the Recorder to invite the Judges to dine with me—I—who remember when two of the oldest and most innocent of the twelve, came the circuit, trembling at the sight of them, and believing them some extraordinary creatures upon whom all the hair and fur I saw, grew naturally—I, not only to ask these formidable beings to dine with me, but, as if I thought it beneath my dignity to do so in my proper person, deputing a judge of my own to do it for me; I never shall forget their bows in return—Chinese mandarins on chimney-pieces are fools to them.

Then came the return—we landed once more in the scene of my dignity—at the corner of Fleet Street we found the Lady Mayoress waiting for the procession—there she was—Sally Scroops (her maiden name was Snob)—there was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny and Maria and young Sally, all with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing the mud and snorting and smoking like steam engines, with nostrils like safety valves, and four of *my* footmen hanging behind the coach, like bees in a swarm. There had not been so much riband in my family since my poor father's failure at Coventry—and yet how often, over and over again, although he has been dead more than twenty years, did I, during that morning, in the midst of all my splendour, think of *him*, and wish that he could see me in my greatness.—Yes, even in the midst of my triumph I seemed to defer to my good kind parent—in heaven, as I hope and trust—as if I were anxious for *his* judgment and *his* opinion as to how I should perform the arduous and manifold duties of the day.

Up Ludgate Hill we moved—the fog grew thicker and thicker—but then the beautiful women at the windows—those up high could only see my knees and the paste buckles in my shoes; every now and then, I bowed condescendingly to people I had never seen before, in order to show my courtesy and my chain and collar, which I had discovered during the morning shone the better for being shaken.

At length we reached Guildhall—as I crossed the beautiful building, lighted splendidly, and filled with well dressed company, and heard the deafening shouts which rent the fane as I entered it, I really was overcome—I retired to a private room—refreshed my dress, rubbed up my chain, which the damp had tarnished, and prepared to receive my guests. They came, and—shall I ever forget it?—dinner was announced; the bands played "O the roast beef of Old England." Onwards we went, a Prince of the blood, of the blood royal of my country, led out *my* Sally—my own Sally—the Lady Mayoress! the Lord High Chancellor handed out young Sally—I saw it done—I thought I should have choked; the Prime minister took Maria; the Lord Privy Seal gave his arm to Jenny; and my wife's mother, Mrs. Snob, was honoured by the protection of the Right Honourable Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—Oh, if my poor father could but have seen *that!*

It would be tiresome to dwell upon the pleasures of the happy year, thus auspiciously began, in detail; each month brought its delights, each week its festival; public meetings under the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; concerts and balls under the patronage of

the Lady Mayoress; Easter and its dinner, Blue-coat boys and buns; procession here, excursion there.—Summer came, and then we had swan-hopping *up* the river, and white-baiting *down* the river; Yantlet Creek below, the navigation barge above; music, flags, streamers, guns, and company; turtle every day in the week; peas at a pound a pint, and grapes at a guinea a pound; dabbling in rose-water served in gold, not to speak of the loving cup, with Mr. Common Hunt, in full dress, at my elbow: my dinners were talked of, Ude grew jealous, and I was idolized.

The days, which before seemed like weeks, were now turned to minutes: scarcely had I swallowed my breakfast before I was in my justice-room: and before I had mittimused half a dozen paupers for beggary, I was called away to luncheon; this barely over, in comes a deputation, or a dispatch, and so on till dinner, which was barely ended before supper was announced. We all became enchanted with the Mansion House; my girls grew graceful by the confidence their high station gave them; Maria refused a good offer because her lover chanced to have an ill-sounding name; we had all got settled in our rooms, the establishment had began to know and appreciate us; we had just become in fact easy in our dignity and happy in our position, when lo and behold! the ninth of November came again—the anniversary of my exaltation, the consummation of my downfall.

Again did we go in state to Guildhall, again were we toasted and addressed, again were we handed in, and let out, again flirted with cabinet ministers and danced with ambassadors, and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to our old residence in Budge Row.—Never in this world did pickled herrings and turpentine smell so powerfully as on that night when we entered the house; and although my wife and the young ones stuck to the drinkables at Guildhall, their natural feelings would have way, and a sort of shuddering disgust seemed to fill their minds on their return home,—the passage looked so narrow—the drawing rooms looked so small—the staircase seemed so dark—our apartments appeared so low,—however, being tired, we all slept well, at least I did, for I was in no humour to talk to Sally, and the only topic I could think upon before I dropped into my slumber, was a calculation of the amount of expenses which I had incurred during the just expired year of my greatness.

In the morning we assembled at breakfast,—a note lay on the table, addressed—"Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row." The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance—what were his first words?—they were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job,—"How are you, Scropps, done up, eh?"

Scropps! no obsequiousness, no deference, no respect; —no, "my lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night—and how is her ladyship and your lordship's amiable daughters?"—not a bit of it—"How's Mrs. S. and the *gals?*" This was quite natural, all as it *had* been, all perhaps as it should be—but how unlike what it *was*, only one day before! The very servants, who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lacqueys of the Mansion House, (transferred with the chairs and tables from one Lord Mayor to another) dared not speak nor look, nor say their lives were their own, strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and talked of their "*Missis*," as if she had been an apple woman.

So much for domestic miseries;—I went out—I was shoved about in Cheapside in the most remorseless manner! my right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, "Vy, I says, who are *you* I vonder, as is so partiklar about your *hysight.*" I felt an involuntary shudder,—to-day, thought I, I *am* John Ebenezer Scropps—two days ago I *was* Lord Mayor; and so the rencontre ended, evidently to the advantage of the bristly brute. It was however too much for me—the effect of contrast was too powerful, the change was too sudden—and I determined to go to Brighton for a few weeks to refresh myself, and be weaned from my dignity.

We went—we drove to the Royal Hotel; in the hall stood one of his Majesty's ministers, one of my former guests, speaking to his lady and daughter: my girls passed close to him,—he had handed one of them to dinner the year before, but he appeared entirely to have forgotten her. By and by, when we were going out in a fly to take the air, one of the waiters desired the fly man to pull off, because Sir Something Somebody's carriage could not come up,—it was clear that the name of Scropps had lost its influence.

We secluded ourselves in a private house, where we did nothing but sigh and look at the sea. We had been totally spoiled for our proper sphere, and could not get into a better; the indifference of our inferiors mortified us, and the familiarity of our equals disgusted us,—our potentiality was gone, and we were so much degraded that a puppy of a fellow had the impertinence to ask Jenny if she was going to one of the Old Ship balls. "Of course," said the coxcomb, "I don't mean the 'Almacks,' for they are uncommonly select."

In short, do what we would, go where we might, we were outraged and annoyed, at least thought ourselves so; and beyond all bitterness was the reflection, that the days of our dignity and delight never might return. There were at Brighton no less than three men who called me Jack, and *that* out of flies or in libraries, and one of these chose occasionally, by way of making himself particularly agreeable, to address me by the familiar appellation of Jacky. At length, and that only three weeks after my fall, an overgrown tallow chandler met us on the Steyne, and

stopped our party to observe, "as how he thought he owed me for two barrels of coal tar, for doing over his pigstyes." This settled it,—we departed from Brighton, and made a tour of the coast; but we never rallied; and business, which must be minded, drove us before Christmas to Budge Row, where we are again settled down.

Maria has grown thin—Sarah has turned methodist—and Jenny, who danced with his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador, who was called angelic by the Right Honourable the Lord Privy Seal, and who moreover refused a man of fortune because he had an ugly name, is going to be married to Lieutenant Stodge, on the half pay of the Royal Marines—and what then?—I am sure if it were not for the females of my family I should be perfectly at my ease in my proper sphere, out of which the course of our civic constitution raised me. It was unpleasant at best:—but I have toiled long and laboured hard; I have done my duty, and Providence has blessed my works. If we were discomposed at the sudden change in our station, I it is who was to blame for having aspired to honours which I knew were not to last. However the ambition was not dishonourable, nor did I disgrace the station while I held it; and when I see, as in the present year, *that* station filled by a man of education and talent, of high character and ample fortune, I discover no cause to repent of having been one of his predecessors. Indeed I ought to apologize for making public the weakness by which we were all affected; especially as I have myself already learned to laugh at what we all severely felt at first—the miseries of a SPLENDID ANNUAL.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FORGET me not—forget me not—
When, dearest! thou art far away;
When happier fortunes gild thy lot,
And Heaven bestows a brighter day,
Thou wilt not, then, thy faith betray;
Thou wilt not from remembrance blot
The parting vows we pledge to-day—
Forget me not—forget me not!

Think who, in hours of grief and gloom,
When friends and kindred false had proved,
Unchanging shared thy darker doom,
And link'd her fate to thine unmoved,
Reckless of all, save that she loved:—
Nought heeded I, in that dear cot,
Who blamed, or pitied, or reproved:—
Forget me not—forget me not!

Thou goest to raise a fallen name,
To win the wealth we long have spared:
Dearest, wilt thou return the same?
Bring me the heart none else hath shared,
And thou shalt find me well prepared
To live, to die in that lone spot
Where all was mine I ask'd or cared—
Forget me not—forget me not!

If, while with tears of love for thee,
Nightly my wakeful eyes are wet;
I, while my cheek—where'er I be—
Is pale with ceaseless fond regret,
Thou wilt not ALL our love forget—
Then shall I never be forgot,
Nor needs my heart to whisper yet,
Forget me not—forget me not!

A LOVER'S HOUR.

A STAR was twinkling in the west,
And rising o'er our woody hill;
The moon, upspringing from her nest,
Turn'd looks of light on lake and rill;
Afar was heard the surging sea
Rustling o'er the pebbled strand,
A low dull moan,—it seem'd to be
The ripple dying on the sand!

Soft flow'd our thoughts that twilight hour,
As I sat by thee in that lolely bower,
And gazed uncheck'd on those dark fringed eyes,
Where I saw reflected the deep blue skies,
And felt thy averted glance revealing
The tenderness which, o'er thee stealing,
Made thee turn gently round with one full look,
A brief, a single look!—and all was told!

Sweet were our thoughts that silent hour,
As the moonbeams chequer'd through our bower;
And when our shadows startled thee,
And closer still thou crept to me,
I felt thy bosom quickly prest
One yielding moment to my breast!

Earth was forgot—it was holy bliss
To love a maiden so gentle as thee;
And though we met in one deep kiss,
Our hearts were calm as that evening sea.
And then thy hand was placed in mine,
And we knelt 'mid flowers in the pale moonshine;
And we vow'd in our hearts—for no words were spoken—
That the link of true love should never be broken!

STIRLING CASTLE,

AND TOWN.

The approach to which is thus described by Scott:—

"With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the gothic church, where these vows might be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where valour received the prizes from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amidst the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination."

It was here that the party of Balmawhapple, while passing the fortress, were saluted with a bullet; in return for which compliment the valiant laird discharged his pistol at the inhospitable rock.

In approaching the town from the West, in addition to the castle-hill, which has been the scene of encounters so numerous, that a bare list would occupy more room than we can spare, the traveller sees before him three other hills, all famous Golgothas, and all celebrated in song and history. One of these is the Abbey Craig where the Scots were posted on the day the English crossed the Forth to receive so memorable a defeat from Wallace; the second is the Gilleis Hill, the western termination of the field Bannockburn; and the third Sauchie Hill, where the battle was fought between James III. and his rebellious subjects, which ended in the defeat and death of that monarch.

On the plain opposite the castle the conflict took place in 1297, which established the military reputation of Wallace, and led the way to the ultimate deliverance of the kingdom. The skill of the Scottish general would seem to be consummate, from the account of the battle; but it may be a question how far he was indebted to the want of skill on the part of the English commander.

The town of Stirling is built on a ridge of rock, rising from east to west, and terminated by a lofty precipice, on which the castle stands. The very same description applies to Edinburgh; and yet the character of the two towns is altogether different. The hills and precipiecs around Edinburgh, form part of the magnificent picture, of which the city is the principal object, and while they obstruct the view, elevate its beauty almost to the sublime. Stirling, on the contrary, raising its lofty head from a carse or plain, of immense extent, and said to have once been the bed of the Frith of Forth, is almost isolated. The view from the castle-hill extends, on a clear day, to the capital itself; while, on the other points of the compass, it is only bounded by the Ochil and Campsie hills, and the gigantic bulk of Ben-Lomond.

This rock was the seat of a fortress at a very early date; but, till the accession of the house of Stewart, very little is known about its fortunes. It was the birth-place of James II., and a favourite residence of succeeding princes. The palace was built by James V. Its form is quadrangle; the exterior walls are of polished stone; and the whole is ornamented with statues, in the taste of that amorous prince. On the south angle, of which the architecture is much plainer, there is an apartment called "Douglas's Room," which is supposed to have been the scene of the murder of one of that family, perpetrated by James II., with his own hand. If the tradition be correct, this portion of the building is, of course, the most ancient.

THE POPPY.

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-clothed field,
  Though mixed with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
  She bade the Poppy blow

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
But blessed with power mankind to ease,
  The Goddess saw me rise:
'Thrive with the life-supporting grain,'
She cried, 'the solace of the swain,
  The cordial of his eyes.

'Seize, happy mortal! seize the good;
My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
  And makes thee truly blest:
With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
In slumbers pass the night away,
  And leave to fate the rest.'

Maxims.—Make your heart your happiest home, and you will always be in the best company; for your thoughts will never drive you into dissipation by self-reproach.

Consider the wise as the most honourable part of society, and the virtuous as the wisest.

BRUGES.

From an Original Drawing by R.P. Bonnington

Engraved by W. Marshall.

London. Published. Augt 1st 1834. by Simpkin & Marshall. Stationers Court. & J.W. Stevens. 10. Derby Street Verge Cross

FOTHERINGAY.

BY THE REV. J. PARRY.

I stood upon the solitary mound,
Where the proud castle once upreared its Keep;
And as I paced within the grassy round,
Which far-gone Time hath hallowed—from their sleep
A thousand visions thronged the mental eye,
Raised from the sepulchres of memory.

Before me frowned a lone and shattered wall,
The wreck of many years, and at its base
A river poured its waters musical;
Whilst in the distant landscape I might trace
The tangled forest's outlines, and around
All Nature's glories in each sight and sound.

And in its antique beauty rising high,
Yon 'House of Prayer,' which passing years have swept
Less fiercely than the wrecks that round it lie—
Spoiled of its earlier grace, that Fane hath kept
Much of its spleudour still: its long array
Of shaft and arch yet triumphs o'er decay.

But not on things like these the Pilgrim dwells:
He communes with far other themes, and holds
Converse with the departed: from the cells
Of recollection all the past unfolds
Its treasures; and upon the raptured gaze
All gorgeous still, the pomp of vanished days

Descends: or, in some sadder mood, may rise
The thoughts of *her*, who in her latter years
Counted the lonely watches, and with eyes
Dimmed by the agony of burning tears,
Tears such as captives shed, saw hope depart,
And knew too well the sickness of the heart.

Yes—ruined Keep! *her's* is the name that flings
Such witchery o'er thee; nor may Time efface
The spell that wins us, in our wanderings,
To walk where Mary walked, and fondly trace
All that reminds the spirit of her doom,
Her hapless beauty, and her bloody tomb.

And Schiller's glowing song hath shed around
Thy time-worn ruins, Fotheringay! a charm
Which may not perish: all is holy ground
Where the Bard's step hath been, and ripe and warm
The young creations of his mind appear,
Gathering fresh fame as wanes each fleeting year.

Then fare thee well! thou lonely, moss-grown wall—
I had not greeted thee with idle lay,
But that my feelings prompt me to recall
A pilgrimage—the journey of a day—
In which I roved, well-pleased, and at my side
A Friend, right-dearly loved—in good and evil tried.

UNRENEWED YEARS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.

I know not why thus on my heart
A cloud of early sorrows fall;
Bidding each gentle thrill depart,
And waking sighs unspeakable:
Why Love just laughed upon my way,
And scattered a few blossoms there:
Wheu came the mildew of decay:
And rushed the tempest of despair.

I know not when the golden dream,
Which stirred my heart in thankfulness,
Which shed o'er earth a feerless gleam,
Will ere again my spirit bless:
It was too much of bliss, to stay
About my changeful pathway long;
It passed like summer clouds away—
Like the rich cadence of a song.

Perchance it ne'er will come again—
And Earth will never wear a smile
So bright above its wide domain,
The unsullied bosom to beguile:
It is not meet that Joy should fling
His light around my pathway here;
For Time hath clipped his painted wing,
And dimmed his radiant atmosphere.

I know not wherefore;—but my hours
Pass like a sad and funeral train;
And gathering Memory's wasted flowers,
My soul returns to Youth again;—
And, in its varied light and shade,
I see how much my heart is changed—
What wrecks the tide of years hath made
Where childhood's frolic feet have ranged!

Roll on, ungentle tide!—I feel
The gladness of a hope within,
Which Sorrow cannot all conceal,
E'en when its darkest hours begin!
Life is the Journey of a Day,
And rest awaits its even-tide,
When the unfettered soul can lay
This weight of cumbrous dust aside!

Philadelphia, 1830.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin,
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank,
And look'd in the burn,
But side-lang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky.
The burn babbled freely
Its luve to each flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around,
We felt that our luve lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on that sweet face
Till tears fill'd mine e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof
A warld's wealth to me!

Now the winter snaw's fa'in
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree;
But the snaw fa's not faster,
The leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart love sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggins and mailins,
And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever.
My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come,
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy love, may
It fleet over thee.

THE SCULPTOR LORTA.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE GRAND TRIANON AT VERSAILLES.

Within the walls, the marble walls
Of Trianon, a statue's shewn,
Of Love, who pensively recalls,
'Midst scattered flowers, some pleasure flown.

But he who formed it—he to whom
It rose a vision of delight,
Is shrouded now in cheerless gloom,
And wanders in perpetual night.

With that pure thirst for fame alone,
Which conquers sorrow, toil, and pain,
He laboured at the chissel'd stone:
'Twas finished—but ne'er seen again.

Yet, old and blind, he oft will stand
Amidst the crowd that comes to gaze,
And touch the marble with his hand,
And trace the work of happier days.

How, round his heart, that touch must draw
A world of feelings cherished yet!
Twas the last object that he saw—
'Twill be the *last* he can forget.

MATIN-SONG.

The day's wan light breaks fair and far,
The wave is restless on the stream;—
Dallying with the morning star,
It rocks the slight and silvery beam.

Freshly the heart of day is breathing!
The wild-flower trembles for the bee:—
On ocean's cheek a smile is wreathing,
Tenderly and merrily!

The sky-lark leaves its nest,
With pearls upon its breast;—
From its nested sedge the crowned swan glides, slow,—
And forth into the morning, like the light, doth go!

THE PERSIAN LOVERS.

The Sun was in his western chamber
  Sunk on his cloudy ottomans,
All tissued scarlet, gold, and amber;
  The breezes round him waved their fans.
Below, the twilight ting'd the water;
  The bee was humming through the roses;
The ringdove told what nature taught her:
  'Tis thus a Persian evening closes.

Who paces with such fairy feet
  Beside that fountain's dewy gushings?
Why does her heart so wildly beat,
  Why paint her cheek those crimson flushings?
Why, like the fawn from hunters flying,
  Those glances through the perfum'd grove?
Why panting, weeping, smiling, sighing?
  Thus Persian maidens fall in love.

But see, the rustling of the blossoms,
  Like snow, a warrior shakes them round him;
And to the loveliest of all bosoms
  Swears that its spells for life have bound him.
The turtle o'er them waves its wing;
  In silver o'er them smiles the Moon;
And still the Persian maidens sing
  The loves of Osmyn and Meinoun.

RURAL PICTURE.

Nor could the pencil of Poussin or Claude have embodied upon their canvas a more delightful picture of rural loveliness and solitude, than that which has been drawn for us by the sweet fancy of Sidney and his sister.

'Lord! dear Cousin,' said he, 'doth not the pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it?—do you not see how all the things conspire together to make the Country a heavenly dwelling?—do you not see the Grass, how in colour they excel the emerald, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height?—and see you not the rest of those beautiful Flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to express?—do not these stately Trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happiness of their being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade?—doth not the Air breathe health, which the Birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices?—is not every Echo thereof a perfect music? and those fresh and delightful Brooks, how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure!'

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie, with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet birds' throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
  Here shall he see
  No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth Ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
  Here shall he see
  No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

THE TIDE AT MIDNIGHT.

A SONNET.

Hark! the loud breakers dash against the shore,
  Whilst midnight spreads her shadowy pall around;
  Now, venturing forth, amid the gloom profound,
We listen to the waters' thundering roar,
And God in His magnificence adore.
  But soon the mighty waves, with rushing sound,
  Their destin'd course roll o'er th' accustom'd ground,
As, trembling, we the dubious bank explore;
  And now the dashing of the salt sea-spray
Warns our swift footsteps from the shelvy coast,
  Whilst not a star affords a glimmering ray,
Shrouded in misty veil the heavenly host;
  But lights phosphoric on the billows play,
A glittering squadron at their nightly post!

E. J. T

Medicine.—Akenside one day defended medicine against the raillery of Saxby, who was something of a cynic. After having parried all the Doctor's arguments, so as to keep the laugh continually in his favour, Saxby hastily exclaimed—"Bold, Doctor, I will tell you once for all, what I think of your profession: the ancients took much pains to make a *science* of it; but did not accomplish it: the moderns set about making it a *trade*, and they have completely succeeded."

A LAMENT FOR THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

O, FOR Knighthood's golden time
When Romance was yet adored,
When Love wrought the minstrel rhyme,
When Love drew the warrior sword,—
When in woman's eye to shine,
Every deed of fame was done;
Peace the garland used to twine,
War flung down the banner won.

Then was Love no idle dream,
Lightly come and lightly past,
But a pure and holy beam
Burning brightly to the last;
Leading on the young and brave
To the charge of steel-clad men,
To the peril of the wave,
To the dragon in his den.

On it led through court and camp
Raging floods, and battle heath,
Cheering Faith in dungeon-damp,
Gilding e'en the form of death:
When the hero dying lay,
Borne to earth in bloody strife;
O'er him still the constant ray
Lit the hour of parting life.

Were it Knighthood's golden time,
When Romance was yet adored,
I for Love would weave the rhyme
I for Love unsheath the sword;
But remains alone for me,
Of a time so fair and bright,
True in Love as then to be,
And to mourn departed light.

OVER THE SEA.

OVER the sea, over the sea,
Lies the land that is loved by me;
A sunnier sky may be over my head,
And a richer soil beneath my tread,
And a softer speech in my ears be rung,
Than the notes of my own wild mountain tongue;
But never, O, never so dear to me
Can the loveliest spot in this wide world be,
As the bleak cold land, where the heather waves
Round the place of my birth, o'er my fathers' graves.
Ocean is wide, and his storms are rude,
And my heart feels faint in its solitude,
To think of the terrible gulf that lies
Betwixt me and all that my soul doth prize;
And I gaze for hours on the measureless deep,
Till my heart could break, though I cannot weep;
And I feel the desire of my soul in vain,
That the land of my sires I shall ne'er see again,
That my tomb shall be hollowed out where now I stand,
And my eyelids be closed by some unknown hand.

Mark not the spot where my bones are laid,
Whether it be in the dark forest shade,
Or fast by the beach where the wild wave lashes,
Or deep in the pass where the hill-torrent dashes
Or high on the cliff where the eagle sweeps—
What matters it where the stranger sleeps?
But over the sea, over the sea,
How then shall my chainless spirit flee
Back to the land that I love so well,
To the craggy steep, and the heathy dell.

THE MINSTREL'S FAME.

MINSTREL, though gay and gliltering throngs
Court thee with ardent zeal,
And lavish praises on the songs
Beyond their power to feel;
Oh! build not on those specious arts,
The honours of thy name,
In simpler scenes, in warmer hearts,
Seek for thy truest fame.

Where'er a gifted band are met
Around the quiet hearth,
Who, wrapt in thy sweet strains, forget
The gilded toys of earth;
Where'er the student's midnight hours,
Sacred to learning's claim,
Are brightened by thy magic powers,
There, rest for thy real fame.

Thine is the soul refined and high,
And thine the hallowed lyre,
Can worldly minds to such reply
With pure congenial fire?
Oh! sigh not their applause to own,
Nor heed their fickle blame,
But seek in kindred hearts alone,
For true and changeless fame.

M. A.

FISHER BOYS.

From an Original Drawing by R. Reinagle

Engraved by R. Smith

A SONG OF DELOS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

It wil be remembered, that this beautiful island was sacred to the ancient Greeks, from having been the birth-place of Apollo and Diana. None were born or died there—the mothers and the dying were carried to the neighbouring islet of Rhane. Solemn expeditions, with much priestly pomp, were frequently made from Athens to enforce this ordinance, particularly to propitiate the Gods in time of public calamity. Our era refers to the celebrated lustration, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, during the plague of Athens.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos: from that isle,
The Sun-God's own domain, a gentle girl,
Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too perilously bright,
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying!—but for *her*
The child of beauty and of poesy,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,
Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried;

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh! pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep.
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore:
—Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"Oh! linger linger, on the oar,
Beneath my native sky!
Though breathing from the radiant shore
Voices of youth too sweetly wander by!
Mine hath no part in all their summer-mirth,
Yet back they call me to the laughing earth.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
Lord of the Lyre! to me;
With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;
The ray that lit the incense-pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

"Bright Isle! might but thine echoes keep
A tone of my farewell,
One tender accent, low and deep,
'Shrined 'midst they founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh linger, seamen, linger on the oar!

THE BISCAYEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

OH! softly falls the foot of love
Where those he worships rest,
More gently than a mother bird,
Who seeks her downy nest.
And thus I steal to thee, beloved,
Beneath the dark blue night:
O come to our unconquer'd hills,
For there the stars are bright.

Oh! pleasant 'tis to wander out,
When only thou and I
Are there, to speak our happy thought
To that far silent sky!
The valleys down beneath are full
Of voices and of men;
Oh! come to our untrodden hills,
They will not tell again.

The balmy air may breathe as sweet,
With perfume floating slow;
But here where thou and I may roam,
The fresh wild breezes blow;
Oh! here each little floweret seems
To know that it is free:
The winds on our unconquer'd hills
Are full of liberty!

ELEGY.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Fair was thy blossom, tender flower,
That open'd like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret for love's decay!

How oft thy mother heaved the sigh
O'er wreaths of honour early shorn,
Before thy sweet and guiltless eye
Had open'd on the dawn of morn!

How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumber'd low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and wo!

Her wrong'd, but gentle bosom burn'd
With joy thy opening bloom to see,
The only breast that o'er thee yearn'd,
The only heart that cared for thee.

Oft her young eye, with tear-drops bright,
Pleaded with Heaven for her sweet child,
When faded dreams of past delight
O'er recollection wander'd wild.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower
In peace thy morning hymn to sing!

Thy little feet across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose press'd the dew,
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

Even then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever;
A tear of pity wet the string
That twang'd and seal'd thy doom for ever.

I saw thee late the emblem fair
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Start tiptoe on the verge of air,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth:

But now I see thee stretch'd at rest,
To break that rest shall wake no morrow;
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast!
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow!

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet,
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be;
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

How calm thou art! on that fair brow
Hath Peace for ever set her seal;
And Grief can ne'er displace it now,
For thou hast ceased to feel.

Thou, from a world too rude for thee,
Sweet maiden! has for ever flown,
And, in thy virgin purity,
Hast to the grave gone down.

Life's fading roses yet a while
Are lingering on thy placid cheek;
And on thy lips that angel smile
Thy joy in death should speak.

I may not view those lovely eyes,
Now shrouded in their last long sleep;
But in their death no sadness lies,
And they have ceased to weep.

The patient look of grief resign'd,
Which thou wert wont in life to wear,
When secret anguish crush'd thy mind,
No longer lingers there.

But traits more heavenly far than this,
And milder, more seraphic grace,
Reflecting from thy spirit's bliss,
Are painted on thy face.

The pangs that wrung that tender heart
Are now for ever past and o'er;
And Falsehood's stings, and Love's keen dart,
Shall never pierce it more.

In Death, who early mark'd thy charms,
Thou hast a kinder lover found,
And thou wilt in his friendly arms
Sleep sweetly in the ground;

Where bitter thoughts of slighted truth
And wither'd hopes shall never come,
Nor aught that cross'd thy wasted youth
Disturb that quiet home.

But vernal buds and summer flowers
Around thy lowly bed shall bloom,
And heaven's best dews and purest showers
Weep o'er thy silent tomb.

Agnes Strickland.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way. *Gray.*

Windsor, the favourite residence of a long line of kings, has been a royal demesne since the days of William the Conqueror, who took possession of it from the hands of the abbot of Westminster in exchange for lands in Essex. It is situated in the county of Berks, and its name is derived from a Saxon term which means *winding banks.* The picturesque beauty of the Thames, the finely wooded district through which it bends its course, and the interesting historical associations connected with the vicinity,—all combine to confer upon Windsor peculiar attractions. The town was presented with its first charter by Edward I., and received its last in the reign of William III. It is governed by a corporation of thirty brethren, ten of whom are called aldermen, and the rest consist of benches and burgesses. From the former of these are annually elected a mayor, and justice; and two bailiffs from the latter. The guild-hall, which is the principal public edifice, contains several noble apartments, and is decorated chiefly with portraits of the English sovereigns. The church is of ancient architecture; and the monuments it preserves are worthy the antiquarian's notice. It is less however for the objects it contains in itself than for the beauty of the scenery—its noble forest, and stately castle,—that the town of Windsor is generally visited, and to these it chiefly owes its celebrity.

Between the reigns of William the Conqueror and Edward III. the palace of Windsor was considerably enlarged and improved, and the latter prince, who was born there, caused the greater part of the old edifice to be removed, and rebuilt it in its present form. It was built by William of Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; and it has been recorded that his fortune was made by the skill and genius he displayed. It is a curious comment on the then arbitrary nature of royal government, that the king is stated to have issued orders for those persons to be deprived of their property who dared to offer higher wages to the workmen than what he himself gave, and the men to be imprisoned in Newgate. The commissioners employed to provide the building materials were also enjoined to seize as many vehicles as they might require for their conveyance; and by these summary and speedy measures the structure was rapidly approaching its completion before that great monarch's death. In the reign of Edward IV. it received numerous additions; and still more in that of Henry VIII. and his successor; in the time of Elizabeth, and by Charles II. But it is since the accession of the illustrious House of Brunswick, and in particular during the reign of George III., that the castle approached its present completion, and under George the Fourth assumed its final grand and splendid appearance. Having fallen into a state of dilapidation, designs for rebuilding and enlarging it were submitted by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. Under his active and judicious superintendance many parts of the old edifice were removed, and those elegant and noble portions introduced which now render it every way a suitable residence for a race of kings.

The castle is divided into two large courts, the upper and the lower; only separated from each other by the round tower which is allotted for the residence of the governor. On the north side of the upper court are situated the state apartments; on the east were George IV.'s private apartments; and on the south side is the suite of rooms set apart for the officers of the state. The new grand entrance to the royal apartments was constructed from designs by the late James Wyatt, and under the immediate inspection of George III., whose taste in architecture, no less than that of George IV. is well known. In the centre of the court is placed an equestrian statue of Charles II.; and the royal apartments are adorned with a splendid collection of paintings, chiefly formed by his majesty. In the hall of St. George are usually celebrated the rites and ceremonies connected with the order of the garter. The royal chapel is embellished with a variety of superb carvings by the hand of the celebrated Gibbons; and in the lower ward of the castle is St. George's chapel, an elegant and highly finished structure of pointed architecture. Connected with this is the charitable institution of the poor knights of Windsor, who receive a yearly allowance of about £40, with blue cloaks, embroidered with the cross of St. George. The chapel was founded by Edward III. in the year 1377, and completed and embellished as it is now seen during tht reigns of Edward IV. and Henry VII. In its vaults are interred many of our sovereigns; and here also is the new royal cemetery, which was commenced by George III., under the direction of the late James Wyatt. That architect caused an excavation to be made in the dry rock of chalk, of the entire width and length of the building, called Cardinal Wolsey's tomb-stone, within the walls of which it is enclosed to more than the depth of fifteen feet from the surface. The entire dimensions extend to seventy feet long, by twenty eight wide, and 140 deep. To this abode the remains of the princess Amelia were first consigned, followed soon after by those of the duchess of Brunswick; the third was that of the ever lamented princess Charlotte; and the fourth consigned to it were the remains of the venerable George III. The deaths of these illustrious individuals occurring within a brief period, have still more

recently been succeeded by the demise of the three eldest brothers of the same royal house,—events which cannot fail to excite deep and salutary reflections in the public mind.

From the tower of the castle the eye embraces one of the most noble and extensive prospects that England affords. Not fewer than twelve counties may be discerned with the naked eye; while the landscape which stretches below presents every combination of picturesque beauty and enchantment to gratify the taste. Amidst green luxuriant foliage, forming the most agreeable and refreshing shades, is seen the Thames, winding his serene and majestic course; the vivid green, or the deeper brown shades of the forest; hamlets, villas, fields, and hills,—all presenting to the beholder a rural panorama of unrivalled brilliancy and effect.

In the interior of the same building is a guard chamber, filled with ancient armour, and various kinds of warlike weapons. Among other remarkable specimens of this description, are seen the coats of mail said to have been worn by John, king of France, and David of Scotland, both of whom are known to have been prisoners in the castle.

The beauty of Windsor and its environs has long been the favourite theme of England's choicest poets. A number of old writers, before the days of Pope and Gray, struck with the variety of its natural scenery and local attractions, sought in the most secluded haunts and delightful solitudes of its forests to give expression to those feelings of admiration and pleasure derived from the contemplations it inspired. Abounding also in historical associations, both of a heroic and domestic kind, it is not surprising that our poets should have selected—

> "Thy forest, Windsor, and its green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muses' seats."

With how much pathetic beauty and tenderness the poet Gray has described the adjacent scenes, and dwelt upon the recollections and regrets they awakened of earlier days, on a distant prospect of Eton college, we need hardly recal to the reader's mind:—

> I feel the gales that from you blow
> A momentary bliss below,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing
> My weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring.

It is in the poem, however, of Windsor Forest, in the exquisite beauty of its descriptions, the noble episodes and pleasing fable with which it is interwoven—the celebration of the exploits of some of our greatest British monarchs,—combined with the charm of its versification, that we meet with so much to interest us in the local scenery, and to confer upon Windsor and its forest an additional attraction to the mind of the patriot and the poet, which they never before possessed.

About half a mile south-east of Windsor is situated Frogmore, which boasts an elegant and beautiful mansion, with fine gardens, long the favourite residence of the queen of George III.

SONG.

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The Heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing—
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

AMERICAN TASTE.

Greek and Latin are generally cultivated, but with very few exceptions, not in a sufficient degree to give a perception or taste for the beauties of the great masters of Greece and Italy, otherwise could it be possible, that in the public prints they should boast of the Columbiad of Barlow, as a poem equal, nay, superior, to Homer and Virgil, and the speeches of their representatives as models of eloquence infinitely above those of Demosthenes and Cicero? It is not to be denied, that the Americans express themselves with great facility and elegance, and sometimes display fine traits of real eloquence. In short, after gold, this is their idol; but of the various branches which, according to the greatest masters, make up the art of speaking well, elocution is the one on which they bestow the greatest care. Provided a speaker or writer deals in choice expressions, elegant phrases, and harmonious periods, nothing more is required to stamp him as a great orator, however deficient he may be in the richness of invention, felicity of thought, weight of sentiment, and command of the passions, which would elsewhere be required.

Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Engraved by J. Thomson

The Brighton Beauty.

THE MORGUE.

"M. Perrin, keeper of the Morgue, is a little old man. who coughs incessantly. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he very politely offered to show me all the details of his administration, regretting much, as he said, that there was not so much variety as could be desired. "But I will show you what I have—be pleased to walk up."

As we were climbing the narrow stairs, and he was informing me that his establishment was connected both with the prefecture and the police, with the one on account of the local expenses, with the other from its connection with the public health, we were obliged to stand close against the wall to allow a troop of young girls to pass, well dressed, gay, but shivering with the cold, which blew from the river through the chink which lighted the stair.

"These are four of my daughters. I have eight children. Francois, the keeper, has had four, and he has had the good fortune to get them all married. Francois is a kind father."

"So," said I, "twelve children then have been born in the Morgue. Dreams of joy, and conjugal endearments, and parental delights, have been experienced in this chamber of death. Marriage with its orange flowers, baptism with its black robed sponsors, the communion and the embroidered veil, love, religion, virtue, have had their nome here as elsewhere. God has sown the seeds of happiness everywhere."

"Papa, we are going to a distribution of prizes. My sisters are sure to get a prize. Don't weary, we will be back in good time."

"Go, my children,"—and all four embraced him.

I thought of the body of the little Norman in the dreary room beneath, and of the mother who even now, perhaps, was anxiously looking for her from the window.

"This is the apartment of Francois." Francois did the honours with the activity of a man who is not ashamed of his establishment. His room is comfortably furnished; two modern pendules mounted on bronze, a wardrobe with a Medusa's head, a high bed, and a handsome rose coloured curtain. If the room was not overburdened with furniture, if there was not much of luxury, yet, to those not early accustomed to superfluities, it might even seem gay. It represented the tastes, opinions, and habits of its master. Vases of flowers threw a green reflection on the curtains, for Francois is fond of flowers. Among his gallery of portraits were those of Augereau and Kleber, both in long coats, leaning on immense sabres, with peruques and powder. Napoleon is there three times.

"Look at these jars," said Francois, "these are sweetmeats of my wife's making: she excels in sweetmeats." I read upon them, "gooseberries of 1831." We left Francois's apartment, which forms the right wing of the Morgue, while the clerk's house is on the left, and entered the cabinet of administration of M. Perrin.

If Francois is fond of flowers, M. Perrin has the same penchant for hydraulics and the camera obscura; he draws, he makes jets from the Seine, by an ingenious piece of machinery of his own invention; while he was retouching his syphon, I asked permission to turn over the register where suicides are ranged in two columns.

The fatal "unknown" was the prevailing designation; "brought here at three in the morning, skull fractured, *unknown;*"—"brought at twelve at night, drowned under the Pont des Arts, cards in his pocket, *unknown;*"—"young woman, pregnant, crushed by a fiacre at the corner of the Rue Mander, *unknown;*"—"new born child found dead of cold, at the gate of an hotel, *unknown.*"

I said to M. Perrin that he must weary here very much occasionally during the long nights of winter.

"No," replied he good humouredly, "the children sing, we all work, Francois and I play at draughts or piquet; the worst of it is, we are sometimes interrupted; a knock comes, we must go down, get a stone ready, undress the new comer and register him; that spoils the game; we forget to mark the points."

"And this is the way you generally spend your evenings?"—"Always, except when Francois has to go to Vaugirard at four o'clock, then he must go to bed earlier. Perhaps you do not know that our burying-ground is at Vaugirard:—as that burying-ground is not much in fashion, we have been allowed to retain our privilege of having a fosse to ourselves."

"I understand,—it is a fief of the Morgue."

"You saw that chariot below near the entrance-gate, in which the children were hiding themselves at play,—that is our hearse."

"And rich or poor, all must make use of your conveyance? If for instance a suicide is recognized, his relations or friends may reclaim him, take him home, and bestow the rites of sepulture on him at his own house?"

"No, the Morgue does not give back what has been once deposited here. It allows the funeral ceremonies to be as pompous as they will, but they must all set out from hence; one end of the procession perhaps is at Notre Dame, while the other is starting from the Morgue. The Archbishop of Paris may be there; but Francois's place is fixed. It is the first."

"And the priests of Notre Dame, do they never make any difficulty about administering the funeral rites to your dead?"

"Never!"

"Not even to the suicides?"

"There are no suicides for Notre Dame; one is drowned by accident, another killed by the bursting of a gun, a third has fallen from a scaffold. I invent the excuse, and the conscience of the priest accepts it. That's enough."

So, thought I! Notre Dame, which formerly witnessed the execution at the stake of sorcerers, alchymists, and gipsies on the Grande Place, has now no word of reprobation for the carcase of the suicide, once allowed to rot on the ground, or be devoured by birds. She asks not here, what was his faith. The priest says mildly, "Peace be with you."

We walked down, and Francois opened the first room, that which contains the dresses; habits of all shapes, all dimensions, hideously jumbled together; gaiters pinned to a sleeve, a shawl shading the neck of a coat; dresses of peasants, workmen, carters and brewers' frocks, women's gowns, all faded, discoloured, shapeless, flap against each other in the current of air which enters through the windows. There is something here appalling in the sight and sound of these objects, soulless, bodyless, yet moving as if they had life, and presenting the form without the flesh. Your eye rests on a handkerchief, the property of some poor labourer, suddenly seized with the idea of suicide, after some day that he has wanted work.

Francois, who followed the direction of my eyes to see what impression the picture produced on me, sighed heavily.

"Does it move you too?" said I: "Are you discontented with your lot—unhappy?"

"Not exactly! But sir, formerly, you must know, the dresses, after being six months exhibited, became a perquisite of ours; we sold them. Now they talk of taking the dresses from us."

I reassured Francois as to the intention of government, and assured him there was no talk of taking away the dresses.

The second room, that which adjoins the public exhibition room, is appropriated for the dissection of those the mode of whose death appears to the police to be suspicious. Its only furniture is a marble table, on which the dissections take place, and a shelf on which are placed several bottles of chlorate. This room is immediately above the room of M. Perrin. The dissecting-table above just answers to the girls' piano below.

In this room, which I crossed rapidly to avoid as much as possible the sight of a body extended on the plank, I saw the little girl, who had been stifled the night before in the diligence; she was a lovely child. The other figure was frightfully disfigured; scarcely even would his mother have recognized him.

There remained only the public room; it is narrow, ill aired; ten or twelve black and sloping stones receive the suicides, who are placed on it almost in a state of nudity; the places are seldom all occupied, except perhaps during a revolution. Then it is that the Morgue is recruited; two more days of glory and immortality in July, and the plague had been in Paris.

"It is true," said M. Perrin, "we worked hard during the three days, and were allowed the use of two assistants. Corpses evere where, within, without, at the gate on the bank." . . .

"And your girls?"

"During those days they did not leave their apartment, nor looked out to the street, nor to the river; besides, you are mistaken if you think the sight would have terrified them. Brought up here, they will walk at night without a light in front of the glass, which divides the corpses from the public, without trembling; we become accustomed to any thing."

Methought I heard the poor children, so familiar with the idea of death, so accustomed to this domestic spectacle of their existence, asking innocently of the strangers whom they visited—as one would ask where is your garden, your kitchen, or your cabinet,—"where do *you* keep your dead here?"

These were all the facts I could gather with regard to the establishment. I was opening the glass door to breathe the fresh air again, when the entrance of the crowd drove me back into the interior; they were following a bier, on which lay a body, from which the water dripped in a long stream. From one of the hands which were closely clenched, the keeper detached a strip of coloured linen, and a fragment of lace. "Ah!" said he, "let me look, 'tis she!"

"Who is it?"

"The nurse who was here this morning; the nurse of the little Norman girl. Good! they may be buried together." And M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote in his best current-hand—"*unknown.*"

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Thou art amid the festive halls,
  Where beauty wakes her spells for thee;
Where music on thy spirit falls
  Like moonlight on the sea;
But now while fairer brows are smiling,
And brighter lips thy heart beguiling,
  Thinkest thou of me?

Fair forms and faces pass thee by
  Like bright creations of a dream.
And love-lit eyes, when thou art nigh,
  With softer splendours beam:
Life's gayest witcheries are round thee;
But now while mirth and joy surround thee,
  Thinkest thou of me?

THE SLAVE SHIP.

We were on board a slave ship, bound to the coast of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business; and I believe others had them too. We had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and were lying off Barbary, one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to take the helm. The ship was becalmed, and every thing around was as silent as the day after the deluge. The wide monotony of water, varied only by the glancings of the moon on the crest of the waves, made me think the old fables of Neptune were true; and that Amphitrite and her Naiads were sporting on the surface of the ocean, with diamonds in their hair. Those fancies were followed by thoughts of wife, children, and home; and all were oddly enough jumbled together in a delicious state of approaching slumber. Suddenly I heard, high above my head, a loud, deep, terrible voice, call out, "Stand from under!" I started to my feet—it was the customary signal when any thing was to be thrown from the shrouds, and mechanically I sung out the usual answer, "Let go!" But nothing came—I looked up in the shrouds—there was nothing there. I searched the deck—and found that I was alone! I tried to think it was a dream—but that sound, so deep, so stern, so dreadful, rung in my ears, like the bursting of a cannon!

In the morning, I told the crew what I had heard. They laughed at me; and were all day long full of their jokes about "Dreaming Tom." One fellow among them was most unmerciful in his raillery. He was a swarthy, malignant-looking Spaniard; who carried murder in his eye, and curses on his tongue; a daring and lordly man, who boasted of crime, as if it gave him pre-eminence among his fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my story. "A most uncivil ghost, Tom," said he; "when such chaps come to see me, I'll make 'em show themselves. I'll not be satisfied without seeing and feeling, as well as hearing"

The sailors all joined with him; and I, ashamed of my alarm, was glad to be silent. The next night, Dick Burton took the helm. Dick had nerves like an ox, and sinews like a whale; it was little he feared, on the earth, or beneath it. The clock struck one—Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he said, thinking nothing of me, or my story—when that awful voice again called from the shrouds, "Stand from under!" Dick darted forward like an Indian arrow, which they say goes through and through a buffalo, and wings on its way, as if it had not left death in the rear. It was a moment or two before he found presence of mind to call out "Let go!" Again nothing was seen—nothing heard. Ten nights in succession, at one o'clock, the same unearthly sound run through the air, making our stoutest sailors quail. At last the crew grew pale when it was spoken of; and the worst of us never went to sleep without saying our prayers. For myself, I would have been chained to the oar all my life, to have got out of that vessel. But there we were in the vast solitude of ocean; and this invisible being was with us! No one put a bold face on the matter, but Antonio, the Spaniard. He laughed at our fears, and defied Satan himself to terrify *him*. However, when it came his turn at the helm, he refused to go. Several times, under the pretence of illness, he was excused from a duty, which all on board dreaded. But at last, the Captain ordered Antonio to receive a round dozen lashes every night, until he should consent to perform his share of the unwelcome office. For awhile this was borne patiently; but at length, he called out, "I may as well die one way as another—Give me over to the ghost!"

That night Antonio kept watch on deck. Few of the crew slept; for expectation and alarm had stretched our nerves upon the rack. At one o'clock, the voice called, "Stand from under!" "Let go!" screamed the Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laughter—and *such* laughter!—It seemed as if the fiends sung to each other from pole to pole, and the bass was howled in hell! Then came a sudden crash upon the deck, as if our masts and spars had fallen. We all rushed to the spot—and there was a cold stiff gigantic corpse. The Spaniard said it was thrown from the shrouds, and when he looked on it he ground his teeth like a madman. "I know him," exclaimed he; "I stabbed him within an hour's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for breakfast."

We all stood aghast at the monster. In fearful whispers we asked what should be done with the body. Finally we agreed that the terrible sight must be removed from us, and hidden in the depth of the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it; but human strength was of no avail—we might as well have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid, heavy, and as immoveable as if it formed a part of the vessel. The Spaniard was furious; "let me lift him," said he; "I lifted him once, and can do it again. I'll teach him what it is to come and trouble me." He took the body round the waist, and attempted to move it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised itself up; its rayless eyes opened; its rigid arms stretched out, and clasped its victim in a close death grapple—and rolling over to the side of the ship, they tottered an instant over the waters—then with a loud plunge sunk together.

There is neither age, nor condition, nor situation, which does not leave a man the liberty and the necessary means of practising any virtue. Cicero has said that there is not a moment without some duty.

CHARLES CAMERON.

- - - - - - "See where he comes!
His manly lineaments, his beaming eye
The same, but now a holier innocence
Sits on his cheek, and loftier thoughts illume
The enlightened glance."—SOUTHEY.

THE newspapers of the day announced a brilliant victory, and Britons were called on to glory in their name, and to share in the proud triumph of their invincible countrymen. Loud and long was the answering burst of public gratulation:—but many a sickening heart refused to join in the note of joy, and many a tearful eye looked around on the diminished circle it once had fondly gazed on, but looked in vain for the father, brother, husband, child, that would return no more!

Among the names of those who fell, that of Charles Cameron had its passing meed of admiration for gallant deeds, and of sincere, though short-lived, regret, that youth and valour should have been thus untimely snatched away. But deep was the wound which his loss had made in the bosom of an idolizing family, who wept over the removal of the son and the brother whose place could never again be filled. When long years had softened down the first bitterness of their regrets, still was he fondly and sadly remembered. The mother's heart, as her eye glanced on the childish sports of her boys, would still revert to her first-born, and ponder over many a scene of days gone by, forgotten or unmarked save by a mother's love. The father thought on the goodly youth that should have sustained the honours of his name through days to come, and transmitted it with added lustre to his sons. The sister's undying love was ever with the sweet play-mate of her infancy, the sharer of all her little joys and sorrows, the friend and the counsellor of her more advanced youth. So wore the years away, and many a day of pleasure and of pain, as they rolled on, renewed the anguish of the mourners.

Peace came at length, and with it many a thought arose of the happier feelings with which, under other circumstances, they too might have welcomed the general blessing. Oh man, rebellious man! thus ever prone to aggravate thy woes, thus ceaselessly clinging to that which the Almighty in His wisdom sees fit to remove, how dost thou still ungratefully turn from the voice that would speak peace to the wounded spirit; that bids thee look from the sorrows of time to the hopes of eternity; and calls on thee to receive the chastening trials of earth as an invitation to draw yet nearer to that world, where they shall be for ever unknown!

But I wander from my tale. Peace came at length, I have said; and many a heart beat high as it welcomed back the long absent and the loved. Soon followed strange tidings to the mourning family of Charles Cameron—strange and bewildering, awakening hopes that long had slept—and that now scarcely did they dare to admit. One, returned to foreign captivity, spoke of him as wounded and a prisoner long after the day on which he was supposed to have fallen. There was agony even in the short suspense that followed, ere a letter from himself confirmed their wildest, fondest hopes.

During the years they had mourned him as dead, he had languished in the dungeons of a foreign land; but the doors of his prison were now unclosed, and the friends of his youth were about to welcome him back to their hearts and their home. The wanderer returned to the land of his birth:—a mother's smile, a father's welcome, greeted his arrival—sisters, brothers, with looks of love, gathered round the dear being thus restored to them as from the grave—again their little home seemed the abode of bliss—the dreary void there was filled—they looked around, and gratefully asked what now was wanting—their cup of felicity was full! But how changed was the form over which they hung with fond delight—how altered since last their eyes had rested on it! He had left them radiant in health, and youth, and spirits—ardent, sanguine, impetuous:—now, sickness and "hope deferred" had left their withering trace on the faded form, but on the spirit had passed a nobler change,—there, sorrow and trial had early accomplished their purifying work, and the sweet, the elevating influence of religion was shed on all around him.

Many were the inquiries which fond affection dictated on the events of the past, but human language is poor when it would express such feelings as he then described.

Cut off, as it had seemed to him, from every earthly enjoyment; every energy of his ardent character repressed, every hope of active usefulness, of honourable distinction, crushed; torn from every tie which had hitherto endeared life, he had mourned in bitterest anguish over the hopelessness of his lot—he had dared to question the wisdom of that decree which prolonged an existence thus useless, as he deemed it, to himself or others. The walls of his prison had echoed to the cries of repining and despair. From its inmost recesses a voice had reached him, had demanded, "Who art thou, mortal, that darest thus to arraign the wisdom of Providence, thus to reason on the designs of Omnipotence? Man judgeth blindly from the little part he sees, but to the eyes of the Almighty, the past and the future are *one great present;* to Him the means and the end are alike discernible, by Him alike directed."

Eagerly had he turned to the voice of correcting admonition, and gratefully did he welcome the companion, thus mercifully allotted him, to cheer the solitude of his dungeon, and to dispel the night of spiritual darkness which surrounded him. Gradually was then unfolded to his brightening spirit the wonderful ways of Divine Providence; and sweetly was he taught to trace the hand of a Father, even in the afflictive events of a world which he

Austin pinx.

Engd by Grundy

THE MARKET BOAT.

then first learned to estimate justly, not as the scene of man's lasting joys, but as the probationary state which is to fit him for the enjoyment of more exalted delights, and to train him for the exercise of higher duties, during an existence of which this is but the infancy.

The friend and companion of his solitude was one who had himself been disciplined in the salutary school of adversity. On his heart were engraven the lessons of comfort and encouragement which the blessed Volume of Inspiration holds out to the weary and heavy-laden, to the soul just sinking under the trials of life, or awakening to the first overwhelming conviction of its utter sinfulness in the sight of a God of infinite purity. To the treasured records of that book he directed the eye so lately bent to earth in lowest despondency. He bade him read there how they "of whom the world was not worthy" had been "perfected through suffering."—He bade him look on *Him* who had "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," who, "though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered."—He taught him that resignation which bids the Christian exclaim with his suffering Lord, "the cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?"—which, though permitted to ask "if it be possible that the bitter cup may pass away," yet adds, with the deepest humility, "nevertheless not my will but Thine be done."—He infused into his sinking spirit that faith which enables the Chrishian's eye to penetrate beyond the darkness of this clouded and troubled scene; which enjoins him to receive every trial as the chastening of a Father's love, designed for his profit, though for the present grievous to poor shrinking humanity.—He cheered with heavenly hopes that heart so lately bowed down with hopeless anguish.—He tuned to heavenly themes that tongue whose accents had breathed only the murmurs of despair.

"I know and feel now," exclaimed the young soldier, "that it *is* good for me that I was *thus* afflicted:—through time and through eternity I can never cease to acknowledge that my all of real happiness has sprung from what I once blindly believed the extinction of every hope of felicity."

Oh, mortal! and will it not ever be thus! Who can look back on the short space of life through which he has passed, nor trace there the wonder-working hand of an over-ruling and directing Providence.

> "Merciful over all His works, with good
> Still overcoming evil, and by *small*
> Accomplishing *great* things."

Even here it is given us to conceive, though faintly, the feelings of rapture, love and admiration, with which the purified spirit shall hereafter look back, and trace the minutest steps of that wondrous path from which it has been led from sin to purity, from darkness to light, from earth to Heaven, where its powers shall expand to comprehend that love which has been exerted to reclaim it from misery and death, and when the feelings of more than mortal enjoyment, which are sometimes permitted to irradiate this earthly scene, shall be exchanged for those yet more exalted, those enduring pleasures which are at the right hand of God, for ever more!

L. H. C.

THE SLANDERER.

The slanderer either thinks that his evil-speaking affects not much the happiness of those whom he defames, or, if he does, he disregards it. In the latter case, he is condemned by both heaven and earth. If a pretended zeal for religion and morality be the motive for his holding up another's character to infamy, a heaven-inspired apostle will declare to him that even "if he gave his body to be burned" in religion's cause, "and have not charity, it profiteth him nothing;" that, however true may be the charge against a sinner, it is the part of charity to veil the multitude of sins:—let him who hath no sin cast the first stone. If a desire of raising his own character be the motive for the defamation, poor and pitiful is that ambition which only seeks to rise on the degradation of another; and however willingly the enemies of the person of whom he is speaking evil may receive and rejoice in the tale, the tale-bearer, be assured, is always held in contempt. If the defamer thinks that the object of his defamation is not affected in tranquillity, because the injury is not resented nor concern betrayed, let him be assured, that sin, wherever it exists, will, sooner or later, sit heavy enough, without *his* unchristian and cruel exposure of the sinner. If the defamation be groundless, and only raised against *supposed* and *suspected* crime, and the slanderer think that in that case his calumny affects not the mind of the person whom he injures, he must be a stranger to every feeling of the virtuous and ingenuous heart.

Pleasure is a rose near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

With friends there should be no reserves, with acquaintances it is quite different; and how few friends do we meet with in our journey through life.

THE MARKET BOAT.

A SEA SIDE SKETCH.

"Aye, Annie, weel I remember the morns I ha' gone to the market wi' my fish, whiles we had i'th market boat horses and sheep, an' the skipper had enow' to do to keep 'em aw quiet."

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, or destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.

Gray.

My home is on the ocean shore,
My father's cot beside the wave,
Where winds of Winter loudest roar,
And crested billows hoarsest rave.
My Brothers, beautiful and brave!
At Trafalgar, by Nelson's side,
Too early won a watery grave,
And fell in boyhood's pride

Ill could my Mother's heart sustain
A blow so sudden and severe;
She died! and I alone remain
My sire's else childless home to cheer:—
I wept! but he could shed no tear,
Though I might hear his stifled groan,
When slowly from my Mother's bier
He turn'd—to me alone!

But Poverty, whate'er its grief,
Must labour for its daily bread;
Its hour of mourning must be brief,
However dear the humble dead:
And Childhood's tear, though freely shed,
Is soon forgotten:—day by day,
As o'er our lowly roof it sped,
Some sorrow stole away.

And now I would not change my lot
For that of Wealth's most splendid home;
More dear to me our sea-side cot
Than Grandeur's proudest, loftiest dome:
The beach, where hour by hour I roam,
Is more than flowery fields to me;
Its breakers, crested white with foam,
My playmates frank and free.

The rocky cliffs, that lift on high,
Their fronts to battle with the breeze,
Are lovelier to my partial eye
Than verdant clumps of leafy trees:
The solemn sound of tossing seas,
The fisher's song, the gull's loud cry,
My youthful fancy better please
Than inland melody.

Then think me not of hope forlorn,
Or weighed by toil and sorrow down:
With basket on my arm, each morn
I gaily seek the Market-town:
None greet me with an angry frown,
But all my humble labours aid;—
Pity the king who wears a crown,
But not the Fisher Maid!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF A BELOVED SON.

BY GERALD GRIFFEN.

The Christmas light is burning bright,
In many a village pane;
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.

Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate,—
I can but think on mine and sigh,
For I am desolate.

There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light,
No tongues to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.

I've closed the door—and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate!

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasped my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him;
—My husband wept with me.

My husband did not long remain,
—His child was left me yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!

THE INFANT BACCHUS, BROUGHT BY MERCURY TO THE NYMPHS.

BY GEORGE EMERSON, ESQ.

No rustling wind stirred a leaf in the Groves of Arcadia; the etheral sky was redolent with the glories of a summer's noon-tide sun—the herds and the flocks reposed in happy tranquillity in various groups on the fertile plains,—not a sound was heard save the cooing of the woodpigeon, or the feathered choristers trilling their hymn to nature,—when Silenus, whose serenity of countenance told the pleasant feelings of his heart, sought the shelter of the grove, to indulge in that pleasant reverie which the universal happiness around him inspired. His Nymphs had quitted their dance—they had laid aside their pipes—they had hung their tabor on a tree, they had seated themselves on their sylvan couch, they enjoyed the extensive beauties of the scene, they beheld with rapture the attention their favourite goat paid to her kid—whose frolics appeared to delight its dam, while her tender bleatings called it to that food supplied by nature; their thoughts turned to the happiness of mothers—they mentally invoke the Gods to impart to them that blessing—when lo! the air became full of voices, the mighty trees on the hills sung to a breeze unfelt on the plains, and between the valley and the sun there suddenly appeared a floating glory,—a rush of wings was heard, and their eyes were strained to watch a far vision in the distant skies, taking an earthward flight. Anon, over their heads hangs the Messenger of the Gods; as quick as the lightning of Jove he unfolds his mantle, and displays to their wondering eyes the INFANT BACCHUS, whose smiles, and happy features, make a deep and lasting impression on their hearts: they receive the innocent from Mercury, who returns to Olympus bearing their fervent thanksgiving for the blessing sent; they embrace him with ardour, they make their goat subservient to his nutriment, they induce Silenus to be his instructor, and in due time the boy, like other spoiled urchins, becoming unruly and turbulent, reduces Silenus from his happy state, and by his luxurious and viscious propensities, destroys the golden and silver ages of the world.

THE air is full of voices!—the huge pines
Are singing to a breeze unfelt below!
A murmur in the ivy! and the vines
Wave, to their own glad music, to and fro!
Through the long valley, like a living thing,
Rushes the river, with its joyous song,
Thro' shores—like rainbows of the earth—that fling
Back its loud uttering, as it leaps along!

Amid the shade of forests old and dim,
From flutes of fauns, breathes many a loving tale,
Or echo listens to some satyr's hymn,
And flings a low, wild answer down the vale!
The air is full of voices!—whoops and calls,
Uttered by spirits, from the far, blue hills;
Shouts, 'mid the ringing sound of waterfalls,
And naiads, singing by their silver rills;
And one wide answering pæan, far on high,
From birds that have gone half-way to the sky!

The air is full of incense!—where the dew
Lies, star-like, on the fields of asphodel,
From myrtle thickets, bowers of every hue
The orange blossom, and the lotus bell,
Rise thousand perfumes!—Like a silver bark,
Anchors the sun, within a sapphire sea,
Bright as it bore a God, within its ark;
And hill and valley, flower and wave and tree
Glitter, beneath its pennant, gloriously!

By a blue stream that, like the streams of old,
Through vallies echoing to immortal tread,
—Long ere Pactolus—flowed o'er sands of gold,
And uttered tones, by spirits only read,
Recline four beings, of unearthly form—
Shapes such as vanished with the golden time,
But come again to poets' visions, warm
As when the world was in its glowing prime,
Ere beauty wore the Promethean curse:—
To *dream* of such is immortality!
Witness the Chian, with his deathless verse!—
And near them,—wisdom throned within his eye,
And thought upon his forehead,—in the shade
Of ancient trees that whisper in his ear
A knowledge and a mystery,—is laid
The old Silenus!—listening, all, to hear
The oracles that speak from stream and tree,
And gazing through the amethystine air,
Into the empyrean, silently!—
To mortal ken—if mortal ken were there,—
There's nothing lives between them and the skies,—
A purple ocean and a ship of light!
But *they* have caught a murmur,—and their eyes
Watch a far vision, in its earthward flight!

—And lo! between the valley and the sun,
A floating glory, and a rush of wings,
Ambrosial breezes o'er the earth that run,
And harpings in the air, from viewless strings!—
O'er that Egyptian Tempe's sacred spring,
Hovers the Triple God, upon a gale
Brought, with him, from the skies; then folds his wing,
And, like an arrow, stoops upon the vale,—

That rings with music, and the voice of mirth,
Waters that laugh, and woods that prophesy,—
Till—like a heart-dream fading in its birth,—
The white-robed bearer seeks the distant sky,
And the child BACCHUS treads the shouting earth!

In the picture which these lines are intended to illustrate, Mr. Howard has, with equal taste and judgment, drawn Silenus, without any of those attributes ascribed to him by the Roman mythologists, and with which we are now in the general habit of identifying him; and has painted him as he was represented in the earlier, and (as Mr. Howard calls them), better times of art. Silenus having been, according to some authors, the philosophic friend and useful counsellor of Bacchus, in his Indian expedition, the character with which Mr. Howard has, here, invested him, is much more judicious, when the subject has reference to the education of that God, than his ordinary and better known one of the fat, drunken and vine-crowned Silenus.

STANZAS.

Go bid the winds of winter sleep;
  Go hush the stormy wave,
But do not tell me not to weep
  O'er joy's untimely grave;
But do not try to smile away
  The grief that clouds my brow,—
I would not, if I could, be gay:
  Grief is my nature now.

I have not always wept, for friends
  Once filled my trusting ear
With every vow that friendship lends,
  To those she holds most dear;
But fortune changed, and friendship's words
  Grew rarer and less warm;
My friends were only summer birds—
  They shunned the coming storm.

I have not always wept; for love
  Once made my heart his own;
And hope's rich branches waved above
  His gay and glittering throne:
But injured love indignant fled,
  And hope was blighted then;
His fragile blossoms soon were shed,
  It never bloomed again.

Then do not tell me not to mourn;
  Oh! mock not my distress,
My heart has been so long forlorn,
  It loves its loneliness.
Away, shall I capricious fling
  What I can ne'er forget?
Grief is the only constant thing
  I ever cherished yet.

THE AULD MAN.

DOWN Lyddal glen the stream leaps glad;
  The lily blooms on Lyddal lea!
The daisy glows on the sunny sod;
  The birds sing loud on tower and tree;
The earth laughs out, yet seems to say,
Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

The minstrel trims his merriest string,
  And draws his best and boldest bow;
The maidens shake their white brow-locks,
  And go starting off with their necks of snow.
I smile, but my smiling seems to say,
Thy blood is thin, and thy locks are gray.

The damsels dance: their beaming eyes
  Shower light and love, and joy about;
The glowing peasant answers glad,
  With a merry kiss, and mirthsome shout.
I leap to my legs, but, well-a-day!
Their might is gone, and my locks are gray.

A maiden said to me with a smile,
  Though past thy hour of bridal bliss,
With hoary years, and pains and fears,
  A frosty pow and a frozen kiss;
Come down the dance with me, I pray,
Though thy blood be thin, and thy locks be gray.

Sweet one, thou smilest! but I have had,
  When my leaf was green, as fair as thee
Sigh for my coming, and high-born dames
  Have loved the glance of my merry e'e;
But the brightest eye will lose its ray,
And the darkest locks will grow to gray.

I've courted till the morning star
  Wax'd dim ere came our parting time;
I've walked with jewell'd locks, which shone
  I' the moon, when past her evening prime:
And I've ta'en from rivals rich away
The dame of my heart, though my locks be gray.

It is an obliging condescension that we expect from the great, an humble submission from those in the lower ranks of life, and from our equals frankness devoid of that saucy familiarity which is equally a foe to friendship and good-breeding.

Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R. A. Engraved by J. C. Edwards.

The Escape of Pinella

Wyonella.

MISS CROKER.

Beautiful creature! in the sunny prime
Of youthful loveliness, whose gentle brow
Hath ne'er been furrowed by the frown of time,
Nor cankered by Despair! To such as *Thou*
In all thy spotless innocence of guile—
And Virtue's own omnipotence arrayed;
With eyes of lightning and cherubic smile—
The homage of devotion may be paid!

Thou need'st no trappings of the modern art
To aid the charms that emanate from thee;
What would vermillion to thy cheeks impart
Besides pollutions vulgar glare and glee?
Thou dwellest in the atmosphere of love
And quiet joy, and undisturbed delight;
Like the pure spirits of the realms above,
And chaste as the clear moonbeam at midnight.

Beautiful creature! may thy snowy breast
Ne'er throb but unto pleasure's kindest call!
In youth beloved, and oh! in age caressed—
The living model, and the friend of all!
So shall the memory of thy name endure
With thy rich virgin beauty, in the lines
Where praise and immortality is sure,—
For glorious Lawrence from the canvas shines!

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my love her angry brow,
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that * * * *'s fair, 't is true;
But did I say she equalled you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But constantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessened yours?
From female envy never free,
Must all be blind because you see?

Survey the gardens, fields, and bowers,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers;
Then tell me, where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
And, fops will say, the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes.

But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

As at his board a Farmer sat,
Replenished by his homely treat,
His favourite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shared the food—
The crackling bones his jaws devoured,
His lapping tongue the trenches scoured;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snored the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat in turn drew near,
And humbly craved a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fattening morsel threw.
Enraged, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke.

'They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door;
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this, his hand the food bestows,
And shall thy indolence impart,
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?'

'I own (with meekness Puss replied),
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell
To see it recompensed so well:
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.—
Whose claws destroy the pilfering mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the labouring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?'

'Thy words are just,' the Farmer cried,
And spurned the snarler from his side.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WARS.

(FROM "LE LIT DU CAMP.")

THE French army was still in Spain. Our division, which formed part of the centre, received orders to go into cantonments near Valladolid; the remainder of the troops were encamped near Segovia. Adrien was incessantly harassed with the desire of returning to his native country; his ruined health rendered rest and peace necessary to his existence, and consequently his sufferings were more poignant. Metz! Metz which he had quitted early in life, and where his family were anxiously awaiting his return, seemed to him every morning as a goal which he could reach with his hand. The call-drum would put an end to his reverie, and all his pleasing hopes would vanish, when at every arrival of the couriers, no news was brought to him, and the only answer to his repeated and earnest enquiries was, "No letter: no news of any kind." Once the idea of a cowardly act crossed his mind; he thought of leaving his division and of following the soldiers who had been ordered to France; twenty times did he resolve to seek death in the first engagement that should take place, if he should see no hopes of return. By good fortune, at the moment when despair was about to master him entirely, his station was changed, and the busy scene in which he was for some time engaged, diverted his thoughts, in some measure, from the letters which had been so long delayed. Increased exertion, and the excitement attendant upon the presence of the court at Valladolid, afforded him no leisure to reflect upon his situation, or to pay attention to the delicate state of his health. The fever of the country had just given place to an alarming langour, which had a detrimental effect upon his constitution; and he was almost in a dying state, when a letter was transmitted to him. He opened it, without looking at the direction. At sight of the writing, his arms fell, his thoughts returned to their distressing subject, and his heart swelled with grief. He had thought at first that it was from his sister; but it brought him no news of his family; a comrade, who belonged to the army in Navarre informed him, that in an expedition against a band of guerillas, he had received a wound which would confine him to his bed for some time. The disappointment was doubtless terrible, and its severity was increased when news came from all quarters, that the enemy was concentrating his forces. Adrien, though feeble and ill, was obliged to accompany his division in the march towards Burgos.

La Rochefoucault says, in some part of his works, "We are more willing to love those who hate us, than those who love us more than we wish." Such was the case with Adrien, whose heart yearned to this sentiment in order to fill the void which had been left there, when his affections were lacerated by his sudden departure.

Well! the troops arrived at Burgos, and relaxation was at last afforded to them. We found many women and friars there; and from the conduct of the latter nothing favourable could be augured to the new comers: consequently Adrien kept his sabre constantly at hand; and the old *posadero* with whom he lodged, all Spaniard as he was, did not ridicule him for this precaution. "I confess I approve of your conduct, for I like you dearly. Heavens, if any one has heard me speak thus, I am undone."

"What, do you fear that the walls of your inn have ears?"

"If the walls cannot hear, there are people behind who can."

"How is that?"

"You must know, brave Frenchman, that every hour of the day for the last week, my people and myself have observed a monk enter the neighbouring chamber. Heaven forefend that I should speak ill of him."

"Well, what would this man do to you? has he not sufficient regard for you to keep secret your attachment to our army?"

"Oh, no! I suspect that he is one of the familiars of the inquisition, on the search fer heretics and sorcerers, and criminals of every description. Good God, I have uttered words that make me tremble, and which I dare not repeat."

"If you have any fears, keep your secrets to yourself, my good host; as to me, I shall always have my sabre drawn and my gun loaded."

The *posadero*, who was dying to relate what he had heard, went to the door and called, "Loretta, when Don Syneros comes, tell me immediately, as I have something to say to his highness." He then returned to Adrien, and seated himself. "I am sure you are not acquainted with this Don Syneros. He is the protector of the monk, and his descent is so illustrious, that for three generations past his ancestors have possessed the privilege of speaking to the king, without uncovering. This nobleman was madly desirous of being bethrothed to a young lady of high rank, but he had the mortification of finding a more successful rival in the person of the chamberlain. Blood alone, in his opinion, could wipe out the insult, and blood Don Syneros was determined to have. As a more immediate means of gratifying his thirst for vengeance, he had recourse to the all-powerful influence of gold.

Among the guests who frequented the hotel of the king's chamberlain, he observed a monk who had been the lady's confessor before the ceremony had taken place. A single glance at the man informed him that he was the very person he wished to find. Having made him many valuable presents and numberless promises, he slipped a dagger and a paper into his hand. The dagger was one of the most deadly kind: and on the paper was written:

"You know my wishes. At some distant period I shall

have boundless influence; if a cardinal's hat would please you, serve me. Let this be secret!"

The next morning the chamberlain was found dead: a report was spread that some slight at court had induced him to commit suicide, and two days afterwards he was interred in the family vault. This that I have related to you, happened many years ago. The lady in question, who was a mere child at the time, did not even dream of lamenting her husband; she knew not the extent of her loss.

Don Syneros thought proper to leave it to time to destroy every trace of the affair. When he renewed his attentions, the young widow had disappeared, while her family instituted an enquiry. The monk on his part thought it most prudent to decamp. This flight gave rise to suspicion; pursuit was proposed; but the priests hushed up the business, and nothing more was said about it. It appears that the monk wandered for a long time in distress, subsisting upon charity. About a week ago, he knocked at my door; on the same evening came Don Syneros. They recognized each other at supper. Some muttered words and indistinct observations roused my curiosity, so that I followed them when they retired for the night.

The monk entered the chamber of Don Syneros. I recognized him by his voice, for they had the precaution to shut the door. The monk grew warm, and his words were hurried. "Do you suppose," said he, "that I have forgotten your promises? no, no; I claim the cardinal's hat; it is my due."—"Is it in my power to control circumstances? Your hair has become white, and mine grey; and you perceive that my power is not greater than before, and consequently you have not been promoted."—"And whose is the fault? Was it for me to wait and be put off like this?"—"The plot has failed—Oh! those confounded French."—"Well!" exclaimed the monk, after a short silence which was only interrupted by the counting of money upon the table, "that is not sufficient; every five weeks the holy tribunal compels me to remit as much. And now this is the only condition upon which my silence can be obtained, unless you choose to employ your sword. Benigna has been seen at Saragossa and Toledo, she is still a widow; she has ceased to be young, without ceasing to be beautiful; she is still rich and would make any man happy, It is said, that she follows the French army; let us hasten to find her, and she is yours; but one night for me, and our accounts shall be cleared." There was a short interval of silence; after which Don Syneros exclaimed, "Give me time for consideration; you shall have an answer to-morrow." The monk took his leave, and retired to his chamber, without having the least idea that his conference had been overheard; at day-break he failed not to be at the appointed place, and I also was there concealed. The answer was evidently unsatisfactory, for the conversation was warm and loud, and the monk departed in a rage, tearing into a thousand pieces the written promise of his employer.

They have since met frequently, and appear to be on a more friendly footing. Yesterday morning, Don Syneros ordered me to bring up some wine, and as I was entering the room, I caught these words: "The French have commenced a retreat upon Burgos: we shall see them to-morrow; and if you have told me truly,"—"By St. Francesco!"—"Swear not, for Heaven's sake; it is always well to leave no room for perjury." He ceased, and both applied themselves to the wine. At a sign from Don Syneros, I departed, and left them alone. "Now, my brave fellow, what think you of all this?"

"That your Don and your monk are a couple of scoundrels, who deserve to be burned."

"Not so loud, I entreat you; speak lower," whispered the innkeeper, trembling all over; "if they learn that I have revealed all, I am a dead man."

"Wait awhile," suddenly exclaimed Adrien, rising with his drawn sabre in his hand. "Madman, where are you going?" demanded the other, catching hold of his uniform.

"Oh! stir not for mercy's sake! I would rather perform penance in each of the eighty-two churches of Barcelona, than have you commit so thoughtless an action. Leave the wretches alone; heaven will punish them in good time; and do not give me reason to repent having revealed to you a crime which has remained so long a secret."—"Coward," cried Adrien, "you are as much afraid as if you were guilty!"—"Then let me at least point them out to you, that you may be able to recognize them when an opportunity shall offer."—"Willingly."

Adrien, however, was compelled to depart before he could meet the men he so longed to encounter. The troops defiled at the foot of the heights; but previous to continuing the march, orders were given to blow up a castle which commanded the road. Duclos, a comrade of Adrien's, was among the number of those who were commissioned to set fire to the train. Through some accident the mine exploded sooner than was intended, and several soldiers, among whom was Duclos, were mortally wounded by the fragments of stone scattered in all directions by the explosion. Before he breathed his last, he sent for Adrien, and also one of the quarter-masters, named Moline. "Adrien," said he, "give me your hand." Adrien wept: "when you return to your country, console your sister, Lucie, and give this to her without opening it." He pressed his hand and gave him a small packet; "as to yourself, here is a comrade to whom I will commend—you will, Moline, I am sure, have the same regard for Adrien as you have had for me." The quarter-master gave him his word; Duclos was not able to hear his reply. He had expired.

Adrien was heart-broken; and in the extremity of his grief, his thoughts turned towards religion. He regretted

that his friend could not be interred in a cemetery, where his ashes would be treated with respect. "Who knows," he murmured, "but that the cross erected over his body would serve as a rallying spot for banditti? And would not the Spaniards rejoice over the last resting place of one of our nation. And that there should not be a priest to perform the accustomed duties!"

In this country in which monasteries abound, it would have been strange, indeed, if some one of the members could not have been found. Just as those whose sad office it was to bury the body, had finished their labours, and were on the point of falling into the ranks, a monk rose up as if by magic at the edge of the grave. He arrived too late for Doclus, and too soon for himself. Adrien's eyes flashed fire at the sight; the monk started, and gave him a respectful salutation. "Wretch," cried Adrien, as he heard his voice; "I know you, though this is the first time we have met. Under thy cowl, is concealed a villian." As he grasped him by the arm, he perceived that the monk trembled with rage. "Do you think," said he again, pointing to the grave, "do you think that he will be condemned by his judge, since he has not had the benefit of your prayers in his mortal agony?"—"God is great and merciful," replied the monk. "Will he be so to a murderer?"—The monk suddenly grew pale, and the small portion of his face that was not concealed by his thick beard became of the deadly hue of a corpse. Adrien now was perfectly furious, and in an almost ungovernable paroxysm of rage, he asked, "Shall I now with my sabre send your head to Rome, that it may be covered with the hat of a cardinal?" The monk fell on his knees, giving utterance to the most abject petitions for mercy, and as he was submissively raising his head to see if the threat would be put in force, he received from the clenched fist of Adrien, a tremendous blow on the breast, the force of which hurled him backwards some paces "Go, go, thou accursed monk! Go and be burned wherever you please, but return not again to observe our route." The monk hastily rose, and drawing a pistol from beneath his robe, fired at Adrien, but happily missed his aim. Adrien levelled his musket, and had not a secret impulse restrained his arm, the wretched man would have suffered the punishment due to his crime. As it was, he was permitted to escape.

From this day, an intimate friendship was established between Adrien and the quarter master. The former had partially recovered his strength, and managed to endure with less difficulty the fatigue he was compelled to undergo.

A series of complicated military movements followed these events: and the division to which Adrien was attached hastily advancing to its allotted station, resembled an army in retreat, rather than soldiers engaged in the execution of a well matured plan. The near approach of the enemy greatly increased the confusion incident to this hurried movement, and the disorder was at its height when it was discovered that they had missed their way. To attempt to describe the scene which ensued when their luckless condition became fully known, would be out of the power of language. In the universal trepidation, Adrien who was in the rear of the division, lost none of his accustomed coolness and presence of mind. As he passed by the foot of a steep embankment, he perceived a waggon that had been stopped; one of the horses was extended on the ground, and the driver was not to be seen. Some marauding soldiers were attempting to break open the chests, and pillage the money contained in them. Adrien hurried forward to hinder their design, and though almost speechless with anger, his quick eye caught a glance of a female lying upon some cushions, young, and beautiful even in the pallid hue that overspread her countenance; and richly apparelled. Wishing to afford assistance if he should happen to be in time, he advanced with the utmost rapidity. Upon this movement, the plunderers, who had been busied with the booty, thinking that Adrien and the soldiers who accompanied him were about to claim their share, levelled their muskets and fired. "The villains! the murderers! they are not our men," he exclaimed; and a well-directed volley from his own men quickly reminded the marauders, that their only safety was in flight; and the life of the lady, who had only fainted, was happily preserved. The attentive care of Adrien soon restored her to herself, and without losing time in making frivolous enquiries, he assisted her to proceed, after having advised her to take the articles that were of most value from the waggon, and so leave the remainder to the robbers. A miniature, a small coffer, and a casket of jewels, were all that could be preserved.

It was not till midnight that the disordered troops entered Salvatierra, without either artillery or baggage. The unfortunate Spaniard still remained with her deliverers, and the poignancy of her grief gave her no time to observe the laceration her feet had undergone from the length of the march. Adrien contrived to procure her an apartment, and she withdrew to rest, after offering all the recompense in her power to her brave deliverers; to Adrien alone, whose deportment had struck her, did she smile her thanks, and as she retired she begged him to call her at the expiration of three hours. She locked herself in her chamber, and spent the time in fervent prayer. She was still at her devotions when Adrien returned; and he would have been completely happy in the consciousness of having done a generous action, had not his pleasure been somewhat damped by the absence of Moline, whom he had not met since the confusion arose. As he entered the lady's chamber, there was an instant of silence; curiosity rendered the one mute, trepidation the other. The Spaniard was of small stature, but extremely well made; her features were of the cast of beauty peculiar to the inhabitants of Andalusia, and her manners betrayed traces of a French education.

WATER MILL,

WESTMORELAND.

From an Original Drawing by T. Cattermole

Engraved by A.H.

London. Published. Augst 1st. 1834. by Simpkin & Marshall. Stationers Court & J.W. Stevens, 10. Derby Street. Kings Cross

At that hour of the night, the lady resembled some heavenly apparition. Adrien observed a tear in her eye, and heard a long and deep-drawn sigh. After a few moments, observing Adrien's indecision, she broke the painful silence,—"Have you nothing to say, my friend?" The word friend awoke him with a start from the reverie in which he was wrapped while gazing on her beauteous face, and he seemed as if he had been just roused from a deep sleep. "Speak to me then, what are you afraid of?" "Spain may produce prettier women, but it never can shew one more handsome." "Have you nothing else to say? Forget for an instant that you are French. Have you thought of the debt I owe you for your repeated attention to me?"

"I know not, madam, what meritorious action I have performed. I have saved your life; and had another been in my situation, he would have done the same. I have only done my duty."

"And as to myself, I am under such obligation to you that I know not how to acquit myself of it. Listen to me for a few minutes."

And she here related to him the story with which our readers are acquainted, and informed him that she was Benigna, the unhappy lady of whom Don Syneros was in quest. He endeavoured to give her all the consolation in his power, but the signal-drum soon put an end to their interview. The soldiers received orders to continue their march, and by the exertions of the officers, the division was restored to its usual good order. Adrien had with some difficulty procured a mule; and on his return with it to the house in which he had left his beauteous charge, he observed a shadow flitting across his path. He instantly shouldered his musquet, and at the rattling of the weapon the figure disappeared, and he saw it no more. He did not mention this adventure to the Spaniard, nor the suspicions that it had aroused in his mind. He joined the troops, and continued his march, in great uneasiness as to the fate of his friend Moline, who had not yet rejoined him. In the evening the enemy's light troops were hovering on the rear, and consequently the march was conducted with all possible rapidity; and the column with but little opposition regained the high road to Tolosa. In all the hardships to which she was exposed, Donna Benigna maintained the most astonishing firmness and composure. Her energy surpassed even that of the men themselves. At last a short period of repose was afforded to her; for the regiment to which Adrien belonged was ordered into garrison at Pampeluna; and at that town Moline rejoined his comrade, who had almost despaired of seeing him again.

They had been stationed thus for some time, when Adrieu returning one evening from an interview with Benigna, to whom he was become deeply attached, was jostled by a soldier who wore the French uniform. The street was wide, and deserted. Stern were the glances that passed between them, and bitter and rapid was the exchange of words. Adrien did not recognize the marauder.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush," observed the man. Adrien indignantly demanded to what he alluded. "To you and to the Spanish lady who accompanies you. The whole regiment is aware that you have seduced her, and that you intend to abandon her as soon as you have stripped her of her property." Great was Adrien's astonishment at hearing this accusation, and he angrily answered, "I could slay you on the spot, but I only answer your insults by a defiance." "Do you defy me?" "Is that wonderful?" continued Adrien, grinding his teeth with passion; "oh! true; I had forgotten that cowardice was allied to baseness." "Wretch!" "I tell you that you are a coward as well as a villian." "Do you insult in your turn?" "Shall I be really more fortunate than I expected? For the third time, I tell you that I treat you as a man utterly devoid both of honour and courage." "To-morrow you shall have proof of the contrary." "To-morrow let it be." "Where?" "Behind the walls of the grand cemetery." "The time?" "Four in the morning." "The weapon?" "Pistol, or sword, or what other? We'll say the sword." "Agreed; to-morrow, then, at four."—Two strangers, with slouched hats, and large mantles folded round them, passed the two disputants at this moment, and muttered as they proceeded "Four o'clock!" Adrien, however, paid no attention to them; and he determined to inform Donna Benigna of every thing that had transpired. He requested Moline to be his second, who, when he was informed of the affair, offered to take the place of his young friend. Adrien would by no means allow of this; and Moline, who had never before felt the least tremor at the prospect of a duel, was much disturbed at the danger which Adrien would incur.

As our story has been protracted to an unusual length, we are compelled to pass over the interview between Adrien and Benigna. Suffice it to say, that the scene was such as might be supposed from the relations of the parties concerned.

Moline and Adrien passed the remainder of the night in practising at the sword. Adrien displayed uncommon dexterity and command over his weapon, and Moline already congratulated him upon the victory he would obtain. As they continued their practice, the button unluckily flew from the foil of Moline, who not perceiving it at the moment, made a lunge, and the point of the foil entered beneath Adrien's eye, who instantly fainted away at the blow. The blood poured forth in torrents; surgeons were immediately in attendance, but he still remained insensible —The day dawned: four o'clock had struck; and behind the wall of the cemetery was the opponent of Adrien waiting, with his second. The marauder grew impatient at the delay, and mounted the wall of the cemetery, that he might

have a more extended view, and the first object that met his eager gaze was a funeral procession—it was that of Adrien.

The cemetery had been the place appointed for the rendezvous. Adrien thought not that he would fail to be there; but did he think that he would have arrived in that state? Neither Moline nor Donna Benigna could credit that he was dead. The latter, giving herself up to despair, threw herself on the corpse of her preserver, uttering the most piteous lamentations. As she pressed him in her arms, and placed her hand on the heart which had lived for her, she discovered a packet. She hastily opened it, and found a letter signed Lucie, and a brooch with hair. It had belonged to the unfortunate Duclos. Suspicion instantly flashed across the mind of the Spaniard; her tears ceased, and she stood the semblance of a corpse. Seeing her in this sad state, Moline muttered to himself, "She will die of it." As he was walking away, a prey to all the heart-rending emotions which would naturally occur to a man in his situation, he heard the cries of a female in distress, and a carriage passed rapidly by drawn by a couple of mules; and what was most strange, it was a monk who was driving them!

On the evening of that day, the army received orders to continue its retreat, and to cross the Pyrenees.

MARY.

THERE lives a young lassie
  Far down yon lang glen;
How I lo'e that lassie
  There's nae ane can ken!
O! a saint's faith may vary,
  But faithfu' I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
  And Mary lo'es me.

Red—red as the rowan
  Her smiling wee mou';
An' white as the gowan
  Her breast and her brow!
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
  She links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
  And Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
  And lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' simmer
  Spread verdure and flower;
There, when night clouds the cary,
  Beside her I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
  And Mary lo'es me!

JOHN IMLAH.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

TO HER INFANT CHILD.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
Wordsworth.

Joyous infant! thou art waking,
  To the morning's early ray;
For the golden sun is breaking
  Through the eastern clouds of day:

Thou shalt wake to infant gladness,
  And to joy, until the west
Shall again, with shade and sadness,
  Bring to thee the hour of rest.

Happy infant! thou art thinking
  Only on the dreams of joy:
May thy heart be kept from sinking,
  Should it feel life's cold alloy.

Be his blessing ever with thee,
  Who alone can make thee blest:
May *his* mercies full and freely,
  Guide thee to *his* home of rest.

Lovely infant! thou art sleeping,
  Whilst the evening shadows close,—
Whilst the silent dews are weeping
  O'er thy spirit's mild repose:

Whilst the twilight star is shining,
  Like an angel from the west,
Thou, sweet babe, art now reclining,
  Hushed in slumber's quiet rest.

Beauteous infant! thou art dreaming,
  Ere the night is o'er thee spread,
And each quiet star is beaming,
  From the sky above thine head;

See the shadows of the even,
  Gliding slowly to the west,
While the azure hue of heaven,
  Peaceful tints thy tranquil rest.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

ARUNDLE CASTLE has been famed for its strength from the earliest periods. Under the Saxon government, it belonged to the crown, and was at that time an important fortress. Shortly after the Norman conquest it was repaired by Roger de Montgomery, upon whom it had been bestowed by the conqueror, who created him, at the same time, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. From the former, however, he took his title, though his real title was that of Earl of Sussex and Chichester.

The manor is inseparably annexed to the castle, as also is the honour of earl, so that whoever possesses the castle thereby becomes an earl without any other creation.

The castle was twice besieged during the civil wars in the time of Charles I. The Lord Hopton having seized it with the king's forces, it was speedily re-taken by Sir William Waller, general of the parliamentary army. At this siege, the learned Chillingworth was taken prisoner, who, by his skill as an engineer, had rendered himself of much service during the period of the investment.

Since that epoch the Castle of Arundel has not been looked upon as a fortress. During the civil wars, it was committed to all the barbarities of military execution—its furniture ransacked—its walls demolished, and its south-front, comprehending the magnificent state-room of the Fitzalans, entirely destroyed. From that perod, till the repairs by the late Duke of Norfolk, nothing remained of this noble structure, but a few lofty apartments, a gallery, and a spacious kitchen.

Arundel Castle is delightfully situated amongst a variety of woods and charming hills, and commands a prospect of the sea, and of fertile meadows, pleasantly watered and divided by the windings of a navigable river—the Avon, which, in addition to the other recommendations, is supplied with excellent mullet.

ON TASTE.

AGREEABLE emotions and sensations may be devided into three orders: those of pleasure, which refer to the senses;—those of harmony, which refer to the mind;—and those of happiness, which are the natural result of an union between harmony and pleasure: the former being exercised in virtue—the latter in temperance. Harmony is principally enjoyed by those men, who possess, what has analogically been termed, taste;—which Mr. Melmoth defines, 'that universal sense of beauty, which every man in some degree possesses, rendered more exquisite by genius and more correct by cultivation.' 'It is very remarkable,' says Dr. Akenside, 'that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to that of the imagination;—that those, who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the natural world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral;—while those, who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympaties of a domestic life.' Exciting a love of true glory, and an admiration of every nobler virtue, Taste exalts the affections, and purifies our passions;—clothes a Private life in *white*, and a Public one in *purple*. Adding a new feature, as it were, to the pomp, the bloom, and the exuberance of nature, it enables the mind to illumine what is dark, and to colour what is faded;—giving a lighter yellow to the *topaz*, and a more celestial blue to the *sapphire*, and a deeper crimson to the *ruby*, it imparts a higher brilliance to the *diamond*, and a more transparent purple to the *amethyst*.

Bearing a price, which only the heart and the imagination can estimate, and being the mother of a thousand chaste desires, and a thousand secret hopes, taste strews flowers in the paths of literature and science; and breathing inexpressive sounds, and picturing celestial forms, qualifies the hour of sorrow, by inducing that secret sense of cheerfulness, which, in its operation,—

> Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
> And joining nature's general song,
> Through many a varying tone unfolds
> The harmony of human souls.

SONG OF HESPERUS TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Again to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free ;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march, that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we shall be victorious,
Or that dying, our death shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
It they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,—
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, Oh say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth,
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion,
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearts shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimson'd the beaks of our ravens.

Campbell.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE

Eve closes o'er as fair a scene
As mortal eye could wish to greet;
The world of waters spread serene,
And murmurs music wild and sweet.
I wander on the darkening shore,
The harmless waves my pathway sweep—
One lonely sail skims distant o'er
The surface of the eternal deep.

O God ! how beautiful ! how grand
The wonders of this solitude !
How, at the still, yet stern command,
The spirit bows, becalm'd—subdued !
How exultation sinks to rest,
How passion dies before the spell;
How human feelings fly the breast,
And tears, nor joys, nor sorrows swell.

And this, indeed, were bliss to me,
If one fair hand were press'd in mine—
Thou star that shin'st in memory,
When all beside have ceased to shine;
Even here thy calm and lovely light,
Where all to me is strange and wild,
Still holds its influence pure and bright,
By change and wonder unbeguiled.

No, no! though all of loveliness
Where'er it turns, allures the eye,
It cannot make thy beauty less,
Nor wake one faithless smile or sigh.
With one bright hue too deeply died,
By others o'er controll'd to be,
This heart, all themes of joy beside,
Tints with the passion'd thought of thee !

BROADSTAIRS,

KENT.

From an Original Drawing by R. Brandard

Engraved by W. Floyd.

ROSALINE.

THE masquers were fast crowding to the hall
  Where princes, princely beauty, lords, and knights,
Were mingled at a splendid carnival,
  Midst silken tapestries and streaming lights,
And glittering gems, soft words, and whisper'd sighs,
And sprightly melodies, and sparkling eyes.

Beneath a tent, whose azure vault display'd,
  Profusely shed, a host of silver stars,
Upon a couch in weary sadness laid,
  I gazed upon the scene—for pleasure jars
Against the wounded heart; and I had come
From distant climes, and found an alter'd home.

Friends dead, companions scatter'd or estranged—
  The frowning hills alone, and pathless wood,
Of all the scenes where happy childhood ranged,
  Firm in the everlasting grandeur stood;
And I had sought those brilliant halls to try
How heartless joy could medicine misery.

Light forms were there, the joyous and the young,
  Who ne'er had felt misfortune's withering chill;
And gilded harps to melting lays were strung,
  Pouring through willing ears the gentle thrill
That woman's voice, at such a time can bring
To bounding hearts, in life's unclouded spring.

None sought the canopy where then I lay,
  Few knew the wanderer on his late return;
For ten long summers, from my home away,
  Had seen the western sun above me burn,—
When I was mingling in the strife that gave
The liberty they sigh'd for, to the brave.

Before me spread green slopes and forests brown,
  And tranquil waters darkly deep yet clear;
While bright o'er all the cloudless skies look'd down,
  And faintly breathing from a terrace near,
Soft words were warbled to a mandolin
By lips, from that lone spot, but dimly seen.

I listen'd—'twas a tale of other days,
  Of joy's bright morning melting into tears,
Of manly constancy that ne'er decays,
  And love that even baffled hope endears:
Fond memory woke—the words she sung were mine,
And there before me stood my own sweet Rosaline.

The scene before was fair:—above, around
  Was dazzling splendour—not for me it shone!
But now affection made it hallow'd ground,
  And the heavens beam'd in those soft eyes alone,
Though oft she wept, and told—each pause between—
How—as myself—a wanderer she had been.

For gallant hearts, to madness driven, had tried
  A desperate effort in their country's cause,
And, in the struggle, had her kinsmen died,
  Or fled to distant lands and milder laws;
But not on woman had the tyrant dared
To wreak his vengeance—she, alone, was spared.

'Twas thus my Rosaline was made my own—
  Forgot were toils and perils, strife and wrong;
And oh how oft I bless'd the gentle tone,
  That, warbling to her mandolin my song,
Came o'er my spirit in its troubled hour,
Soothing and mild as twilight's dewy shower.

ANON.

WHERE IS HE?

AND where is he? not by the side
  Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
  Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend
That form beloved he marks no more,
  Those scenes admired no more shall see,
Those scenes are lovely as before,
  And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
  That used to gild his favourite hill,
The pleasures that were dear to him,
  Are dear to life and nature still;
But ah! his home is not as fair,
  Neglected must his gardens be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
  And seem to whisper "where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall—
  But where is now this proud display?
His riches, honours, pleasures, all
  Desire could frame—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
  Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
  Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
  The fire-side shews a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
  And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
  And what has been no more shall be,
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
  Oh! where are they, and where is he?

NEELE.

ABBOTSFORD.

(THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY IN HIS STUDY.)

[We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a description of the residence of the late Sir Walter Scott, from the private letter of a distinguished American. The fame of the illustrious proprietor has flown far and wide; and his name has become a passport to his countrymen in every quarter of the globe where the glory of genius is acknowledged. The admiration which his numerous works have excited, naturally creates a wish to know something more of one who has delighted us all so much—to see the place where he gave himself up to meditation—the walks in which he mused, and the study in which he conceived and poured forth his magical productions. The pen of our friend has recorded his own impressions with great vividness and graphic vigour: to the aid of the pen we have brought the pencil, and rendered more complete the account of the distinguished tourist.]

I HAVE been exceedingly unfortunate as to one of the chief objects of this northern expedition; in a word, it has been my luck to select for my visit to Scotland, the only month in which, for some years past, Sir Walter has been out of it. My good friend R—— had told me that by the 12th or 13th he was sure to be on the banks of the Tweed, and amply provided with letters of introduction, I quitted the mail coach at Selkirk on the 15th, without the slightest doubt that I was within an hour's ride of the great Minstrel, as well as of his castle. The people at the inn, too, confirmed me in my belief. "The Sheriff," so they called him, was, they said, sure to be at home, for "the session was up," and he never was known to linger amidst the dust of Edinburgh when his professional duties permitted him to be in the country. On accordingly I drove, in high hope; and ere long the towers of Abbotsford were pointed out to me, amidst a beautiful wood chiefly of young oak and birch, and at no great distance from the river. But to cut the story short, I found the outer gates barred and bolted; there was nothing, after we knocked and rang for some minutes, but a woful howling of dogs from the interior; and at last a rough looking countryman issuing, with a staghound at his heels and an axe over his shoulder, from a side postern, informed me, in a dialect not over intelligible, that Sir Walter and his family had gone on a tour to Ireland, and were not expected back again for some weeks. This was grievous enough: but what remedy? I asked to see the house and gardens, and was told I might do so any other day I pleased, but that on this particular day there was a fair in the neighbourhood, and the showkeepers had quitted their post to partake of its festivities. Upon a little reflection, I resolved to go on to "fair Melrose," and return to Abbotsford next morning. I was fortunate enough to scrape acquaintance, ere this, with Mr. * * * * * of * * * * *, who politely offered to act as my cicerone, and I believe, in the absence of the Poet's own household, there was no one better able to perform those functions. I breakfasted with him, and he conducted me once more to the huge baronial gates, which I no longer found reluctant to turn on their hinges. He took me all over the house and its environs, and I spent a delightful evening afterwards under his own hospitable roof, which is one on the other side of the Tweed.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he tells me, there was not a more unlovely spot, in this part of the world, than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farm house stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a "kale yard" bloomed where the stately embattled court yard now spreads itself; and for many thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single long straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river, however, must needs remain *in statu quo;* and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters, could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was no doubt wild enough,—a naked moor—a few little turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it—a Scotch cottage—a Scotch farm yard, and some Scots firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the present Abbotsford.

Sir W. is, (this was written in the year 1828,) as you have no doubt heard, a most zealous agriculturist, and arboriculturist especially; and he is allowed to have done things with this estate, since it came into his possession, which would have been reckoned wonders, even if they had occupied the whole of a clever and skilful man's attention, during more years than have elapsed since he began to write himself Laird of Abbotsford. He has some excellent arable land on the banks of the Tweed, and towards the little town of Melrose, which lies some three miles from the mansion; but the bulk of the property is hilly country, with deep narrow dells interlacing it. Of this he has planted fully one half, and it is admitted on all hands, that his rising forest has been laid out, arranged, and managed with consummate taste, care, and success. So much so, that the general appearance of Tweedside, for some miles, is already quite altered and improved by the graceful ranges of his woodland; and that the produce of these plantations must, in the course of twenty or thirty years more, add immensely to the yearly rental of the estate. In the meantime, the shelter afforded by the woods to the sheep walks reserved amidst them, has prodigiously improved the pasturage, and half the surface yields already double the rent the whole was ever thought capable of affording, while in the old unprotected condition. All through those woods there are broad riding-ways, kept in capital order, and conducted in such excellent taste, that we might wander for weeks amidst their windings without exhausting the beauties of the Poet's lounge. There are scores of charming waterfalls in the ravines, and near

every one of them you find benches or bowers at the most picturesque points of view. There are two or three small mountain lakes included in the domain—one of them not so small neither—being, I should suppose, nearly a mile in circumference; and of these also every advantage has been taken. On the whole, it is already a very beautiful scene; and when the trees have gained their proper dignity of elevation, it must be a very grand one. Amidst these woods, Mr. ***** tells me, the proprietor, when at home, usually spends many hours daily, either on his pony, or on foot, with axe and pruning knife in hand. Here is his *study;* he, it seems, like Jaques, is never at a loss to find "books in trees."

"The Muse nae poet ever fand her
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang,"

As Burns says; and one of his *burns*, by the by, is Huntley Burn, where Thomas of Erceldoune met the Queen of Faery. The recontre, according to the old Rhymer himself, occurred beside "The Eildon Tree." That landmark has long since disappeared, but most of Sir Walter's walks have the Eildon Hills, in some one or other of their innumerable aspects, for background. But I am keeping you too long away from "The Roof-tree of Monkbarns," which is situated on the brink of the last of a series of irregular hills, descending from the elevation of the Eildons, stepwise, to the Tweed. On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the gardens (according to the old fashion now generally condemned); so that there is no want of air and space about the habitation. The building is such a one, I dare say, as nobody but he would ever have dreamed of erecting; or, if he had, escaped being quizzed for his pains. Yet it is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of the details, not only full of historical interest, but of beauty also. It is no doubt a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand; and if there be some whimsicalities, that in an ordinary case might have called up a smile, who is likely now or hereafter to contemplate such a monument of such a man's peculiar tastes and fancies, without feelings of a far different order? Borrowing outlines and ornaments from every part of Scotland, a gateway from Linlithgow, a roof from Roslin, a chimneypiece from Melrose, a postern from the "Heart of Midlothian," &c. &c. &c. it is totally unlike any other building in the kingdom, as a whole; and that whole is, I have said, a beautiful and a noble whole—almost enough so to make me suspect that, if Sir Walter had been bred an architect, he might have done as much in that way as he has *de facto*, in the woodman's craft, or (which they swear he is less vain of) the novelist's.

By the principal approach you come very suddenly on the edifice—as the French would say, "Vous *tombez* sur le chateau;" but this evil, if evil it be, was unavoidable, in consequence of the vicinity of a public road which cuts off the *chateau* and its *plaisance* from the main body of park and wood, making it a matter of necessity, that what is called, in the improvement-men's slang "the avenue proper," should be short. It is but slightly curved, and you find yourself, a very few minutes after turning from the road, at the great gate already mentioned. This is a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall of considerable height; and the *jougs*, as they are styled, those well known emblems of feudal authority, hang rusty at the side: this pair being *dit on* relics from that great citadel of the old Douglasses, Thrieve Castle, in Galloway. On entering, you find yourself within an enclosure of perhaps half an acre or better, two sides thereof being protected by the high wall above mentioned, all along which, inside, a trellissed walk extends itself—broad, cool and dark overhead with roses and honeysuckles. The third side, to the east, shows a screen of open arches of Gothic stone work, filled between with a net work of iron, not vissible until you come close to it, and affording therefore delightful glimpses of the gardens, which spread upwards with many architectural ornaments of turret, porch, urn, vase, and what not, after a fashion that would make the heart of old Price of the Picturesque to leap within him: this screen is a feature of equal novelty and grace, and if ever the old school of gardening come into vogue again, will find abundance of imitators. It abutts on the eastern extremity of the house, which runs along the whole of the northern side (and a small part of the western) of the great enclosure. And, by the way, nothing can be more delightful than the whole effect of the said enclosure, in the still and solitary state in which I chanced to see it There is room for a piece of the most *elaborate* turf within it, and rosaries of all manner of shapes and sizes gradually connect this green pavement with the roof of the trellis walk, a verdant cloister, over which appears the gray wall with its little turrets; and over that again, climb oak, elm, birch, and hazel, up a steep bank—so steep that the trees, young as they are, give already all the grand effect of a sweeping amphitheatre of wood. The background on that side is wholly forest; on the east, garden loses itself in forest by degrees; on the west, there is wood on wood also, but with glimpses of the Tweed between; and in the distance (some half a dozen miles off) a complete *sierra*, the ridge of the mountain between Tweed and Yarrow, to wit—its highest peak being that of Newark hill, at the bottom of which the old castle, where "the latest Minstrel sang," still exhibits some noble ruins.

Not being skilled in the technical tongue of the architects, I beg leave to decline describing the structure of the house, further than merely to say, that it is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was

built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end; the one not the least like the other; presents sundry *crow-footed*, alias zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets and machicolated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them of painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway, a fac simile, I am told, of that appertaining to a certain dilapidated royal palace, which long ago seems to have caught in a particular manner the Poet's fancy, as witness the stanza:

> Of all the palaces so fair,
> Built for the royal dwelling,
> Above the rest, beyond compare,
> Linlithgow is excelling.

The prints will give you a better notion of these matters than my pen could do,—and, by the by, the best likeness I have as yet met with, is one that adorns the cover of a certain species of sticking plaster. From this porchway, which is spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with some enormous petrified staghorns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding doors at once into the hall, and an imposing *coup d'œil* the first glimpse of the Poet's interior does present. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century, on your first entrance from noonday; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute or two; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those "storied panes," and you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apartments. The hall is, I should guess, about forty feet long, by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old palace of Dumfermline: the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting, in the centre, a shield of arms richly blazoned: of these shields there are sixteen, enough to bear all the quarterings of a perfect pedigree if the poet could show them; but on the maternal side (at the extremity) there are two or three blanks (of the same sort which made Louis le Grand unhappy) which have been covered with sketches of Cloudland, and equipped with the appropriate motto, "*Nox alta velat.*" The shields, properly filled up, are distinguished ones; the descent of Scott of Harden on one side, and Rutherford *of that ilk* on the other; all which matters, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Douglas and Nisbet? There is a doorway at the eastern end, over and round which the Baronet has placed another series of escutcheons, which I looked on with at least as much respect; they are the memorials of his immediate personal connexions, the bearings of his friends and companions. All around the cornice of this noble room, there runs a continued series of blazoned shields, of another sort still; at the centre of one end, I saw the bloody heart of Douglas; and opposite to that, the royal lion of Scotland,—and between the ribs there is an inscription in black letter, which I, after some trials, read, and of which I wish I had had sense enough to take a copy. To the best of my recollection, the words are not unlike these: "These be the coat armories of the clannis and chief men of name, wha keepit the marchys of Scotlande in the aulde tyme for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendyt." There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished—Douglas, Soulis, Buccleugh, Maxwell, Johnstoune, Glendoning, Herries, Rutherford, Kerr, Elliott, Pringle, Home, and all the other heroes, as you may guess, of the border minstrelsy. The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozengewise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end by themselves; the one an English suit of Henry the Fifth's time, the other an Italian, not quite so old. The variety of curiasses, black and white, plain and scultured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs, of every fantasy, dangle about and below them; and there are swords of every order, from the enormous twohanded weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the "Forty-five," and the rapier of Dettingen. Indeed, I might come still lower, for among other spoils, I saw Polish lances, gathered by the author of Paul's Letters on the field of Waterloo, and a complete suit of chain mail taken off the corpse of one of Tippoo's body guard at Seringapatam. A series of German executioners' swords was *inter alia* pointed out to me; on the blade of one of which I made out the arms of Augsburg, and a legend which may be thus rendered:

> Dust, when I strike, to dust: From sleepless grave,
> Sweet Jesu, stoop, a sin-stained soul to save.

I am sorry there is no catalogue of this curious collection. Sir Walter ought to make one himself, for my cicerone informs me there is some particular history attached to almost every piece in it, and known in detail to nobody but himself. "Stepping westward," as Wordsworth says, from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low, arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. &c. Here are the pieces, esteemed most precious by reason of their

histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C. i. e. Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole: the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphrey Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; Buonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis*. I should have mentioned that staghorns and bulls' horns (the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean), and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the very thumbekins under which Cardinal Carstairs did *not* flinch, and the more terrific iron crown of Wisheart the martyr, being a sort of barred head-piece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony. In short, there can be no doubt that, like Grose of merry memory, the mighty Minstrel

> ——Has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
> Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
> A towmout' guid.

These relics of other, and for the most part darker, years, are disposed, however, with so much grace and elegance, that I doubt if Mr. Hope himself would find any thing to quarrel with in the beautiful apartments which contain them. The smaller of these opens to the drawing room on one side, and the dining room on the other, and is fitted up with low *divans* rather than sofas; so as to make, I doubt not, a most agreeable sitting room when the apartments are occupied, as for my sins I found them not. In the hall, when the weather is hot, the Baronet is accustomed to dine; and a gallant refectory no question it must make. A ponderous chandelier of painted glass swings from the roof; and the chimney-piece (the design copied from the stone-work of the Abbot's Stall at Melrose) would hold rafters enough for a Christmas fire of the good old times. Were the company suitably attired, a dinner party here would look like a scene in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Beyond the smaller, or rather, I should say, the narrower armoury, lies the dining parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that, when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c. in short, all the minor details are, I believe, fac similes after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are—the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrood the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in Marmion, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles the First, and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage, of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle. This old gentleman's son hangs close by him; and had it not been for the costume, &c. I should have taken it for a likeness of Sir Walter himself. (It is very like the common portraits of the Poet, though certainly not like either Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture or Chantrey's bust). There is also a very splendid full length of Lucy Waters, mother to the Duke of Monmouth; and an oval, capitally painted, of Anne Dutchess of Buccleugh, the same who,

> In pride of youth, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

All the furniture of this room is massy Gothic oak; and, as I said before, when it is fairly lit up, and plate and glass set forth, it must needs have a richly and luxuriously antique aspect. Beyond and alongside are narrowish passages, which make one fancy one's self in the penetralia of some dim old monastery; for roofs and walls and windows (square, round, and oval alike) are sculptured in stone, after the richest relics of Melrose and Roslin Chapel. One of these leads to a charming breakfast room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettricke, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive, at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of watercolour drawings, chiefly by Turner, and Thomson of Duddingstone, the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one very grand oil painting over the chimneypiece, Fastcastle, by Thomson, alias the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the most majectic and melancholy sea pieces I ever saw; and some large black

and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart of Allanbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious looking corridor, a small greenhouse with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff.* and some portraits; among the rest glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his gray hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old Bard, I take it, in one of those "tremulous moods," in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—I believe chiefly *à la* Roslin, and the bookcases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired, and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recess of the bow window), of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe), in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out, in one corner, a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of his present Majesty. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fireplace; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." It *contained* the letter which accompanied the gift till lately: it has disappeared; no one guesses who took it, but whoever he was, as my guide observed, he must have been a thief for thieving's sake truly, as he durst no more exhibit his autograph than tip himself a bare bodkin. Sad, infamous tourist indeed! Although I saw abundance of comfortable looking desks and arm chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for *work*, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And here you may believe was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid, part of the suite.

The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about five-and-twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture nothing but a small writing table in the centre, a plain arm chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair besides, plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. You have been both at the Elisee Bourbon and Malmaison, and remember the library at one or other of those places, I forget which; this gallery is much in the same style. There are only two portraits, an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it: Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are on the mantelpiece; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forest-craft, to wit—axes and bills and so forth of every calibre. There is only one window pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books well. It is a very comfortable looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in. I should not forget some Highland claymores, clustered round a target over the Canterbury people, nor a writing box of carved wood, lined with crimson velvet, and furnished with silver plate of right venerable aspect, which looked as if it might have been the implement of old Chaucer himself, bnt which from the arms on the lid must have belonged to some Italian prince of the days of Leo the Magnificent at the furthest.

In one corner of this *sanctum* there is a little holy of holies, in the shape of a closet, which looks like the oratory

of some dame of old romance, and opens into the gardens; and the tower which furnishes this below, forms above a private staircase accessible from the gallery and leading to the upper regions. Thither also I penetrated, but I suppose you will take the bed rooms and dressing rooms for granted.

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers, over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettricke Forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realization of dreams: some Frenchman called it, I hear, "a romance in stone and lime." .....
.....

SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

QUENCH not the light that soon must fade,
Nor damp the fire that soon must die,
Nor let to-morrow's ills invade
The hour to-day devotes to joy.

Ah! who with music's softest swell
Would mingle sorrow's piercing moan?
Or to the bounding spirit tell
How soon the charm of life is flown?

Say, is the rose's scent less sweet
Because its bloom must soon decay?
Or shall we shun the bliss to meet
That cannot here for ever stay?

No: by the Power that bliss who gave,
This hour we'll from the future borrow,
And all, that fate allows us, save
From the dread shipwreck of to-morrow.

VULGARITY—This is a composition formed of ignorance, conceit, grossness, stupidity, and insolence.—Vulgarity is as disgusting to an elegant mind, as vice is to an innocent one.—Vulgarity is the offspring of avaricious drudgery.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BROAD set the sun o'er wild Glencoe,
Red gleam'd the heights of drifted snow,
And loud and hoarse the torrent's flow
Dash'd through the drear domain.

Bright shines the hearth's domestic blaze,
The dancers bound in wanton maze,
And merry minstrels tune their lays,
Blyth o'er the mountain reign.

Yon level sun sinks down in blood,
Lowering in dark ingratitude;
It warns the guileless and the good,
Glencoe's woe-fated clan!

Each smiling host salutes his guest,
"Good night!"—that hand so kindly prest
Shall plunge the dagger in thy breast,
Long e'er the orient dawn!

All's still—but, hark! from height to height
Comes rushing on the breeze of night
The startling shriek of wild affright,
The hoarse assassin yell!

Is there no arm on high to save
From foulest death the trustful brave?—
Each by his threshold found a grave,
Or where he slumber'd fell!

Red rose the sun o'er lone Glencoe,
What eye shall mark that crimson'd snow?
What ear shall list the torrent's flow,
Dashing the dreary wild?

Round shiel and hamlet's sheltering rock
High soars destruction's volumed smoke,
But hush'd the shriek which maddening broke
From mother, maiden, child!

All's still!—save round yon mountain's head,
Where men of blood the snow-path tread,
Startling, lest voices from the dead
A deed of hell proclaim.

Wo! for thy clan, thou wild Glencoe!
Whose blood dyes deep the mountain-snow;
But deadlier pale, and deeper wo,
Glenorchy, on thy name!

AUTHOR OF CLAN-ALBIN.

THE TOOTH DRAWER.

A Dentist, love, makes teeth of bone,
For those whom fate has left without;
And finds provision for his own,
By pulling other people's out.

FEMALE DEVOTEDNESS.

Events, which are sometimes to be found in the records of history, are not unfrequently as strange, as dark, and as tragical, as the most sombre fictions of romance. In the reign of Francis I. there served in the armies a gentleman of the island of Corsica, named Sampietro Bartelica; he was more known and esteemed for his valour than for his fortune, or the greatness of his family; he always manifested an attachment to France, and by his fidelity, displayed a striking contrast to the conduct of the Genoese, who were masters of Corsica, and who, without any apparent reason, were constantly revolting against the power of France. Sampietro was present at numerous sieges and engagements, in which he had always greatly distinguished himself. After the death of Francis I., in 1546, he returned to Corsica, where he married Vannina, daughter and only heiress of Francisco d'Ornano, whose family was one of the most noble and most ancient of the isle. His reputation alone procured him this important alliance. His popularity among his countrymen rendered him formidable to the Genoese, who resolved on his destruction. Giovanni Maria Spinola, the governor of the island, sent an order for him to repair, with his father-in-law, to the citadel of Bastia, where there is every reason to believe he would have been put to death, but for the powerful intercession of the King, Henry II. Sampietro entertained a grateful recollection of this service, and at the same time conceived a deadly hatred to the Genoese, with ardent thirst for vengeance. War having broke out in Italy, in 1551, he served in the campaign, and his assistance was found to be very valuable by Octavio Farnese, whom the King of France had taken under his protection. Sampietro then instigated the French Government to attempt the subjugation of Corsica. In this expedition he accompanied M. de Thermes, subsequently a Field-Marshal, and was accompanied by some of the bravest of the islanders, who were attracted by his renown, and were discontented with the Genoese: the latter were driven from the principal town. Sampietro was recalled to France, and returned, in September 1555, to Corsica, where he continued to carry on the war. The peace of Chateau Cambreses, in 1559, and the fatal death of Henry II., induced him to take other measures. He resolved to proceed to Constantinople, to demand assistance there; as the Genoese had confiscated all his property, and had set a price upon his head, he determined to drive them to extremities. During his absence on this mission, he was informed that Donna d'Ornana, his wife, whom he had left at Marseilles, had resolved to pass over to Genoa; this intelligence nearly rendered him desperate: he sent Antonio de San Fiorenzo, one of his followers, to prevent her: she had been persuaded, that she might obtain her husband's pardon from the Republic, and her anxiety on this subject induced her to take this resolution. Sampietro, on his return, found his wife at Aix; he accompanied her back to Marseilles, and coldly informed her that she must prepare to die. Vannina obeyed with calmness, and asked but one favour of her husband, that as no man but himself had ever laid hands on her, that she might have the same privelege at that moment, and might die by his hands! It is said that Sampietro dropped on his knees, called her his love, asked her forgiveness, and then strangled her with a napkin. So atrocious an action greatly tarnished the reputation of Sampietro, who returned to Corsica in 1564, effected an insurrection throughout the whole island, although he had but five and twenty men with him when he first arrived: he was successful in several actions, and took many cities and fortresses from the Genoese, who instigated Vitelli, one of his captains, to assassinate him, in the month of January, 1567.—

SONNET.

BY JOHN CLARE.

[The Northamptonshire Peasant.]

I would not that my being all should die,
And pass away with every common lot;
I would not that my humble dust should lie
In quite a strange and unfrequented spot,
By all unheeded, and by all forgot.
With nothing save the heedless winds to sigh,
And nothing but the dewy morn to weep,
About my grave, far hid from the world's eye,—
I feign would have some friend to wander nigh,
And find a path to where my ashes sleep.
Not the cold heart that merely passes by,
To read who lieth there, but such that keep
Past memories warm with deeds of other years,
And pay to friendship some few friendly tears.

THE TEMPTING PRESENT.

THOUGHTS.

* * * * * * "I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling was the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

WORDSWORTH.

THE day was closing in, and as I sat watching the scarcely moving foliage of a neighbouring elm, my mind gradually sank into a state of luxurious repose, amounting to total unconsciousness of all the busy sights and sounds of earth.

It seemed to me as if I were seated by a calm, deep lake, surrounded by graceful and breezy shrubbery, and listening to most delicious music. The landscape differed from any thing I had ever seen. Light seemed to be in every thing, and to emanate from every thing, like a glory. Yet I felt *at home;* and could I see a painting of it, I should know it as readily as the scenes of my childhood. And so it is with a multitude of thoughts that come suddenly into the soul, new as visitants from farthest Saturn, yet familiar as a mother's voice. Whence do they come? Is Plato's suggestion something more than poetry? Have we indeed formerly lived in a luminous and shadowless world, where all things wear light as a garment? And are our bright and beautiful thoughts but casual glimpses of that former state? Are all our hopes and aspirations nothing but recollections? Is it to the fragments of *memory's* broken mirror we owe the thousand fantastic forms of grandeur, or of loveliness, which *fancy* calls her own?

And the gifted ones, who now and then blaze upon the world, and "darken nations when they die,"—do they differ from other mortals only in more cloudless reminiscences of their heavenly home?

Or are we living separate existences, at one and the same time? Are not our souls wandering in the spirit-land while our bodies are on earth? And when in slumber, or deep quietude of thought, we cast off 'this mortal coil,' do we not gather up imagies of reality, that seem to us like poetry? Might not the restless spirit of Byron have indeed learned of "archangels ruined" those potent words, which, like infernal magic, arouse every sleeping demon in the human heart?

Are dreams merely visits to our spirit-home; and are we in sleep really talking with the souls of those whose voice we seem to hear?

As death approaches and earth recedes, do we not more clearly see that spiritual world, in which we have all along been living, though we knew it not? The dying man tells us of attendant angels hovering round him. Perchance it is no vision—they may have often been with him, but his inward eye was dim, and he saw them not. What is that mysterious expression, so holy and so strange, so beautiful yet so fearful, on the countenance of one whose soul has just departed? Is it the glorious light of attendant seraphs, the luminous shadow of which rests awhile on the countenance of the dead? Does infancy owe to this angel crowd its peculiar power to purify and bless?

MY COUCH.

BLESSINGS on the man," says the immortal Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep!—it wraps one round like a cloak."—It must be admitted, that the state of repose, which serves to refresh and renew both the outward and inward frame, is one of the chief consolations which Providence has bestowed upon mankind: and we are accordingly somewhat of the French opinion, as regards their fondness for a convenient, a roomy, and even handsome apartment, wherein to propitiate the drowsy deity. "Next my arm-chair," says an elegant writer of that country, "as I proceed northward in my room, I find my bed, which is stationed at the end of the chamber, forming a delicious perspective. Its situation is happily chosen; the early rays of the awakening sun shine upon my curtains! I watch them in the fine mornings of summer, stealing gradually, as day advances, along the wall. The elms which grow before my window divide them into a thousand beams, and dart them, according to the impulse of the wind, towards my bed, the furniture of which, being rose-colour and white, reflects a glowing tint upon every thing around. I hear each morning the confused chirping of the swallows which have taken possession of the roof of my house, and of other birds in the elm trees; a thousand cheerful reflections throng into my mind, and no person in the universe enjoys so enchanting, so peaceful an awakening as myself.

"I confess that I love to trifle with these delightful moments, and to prolong the pleasure I experience whilst meditating in the genial indolence of my bed. Does the busy theatre give more play to the imagination?—does it arouse more tender thoughts; or charm us so sweetly into forgetfulness? Modest reader, be not startled; but may I not hint at the happiness of the lover, who for the first time clasps in his arms his virtuous bride?—unspeakable pleasure!—which my evil destiny has decreed that I shall never taste. Is it not in her bed, that the mother, intoxicated with joy at the birth of a son, forgets every previous pain? It is there that the phantom-realizations of enterprise and hope agitate and elevate our fancy. In fine, in this haven we forget for one half of our lives, the troubles of the other half.

"A bed is the witness of the birth and of the death of man. It is the varying stage on which the human race exhibit alternately interesting scenes, grotesque fantasma, and

THE SIOUX PRINCESS.

"May slighted woman turn,
And as a vine the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life peotry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like her's.
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven,
Her pride o'ermastereth not."

WILLIS.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentness old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Her's was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependant women in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the Young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet, submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young, indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indians never pay woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful acts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring propositiou, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A King's daughter weds the son of a King. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent, when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermillion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and whithering at her feet.

The Chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear.

Painted by W. Boxall. Engraved by C. Heath.

"Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a King.

Months and years past on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh; but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading, innocent look, which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him! and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the preverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room, or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother, and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look, or word, of kindness, would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on

pretence of a visit; but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St. Anthony, just at this juncture; and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprize Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pled in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux King!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness, she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain; and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receeding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire, before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy, that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given

her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut, where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending Chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the falls of St. Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.—

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the fall, they often say, "Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the falls of St. Anthony."

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

I was roused one morning at day-break by my servant running in with the intelligence that a great number of war canoes were crossing the bay. As King George had told us but the evening before that he expected a visit from Ta-ri-ah, a chief of the tribe called the Narpooes, whose territory lay on the opposite side of the bay, and given us to understand that Ta-ri-ah was a man not to be trusted, and therefore feared some mischief might happen if he really came, the sight of these war canoes naturally caused us considerable alarm, and we sincerely wished that the visit was over.

We dressed ourselves with the utmost expedition, and walked down to the beach. The landing of these warriors was conducted with a considerable degree of order! and could I have divested myself of all idea of danger, I should have admired the sight excessively. All our New Zealand friends—the tribe of Shulitea—were stripped naked, their bodies were oiled, and all were completely armed; their muskets were loaded, their cartouch-boxes were fastened round their waists, and their patoo-patoos were fixed to their wrists. Their hair was tied up in a tight knot at the top of their heads, beautifully ornamented with feathers of the albatross. As the opposite party landed, ours all crouched on the ground, their eyes fixed on their visitors, and perfectly silent. When the debarkation was completed, I observed the chief, Ta-ri-ah, put himself at their head, and march towards us with his party formed closely and compactly, and armed with muskets and paddles. When they came very near, they suddenly stopped. Our party continued still mute, with their firelocks poised ready for use. For the space of a few minutes all was still, each party glaring fiercely on the other; and they certainly formed one of the most beautiful and extraordinary pictures I had ever beheld. The foreground was formed by a line of naked savages, each resting on one knee, with musket advanced; their gaze fixed on the opposite party, their fine broad muscular backs contrasting with the dark foliage in front, and catching the gleam of the rising sun. The strangers were clothed in the most grotesque manner imaginable; some armed, some naked, some with long beards, others were painted all over with red ochre: every part of each figure was quite still, except the rolling and glaring of their eyes on their opponents. The back-ground was formed by the beach, and a number of their beautiful war canoes dancing on the waves; while, in the distance, the mountains on the opposite side of the bay were just tinged with the varied and beautiful colours of the sun then rising in splendour from behind them.

The stillness of this extraordinary scene did not last long. The Narpooes commenced a noise and discordant song and dance, yelling, jumping, and making the most hideous faces. This was soon answered by a loud shout from our party who endeavoured to outdo the Narpooes in making horrible distortions of their countenances: then succeeded another dance from our visitors; after which our friends made a rush, and in a sort of rough joke set them running. Then all joined in a pell-mell sort of encounter, in which numerous hard blows were given and received; then all the party fired their pieces in the air, and the ceremony of landing was thus deemed completed. They then approached each other, and began rubbing noses; and those who were particular friends cried and lamented over each other.

NATURE.—She is ever provident; she has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

MUSIC'S MISHAP.

The parish-clerk, the village music-master,
Master at once of music, and her slave,
Of late I saw—(not Dan Apollo touch'd
The horsehair faster)—seeking souls to save
By teaching Sunday scholars the true stave;
And much it pleased me, in my unseen station,
To watch the efforts of the tutor grave
To modify the heathenish squallation,
To gods and columns both a sheer abomination.

Upon his eyebrows sat authority,
And at his feet his dog; before him stood
The neophytes of sacred minstrelsy,
Cecilias in reversion: the sweet wood,
The handle of his viol, not too good,
He held with gentle hand to guard from harm;
For much he prized it, more than flesh and blood.
With resin, magic drug, to aid the charm,
The master arm'd his bow, and then he bow'd his arm.

At once uplifting voice and instrument,
He led the way—a lamentable sound
(Whose name was Legion, being many) went
Forth from the throat of all that stood around;
Discord, that did all harmon yconfound.
Louder, and louder, did the master bawl;
In philosophic quiet sat the hound,
Worthy of praise, amid that Babelish squall
Of notes not flat, not sharp—certes not natural.

His patient ears hung down upon his face,
Curtaining out the nose, perchance, in part;
All as unmoved, behind the master's place,
There stood his better half, his life, his heart,
Who, partner of his cares, would not depart:
With arms across, and face demurely still,
Unmoved she watch'd the triumphs of his art;
While he with might and main, and toilsome skill,
With love of music strove untuneful souls to fill.

In vain! no bars restrain th' impatient crowd;
Notes are unnoted, limping time forgot:
Yet still the treble discord grows more loud,
And would abate the master not a jot,
With music and impatience waxing hot.
More fiercely did he bid the resin move;
Voice, hand, and foot in unison were got:
The urchin choir inspired to follow strove;
His dame more sweetly smiled—for music melts to love.

In ecstasy the minstrel rock'd his chair;
His tail in approbation Tray did bend;
(For in grave souls, whose praise is slow and spare,
Approval comes but in the latter end).
But why did cruel fate that motion send?
Oh hapless tale, and yet more hapless tail!
The chair, not charily, did swift descend.
That thou wert a grave dog did not avail,
Oh Tray! nor did avert what I must needs bewail.

Then rose from earth to sky the mighty yell;
Fled Polyhymnia with psalmodic groans:
With chair inverted, straight the master fell;
His stronger head preserved his weaker bones.
Ah! much the wounded tail the Muse bemoans,
And sad mischance of this disastrous day
(Day to be mark'd for ever with black stones),
Where triumph did to overthrow betray:
So clouds and storms succeed a too resplendent day.

SONNET TO HIS NATIVE RIVER, ANKER.

(BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.)

Clear Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore,
My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea, lies;
O blessed brook! whose milk-white swans adore
Thy crystal stream, refined by her eyes,
Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers!
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see my queen,
Lo! here thy shepherd spent his wandering years;
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he sacrificed his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

ON THE ROSE.

Sweet flower! emblem of innocence and truth,
Fit subject to pourtray the hours of youth;
When pure, unspotted, every action has a grace,
Which after years of woe and danger will efface.

Like thee the bud of youth too oft contains
A worm that mars, and every beauty stains;
A little worm which, overlooked, will flourish,
First feed on, then destroy the heart in which t'was nourished.

And yet again, some buds like them will grow,
From which all beauty, grace, and virtue flow;
Matured by age they strengthen and adorn the soul,
Till death with icy-hand destroys the whole.

D. Wilkie pinxt. Smith sculpt.

THE CUT FINGER. LE DOIGT COUPÉ .

THE REIN-DEER.

Few animals present so interesting a range of observation and enquiry as the Rein-Deer in its natural history and economy. The ancients were vaguely acquainted with this animal through the accounts they received from the Scythians; and Cæsar mentions its existence in his Commentaries. It is found abundantly in free herds throughout the north of Europe: in Kamtschatka, Spitzbergen, and over the whole of Northern Russia, where the Tungusians rear a large breed, which they ride more generally than harness to the sledge; in Sweden and Norway; but Cuvier has proved that they never extended further South than the Baltic and the northern parts of Poland. In Asia, however, the Rein-Deer is found to the foot of the Caucasus; and there is reason to believe that it formerly extended further south than at the present time. In the arctic regions it is also found in great numbers; whence it extends even to the rocky mountains of central North America. In all these countries the Rein-Deer is found in a wild state; but in Lapland, where the domestication of the animal is identified with all the comforts of the people, there are but few wild Rein-Deer remaining.

The usual size of the adult Rein-Deer in a wild state is equal to a stag, or even superior; but the tame races, particularly of Lapland, are not much higher at the shoulder than fallow-deer. In large males the horns are sometimes above four feet long; in the females they are constantly smaller, and the palmated or flattened parts narrower. This peculiar shape of the horns, we may here mention, appears to be, in several species, a provision of nature, to enable the animals to clear the snow from their food; for it is observed that this structure is confined to those of the higher latitudes, and rendered applicable in proportion as they inhabit more rigorous climates. Thus, in the Rein-Deer, who are absolutely arctic, it is most so; and least in the fallow-deer, who belong to the more temperate regions. This observation will likewise apply to the magnitude of the Rein-Deer, which is greatest towards the Pole, and least in the south.

There is, however, no species of deer whose horns vary to such an extent as the Rein-Deer; indeed, it is difficult to meet with two alike. In general they are at first thrown back from the forehead, and then curve with a considerable sweep forwards. Over the face they bear two branches, mostly palmated, and from the back part of the curves other snags arise. The form of the animal, compared with other deer, is heavy and low; the neck is short, the head carried straight forward in a line with the back; the legs are short and stout; and the hoofs are very broad and spreading: they contract when the foot is raised from the ground; but when the Rein Deer crosses the yielding snows the foot presents a larger surface, and thus prevents, to a certain extent, the animal sinking as deeply as it would if the hoof were small and compact. The hair of the Rein-Deer is of two kinds, close and woolly; under the throat it is long, and in winter long hairs spread over the body. Sir Arthur de Brooke, to whom we are indebted for the best account of the economy of the Rein-Deer, states the hair of its coat to be "so thick that it is hardly possible by separating them in any way to discern the least portion of the naked hide;" and Dr. Richardson says, clothing made of deer-skin "is so impervious to the cold, that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any one so clothed may bivouack on the snow with safety in the most intense cold of an arctic winter's night."

The colour of the upper parts of the Rein-Deer is mostly brown, which becomes greyish in winter; while the under parts are always of greyish white.

Rein-Deer swim with ease, and are so buoyant as to keep half their bodies above water: their broad feet, struck with great force, impel them so fast in the strongest currents and across the broadest rivers, that a boat well manned, can scarcely keep pace with them. When irritated or attacked, they strike downwards with their horns, but do not gore; they kick with violence and repel the wolf with success: but their most dangerous enemy is the glutton, who is stated to drop down upon the Deer from the branch of some tree while they are off their guard. In a wild state they live in herds, and emigrate, according to the season. In winter they retire to the woods, and subsist on lichens, which hang upon the trees. As spring approaches, they return to the open country, where their food is similar. They suffer much in the summer months from the attacks of insects, to avoid which they migrate to the sea-shore or the mountains.

The importance of the Rein-Deer for the purposes of draught in Lapland is well known. It possesses great strength in its shoulders and fore-quarters, and surety of foot even in storms of sleet and snow: these habits, together with their quick scent, guide them with wonderful precision through the most dangerous passes, and in the darkest nights of an arctic winter. To this sagacity the Laplander trusts his life with confidence, and accidents are of very rare occurrence. They draw his sledge with such speed, that a pair of them, in the language of Lapland, will change his horizon three times in twenty-four hours; that is, they can pass three times the furthest limit in sight on starting, which, in their latitudes, is computed at above one hundred miles. They will draw about three hundred pounds each, but the burden is generally limited to two hundred and forty pounds; their trot is about ten miles an hour. In the palace of Drotningholm, in Sweden, is a portrait of a Rein-Deer, which is stated to have drawn an officer with important dispatches the distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours, and the Deer is said to have dropped down lifeless upon his arrival. Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited Lapland in 1769,

DUNROBIN CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

DUNROBIN CASTLE, on the east coast of Sutherlandshire, is the seat of the ancient earls of Sutherland. It is in excellent repair, and great agricultural exertions have been successfully made around it. It was founded about the year 1100, by Robert or Robin, second earl of Sutherland, and being built upon a round hill, as the word *dun* imports, was hence called Dun-Robin Castle. It is situated on an eminence near the sea. As very few, if any alterations have been made in the castle within the last two hundred years, a short description of it from the manuscript of Sir Robert Gordon, will suffice to convey an idea of it to our readers.

"The castles and pyles of Sutherland or Dernough, Dunrobin, (the Earl of Sutherland his special residence,) a house well seated upon a round mote, hard by the sea, with fair orchards, wer ther be pleasant gardens, planted with all kynds of froots, hearbs, and floors, used in this kingdome, and abundance of good saphron, tobacco, and rosemarie. The froot here is excellent, and chiefly the pears and cherries. There is in Dunrobin one of the deepest draw-wells, all of aister work from the ground to the top, called St. John his well, which is within the castle in the midst of the court."

There is a very curious structure in the vicinity of the castle, of which Pennant gives the following account:—

"Not far from Dunrobin is a very entire piece of antiquity of the kind known in Scotland by the name of Pictish Castles and called here *Cairn Lia*, or Grey Town. That I saw was about one hundred and thirty yards in circumference, round, and raised so high above the ground as to form a considerable mount. On the top was an extensive but shallow hollow; within were three low concentric galleries at small distances from each other, covered with large stones; and the side walls were about four to five feet thick, rudely made. There are generally three of these places near each other, so that each may be seen from any one. Buildings of this kind are frequent along this coast, that of Caithness and Strathnaver. Others, agreeing in external form, are common in the Hebrides, but differ in their internal construction. In the islands they are attributed to the Danes—here to the Picts. They were probably the defensible habitations of the times."

THE ANT.—The ant seems, of all others, to have been Plutarch's favourite insect. He even pronounces her a wise and virtuous animal. Friendship, fortitude, continency, patience, justice, and industry, are among the moral qualities which he deservedly places to her account.

HOSPITALITY.

DOMESTIC powers! erewhile revered,
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful Muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train.
Thou to Albion too were known,
'Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-structured hall,
With rural trophies strown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way
Upon the pathless forest wild;
The huntsman in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chase o'ertoiled—
Wide their view around them cast,
Marked the distant rustic tower,
And sought and found the festive bower,
And shared the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys;
Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to soothe his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet e'en here disdained thy sway,
Where grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay;
Or where fair quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes, not often seen, amuse,
When tales, not often told, we hear.
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains;
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle power! where'er thy reign,
May health and peace attend thee still;
Nor folly's presence cause thee pain,
Nor vice reward thy good with ill.
Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And Genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praise.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Nelson arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September, 1805—his birth-day. Fearing that if the enemy knew his force they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute and hoist no colours, and wrote to Gibraltar to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the Gazette. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth: the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war, and their determination was that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force. In the public measures of this country, secresy is seldom practicable and seldom attempted: here, however, by the precautions of Nelson and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for, as the ships appointed to re-inforce the Mediterranean fleet were dispatched singly, each as soon as it was ready, their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy.

On the 9th of October Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in: but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment in carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronte." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle: the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest-sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from the rear: he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four a-head of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said, "That his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, *no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.*" One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in the action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the patriotic fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

On the 21st, at day-break, the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle a-head, on the starboard-tack, about twelve miles too lee-ward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came on deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee-line of thirteen ships, the Victory led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired into his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering to battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard-tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open

for themselves This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second a-head and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory? That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting? Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure:—Nelson's last signal—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We may trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frockcoat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were rifle-men on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz; our ships crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy: and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable;—but the British sailors only admired the beauty and splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, "what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!"

The French admiral, from the Bucentaure, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness.

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee-line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the Santa Anna, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the Victory, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the Victory. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to move the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked —"Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace-bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then

smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The Victory had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared, that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was impossible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, though it never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the Temeraire, fell on board the Redoubtable on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the Temeraire: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the Temeraire. And because their was danger that the Redoubtable might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzle of which touched her side when they were run out, the fire-man of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the Victory, from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the Bucentaure and the huge Santissima Trinidad.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up—"They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he.—"I hope not!" cried Hardy.—"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eye and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elasped from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggled to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no boubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!"

he replied; " it is impossible: my back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?"—Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken, he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy—anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings; "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy;—take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson: and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemies' musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive on the mizen-top of the Redoubtable.—One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he—nat's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The Redoubtable struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire—in her forechains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use, in this, of fire-balls and other combustibles—implements of destruction, which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat; which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the Redoubtable, to some ropes and canvass on the Victory's booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized: they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway.

The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The Argonauta and Bahama were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men: the St. Juan Nepomuceno lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this discisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle, with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. This desire was granted, and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the Victory and Royal Sovereign as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships; and they were seen to back their top-sails for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such, that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the Argonauta, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master, to man the guns against any of the French ships, saying, that if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower deck-guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled: they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1587. Twenty of the enemy struck;—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined; a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial. —It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6000 a-year;—£10,000 were voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the Victory called them; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while they lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now when they were no longer in existence.

SOUTHEY.

REBECCA.

Alone, a captive, and a stranger,
She sat within the Christian's tower,
The Jewish maid, in grief and danger,
But stedfast in her trial hour.
In her dark eye was not a tear,
Pale was her cheek, though little moved,
Cold as the marble that we rear
To guard the relics of the loved.

"There is a pain upon my soul,
It speaks of grief, it speaks of death;
My beating heart knows no control,
And almost stays my labouring breath.
My spirit can but ill sustain
The thoughts of this my hour of wo;
They rend my heart, they fire my brain;
I bid them, but they will not go.

"My father; I am bound to thee
With more than nature's common ties;
Thy aid in life I hop'd to be,
The light of thine expiring eyes.
Though this sad joy the oppressor's power
Forbids, yet love is still the same:
And well I know in life's last hour
Thy lips will bless Rebecca's name.

"My father! though to thee and Heaven
My thoughts are due, are due alone;
Yet be it, if a sin, forgiven
One other secret thought to own.
One name with thine and Heaven's hath been
Lov'd, treasur'd, pray'd for, all in vain;
That name is thine, young Nazarene!
I ne'er will speak that name again.

"To think of thee as I have thought
Was surely folly, if not guilt;
Yet virtue's self no stain had caught
From feelings such as I have felt.
For what am I? and what art thou?
Of adverse faith, and adverse birth;
And I resign thy memory now,
To have my spirit free from earth.

"Yes, I resign it! be thou blest:
Farewell! but never think of me;
I would not dwell within thy breast
A thing unlov'd, contemn'd, by thee!
For well I know thy haughtier lot
Despises Judah's banner torn;
And it were bliss to be forgot,
Ere be *thy* pity or *thy* scorn.

"My pain is past, my struggle over;
My father, take thy child's last blessing:
May heaven within my heart discover
No thought unworthy its possessing.
Now as the bird of morning springs
To hail the light, and upward soars,
My earth-tir'd spirit spreads its wings
To meet the heaven that it adores."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow people; and tossed wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their winter slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes conveyed,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork assembly meets: for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now, their route designed, their leader chosen,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round,--in congregation full
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made?—what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive, of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasured up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury.

THOMPSON.

Drawn by Miss L. Sharpe. Engraved by H. T. Ryall.

Rebecca

LA ROSIERE:

OR THE TRIUMPH OF GOODNESS.

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
And innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes."

WORDSWORTH.

In France there is an old and very graceful custom, called the *fete* of *la Rosiere*. On this occasion those in authority publicly present a garland of roses to the best and most beautiful girl in the village. This custom had its origin deep in national feeling and true morality; but, alas! wheresoever human passions can creep in, they leave their smile upon the roses of life—the *fete* of *la Rosiere*, like other triumphs, too often becomes an affair of jealous rivalry and petty intrigue.

Angelique Duroy was one of the prettiest of her bewitching countrywomen. Her clear, dark eye was neither flashing nor languid—it had a quiet, deep expression, brilliant yet thoughtful; her complexion inclined to olive; but the perpetual colour that mantled there, gave her cheek the tempting ripeness of tropical fruit; while the laughing dimples on either side came and went, like whirlpools in a sunny stream. Every thing in her look and motion argued an exuberance of life and happiness. Her voice had the clear, gushing melody of the thrush, her little nimble graceful feet made one think of a swallow just ready to take wing; and altogether she was so small, so airy, so pretty, so gay, and so musical, that I am sure if her soul transmigrate, it will pass into a yellow bird, or a Java sparrow.

The young men all admired Angelique, because she was so lady-like and unaffected; the old people loved her because she was such a good child to her parents, and always so kind and respectful to the aged—while the children, when asked, were always ready to say, "We love Angelique best, because she is always so good-natured and obliging, and she knows how to make us so many pretty things." Indeed, Angelique was famous for her ingenuity and industry. After examining any thing, she always found out how to do it without being taught; and what she did, she always did well. The prettiest dresses and bonnets in the village were made by her; and her artificial flowers were so natural, that I think the very honey-bees would have been deceived by them. Some told her if she went to Paris she would make a fortune by her ingenuity; but Angelique blushed, and said she had rather live with her good mother, than grow rich among strangers.

It is strange this artless little French girl should have enemies; for she never had an uncommonly pretty cap, or garland, that she was not perfectly willing to make her young companions one just like it; but great gifts, if borne ever so meekly, do excite envy—Angelique had her enemies. The daughter of the *Maire* of the village was eight or nine years older than Angelique; and she never from her childhood had been either pretty or amiable. She was very rich, very idle, very haughty, and very jealous. It vexed her that her fairy neighbour, unadorned, save by her own tasteful industry, should be so much more admired than she was, with all her jewellery, and Parisian finery. Besides, she had long been in love with the son of a wealthy *proprietaire;* and this young man, when urged by his father to make suit to so great an heiress, openly declared that his affections were engaged to Angelique. This made the father very angry—he called it a boyish passion. "Antoinette is the only child of the *Maire*, and he has immense wealth and high character; will you give up such an union, when father and daughter both evidently wish for it, merely for the sake of a pretty plaything, a giddy little butterfly, like Angelique Duroy?" said he.

The young man insisted that Angelique was as good as she was pretty; and that she was also industrious, modest, and noble-hearted. "As a proof of it," continued he, "every one in the village, except Antoinette, says the Cure will crown her at the *fete* of *la Rosiere*."

The *proprietaire* was a kind-hearted, wise, old man; his neighbours called him odd, but his oddity was always of a benevolent kind. "Well, Jacques," said he, "if you think the girl has so many good qualities, besides her pretty looks, your choice will meet with my approbation. I know Angelique has resolutely refused to receive any attention from you without the knowledge and approbation of her mother and myself—this speaks well—but how do you know that the young lady will smile upon your suit?"

Jacques looked down, blushed very slightly, hesitated—then looked up with an arch look, and said, "If she knew you gave your approbation, I, at least, might *try*."

The old man smiled—"Well, well," said he, "I see how it is. The girl, though not rich, is highly respectable. I will attend the *fete* of *la Rosiere;* you shall dance with the crowned fair one, and if I think she deserve this distinction, Angelique shall be to me as a daughter."

Jacques knelt down, and kissed his father's hand with overflowing gratitude. He had not expected to gain his point so easily; for he knew his father had very much set his heart upon joining his estates to those of the *Maire*. "You are the best father in the world!" exclaimed he. "*You* call me so Jacques—the world will say I am an old fool; but after all, what do we live for, if not for happiness?"

Away went the young man, in the fulness of his joy, to impart the tidings to Angelique; and she, above all petty coquetry, heard it with unaffected delight.

The *fete* of *la Rosiere* was anxiously awaited. Every

body so often repeated that Angelique would certainly be crowned, for she was *la plus belle et la plus bonne*, that modest as she was, she could not help expecting it. The important day came—and who do you think was crowned? Antoinette, the ugly, idle daughter of the *Maire!* she was crowned the best and most beautiful! The *Maire* gave a great ball that night. Angelique went; for she was above showing any resentment. She saw Jacques dancing with *la* Rosiere—she saw that his father observed her closely; and though she could not be gay, she was cheerful and dignified. Antoinette whispered to her companions, "See what bold airs she puts on: I should think she would be mortified, when she and all her friends have been boasting that she would be crowned." The old *proprietaire* heard one or two such speeches as this, and he shook his head expressively. He disappeared from the room a short time; while he was gone, his sister, a maiden lady, came up to Angelique: "My dear child," said she, "there is something wrong about this affair—all the village said you would be crowned." "My friends flattered me," said Angelique, modestly; "I knew they thought more highly of me than I deserved." "But think of crowning Antoinette!" continued the lady—"Such an ugly, sluttish thing as she is!"

"Her dress is very becoming," said Angelique; "and I think she is the best dancer in the room:" the tears came to her eyes as she said this; for Jacques was again dancing with *la* Rosiere, and her garland of Provence roses was very beautiful.

Angelique retired very early that night—not without a kind look from Jacques, and an expression of benevolent approbation from the old *proprietaire* and his maiden sister. As soon as she reached her own little bed-room, she knelt down, and bursting into tears, prayed that all envious and repining thoughts might be subdued within her heart. The prayer proved to be a strength and a consolation; and she soon sunk to sleep as sweetly as an infant.

Jacques came the next day. He was loud in his complaints. He said the whole village was indignant about it. Much good might the crown of roses do Miss Antoinette!—Nobody thought she deserved it. He knew one thing, the *Maire* had given the *Cure* a splendid suit of clothes just before the *fete;* and he himself had seen Antoinette's diamond ring on his finger. No wonder the *Cure* gave the crown to a rich man's daughter. "Nay, I do not think the *Cure* could do so wrong as to take bribes from any body," replied Angelique; "and I beg you will not say so." "All the village think so," replied Jacques; "and they always will think so. I danced with her, because my father said it would give offence if I did not, on such an occasion; but I will never dance with her again." "I am sure she is one of the best dancers I ever saw," answered Angelique.

Nothing soothed by her gentleness, Jacques went away more indignant than ever, that so good a girl should be thus wronged.

A week or two after, a great ball was given by the *proprietaire*. He himself called to invite Angelique: and in the intervening time, hardly a day passed without his spending an hour or two at her parent's dwelling. The more he saw of her, the more he was convinced that she was a good girl, and worthy of his son. When the evening of the ball arrived, Angelique and her family were received at his large mansion with distinguished kindness. "Before the dancing begins, I have a whim to be gratified," said the kind-hearted, but eccentric old man. There was a universal hum of assent among the assembly; for the wealthy old landlord was very popular; and a proposition of his could at any time be carried by acclamation in the village. The old gentleman smiled, and holding up a wreath of roses and orange-buds, he said, "There were once two Popes in the church; why should there not be two crowned *la* Rosiere?" As he spoke, he placed the garland on the head of Angelique. "I crown her, because I have proved that she cannot be tempted to speak ill of a rival," said he; "the roses are my own gift—the orange-buds came from a younger hand." Angelique blushed crimson: for orange-buds form the *bridal* wreath in France. She looked up timidly: Jacques was at her side, the music, struck up "*C'est l' amour, l' amour,*" and the exulting lover led her to the dance amid the applauses of the guests.

Angelique afterwards found that the good maiden lady had been instructed to try her generosity, and that the father of Jacques had been a concealed listener to her replies.

Antoinette was not invited to the *proprietaire's* ball. He said he had learned instances of her art and selfishness, which had destroyed all esteem for her; but that he would not openly insult her by the triumph of one she had always tried to injure.

Soon after, Angelique actually wore the white veil and the orange-buds, to the village church, and the *Maire* and his daughter left a place where they had never been popular, and now were odious. By the influence of the *proprietaire*, a new *Cure* was appointed before the next *fete* of *la Rosiere*.

ANOMALY.—It is a remarkable anomaly, that those who possess the power and disposition to make others happy, are but too frequently uncomfortable themselves; while those who are a perpetual annoyance wherever they go, seem to have a "widow's cruise" of comfort in their inordinate self-esteem.

THE LADY IN WHITE.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight, in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female, who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot: but she seemed so very mild and beautiful I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and, altogether, she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance: nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot, that I might see her. She always came; and often in the storm and splashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, looked sweetly on me, and silently passed on: and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learned that this was no apparition, but a lovely woman, not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist: but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter, with many tears, pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise: for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy, better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which, (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;" "And it is time, lady," lady," said he, "for that guest, so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate: but when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her, sweet and gentle, and delicate always: but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

TO THE LADIES.

Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air,
Inflam'd with sighs, will blast the fair.
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

THE MINE.

They were two lovers,—O, how much is said
In that brief praise; how much of happiness,
Of all that makes life precious, is summ'd up
In telling they were lovers! In this world,
In all its many pleasures, all its dreams
Of riches, fame, ambition, there is naught
That sheds the light of young and passionate love.
Ah, its first sigh is worth all else on earth;
That sigh may be most fugitive, may leave
A burning, broken, or a withered heart;
It may know many sorrows, may be crost
With many cares, and all its joys may be
But rainbow glimpses seen in clouds; yet still
That sigh breathes paradise.—Love, thou hast been
Our ruin and our heaven. Well, they loved—
Olave and his Elore; from infancy
They had been playmates, and they ever were
Each other's shadow; but when woman's blush
Came o'er the cheek, and woman's tenderness
Shaded Elore's blue eyes, then Olave's heart
Caught deeper feeling. It was just the time
When soft vows have been breathed, and answered
By blushes, gentle sighs, the eloquent signs
Of maiden bashfulness and maiden love,
And Olave knew he was beloved; that when
The fresh spring leaves were on the firs, Elore
Would be his own indeed. 'Tis a sweet time,
This season of young passion's happiness:
The spirit revels in delicious dreams;
The future is so beautiful, for hope
Is then all-powerful. They would often sit
For hours by their bright hearths and tell old tales
Of love, true as their own—or talk of days
Of quiet joy to come. And when the Spring
Smiled in green beauty, they would sweetly roam
By the pale moon, and in her tender light
Read the love written in each other's eyes,
And call her for a witness. O 'tis bliss
To wander thus, arm link'd in arm;—a look,
A sigh, a blush, the only answer given
To the so witching tales fond lips are telling.
One eve they parted even more tenderly
Than they were wont to do; but one day more,
And their fate would be link'd in a true bond
Of deep affection; henceforth but one life:—
But the next morn he came not, and Elore
Watched down the vale in vain! The evening closed,
And by her fire-side there was solitude;
Morn blush'd again, and found her still alone,
That promised morning, whose light should have shed
Gladness o'er the sweet bride, but shone on tears,
On loneliness and terror. Days pass'd by,
But Olave came not; none knew of his fate:
It was all mystery and fear. They search'd
The valleys and the mountains, but no trace
Was left to tell of either life or death:
He had departed like a shadow. Strange
And drear were now the tales they told
In his own village: some said the snow-pit
Had been his grave, and some that he still lived;
And wild old histories were now recall'd
Of mortals loved by powerful beings, who
Bore them from earth—and Olave was so young,
So beautiful, he might well be beloved
By mountain-spirits. But, alas! for her,
His widow'd Bride! how soon she changed from all
The beauty of her youth—her long gold hair
Lost its bright colour, and her fair blue eyes
Forgot the sunshine of their smile; for never
Her countenance was brighten'd up again
By the heart's gladsome feelings. So she lived
A solitary thing, to whom the world
Was nothing; and she shunn'd all intercourse,
Shrunk even from the voice of soothing; all
Her earthly ties were broken, and she could
But brood o'er her great misery—
'Twas in Fahlun's deep mines a corse was found,
As the dark miners urged their toilsome way,
Preserved from all decay; the gold locks
Curl'd down in rich luxuriance o'er a face
Pale as a statue's—cold and colourless,
But perfect every feature.—No one knew
What youth it was. The dress was not the same
As worn by miners, but of antique shape,
Such as their fathers', and they deem'd it was
Some stranger who had curiously explored
The depths of Fahlun, and the falling rock
Had closed him from the face of day for ever.
Thrice fearful grave! They took the body up
And bore it to the open air, and crowds
Soon gather'd round to look on the fair face
And graceful form, yet still not one could tell
Aught of its history. But at length there came
An aged woman;—down beside the youth
Trembling she knelt, and with her wither'd hands
Parted from off his face the thick bright hair—
She sank upon his bosom; one wild shriek
Rang with his name.—My love, my lost Olave!

THE FOUNDLING.

Away from me, oh restless sleep,
  No happy dream breaks thy sad reign;
'Tis mine to wake—to wake and weep,
  Ere sunrise cheers the village-train.

Springing to light, with sweetest song
  The young bird minstrels to the grove;
With food its mother skims along:—
  I sob to see maternal love.

Ah, why no mother's love for me?
  Why like that nestling am not I,
Bending the slight twig of the tree,
  As, watch'd, it balances on high?

But I am desolate, alone;
  Ne'er cradled was my infant head;
Its first bed was a hard cold stone,
  Where sleep the happier village-dead.

The children of the village play,—
  Not one calls me a sister dear:
I hasten from their sports away,
  To hide the bitter gushing tear.

The peasant careless sits at eve,
  His darlings cluster'd round his knee,
And all his joy—why do I grieve?
  There is no place, no kiss for me.

The parish-bread, the workhouse-home,
  There only not a stranger poor,
As through the weary world I roam,
  Is refuge and the unshut door.

Oft to the church-yard gloom I steal,
  Upon the conscious stone to gaze,
Where first 'twas mine, oh life, to feel
  The miseries of thy endless maze.

Prone on its flint my eyeballs strain,
  Affection's parting tears to trace,
Perhaps my mother shed.—In vain!
  My floods the record would efface.

Then wandering o'er the mound-heap'd sod,
  I ask the tombs if, done with strife,
One friend rests there? For me, oh God!
  Alike are blank, the tombs and life.

Again I throw me on the stone,
  Since fourteen springs where I drew breath:
Come, mother, haste to claim thy own,
  I wait for thee—for thee or Death!

THE FAREWELL OF A SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

O do not blame the tears that roll
  Unbidden down my cheek,
But them alone my anxious soul
  Her griefs, her fears may speak:
The trumpets sounding on the hill,
Thy mind with dreams of glory fill—
  But I, a woman weak,
Hear in their notes a sadder tale
Of woe, and death, and fruitless wail.

Nay, frown not, dearest!—though my heart
  Should in the trial burst,
No sigh shall heave, no tear shall start,
  For thee in silence nurst;
Nor shalt thou hear one boding word—
The prayer alone to Heaven preferr'd
  Shall tell those griefs—the first,—
O would they might the latest be
My love shall ever feel for thee.

When first thy plighted faith was given,
  I thought not we should part;
Nor till that word my heart had riven,
  Knew I how dear thou art.
A soldier's bride thou bad'st me be,—
And 'twas a joyous name to me,
  O, my ill-judging heart!
The mournful truth too well I've tried,
What 'tis to be a warrior's bride.

MY MORNING'S WISH.

I wish'd that two vowels were join'd
  In wedlock so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind
  That the vowels must be I and U.

I turn'd it again in my thoughts,
  And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
Yet nought could I make of the two,
  For reversed they came U and I.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY L. A. H.

The story related in the following lines was told to the writer, in substance, as he has presented it to the reader. In versifying it, he has neither added nor omitted any material sentence. The young lady to whom it refers, laboured for several years under the extraordinary delusion that forms the groundwork of the tale; and it completely absorbed every other feeling, temporal and eternal. Toward the close of her life, however, she was led to seek that good Physician who giveth "rest unto all that labour and are heavy laden," and she died in the "sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality."

In days of early, happy youth,
Ere childhood's bloom of heart had fled,
When Nature taught us only truth,
The love was born that is not dead.
We loved before we knew the name;
And still through years of grief and gloom
That hallowed feeling lived the same,
And lives tho' buried in the tomb.
True was the love my brother bore,
As in a mind like his should dwell;
I loved him, oh! I loved him more
Than man's or woman's tongue can tell.
I saw him die,—but ne'er decays
The love that lived in happier days;
Each feeling of my heart is fled,
That one is with the silent dead.

When all things prospered,—then his heart
Was humble as an artless child;
He saw our earthly hopes depart,
And still thro' all our sorrows smiled;
For then he rose above the fate,
That cannot crush a noble mind,
Nor gave the world his love nor hate,
And neither sought nor shunned mankind.
Few were his hopes, but few his fears;
His pathway, thro' this vale of tears,
Was, like his own deep soul, sublime,
Yet noiseless as the step of time.

But I must haste to tell you how,
Before the world his worth had told,
Death looked not on his youthful brow,
But to his mind, and thought him old;
And ere his life had well begun,
His brief but glorious race was run.
One evening, ere the sun had set,
He talked about his death again,
And I had told him 'twas not yet
His destiny to die—but then
A flush passed o'er his cheek, and broke
Its death-like paleness, while he spoke:—
"Nay, nay—all hope of earth is o'er,
But let me see that earth once more;
Let the sun smile on me and all,
Before his parting beauties fall,
And as he passes from the sky
And sets in glory—I will die."

'Twas early Spring—and all was gay
As the night struggled with the day
For mastery—the setting sun
Seem'd loth to think his labour done.
But *he* had marked the parting beam,
Had watched the day-star slowly set,—
Sitting beside a placid stream,—
Dying, but of the living yet.
The bank was fresh, and green, and gay,
As if it never would decay;
Around him many a wild flower grew,
Passing its little life of bloom;
Behind, a shadowy forest threw
A pensive shade that was not gloom,—
Fit emblem of my brother's mind—
Upon my arm his head reclined,
The hand that prest to mine was chill,
But, oh! so gently prest me still.
I turned away my tears to hide,
For they had fallen his brow to steep;
He prest my hand again, and sigh'd,
And bade me smile on him, not weep
He smiled, and look'd up in my face,
So faintly smiled, that I could trace
Death on his clammy cheek and brow;
His parting glance was on me now,
I turned, to check the swelling sigh,
Then gazed,—and I beheld him die!
The light breeze bore his parting breath
That green sod was his bed of death.

Ah! well I knew he would not go
To leave me all alone below:——
One eve, 'twas beautiful and bright,
As that on which he passed away,
When I had gone to mark, ere night,
The grave in which my brother lay;
And if the flowers still blossomed fair,—
The few that I had planted there,—
To linger till the day withdrew,
And night had given its holier hue.
I knelt upon his narrow bed,
And pressed the clay that pressed the dead:—
There, as I wept, I heard a sound,
So soft, methought it was the breath

Of eve, which, gently gliding round,
Above the dull abode of death,
The echo of some grave awoke,—
A voice, while yet I listened, spoke—
"Rise, weeping child of earth—arise,
And gaze upon the midnight skies."
I turn'd to the voice I knew so well,
But my gaze upon the dark heaven fell,
And there a light cloud met mine eye,
Midway between me and the sky;
That sky was of the deepest gray,
But the cloud was bright as the brightest day;
One star was in heaven, and I could see
That lone star through its drapery.

I knew the voice that spoke to me,—
I knew it—I could not forget,
Tho' sweeter than it us'd to be,
The sound that lives in memory yet.
And while the well-known words gave birth
To joys that were not of this earth,
They mingled with a human thrill
Of love for him who loved me still.

I staid till night had pass'd away;—
He spoke of such unearthly things,
And many a thing I must not say:—
Of realms where God, the Kings of kings,
Listens to never-ceasing song
Of angels that around him throng;
Where brighten neither moon nor sun,
Because their day is never done.
And he could leave that world of light,
Those spirits, perfect, pure, and bright,
To visit this cold earth and me,—
To promise, when the soul, that now
Hath but a little while to bow
Beneath its weight of clay, should be
Unburden'd, free, and purified;
That he would come and be my guide,
From this, a world of varied woe,
To that above yon starry skies;
For sorrow tinges all below,
But there affection never dies.

An Old Campaigner.—Formerly, farmers in the vicinity of Cork used to send their milk to town in large churns, one on each side of a horse, between which a woman frequently rode astride, and in that position disposed of the milk to her customers. It so happened that a cast dragoon horse was employed in this manner, and as he was passing near a regiment of cavalry at exercise, he heard the well-known sound of the trumpet, which he immediately obeyed, and with his woman and churns fell into the ranks, to the no small terror of his rider, and amusement of the spectators.

MUSIC.

Thou beauty! what is all the world to thee?
Come, with the night-wind murmuring, to me:
Oh! born not of the earth, and not to breathe
Thy charm in bright society! The heath,
At constellated midnight, the rose-bower
Is all thy pleasure, and thy palace—home;
Thy lingering is about the purple dome;
Thy travel is athwart the waveless seas;
Thou lovest the gentle rivers and the trees;
The stillest and the coolest, is thine hour.

Passionate music! Round about the spheres
Suspend thy lute and harp, thy smiles and tears;
And in thy march, omnipotent, aloud
Peal thy sublimer organs from the cloud:
Come gracefully! And for my soul to sip,
Give me the breathing of thy parted lip:
Under the starlight let me hear thy voice,
For I was born thy lover, and rejoice
To mark thee in the multitude of woods,
And on the brink of the eternal floods,
And underneath the white sun of the night,
Where thou art soft and sweetest as the light.

I pray thee come, if by the lone sea-shore
Thou bendest o'er the waters, and the sand
Is smooth beneath thy small and magic hand:
And if thy charm is floating on the deep,
Or through the sparry caverns, full of sleep,
Breathless and calm, like sleep for evermore.

Celestial music! how I love thy form,
Bowing as doth the meek flower to the storm.
Thy shining arms cast upwards, and thine eye
Beaming like noon, oh immortality!
Sweep the loud lyre, and while thy garments blue
Like air, and lighter than the dawn, and few,
Entangle the wild winds, sing thou of joy,
And passion, and the brave Dardanian boy,
With her who walked the world without a peer,
And was, to him who died of her, how dear!

Stand tiptoe on the rock, and I will lie
Down at thy feet, and love thy minstrelsy;
And dream of all the gorgeous things that were
Under the shadow of thy golden hair.

Time.—Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can be used only in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigour to the soul which rest and retirement give to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend—use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

THE CHESS PLAYERS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

Behold an image of the strife
Which man with fortune holds for life.
The anxious look, the ardent heart,
The pondering thought, the subtle art,
The skill, the sharpness, touch and tact,
Where cunning gathers strength from fact:
And speculation loves to soar
Above the sea that has no shore.
Behold all these—though thrice a span
That boy is yet from measuring man—
'Tis but a step, at most a stride,
From boyhood meek to bearded pride.
  Age thinks of youth's gay time and weeps;
Youth looks and laughs and forward sweeps,
And chants his song and sips his wine,
Thinks earth is heaven and man divine.
O'erflowed with health and strength, he braves
The battle shout and ocean waves,
Or shakes the senate in the hour
When virtue goes to strife with power;
Or quotes old sages, makes grave saws,
And reads to wide earth's worms her laws;
Till grim Death levels, with his shafts,
This monarch of life's game at draughts.

REPUBLICAN MANNERS ON BOARD AMERICAN STEAM-VESSELS.

"I must not omit to notice supper or tea, for itwas both, and an excellent meal it was, served about eight o'clock upon two parallel tables, which ran the whole length of the cabin, at least one hundred and eighty feet; and to which sat down about one hundred persons, of all ranks, the richest merchants, the most eminent statesmen, and the humblest mechanic, who chose to pay for a cabin fare, as most of those persons who travel do. I was seated with an exceeding lady-like and well-bred woman on my left hand, and on my right, sat a man who, although decently dressed, was evidently a working operative of the humblest class; yet there was nothing in either his manner or appearance to annoy the most refined female; he asked for what he wanted respectfully, performed any little attention he could courteously, and evinced better breeding and less selfishness than I have witnessed at some public dinners at home, where the admission of such a person would have been deemed derogatory.

"I do not mean by this description to infer that a crowded table of this kind is as agreeable as a party whose habits, education, and sympathies, being on a level, render intercourse a matter of mutual pleasure; what I would show is, that in this mingling of classes, which is inevitable in travelling here, there is nothing to disgust or debase man or woman, however exclusive; for it would really be impossible to feed a like multitude, of any rank or country, with slighter breaches of decency or decorum, or throw persons so wholly dissimilar together with less personal inconvenience either to one class or another.

"I had been accustomed to see this set down as one of the chief nuisances of travelling in this country, and the consequences greatly exaggerated; things must have improved rapidly since, as far as I have hitherto gone. I protest I prefer the steam-boat arrangements here to our own, and would back them to be considered less objectionable by any candid traveller who had fairly tested both."—Power.

THE DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

"The young ladies of America appear possessed of the same native, simple, yet perfectly easy manners which characterize their countrywomen of the North, where indeed they are principally educated and instructed in all those graceful accomplishments which embellish and refine our life. It appears upon a first view strange, that, superior as they are, they do not exercise a greater influence over the youth of the other sex; but this may be ascribed to the fact, that they are brought out before either their judgment or knowledge of the world are sufficiently matured to make them aware of the existence of certain abuses, or of their own power of reforming them. Then again, marrying very young, they commonly quit society, in a great measure, at the moment the influence of their example migth be of the greatest service to it."—Power.

ON SOME SPRIGS OF FUCHIA WITHERING.

The flowers I prized so are withered and dead,
Their fragrance and beauty for ever are fled;
Ah! why is it thus, that whatever we cherish,
Is sure to be first to wither and perish.

There's nought in this world I ever could prize,
But 'twas sure too early to fade from mine eyes;
I never affectionately loved a dear friend
But something was certain our union to end.

Those fuchias' whose beauty I admired so much,
Have faded beneath cold Time's icy touch;
In vain my endeavours to nourish them were,
They died in despite of my fostering care. M. M. H.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

THE PROVERBS.

In one of the most highly cultivated counties of England, near a town whose real name I shall conceal under that of Mondrich, the following circumstances occurred. My tale is but a simple narration, and had little to recommend it but its reality. To those who yearn after exaggerated pictures of life, in any situation, it may be dull and wearisome; but those who can appreciate the sufferings and struggles of virtue, under trials of a more than ordinary nature, will, I doubt not, feel interested in what I am about to relate.

"Well, good night, Mr. Hinton, good night, we are neighbours now, and shall often meet," said Edward Hoskins, as he closed the cottage-door after his retreating guest. "A very pleasant fellow, Agnes," he continued, addressing his wife; "though you were not particularly civil to him, I know who was;" and his bright blue eye rested for a moment on his sister-in-law—a merry-looking maiden, busied in assisting Agnes Hoskins in placing aside the remains of their frugal supper.

"For shame, Ned!" retorted the blushing Jessy; "but you are ever teasing me in some way or other; and here's my sister says it is very wrong to be putting such things into my head."

Agnes turned her handsome, cheerful countenance towards her sister, and observed, in a low and more serious tone of voice than was her wont, "Jessy, I should indeed be sorry if any thing got into either your head or your heart which it would be necessary to root out again."

"Well," laughed Edward, "I don't see what harm Harry Hinton's getting into her head, or heart either, could do; he is a good-tempered, free, frank, industrious——"

"Stop there, Edward," interrupted his wife, laying her hand on his arm, "not industrious—surely not industrious!"

"No, perhaps not that exactly," replied Ned, "not what you would call industrious. But really, Agnes, I think we both work too hard;—we ought, as Harry says, take a little pleasure now and then, and we should return to our daily labour with more earnestness, and do all the better for it."

"I don't think we need do better; your situation at the manor, the produce of your own little farm—all contribute to render us independent. And as to pleasure—as to happiness, Ned, look there!"

She drew aside a large linen cloth that fell from the upper part of her baby's cradle, so as to shade it from the light. Although the little thing had not cried, it was awake; and, as the father stooped to kiss it, the hands were stretched forward to meet him, and the rosy lips parted by the light noiseless laughter of earliest infancy! It was a blessed moment: both parents gazed upon their child, and, as the mother placed it to her bosom, the father said, in a subdued tone, "You are right, Agnes; thank God, we are happy; and though, love, as you were better brought up than I was, I should like to be richer for your sake, yet somehow I think it shows you to more advantage, and draws you more into my heart, to be as you are. What the minister said of you was true, though I did not mean to tell it you, lest it might make you conceited:—'Your wife, Hoskins,' said he, 'is never without a jar of honey, and a flask of oil, to sweeten and soften your path through life.'"

"Reach down the Bible, Jessy; although it is past ten, we must not go to bed without our chapter," observed Agnes after a long pause; "But what books are placed upon it, Jessy?"

"A volume of songs and a novel, sister."

Agnes continued, in a reproving tone, "I thought I had no need to tell you that *that* shelf was appropriated to the Bible, Prayer, and Hymn-book only; profane and sacred things should never mingle."

"It was not Jessy, but Hinton, who put them there," said Edward. Agnes sighed. "Why do you sigh so heavily?" enquired the husband, as he turned over the leaves to find one of his wife's favourite chapters.

"Because it confirms my opinion of our new neighbour. The word of God will be ever treated by a true Christian with outward respect—the proof of inward reverence. One who venerates Scripture could not rest a song-book even upon its binding."

Edward made no reply, and soon after the party retired to rest.

This little passage in the lives of those humble individuals occurred about the latter end of the month of April, a few years ago, in a retired spot, near the town of Mondrich, to which I shall give the name of Mosspits. It was a sweet and quiet nesting of five cottages, inhabited, with one exception, by happy industrious people. Four of these dwellings were joined together; the fifth, the abode of Hoskins, stood apart, surrounded by a blossoming garden, and was of a larger size than the others. The scene might be aptly discribed as—

"A gentle, lonely place; the path o'ergrown
With primroses, and broad-leaved violets,
Arched by laburnums and the sweet woodbine.

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Across the green a silver streamlet ran,
Hidden and silent, as it feared to wake
The deep tranquillity that dwelt and slept
Even on the full-leaved trees."

It was far away from the public road, and one large oak spread its huge branches over the green in front of the Mosspit cottages; the trunk was surrounded by a rustic seat, where the inhabitants met every fine evening, and discussed affairs of state or business with the affected sagacity of wiser heads. Hoskins possessed, as his wife had said, a lucrative situation,—one that gave them abundant comforts, and would, if carefully husbanded, enable them to lay by a provision for after years.

Agnes and Jessy were the orphan daughters of a Presbyterian clergyman. Mrs. Hoskins was some years older than her giddy sister, and had enjoyed, during her father's lifetime, many advantages which he did not remain long enough in the world to bestow upon his youngest-born. Agnes had been chosen by the lady of the manor, Mrs. Cecil Wallingford, as a humble, *very* humble, companion for her daughter—an only child, and a heiress: she was, therefore, to use the accepted phrase, "comfortably situated;" which, being interpreted, means, that she had her board, washing, and lodging, and the young lady's society when she was ill or without company—dined with the housekeeper—rode either inside the carriage when her *friend* pleased, or outside on the dicky when ditto—curled the lap-dog's hair—and sometimes suffered, under the practical jokes of her young tormentor, such mortifications as nought but her enduring spirit could have supported—was stared at, whenever seen, by the young men, who already scented the heiress's gold afar off—and received divers lessons from Mrs. Cecil Wallingford, not on errors she had committed, but on those which the lady supposed she might commit. The dependant on this purse-proud family could not have been strickly called beautiful; but there was that about her which suppassed beauty—a kind, yet animated countenance, illuminated by mild and frequently upturned eyes, which lent a sort of holy expression to her delicate features. Under her after-trials it seemed almost as if a heavenly communion supported her; for, while the tear trembled in her eye, the smile sprang to her lip, and she regained her serenity apparently without an effort.

Agnes was fortunate enough to make one real friend in this mighty family. The housekeeper, Mrs. Middleton, was a curate's widow, and felt much and kindly for the situation of one so young and unprotected; she did all she could to soften the innumerable mortifications that awaited the pure and delicately minded girl; and often, when the household had retired to rest, they would seek each other's chamber, and hold sweet counsel together, thus imparting cheerfulness to the aged, and instruction to the young.

When Agnes had been about twelve months at the manor, Edward Hoskins was strongly recommended, on account of his great skill in horticulture and floriculture, to the situation of gardener in Mrs. Cecil Wallingford's establishment, vacant by the death of the old man who had exercised unbounded dominion over grapery, pinery, and greenhouse, for nearly half a century. Hoskins wisely brought with him a new carnation of his own discovery, which had gained the first prize of the Horticultural Society. The splendid flower decided the matter, and he was immediately engaged, at a salary of a hundred and ten guineas per annum (as the lady found he could not only act as gardener, but as steward), and the very prettiest cottage at Mosspit was appropriated for his residence.

All was bustle in the servants' hall as the handsome young gardener talked for a moment with the head butler. The lady's maid and chief house-duster positively quarrelled as to the right of first setting their caps at him; though they both agreed that he behaved very rudely in passing into the housekeeper's room without besowing the slightest notice upon their pretty persons. Mrs. Middleton and her young friend were quietly seated at tea, when the butler respectfully asked permission to introduce the new resident; long after Agnes had departed, he lingered, and lingered, and at last asked who the young lady was. Her history was at once told; and, to dismiss all matters of courtship briefly, they were soon married. To do Mrs. Cecil Wallingford justice, she behaved very generously to her portegee on the occasion, presented to the young couple some neat and appropriate furniture, stood godmother to their first infant, and Miss Cecil Wallingford (when sentimentally inclined) always talked of love in the Mosspit cottage, and her sweet humble friend Agnes Hoskins.

Much had been of course said, at the commencement of their union, as to the probability of Agnes being too dainty a damsel to make a useful wife; but a little time proved the incorrectness of such surmises. Hoskins insisted on Agnes domesticating her only sister with them, and went for her to Scotland, where she had previously resided with a distant relative. No further help than Jessy's was necessary to keep all things in order, and no dwelling even at the Mosspits was half so neat, half so cheerful, as their cottage. Indeed, cheerfulness was Agnes's peculiar attribute—that sweet, gentle, and unobtrusive cheerfulness, which is *felt* rather than seen. Her very voice told of happiness! her eyes beamed with faith and love; and the minister's description of one of the favourites of his flock was no less beautiful than true. The disposition of Jessy was not so valuable as that of her sister; she was more mirthful, more gay, and, alas! both giddy and inconsiderate; but then, as Edward kindly observed, "she was only seventeen, and every body could not be perfect like Agnes, who certainly was different from every one else."

It is a happy thing when married folk believe perfection

enthroned in each other; but it is a wise thing when they see each other's faults, and yet endeavour to conceal them. It is a severe trial of a woman's judgment if she discover her mental superiority to the lord of her affections, and yet, while she secretly manages all things for the best, makes the world believe that she is only the instrument of his will. A wise woman *will* do this, but it is only a wise woman who *can*.

Edward was certainly inferior to Agnes in intellect; and yet, woman though she was, she never allowed her mind to rest upon the circumstance she could not avoid perceiving. *She* was a superior woman—*he* was only an ordinary man, but one in whom all kind elements were so happily blended, that his faults were forgotten in the contemplation of his better qualities. The great difference in their characters was, that Edward acted invariably from impulse—Agnes from principle.

My friends will remember that my little tale commenced in the gentle month of April, the kindly season sung of by the elegant Surry as—

> "The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
> With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
> The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
> The turtle to her mate hath told her tale."

And, passing over the two first months of summer, I come to the latter end of July. Stating at the same time, that though nothing had occurred of a nature to destroy the actual quiet of our Mosspit family, yet a great many nameless events had filled the mind of Agnes with an apprehension which she could not account for, and dreaded to encourage. Harry Hinton was always so cooly received by her that he spent very little time at their cottage; and Agnes was continually on the watch to prevent any intimacy between Jessy and their idle neighbour. Still it was almost certain that the thoughtless girl regarded Harry with any thing but indifference; and the proximity of their dwellings rendered it impossible to prevent their meeting. If Jessy took her little nephew into the garden, Hinton was most likely in his; if she stood at the door, Hinton passed it; if she went for water to the well, Hinton would carry the pitcher, at all events as far as the great tree that shaded them from observation; and, above all, Agnes could not make either her husband or her sister think otherwise than well of Harry Hinton. Edward did not spend his evenings as constantly at home as before his acquaintance with his neighbour; Mrs. Cecil Wallingford complained that her grapes were not so fine as they had been; and the clergyman called one morning to reprimand her husband for being absent from Sabbath worship. Agnes witnessed the reproof, and heard also—what shocked her still more—her Edward utter a decided falsehood as to the cause. She knew that he had gone with Hinton, under some pretext or other, two successive Sundays to the next market-town; and when he stated he had been compelled, through the negligence of the under-gardener, to remain at the Manor while he should have been at church, his wife's face was suffused with the blush of shame, and she left their little sitting-room with a sense of degradation both new and insupportable to a mind like hers. The bed-room into which she retired was at the back of the house, and her child, who hourly improved in strength and beauty, was sleeping silently on the snowy coverlet. The open window was literally curtained with roses and woodbine, through which the sunbeams could not penetrate; her fingers wandered amid their foliage, while her tearful gaze was fixed upon her boy; and she started as from a dream when the clear merry laugh of Jessy rang upon her ear: it did not harmonize with her feelings, and it was followed by words still more painful.

"You need not be afraid to speak to me, Jessy; your sister is too much occupied with the parson to heed you just now; and I long for the time that will make you mine, and remove you from her tyranny."

"Agnes is no tyrant, Harry," replied the maiden, "only a little strict; and I wish you would let me tell her——"

"What?" enquired Hinton, after waiting for some time the conclusion of Jessy's speech—"What do you want to tell her?—that I'm your lover?—why, silly lass, she knows that already!"

"Not that, exactly, but—"

"But, what?"

"I should like to tell her what you think of our laws, and of the rights of men and women; and about that good gentleman, in London, who proves we are all equal, and—"

"That you have as good a right to wear satin and gold, and ride in a coach, as Mrs. Cecil Wallingford herself; but Agnes would not believe you, Jessy, her mind is not comprehensive like yours."

"Oh, Harry—Harry!" exclaimed the thoughtless girl, to the conclusion of her lover's speech; "how nice I should look in white satin and French curls! It is very hard that Agnes will persist in making me band my hair like a Methodist; but I cannot think I have as good a right to ride in a coach as Mrs. Wallingford; because, you know, all her relations keep carriages—and mine—"

The sentence was left unfinished; but Hinton soon satisfied her scruples, as to Mrs. Cecil Wallingford and the carriage, by an encomium on her beauty, a reiterated assurance of what he termed *love*, and a present which, first having received—secondly, having admired—thirdly, and lastly, she did not know what to do with.

"I don't think Agnes would let me wear such a beautiful brooch; and I am sure she would not permit me to take a present from you, Harry."

"You need not say any thing about it."

"But Agnes might see it."

" Then tell her you found it!"

Breathlessly did Agnes Hoskins wait for the reply, but she heard it not—the lovers had passed the window and walked on. Almost on the instant her husband entered the room, with an air of boisterous gaiety, and, as if he had quite forgotten the clergyman's visit, rallied his wife upon the seriousness of her looks; she felt too much, and too deeply, to reply even with her usual smile. He took no notice of her change of manner—probably from a wish to avoid a recurrence to what he knew must have given her much pain—but fondled and kissed his child, and, taking it in his arms, was leaving the apartment, when Jessy quickly passed the door. "Stay, Edward: sister, come here!" exclaimed Agnes. Jessy did come, with a flushed cheek and a downcast eye.

" What have you this moment put into your bosom?" enquired Agnes; adding, without waiting for a reply, " I will not oblige you to utter the falsehood you have been directed to—where is the brooch that young Hinton gave you but now under this window? You tremble—you turn pale; Jessy, my sister Jessy!—when you crouched beside the heather and the harebell at our father's feet, while the sun was sinking amid the hills of our own Scotland—there, at the cottage-door, when our aged parent taught you to lift up your *then* innocent hands to the Almighty in prayer and praise—I little thought you would have so soon forgotten his precept!"

The thoughtless girl burst into tears, and Edward, whose good-nature was an active not a passive quality, kindly took her hand, and looked at his wife—" Do not be so angry, Agnes, at her receiving a love-token; Harry meant no harm—that I'll answer for; surely if he is to be her husband—"

" *Her* husband!" repeated Agnes, with an energy that startled both Edward and Jessy;—" the husband of Jessy Grey! I would rather shroud her for her coffin than see her married to a man devoid of religious and moral principle."

You are strangely prejudiced against poor Harry, and a thousand times more Methodistical than ever, Agnes," observed her husband.

"I am not Methodistical, Edward—I am not changed—it is you who think differently; and, as the change has marred our happiness, you cannot wonder at my disliking him who has wrought it. You were independent, industrious, and happy; you talk of the wealth of your superiors; you say it is wrong for them to possess so much, and yet *you* covet more; Edward, now you seldom smile—or smile so that I would rather see you weep; if you attend the village church your eyes and mind wander from your devotions, and you rejoice at the conclusion of the service. The flowers in our garden are neglected—"

"Stop, Agnes!" interrupted Hoskins, " you have lectured me pretty sharply, I think, for nothing! have I ever suffered you to want?—have I ever treated you unkindly?"

" Oh, no!—no Edward, not unkindly—not that *yet.*"

"Nor ever will, my own Agnes! I will be more with you, and show you how much you have wronged me, and Jessy too, by these misunderstandings."

"I will speak to my sister apart, Edward—give her the infant—there Jessy, do not weep."

Jessy left the room in tears. " Now, in truth, Agnes," said Hoskins, when the door was closed, " your prejudices are amazing to me; there is not a better-hearted fellow in the world than Harry, or a more clever—I own that he thinks a little too freely, and you women don't understand that: the people are improving."

" Would," ejaculated Agnes, " that they felt Christianity to be their best legacy, and inherited the virtue of their ancestors!"

" The very thing Harry says; he vows the landlords grow worse and worse; and unless the people take them in hand there'll be no end to their tyranny?"

" Did you ever experience any tyranny, Edward?"

"Never, Agnes."

" Did Hinton?"

" No—but yes he did, poor fellow, and that no later than last week. 'Squire Nicol's fox-hounds and the whole hunt went right through his barley; but that is not the worst of it—when he lived near Chester, his sister ran off with and was deserted by his landlord's eldest son."

" I am not surprised at that," replied Agnes, coolly, " if he instructed his sister in the principles of equality, the rights of women, and Mr. Owen's Morality. *She* only practiced what *he* preached."

Agnes then proceeded to state to her husband the conversation that had passed between Jessy and Harry Hinton; but in natural and forcible colours she pourtrayed the danger of his principles, aided by his insinuating manners, and concluded with a request that Edward would at once relinquish so dangerous an acquaintance. Hoskins was much shocked at the idea that Hinton should have breathed such notions into the ear of the innocent girl, whom he loved with all the warmth of brotherly affection; he promised his wife that he would speak seriously to him on the subject, and unite with her in endeavouring to break off his connexion with Jessy Grey, whom Agnesd eclared she would send on a visit to an aged relative of her friend Mrs. Middleton, who dwelt near the Scottish border.

" I think your plan is best; absence and time *will* soon put love out of her head," observed Edward.

" It *may* do so, and I hope it most fervently," was the wife's reply—and again she entreated her husband, even with tears, to avoid Hinton.

" I promise you faithfuily so much, Agnes; but circumstances, which I cannot explain, will oblige me to see him occasionally; in fact, I am in his secrets, and it would be ungenerous to desert him when I know my friendship is of

value to him; he may judge wrongly, at times; but I know him to be both clever, and as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived."

Agnes shook her head, unbelievingly, at the refuge of good-heartedness, under which such a multitude of sins shelter; and pleased at having, as she hoped, lessened his influence over her husband, and resolved upon a plan of action with her sister, she wisely for a time forbore any allusion to what at first so bitterly grieved her—Edward's deviation from truth.

Heavy were the tears of Jessy when told that she must leave Mosspits for a season, and her sister refused to tell her destination. Once, and once only, did Harry Hinton speak on the subject to Edward Hoskins. But Edward firmly told him in that matter he would not interfere; Jessy was his wife's sister, and consequently Agnes had the best right to determine how she was to be situated. "My wife says," he continued, "that when Jessy comes of age she may do as she pleases, but till then she will act towards her as her father would have done had he lived till now."

Hinton made no reply, and turned moodily away, muttering curses, not loud but deep. Agnes, almost immediately after, journeyed to London, and placed Jessy under the care of a respectable female of her acquaintance who was going to Berwick. It was not without many tears that the sisters parted: tears of reproachfulness and sorrow on the one side, and of affection and anxiety on the other When Agnes returned, in the evening, to her cottage, she felt it very desolate; a strange girl, whom she had hired for the purpose, was nursing her little boy. No Jessy's light step and gay smile welcomed her as in former times; and Edward was not at home—not come in—had not been home to dinner, nor to tea. She took the child in her arms, and seated herself on a little mound in the meadow that overlooked the high road; it was early autumn, and troops of merry reapers passed from time to time, beguiling the way with song and noisy laughter; her boy sat on her knee, twisting the tough stems of the corn-flower into what he lispingly called "posy," and, ever and anon, pointing, with infant wonder, at the happy groups hastening to their quiet homes. Gradually, the passengers became fewer in number, the voices died away upon the hill, one by one the stars came forth in the blue heavens, and no note, save the creaking of the rail, disturbed the tranquillity that was covering the earth as with a mantle. The Mosspit cottages, nesting in their little dell, looked the very abode of cheerfulness; and lights twinkled from two or three of the small-paned windows, showing that the dames within were busy with their small housewifery. The eyes of Agnes had rested for some moments upon the scene, when her boy's gestures drew her attention towards the road. She was somewhat surprised at observing a woman whose tattered dress and red cloak gave her the appearance of a gipsy, forcing her way through the hedge, approaching her at an uneven but hurried pace. If she had been struck by her boldness, her attention was riveted by the expression of her wild and restless eye, which both watched and wandered. She appeared young, and, perhaps, under other circumstances, would have been called pretty: her figure was slight, and her hair, of a light auburn, fell in profuse but unarranged tresses over her face. She was without shoes, and the blood streamed from a wound in her foot so as to attract the notice of the little boy, who pointed to it with one hand, while he wound his arm tightly round his mother's neck.

"You did wrong to trespass, young woman," said Agnes mildly, while the stranger stood gazing upon her with a peculiar and bewildered look—"you did wrong to trespass—but you have been sufficiently punished: wrap this handkerchief round your foot, and if you will follow me to the cottage I will give you a pair of old shoes to protect you."

The woman did not accept the offered handkerchief, but, still staring at Mrs. Hoskins, who had risen from her grassy seat, at last said, "Do you want your fortune told?"

"No," replied Agnes, "and, false as the art is, you have no pretention to it—you are not even a gipsy."

"You say truly," replied the girl; "I am not a gipsy; and yet I *could* tell much that will happen to you—*you* must be the married one—where's the other?"

"If you mean my sister," replied Agnes, "she has left England."

"Left England!—left England!" repeated the young woman, jumping and clapping her hands—"gone away from"—then suddenly changing the joyful tone in which she had spoken, added—"But not of her own accord—not of her own accord—no girl would leave *him* of her own accord."

Agnes looked upon her with astonishment, and the suspicion that the poor wanderer was a maniac occurred so forcibly to her mind that she held her child closely to her bosom, and commenced returning to the Mosspits.

"Stop, Agnes Hoskins, stop!—*you* sent *her* away, and I would bless you if I know how—but I cannot remember the words." She paused, pressed her soiled but delicate fingers to her brow, and sighed so deeply that Mrs. Hoskins could not have said an unkind word to her for worlds.

"He will be returning, soon!" exclaimed the girl, at last, in a hurried tone: "but look you to her husband—may-be you love him; and it is very sad, as the song says,

'To love—and love for ever,'

and then to find your lover go away just like the down off the thistle—and may-be for as light a breath! Well, keep him from Harry, or the curse will overshadow you; for I was as blithe and as happy as a nightingale till I kept

his company—not but what I'm gay enough still,—only I don't ever feel peaceful here (laying her hand on her heart),—yes, Jane is gay enough still, and does his bidding too, as well as if he loved her; only I must not tell because it would get Harry into trouble, that I dance round the burning ricks." She approached closely to Mrs. Hoskins while uttering the last sentence, which she pronounced slowly, and in an under-tone.

An allusion to a circumstance that had excited so much terror throughout the country, and made every one look with alarm to his own homestead, caused an involuntary shudder to pass over the frame of Agnes. The wild girl skrieked, and clasped her hand on her mouth; then, without uttering another sentence, retreated rapidly across the meadow. She had not, however, reached the spot where she entered, ere she retraced her steps with visible agitation.

"They are coming," said she, "if he sees me here he will murder me outright; do—do, just let me hide in your house till he goes to his own, and then I can go—for it will be dark, dark night, then."

The poor creature trembled from head to foot, and, before Agnes had time to reply, had not only established herself in the cottage, but coiled herself into an inconceivably small space in a cupboard that opened into a little passage. Edward Hoskins and Harry Hinton were soon upon the green that fronted the cottage, and the flushed cheek and loud laughter of her husband told Agnes, but too plainly, he was intoxicated. Her first feeling was that of anger and disgust—her second brought the excuse, "it is not often thus with him;" though she could not but acknowledge, what every woman so circumstanced must feel, that each time she so beholds her husband must lessen her respect—and, without *that*, woman's love for man is little worth.

"Well, Agnes—pale, pensive, as usual! he exclaimed, as, notwithstanding his situation, she had advanced to the door to meet him. "Wont you wish Harry good-night?"

"I am always to suffer in Mrs. Hoskins's opinion, I fear, although I hurried her husband home. We saw some gipsies about, amd I said they might frighten you"—he added, drawing nearly to the threshold of the door, and peering into her face with his small grey eye, which she used to characterise as "cold," but which now appeared illumined by some secret fire—"did not you see any?"

"No," replied Agnes, without shrinking from his gaze; "many persons passed on their way, but I did not recognize any as gipsies." Her self-possession, doubtless, disarmed the querist—for, wishing her courteously good-night, he entered his cottage, and seemed determined to shut out intruders, by carefully barring doors and windows.

"So you saw poor Jessy off, my love?" exclaimed Hoskins, throwing himself on the chairs that stood near the table. "Don't, for heaven's sake, look so calm and quiet—I know what you think—but I am sober—not quite cool perhaps—but sober—sober as a judge. Why should'nt I be a judge? Well, if I am not wise enough for a judge, you are for a judgess—though you are not always right; now you were wrong about Hinton, for he'd have made a good husband for Jessy—only, as I said, she's your sister, not mine; so you've had your own way—banished your sister, and smashed that poor fellow's heart all to pieces. But the coach must have come very quickly; I did not think you could have been home these two hours. Give me the boy, Agnes, I have not had a kiss from either of you since I returned."

Agnes held the child towards him, but—whether it was that the little fellow retained a remembrance of the bleeding foot and the red cloak, or that he felt the antipathy of childhood to the smell of spirits, I cannot determine—he shrunk from his father, and hid his face on his mother's bosom. Edward grew angry, and forcibly disengaged the boy, who screamed more loudly, "mamma—mamma!'

"Take the brat! ejaculated the father, with an oath, at the same moment throwing him with violence to Agnes—"take the brat; but I tell you that, whatever *you* may do, my own child shan't thwart me; this is what comes of its having an aristocratic godmother; it already thinks my hands too rough to hold it, I suppose,!"

A silly woman—nay, a woman with a moderate share of good sense, as it is called, would have replied to this, and high words would have ensued, and seeds of bitterness therewith been sown: but Agnes was a superior woman; so, without uttering a syllable, without suffering an unkind word or gesture to escape, she took the screaming infant out of the room, gave it into the arms of the little serving-maiden, and, having wiped those eyes to which unbidden tears had started, and offered up a silent but fervent prayer to the throne of God for wisdom to form and strength to persist in her good resolves, she returned to prepare her husband's supper with her own hands.

When Agnes had seen Edward to bed, she went to seek the poor wanderer, who had sheltered in the cupboard; but the girl was gone—how, it was difficult to conjecture, unless she had let herself down from the bed-room window, which appeared partially open. It must not be supposed that Agnes was one of those women who "humour" a husband in his faults, asserting, with a mock amiability the sincerity of which I always doubt), that they "have no right to oppose him in his little ways." A woman possessing a great and well-cultivated mind will be anxious that her husband shall both be and appear perfection, and she will watch for a fitting opportunity to point out, with gentleness and humility, whatever his better judgment, if exercised, would also declare wrong. Agnes knew that it was not when he was intoxicated that she ought to say a word calculated to add fuel to the flame, but her resolution was no less decidedly taken to combat, with her gentle strength, the growing evil.

The next morning Edward was very penitent, and for an entire week there was no recurrence of the same fault; but the evil did continue; and, with anguish which only a wife so circumstanced can feel or understand, Agnes saw that her influence and happiness were both decaying; the serpent-coil was round and round her husband, and each day added to its closeness and to its strength; she prayed, she wept, she entreated; and sometimes Edward himself would seem bitterly to feel his weakness and vow to amend it; but Hinton had attained that command over him which the powerful mind possesses over the weaker; and his duty, his business, were neglected for the society of him he termed his friend. Mrs. Cecil Wallingford called herself upon Agnes, and told her that unless Edward paid more attention to her affairs, however unwillingly, she should be obliged to get some one else to act as steward and gardener; the suffering wife assured the lady that she would do her utmost to correct his habits, of which she refrained from complaining. Mrs. Wallingford, to say the truth, felt sincere sorrow for the altered looks of her protegee, and said many kind and complimentary things to Agnes on the extreme beauty of the bud, which seemed to increase in the size and loveliness in proportion to the fading of its parent flower.

Mrs. Wallingford had hardly departed when Agnes received the following letter:—

"*Berwick, Nov.* 23.

"My Dear Friend,

"It is with very sincere sorrow I inform you that last night, without any reason that I can discover, your sister left my house; and all attempts to trace her, during the day, have been ineffectual; lately she manifested a great uneasiness and restlessness of disposition, which I tried in vain to combat; perhaps she has returned to you; let me hear immediately; and, praying to the Almighty to preserve you and yours in peace and happiness,

"Believe me your truly affectionate

"T. Middleton."

Agnes sat, with the open letter in her hand, more like a thing of marble than a breathing creature; and when her husband came in she presented it to him, and covering her face with her hands wept long and bitterly.

"Hinton knows of this, Edward," she said at last, "and must be spoken to on the subject."

"Hinton knows no more of it than you do; how could he? To my certain knowledge he has never been one day or night from home since she left, and how could he get to Berwick and back in that time, think you? Poor Jessy! it would have been better she had married Hinton than ran off with no one knows who; indeed, Agnes, you were wrong in sending her from us; but troubles never come alone—the last frost has got into the pinery, and Mrs. Cecil Wallingford says it's my fault; that proud lady must alter her tone, or she'll get served out like her neighbours—there are ways of bringing fine people down—Mr. Flyhill's barns and kennel were burned last night."

"What awful times!" ejaculated Agnes; "but I know you better, Edward, than to believe you would ever approve of such dreadful doings; you know your duty to your God, your country, and your neighbour; and nothing, I am sure, would ever induce you to act contrary to it. But as to Hinton, I believe he is engaged in these horrid acts—nay, Edward, you cannot deceive me, I have combated your extraordinary infatuation in his favour by every means in my poor power—you will not hear me, Edward; you are deaf and blind as regards that evil man; and nothing now is left for me, but to weep and pray in solitude and silence—to pray for you, my own dear and beloved husband, that God may lead you to see the error of your ways, and conduct you again into the right path!"

Edward kissed her brow, as it rested on her hands, in silence, and almost with the love of by-gone days. That religion which he had once considered her brightest ornament he now called "the weak point of her character," and thought he was doing what was very praiseworthy in bearing with it so quietly. He immediately wrote to some friends in Scotland, about Jessy, and applied to the nearest magistrate to know what means it would be necessary to adopt to trace out the lost and unfortunate girl. Hinton protested he knew nothing of the matter—swore by all that was sacred he had never heard from her since she left Mosspits—but failed in convincing Agnes of the truth of one word he uttered.

"You have studied the character of St. Thomas, at all events," said her husband, in a sneering tone, "and taken a lesson in unbelief."

"If I could find out what it is that Hinton believes in, and he would swear by it, then I might believe *him*," replied Agnes mildly.

Day after day, week after week, passed, and no tidings came of the lost Jessy. Much did Agnes wish that the wandering girl, whose mysterious prophecy seemed rapidly fulfilling, would again flit across her path; and often did she watch the highway, hoping yet dreading that the tattered cloak and light form of the strange being might issue from it towards Mosspits. Although Edward was more and more estranged from his home, he thought it necessary to apologise occasionally to Agnes for his absence: ill at ease with himself, he could not be expected to be kindly towards others; and she felt how very bitter it is to be obliged to take the cold leaden coin of civility, in lieu of the pure and glowing gold of warm affection. It is utterly impossible to describe how the alteration in a cherished and beloved object affects her who loves more fondly and fervently, after years of union, than she did when, like the

most admirable of Shakspear's heroines, she bestowed herself at the holy altar to the one being almost of her idolatry, wishing

> "That *only* to stand high on *his* account
> *She* might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
> Exceed account."

How quickly does the ear note if the voice be not as tender as in former days! To father—mother—friends—all may seem unchanged; but the wife, who has dwelt upon every look—who knows, as it were, even the number of rays which the beloved eye throws forth—painfully sees and feels the difference. The *words*, perchance, may be as kind; but their *tone* is altered. What boots it to her if the universe views her with admiration—if the wealth of nations be piled at her feet! *He is changed* That consciousness is the sword which, hanging by a single hair, threatens, sooner or later, her destruction, and prevents her enjoying any earthly happiness or repose. Not only Edward, however, but circumstances, were also altering at the Mosspits. The disturbed state of the country made each person suspicious of the other; and, as the winter advanced, so did distress progress. In the neighbouring districts workmen of all trades had refused to take employment without increased wages; not a night passed but cattle were destroyed, or outhouses, and in some instances dwellings, burned to the ground. Landlords knew not which of their tenants to confide in; and the misery was increased by soldiers being frequently distributed and stationed where the people absolutely lacked the means of supporting themselves. It was pretty generally rumoured that Hinton was concerned in these transactions, though no one exactly knew how. He was the principal leader of a debating-society in Mondrich, which had the misfortune to attract the attention of the magistrate, who sought to put it down perhaps by measures that might have been called violent. Be that as it may, he succeeded; and it formed a most desirable theme for the disaffected to dwell upon. Hoskins grumbled incessantly at the magistrate's "illegal" proceedings; and Agnes combated his arguments, or rather his opinions, in vain. Christmas, that trying-time which generally brings an interchange of kindness and social feeling amongst all classes of society, had come; and a little episode, that occurred at Mosspits, will at once show the state of feeling of both husband and wife. They had been in the habit of exchanging presents, during preceding years, on Christmas day, each anxious to surprise the other with some more peculiar gift. Christmas eve, Edward did not return until the village clock had chimed eleven, and then he went sullenly to bed, without heeding the little preparations that Agnes was making for the approaching festival. She was alone; for, finding that her husband's habits prevented him from bringing home the produce of his earnings, she had wisely parted with her little servant, considering it was better to labour with her own hands than to incur debt. "And," said she meekly, when communing with her own thoughts, "if *he will* be extravagant, the more necessity is there for my being economical."

Hoskins was awakened the next morning by the sweet kisses of his boy, while his wife, leaning over his bedside, prayed that he might enjoy many happy returns of that holy day.

"Say *we*, Agnes," interrupted Edward, "say *we*. God knows, whatever happiness I enjoy, *you* ought to share; for I make you miserable enough at times. Will you forgive me?"

The words were spoken in the tone that Agnes so loved, and, unable to sustain her feelings, she flung herself upon her husband's bosom, and burst into tears.

When Edward, dressed in his best suit, was preparing to go to the Manor, his wife laid her hand on his arm, and, encouraged by his kindness, in the gentlest manner requested him to read one, only one, chapter to her, before he went out—it would not take him five minutes. He complied with a tolerable grace; and, when he finisned, she took a small, heart-shaped brooch from her bosom, and, telling him that it contained their child's hair, fastened it in his shirt.

"You did not forget, Agnes, though I did," said he; "but I will bring you something from Mondrich, where I must go after I leave the Manor; and I will be back to dinner at two, and remain with you all the evening."

Edward returned at the appointed time, but a cloud was on his brow; he hardly partook of the dinner she had prepared, and had forgotten the customary token. As the evening was closing over a cold and snowy landscape, "Agnes," he said, "I must go. I thought I could have spent all this day with you, but somthing has occurred which must prevent it. I will, however, return early, and do more justice to your excellent cheer at supper than I have been able to do at dinner."

Never had his wife felt it so difficult to part from him. She requested, entreated; and for a long time his child clasped its hands round his neck, and hung by his knees even as he approached the door. His departing footsteps smote heavily on the heart of the affectionate Agnes, and, as the last echo died upon her ear, she wept.

When eight o'clock came she looked from the window; but the fog was so intense that she could see nothing save the fantastic boughs of the old oak, looking more like deepened shadows of darkness than separate or distinct objects. The song and cheerful laugh rang from two of the neighbouring cottages; and at a third there was an assembly of dancing rustics. Agnes thought it was the first time the happiness of others had increased her misery, and she hated herself for the selfish feeling. Nine, ten,

eleven, twelve!—Christmas day had ended, the revellers had sought their homes, and no sound was heard save the rushing of the storm amid the branches, whose outlines were now lost in midnight obscurity. It would seem that the ancient of days sturdily withstood the tempest, and groaned heavily from the exertion; the old rooks, who had made it their habitation for ages, cawed their complainings whenever the sweeping of the mighty blast passed on, as if to remonstrate with the mysterious power that disturbed their repose. She stood at the little window, and pressed her forehead against the glass, that its coolness might be imparted to her burning brow. Suddenly she thought she perceived streaks of light, or rather (so deeply coloured were they) of flame, intersecting the darkness, and gradually illuminating the distant sky. Before she had time to draw any conclusion from so singular an appearance, she started back with horror on observing, so close that she almost fancied it touched her cheek, a thin, shadowy hand, with the forefinger curved, as if beckoning her forward. Despite her self-possession, she trembled violently, and could hardly prevent herself from shrieking aloud, when, she saw distinctly a white, ghastly face pressed to the glass that separated her from this untimely visiter. A sort of hissing and exulting whisper now came upon her ear. "Don't you know me, Agnes Hoskins?—don't you remember Lady Jane? Come, come with me, and see how bright the Manor is this gay Christmas night!" A horrid suspicion—too horrid to be entertained—flashed across her mind, as Agnes undid the door; and, before the half-crazed girl entered, she had sunk upon a chair, and with difficulty retained her seat. For a few moments she could not think; and the half-maniac, with that feeling of sympathy which rarely deserts a woman, looked mournfully into her face. At length her eye rested on a flagon of elderberry-wine that stood upon the table with the untasted supper; she poured out a large glass of it, and, curtseying with mock solemnity to the trembling Agnes, said, before she drank it off, "Health to you, my lady, and a merry Christmas!—a cellar full, a byre full, and plenty of faggots! See, see! they blaze—they blaze!" she continued, pointing to the sky, that was reddening higher and higher. "Come with me, and I'll tell you as we go how that will be the last fire Harry will light for many a day! He must have other darlings, indeed!—but *now* he can have only me, for none of his dainty dames will follow him into strange lands—none but poor Jane! The police have him by this time, and Hoskins too; so you'd better go and bring them all home to supper!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Agnes, springing as in mortal agony from her chair, "what do you say?—Hoskins—my Edward—my husband there—at the burning of Wallingford Manor!" She seized the girl fiercely by the arm, but suddenly her grasp relaxed, and she fell stiff and cold to the earth. How long she remained there she was perfectly unconscious; but, when she recovered, her frame felt paralyzed, the air was bitter and piercing, the light was extinguished, and all around was utterly, utterly desolate. It was some time ere she was restored to the recollection of what she had heard, and it was still longer before she recovered sufficiently to be able to move, or settle upon any plan of action. The very ticking of the clock—that gentle, domestic sound—struck heavily and painfully upon her brain; and, when it gave warning that another hour had passed into eternity, she could hardly believe the sense was correct which counted four. She endeavoured to compose her mind by supplication, and the Lord's Prayer occurred to her at once. She repeated the words, until she arrived at the sentence—"Deliver us from evil," when the full consciousness of the evil that was suspended over their devoted heads prevented her finishing the holy and beautiful intercession. She arose from her knees, and groped about until she procured a light. She then endeavoured to arrange her plans. Her very soul recoiled from the dreadful idea that Hoskins had any thing to do at the burning which had but a little while past streaked the everlasting sky with tokens of the wickedness of man. The heavens were still as intensely black as when first she had pressed her burning brow against the small panes of the cottage-window, and looked earnestly and hopingly for him with whom her heart perpetually dwelt.

While she paused, and paused, she heard the sound of distant voices; footsteps approached—not her husband's. Her breath came short and thick, and, instead of passing from between her unclosed lips, seemed to encrust itself upon her tongue, and forbid the power of utterance. Men—strangers, entered; one she had seen—known—the sergeant of police. He respectfully removed his hat, "hoped that Mrs. Hoskins would forgive him for doing his duty." If salvation had depended on it, she could not speak; but she looked in his face with so despairing, so imploring a gaze, that the man turned from her, with more emotion than could be expected from one who had often witnessed distress in so many forms. When at last she was enabled to ask a few questions, the answers she received confirmed her worst fears. The out-offices of Wallingford Manor had been set on fire; Hoskins, Hinton, and a pedlar of the name of Paul Dodder, had been found on the spot; and, added the man, "the Manor itself must have taken fire had we not received intimation immediately after it was kindled—long before there was any appearance to indicate such rapid destruction."

The party then proceeded to search the cottage, but found nothing which they considered necessary to remove. "Matters may turn out better than you think for," said the man kindly. "Can I take any message to your husband—it may comfort him, for he seemed sadly put out—stupified like."

"I will go!—no—my child—I will—I must wait till

morning! Tell him my blessing—and I will be with him to-morrow. I shall find him, I suppose, in the—" Jail, she would have said, but could not utter the hateful word.

The man understood her, and replied "Yes,"—the monosyllable of hope, but, in this instance, the herald of despair. They then departed, and went to Hinton's dwelling, where they remained much longer. The sergeant, with real good feeling, knocked at the door of a respectable resident at Mosspits, whom he knew was esteemed by Agnes—told her the circumstances—and the woman needed no farther intimation to hasten to one whom she both loved and respected.

When she entered the cottage, Agnes was weeping bitterly over her unconscious boy, who, despite her loud sobbings, slept as calmly as if the very breath of happiness had hushed his slumbers. She extended her hand to Mrs. Lee, and said, in broken and hardly audible tones, "They will point at that innocent child when we are both dead, and call him, in bitter mockery, the orphan of the house-burner! And who has brought this bitterness upon us? Pray for me, Mrs. Lee, pray for me!—I cannot pray for myself now! Oh, that God in his mercy had left us childless, and then I might have borne it! Wicked that I am! Will he not be, perhaps, the only thing on earth left me to love, when—when——" She pressed her hands firmly on her temples, and her friend almost feared that the violence of her grief would destroy her reason. The feelings that had long been pent up within her own bosom had at last vented themselves both in words and tears, and before nine o'clock she had apparently regained much of her usual serenity. She dressed her child, who added unconsciously to her misery by perpetually enquiring for "papa," and placing a cup and chair for him before the untasted breakfast. She then summoned resolution to change her dress; and, tying a cottage-bonnet closely over her face, proceeded, with a sorrowing heart, towards Mondrich.

Mrs. Lea kindly took charge of the little boy; and to do justice to the inhabitants of the cottages, not one but saluted her kindly and respectfully as she passed.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Lea, "she has borne a great deal lately; she looks now ten years older than she did this time twelvemonths."

"I'm truly sorry for her," responded Miss Nancy Carter, famous for clear-starching and scandal, who had come on purpose to Mosspits to find out, as she expressed it, "the truth of every thing." "I'm truly sorry for her; but she always carried her head very high, as if she were better than a servant, forsooth! I'm *very* sorry for her, for all that!"

"So you ought to be, Miss Nancy, for she sent you plenty of black-currant jelly when you had a sore throat, last winter," observed Mrs. Lee.

"Do you think that poor Hoskins will get off wit transportation?" persisted Nancy.

"I could never think him guilty of setting fire to Wallingford Manor, for one," replied the kind hearted Mrs. Lee. "He was on the spot, I suppose, or they could not have taken him there; but I am certain it was to save, not to destroy."

"Well, time will tell," said the gossip, who, finding that Mrs. Lee was charitablygiven, thought she would seek some "kindred soul" with which to communicate: "Time will tell; only what did he want with seven firebrands, tied in red tape, a cask of powder, and three mould candles? You may smile if you please, Mrs. Lee, but it's true, every word of it! Three mould candles, with the ends scorched, and a quarter of a pound of wax-ends. I had it from the very best authority, for I'd scorn to say any thing without a good foundation!" and off walked Miss Nancy Carter.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which Agnes entered that abode of misery called a county jail. Snow and ice had accumulated in a little court she had to cross, to such a degree that she could hardly extricate her feet from the humid mass. As the rusty key turned in its lock, she clung to the slimy walls for support; and, when the door was thrown open, she had scarcely power to crawl into the dismal cell where her husband was confined. Hoskins sat upon a low bed, which evidently had not been discomposed, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands. Agnes could not speak, but she sat down by his side, and, passing her arm round his neck, endeavoured to draw his head so as to rest it on her bosom. He shrank from the touch, and a low and bitter groan was the only reply to her caresses.

"Keep a good heart, measter," said the jailor, "keep a good heart, and it may all go well. Bless ye! Measter Hinton doesn't get on so, but has taken something to keep life in him."

No answer was returned to this consolatory speech, and the man left them, observing that they must not remain more than two hours together.

Not many, but kind and tranquillizing, were the words which this admirable woman breathed into her husband's ear. She kissed his cold and clammy hands, and tried, though in vain, to prevail upon him to taste of the refreshments she had not forgotten to bring with her. For a length of time she obtained no word from his lips; and at last she sat silently gazing on him—as the mariner who looks upon a rock close to his native home, where he sported in infancy, and formed his plans of future greatness, but which, on his return from a long and prosperous voyage, with the harbour in view, had wrecked his vessel, and consigned his all to destruction! Silence is the nurse of sorrow: Agnes would have given worlds to have heard the sound of his voice; and, when at last he did

speak, his tone was so fearfully changed—so hollow, so agonized—that she could hardly believe it to be that of her own Edward.

"I deserve this, and worse, Agnes," he said, "for I have cast the blessing of the Almighty far from me. And you, who ought to curse me, to find you thus! Do not touch me, Agnes. I could bear your reproaches; but your kindness scorches my very heart. Yet Agnes, I solemnly call God to witness, that I am innocent of any participation in the burning of Wallingford Manor; I cannot now dwell upon it; but, as you have borne much, bear yet a little more—bear with my silence; but believe me innocent of any participation in that crime. However I may be otherwise guilty — however despicable—I repeat that I had nothing to do with the burning at Wallingford."

How sweet and how natural is it to believe in the innocence of those we love! Although Agnes well remembered the fearful habit of falsehood which her husband had contracted—although he had so often deceived her—yet she clung to the belief that he was guiltless, and blessed God for it, as though it were an established fact in the eyes of those judges before whom he was shortly to appear as a fettered culprit, whose life only might appease the offended laws of his country.

"Would to God it were come—that dreaded, dreadful day!" she murmured, in her cottage-solitude.

It was now nearly three weeks since her first interview with her husband; a slow, consuming fever had been preying upon her strength, and utterly prevented her using the smallest exertion, or crawling to his prison. The kind neighbour, Mrs. Lee, undertook to visit him daily, and to see that all his wants were cared far; the little boy was often her companion.

"Thank God!" said his poor mother, kissing his rosy cheek, "thank God that he is too young to remember his father in a prison! Were he even a year older its memory might dwell upon his mind and wither his young spirit within him."

It was early in the month of February, and still she had been unable to reach Mondrich, although nearly every day the physician described her as growing better. The clergyman's visits afforded her much consolation, particularly as he told her how completely and truly penitent her husband was; this, with the assurance, repeated in every communication she received from him, of his perfect innocence, made her hope for the best, though how that innocence was to be proved remained a mystery!

Mrs. Lee had taken her boy out one day, earlier than usual, to see Mrs. Middleton; and, as Agnes looked forth on the clear morning, she fancied she felt stronger than she had been for a long time. The crisp hoar-frost hung in fantastic forms on the young shoots of the early-budding trees. The robin hopped among the lower branches of the oak, and, seeing the hand resting on the window where it had so often been fed, flew to the sill, and fearlessly pecked the crumbs she threw to her little dependant. The air, she thought, was almost fragrant; and, ere the casement was closed, she had resolved to exert her strength, and walk as far as the stile that divided the Mondrich meadows. She sat for a few moments on the step; and, urged by the eager desire again to see her husband, after a little consideration, determined to reach the town. She walked better than she anticipated; and felt much pleasure at perceiving that now but one field separated her from the turn that led directly to the prison. Suddenly she became rooted to the earth; her features assumed the rigidity and colour of death; and she cast off the bonnet, which had been tied on so firmly, to catch every note of the awakening sound that passed over the town. Again!—was it a dream?—or could it be really the trumpet—the awful trumpet that heralds the approach of him who is to sit in judgment on the crimes of his fellow-beings!

"It is come!—it is come!" she exclaimed, "the day—the very hour of his trial, and they told me not of it! Father of Mercy!"—and as she spoke she sank on the ice-bound and crackling grass, and stretched forth her white attenuated arms towards heaven—"Father of Mercy, remember mercy, for the sake of thy blessed Son! Mercy!—mercy!—mercy! Lord, this cup may not pass away, but crush me not utterly in this dreadful moment! Mercy! mercy! O my God!"

The trumpet-sound had ceased, and the bustle of the county-court subsided, when Agnes Hoskins—her mantle shrouding her entire figure, and its hood held closely round her face, glided, almost like a spectre, into a corner nearest the dock, where the three prisoners stood arraigned for trial. With tender care for the feelings of him she loved, she concealed herself effectually from his sight; knowing that it would increase his misery to see her there. To the indictment they all pleaded "not guilty;" but Edward Hoskins laid his hand on his heart, and, looking firmly in the judge's face, added, in a low impressive tone, "so help me, God!" The bearing of the unfortunate culprits was strongly contrasted: Paul Dodder's chin had sunk on his breast, and he looked down with the sullen expression of one who knew the worst was come, and cared not for it. Harry Hinton had thrown back the light and glowing curls that crowded over his brow, and his eye seemed enlarged by the bold front he carried; his features were high and regular; and the unobserving would have imagined the firmness with which he regarded, and even analyzed, the countenances of his judges, little betokened the hardihood of guilt. Edward Hoskins stood as a sorrowful and heart-stricken man—ashamed of his offences, yet confident that he was *not* guilty of this particular crime. His suit of solemn black seemed still more dismal beside the smart blue coat and light waistcoat in which his unabashed com-

panion was arrayed. The first person examined was the police-sergeant by whom the prisoners had been taken into custody. The counsel for the crown, who, as usual, scented the blood afar off, lost no opportunity, in his opening speech, of stating the worst, and dwelt particularly on Hoskin's ingratitude to Mrs. Cecil Wallingford; while the counsel for the prisoners seemed equally anxious to foil his brother, and, if possible, make a way for his clients to escape.

The sergeant deposed to his finding Dodder and Hinton close to the burning barn; the latter, when first he saw him, was on his knees, in the very act of blowing the flame; the other held a quantity of combustibles (which he described), and was laying a train to communicate with the stables. Hoskins, he said, was near the spot, but made no attempt to escape. This statement went so clearly against the prisoners that the jury looked at each other, as well as to say, "What need we of further witness?" One of the police confirmed all that the other had stated; and at every word they uttered Agnes felt her heart beat slowly, and still more slowly, until, at last, she scarcely breathed or lived.

"The case, my lord, against those unhappy men seems so fully made out," said the counsel for the crown, addressing the bench, "that I need hardly trouble the court with the examination of other witnesses; unless, indeed, the jury require it."

"My lord," observed the prisoners' counsel, "I particularly wish that a girl of the name of Jane Hoole be called up; much depends upon her evidence."

"My learned brother has chosen a strange person," replied the senior barrister; "I was anxious to spare the feelings of his clients; but, by all means, let Jane Hoole be brought forward."

All eyes were turned upon the wild fantastic girl who now ascended the witness-box. Her rich golden hair had been curled and arranged with much attention; her pallid cheeks were tinted by that fearful, but beautiful, hue which too truly indicates consumption, and her deep blue eyes were of a dazzling and wandering brightness; her dress was of faded silk, and a wide red sash girdled a figure of light and elegant proportions. She seemed much terrified, and trembled violently.

"The prisoner, Hinton, intimidates our witness, my lord," observed the counsel; and a shudder passed over those who saw the expression with which he regarded the unfortunate victim of his wickedness.

"Let Henry Hinton stand down," said the judge. After a little time the poor creature seemed at ease, and collected; Agnes, who had been roused by her appearance, thought she was a much more rational being than she had imagined during their former brief meetings.

"You know the prisoners at the bar," commenced the counsel.

"I do, sir."

After a little more questioning, the rod was presented to her, and she was directed to place it on the heads of those who were present at the burning at Wallingford Manor. With a trembling hand she let it descend on the heads of Hinton and Dodder, then held it for a moment or two suspended over Hoskins, and, after some consideration, was about to return it to the officer.

"Were only these two men present?" inquired the counsel, while a thrill and murmur of mingled quality passed through the court-house.

"Though I am only a poor half-witted creature," said the girl, looking round with an imploring air, "I want to tell the truth, which I will if you let me do it in my own way. He was there in body but not in *spirit;* don't you see the difference? He didn't mean to be there for harm; he was there for good. But let me go on my own way, and then you'll understand me."

She then, in wandering but simple language, stated that Harry Hinton had often employed her to procure materials for various burnings, and that she did as he desired, "for the love that warmed her heart towards him." That he often promised to marry her, but the fancy he took to Jessy, had, she knew, prevented it; and so she thought, if he was once to be sent beyond seas, she would follow him, and have him all her own. He always promised to give Jessy up; but she found that he had got her back from Scotland, after her sister had sent her there, and resolved to punish him for his infidelity by telling the police, which she had done; and she hoped, now she had told their lordships the truth, they would send Jessy far, far away, and make Harry marry her at once; she would go with him any where—that she would—for she loved him with all her heart.

A great portion of this was unintelligible to both judge and jury; but the witness evidently interested them; and though the counsel frequently interrupted her, saying that what she stated had nothing to do with the transaction, yet they were obliged to let her go on her own way, as the only chance of getting at the truth. As to Hoskins, "he certainly was," she said, "at Wallingford, but not to burn it." It was in vain that the counsel for the crown declared that hearsay evidence should not be received;—the judge was of opinion that she ought to be permitted to go on; and the counsel for the crown resigned her to the cross-examination of the counsel for the prisoner.

"You have stated, young woman, that Edward Hoskins did not aid and abet in the burning which took place on the night of the twenty-fifth of December.

"I have, sir. I was up in the loft where they met, and when he found out what they were after he prayed and begged them not to go on; and then my Harry made like to give it up—and Hoskins went home, as we thought, for my Harry sent me down to the Manor with the chips for burning, and promised to come after; but, at the Manor,

dark as it was, I saw Hoskins, who let himself in with a private key to the out-places, examining and looking about as if to see all safe. And I wondered what kept Harry away, and went back; and on the road I met Dodder, and a little behind I saw Harry—my Harry, talking to the girl I hated; and I made my mind to tell that minute and bring the police to them; and, meeting one, I gave him a hint, and returned to the out-house, at Wallingford; and there was Hoskins and Harry quarrelling, and one reproached the other—and Edward Hoskins thought to put out the fire—and I was sorry when Harry struck him; and then Paul Dodder went on lighting the fire that Edward tried to put out—and was like one frantic, and Harry and him struggled hard, and came so near the spot where I was crouching, that I ran off to tell Agnes Hoskins of it, and saw the police coming—and she can tell you," continued the girl, turning round to the spot where Agnes had fancied herself perfectly concealed—"there is Mrs. Hoskins. I dare say she remembers what I said."

Edward Hoskins sprang to the side of the dock, and, for a moment forgetting the propriety he had hitherto maintained, shook the bars violently, and, finding that he could not escape to her side, exclaimed, "Support, support her!—will no one look to her!—she is fainting!" But she did not faint—she approached the bar with a blanched cheek, but a step of almost supernatural firmness, and, passing her thin, cold hand through the aperture, rested her clear blue eyes upon the jury; and in a low voice, which, notwithstanding its weakness, was so earnest as to be heard in every corner of the court—

"Forgive, gentlemen," she said, "a wife's presuming to remind you that more than one life hangs upon your verdict; and"—she was interrupted by a scream, so wild and piercing that every eye was again turned to the witness-box, from whence it came.

"There—there—there she is!" exclaimed Jane Holle. "She has followed him even here to take him from me. But you will not let her!" She leaped down the steps, and, in an instant, before the officers had time to interpose, she had torn off a cloak and hat, in which the unfortunate Jessy Grey had endeavoured to enshroud herself; but which could not deceive her lynx-eyed rival. "Here she is, my lord!—here she is! Agnes Hoskins, I will trust her to you," she continued, dragging her forward. Agnes did not see the deceiving and degraded sister. She only beheld the child of her father's old age—the girl she had loved with a mother's tenderness, and cherished with a mother's care. Turning from the dock, she opened her arms, but Jessy fell at her feet and hid her face on the earth. It was in vain that order was endeavoured to be restored. Agnes Hoskins and her virtues were known to every individual in the court. Husbands had often pointed her out to their wives as a model of virtue and propriety—fathers had wished for such a daughter, and young men for such a partner. And as she stood struggling with emotion, and caressing the poor lost creature, who twined around her with all the contrite feeling of an humbled sinner, the judge waited patiently till the feelings that had thus agitated every member of the assembly should subside.

"I have made one effort, Agnes, to repair my many crimes," whispered Jessy to her sister: "I have no evidence to offer in favour of *him;* but I believe I can confirm the statement just made by that unhappy girl, as to your Edward's innocence." This information was conveyed to the counsel for the prisoners; and, as the poor changed creature was about to ascend the box, Agnes threw her own cloak over her shoulders, to conceal a form that called a crimson blush to her faded cheek. Her quiet and distinct account of the transaction fully corroborated what the wild girl had sworn to. Unknown to her deceiver, she had witnessed the quarrel which took place between them on that awful night; and had wandered over the country ever since, "seeking rest but finding none"—not daring to pollute her sister's cottage with her presence, and resolved not to visit the author of her misery, lest he might alter the fixed purpose of her soul—that of appearing at her brother-in-law's trial to testify his innocence. She was supported down the steps, and clung to her sister's shoulder during the jury's deliberation. Without leaving the box, they returned a verdict of guilty against Hinton and Dodder, and acquitted Edward Hoskins. Agnes might well be excused for forgetting Jessy's feelings in the overwhelming gratitude she experienced for the preservation of her husband's life. So completely were her ears closed by a new sensation of joyfulness and hope, that overflowed as it were all her senses, that she hardly understood, when the judge had absolutely pronounced sentence of death on his wretched companions, the meaning of his words. One of Jane Hoole's frightful shrieks aroused her from those visions of returning happiness which flitted around her.

"Death!—not death—not death, for Harry!" vociferated the maddened craeture: "It is transportation—not death!—you won't kill him!" At the same instant Agnes felt the grasp, that her sister had so firmly fixed on her arm, relax; she looked upon her—her hands were stretched towards the dock; and, as her gaze rested upon Harry Hinton's face, which was turned towards her, those beautiful eyes grew yet more dim; her livid lips parted over her white and glistening teeth; and, with a frightful convulsion, the ardent, misguided spirit of Jessy Grey passed from its earthly dwelling.

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Months and years have gone by—the Mosspits are quiet and beautiful as ever—but the curate of the parish, a mild and benevolent young man, dwells in the cottage that had

once been gladdened by the presence of the excellent Agnes. She had passed with her small household to another land, where we will for a moment follow—it is even in the new world; and there, in a well-built dwelling, on the borders of a green savannah, is the final resting-place of Edward Hoskins and his now numerous family.

The sun is setting behind the dense and magnificent woods that seem to mount even to the heavens; and its parting rays linger, as if loath to part from the richly-cultivated corn and meadow-land that surrounds his house. There, literally under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, are this once more happy family assembled.

"And will you never return to England, father?" demanded the first-born, as he carefully examined the contents of a huge chest which had just arrived from Europe.

His mother replied, "Could we be happier there than we are here?"

Her husband thanked her with a look that told of gratitude unspeakable; and when the group hand separated, and only Edward and his cherished wife remained to enjoy the deep tranquillity of the balmy twilight, he disturbed the meditation, which the question had occasioned, by the utterance of a natural but painful idea. "If our children should ever go to England, Agnes, they will hear a sad story of their father; but they would hear also of their mother's virtue; had you been unkind—had you even been what the world calls just to yourself, I should have been a banned and a blighted man, but you did—"

"Only what every woman, who truly loves her husband, would do," interrupted the unchanging Agnes. "And, behold, the Lord has been not only merciful, but bountiful;—the treasures bestowed upon us on earth (she pointed to their children who were assembling for evening worship within the porch) can only be exceeded by the treasures appointed for humble believers in heaven."

AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. CARTER.

The midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose,
No lowering cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

In silence hushed, to Reason's voice
Attends each mental power;
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely, fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amid the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sickening heart conceals;
And through the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joys to these denied,
The heart in friendship finds?
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,—
To place its being in some state
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy Happiness in aught
The hand of Heaven denies!

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To tempered wishes, just desires,
Is Happiness confined,
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.