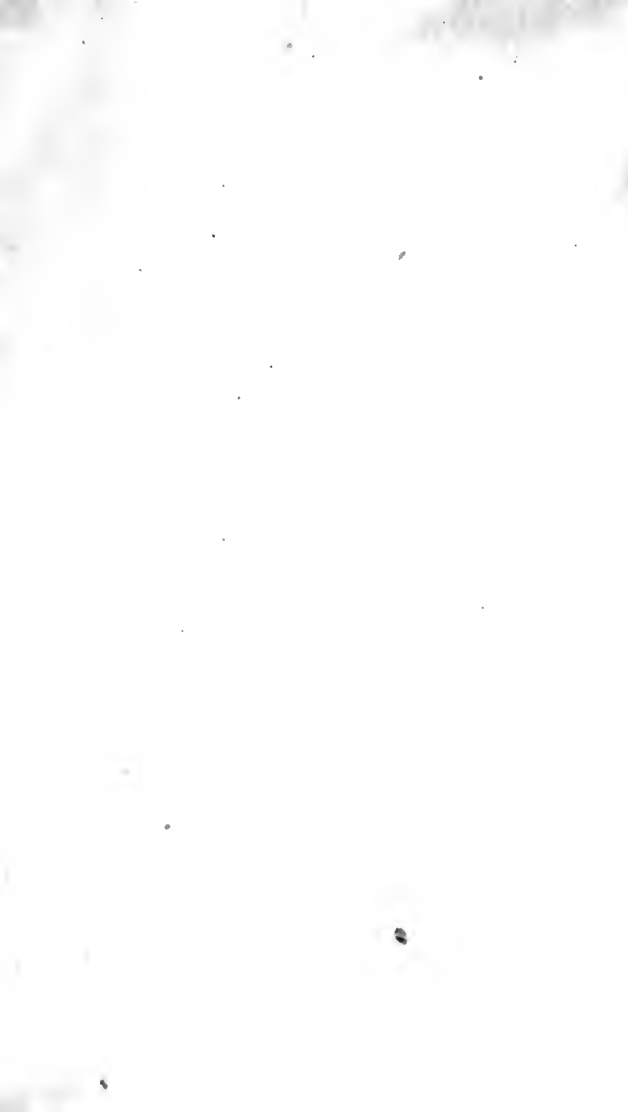
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POETRY AND POETS:

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE CHOICEST

ANECDOTES

RELATIVE TO THE

POETS OF EVERY AGE AND NATION.

TOGETHER WITH

SPECIMENS OF THEIR WORKS AND SKETCHES OF THEIR
BIOGRAPHY.



WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

RICHARD RYAN,

AUTHOR OF "POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS," "BALLADS ON THE
FICTIONS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH," &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

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POETRY AND POETS.



Holl sculp.

LA FONTAINE.

LA FONTAINE, the celebrated French fabulist, is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular aberrations possible. Fontaine attended the burial

of one of his friends, and, some time afterwards, he called to visit him. At first, he was shocked at the information of his death; but recovering from his surprise, he observed, "It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial."

The generous and witty Madame de la Sabliere furnished him with a commodious apartment in her house; and one day, having discharged all her servants in a pet, declared that she had only retained three animals in her house, which were her dog, her cat, and Fontaine. In this situation he continued twenty years; and a day or two after losing his generous patroness, met his acquaintance, M. d'Hervart: "My dear Fontaine, (said that worthy man to him,) I have heard of your misfortune, and was going to propose your coming to live with me."—"I was going to you," answered Fontaine.

It was difficult to restrain him sometimes when on a particular subject. One day, dining with Moliere and Despreaux, he inveighed against the absurdity of making performers speak *aside* what is heard by the stage and the whole house. Heated with this idea, he would listen to no argument. "It cannot be denied,"

exclaimed Despreaux, in a loud key, "it cannot be denied, that La Fontaine is a rogue, a great rogue, a villain, a rascal, &c." multiplying his terms of abuse, and increasing the loudness of his voice. Fontaine, without paying any regard to his abuse, went on declaiming. At last the company's roar of laughter recalled him to himself. "What is this roar of laughter about?" said he. "At what!" cried Despreaux, "why, at you, to be sure; you have not heard a word of the abuse which I have been bawling at your ears, yet you are surprised at the folly of supposing a performer not to hear what another actor whispers at the opposite side of the stage."

When the Fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expense of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen, (said he,) I perfectly agree with you. What a difference there is between the style of La Motte and the style of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?" The company answered in the

negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful Fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one present was charmed with it. "Here (said he) is the spirit of La Fontaine;—here is nature in her simplicity. What *naïveté*—what grace!—Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire,) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

It has been observed, that the best writers, and the deepest thinkers, have usually been but indifferent companions. This was the case with La Fontaine; for having once been invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, for the sake of entertaining the guests, though he ate very heartily, yet not a word could be got from him; and when, rising soon after from the table, on pretence of going to the Academy, he was told he would be too soon, "Oh, then," said he, "I'll take the longest way." Being one day with Boileau, Racine, and other men of eminence, among whom were Ecclesias-

tics; St. Austin was talked of for a considerable time, and with the highest commendations. Fontaine listened with his natural air, and at last, after a profound silence, asked one of the Ecclesiastics, with the most unaffected seriousness, "whether he thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais." The Doctor, eyeing Fontaine from head to foot, answered only by observing, "that he had put on one of his stockings the wrong side out," which happened to be the case. The nurse who attended Fontaine in his illness, observing the fervour of the priest in his exhortations, said to him, "Ah, good Sir, don't disturb him so; he is rather stupid than wicked.

In the year 1692, he was seized with a dangerous illness; and when the priest came to converse with him about religion, concerning which, he had hitherto been totally unconcerned, though he had never been either an infidel or a libertine, Fontaine told him, that "he had lately bestowed some hours in reading the New Testament, which he thought a good book." Being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the priest represented to him, that

he had received intelligence of a certain dramatic piece of his, which was soon to be acted; but that he could not be admitted to the sacraments of the church, unless he suppressed it. This appeared too rigid; and Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne, who confirming what the priest had said, this sincere penitent threw the piece into the fire, without keeping even a copy. The priest then laid before him the evil tendency of his "Tales," which are written in a very wanton manner: he told him, that while the French language subsisted, they would be a most dangerous inducement to vice; and that he could not justify administering the sacraments to him, unless he would promise to make a public acknowledgment of his crime at the time of receiving, and a public acknowledgment before the Academy of which he was a member, in case he recovered; and to exert his utmost endeavours to suppress the book. La Fontaine thought these very severe terms, but, at length, yielded to them all.

He did not die till the 13th of April, 1695, when, if we believe some, he was found with a hair shirt on.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT was born at Amsterdam on the 16th of March, 1581. At the age of 19 he was already a member of the "Amsterdamsche Kamer in Liefde Bloeiende," which was entirely distinct from, and far more celebrated than, the other literary societies of that period. His earliest productions were not distinguished by any of that sweetness of versification and occasional force which afterwards lent such charms both to his prose works and poetry. He went to France and Italy, and gave the first promise of an improved style and more cultivated taste, in a poetical epistle, written at Florence, to the members of the "Amsterdamsche Kamer." He appears to have made the Greek, Latin, and Italian writers his peculiar study. By reading the latter he was first taught to impart that melody to his own language of which it had not hitherto been deemed susceptible. To no man, indeed, is Dutch literature more indebted than to Hooft. He refined the versification of his age, without divesting it of its vigour. His mind had drunk deeply at the fountains of knowledge, and his productions are always harmonious and often sub-

lime. The great Vondel, who was too truly noble to be jealous of his fame, calls him

“ Of Holland’s poets most illustrious head.”

It is difficult to decide whether Hooft or Vondel was most honoured by this eulogium.

He died on the 21st of May, in the year 1647.

His *Granida* is one of the most beautiful specimens of harmony in the Dutch language ; and the critics of Holland are fond of contrasting the flowing music of Hooft with the harsh and cumbrous diction of Spiegel, his forerunner. The original of the following lines (Sc. i. of the *Granida*) deserves every eulogy for its poetical grace :

*Het vinnigh struulen van de son
Ontschiul ik in't boschaudje.*

“ I’ll hie me to the forest now,
The sun shines bright in glory :
And of our courtship every bough
Perchance may tell the story.

Our courtship ? No ! Our Courtship ? Yes !
There’s folly in believing ;
For, of a hundred youths, I guess,
(O shame !) they’re all deceiving.

A gaysome swain is wandering still,
New pleasures seeking ever ;
And longer than his wanton will
His love endureth never.

My heart beats hard against my breast,
So hard—can I confide now ?
No ! confidence might break my rest,
And faith will not be tried now.

Oft, in the crowd, we trip and fall,
And who escape are fewest :
I hear my own deliverer call—
Of all the true the truest.

But, silly maiden ! look around,
And see thy cherish'd treasure ;
Who rests or tarries never found
And ne'er deserv'd a pleasure.

Should he disclose his love to me
Whilst in this forest straying,
Were there a tongue in every tree,
What might they not be saying !”

BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY.

HUGO GROTIUS.

HUIG DE GROOT (commonly known by the name of Hugo Grotius) was born at Delft on the 10th of April, 1583. When he was only

fifteen years old, Henry the Fourth called him the Wonder of Holland: at eighteen, he obtained, as a Latin poet, a distinguished reputation. Of his classical attainments and general knowledge we need scarcely speak; they are every where felt and allowed. His very name calls up all that the imagination can conceive of greatness and true fame.

His most elaborate poem in the Dutch language, *Bewijs van denwaeren Godtsdienst* (Evidence of the true Religion,) was written during his confinement at Louvesteijn, in the year 1611. He laid the ground-work of that attention to religious duties which is so universal in Holland. The authority of his great name, always associated with Christianity—with peace—with literature—with freedom and suffering and virtue—has ever been a bulwark of truth and morals. Holland is at this moment disturbed by a renewal of the controversy in which Grotius and Barneveldt took the leading part; and it would seem as if the better cause has the weaker advocates. The modest epitaph which Grotius wrote for himself covers his remains at Delft:

“Grotius hic Hugo est, Batavum captivus et exul.
Legatus regni, Suecia magna, tui.”

His poetical works in his native language seem hardly worthy of his astonishing reputation. His son Pieter de Groot was a more successful Dutch poet than his illustrious father. A single specimen may be allowed to intrude, if it were only that it is the production of Hugo Grotius. It is the Dedication of the religious poem which we have mentioned.

Neemt naet onwaerdig aen dit werkstuk mijner handen.

“ Receive not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! Let this live, tho’ I may not, with thee
My bosom’s queen! I show e’en now how fervently
I’ve lov’d thee through all change—thy good and evil
days—

And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou may’st a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think ‘Alas! ’twas made—’twas made at Louves-
teijn.’*

BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY.

* Louvesteijn was the place of confinement whence his wife liberated him.

WHY ARE PROFESSIONAL MEN INDIFFERENT
POETS ?

PROFESSIONAL avocations have a deadening influence on the finer sensibilities of the mind ; they destroy and annihilate our loftier aspirations, and reduce all that we perceive and feel to the dull standard of reality. Many of the great poets lived in the infancy of science, and the great ones who have lived as it was approaching maturity, have endeavoured as much as possible to blind their eyes to its progress ; and to represent things as they seem, and not as they can be demonstrated to be.

Professional avocations are entirely at variance with the phantasms of imagination. It is theoretically a fine thing, (for instance,) to make the practice of law a profession, to devote our lives to the distribution of justice, to settle the differences of our neighbours, to come forward as the advocate of the oppressed, to plead the cause of the innocent, and to be the champion of those who have no earthly help. Nor is it a less fine thing to alleviate the corporeal sufferings of our fellow creatures, to smooth the pillow of sickness, to disseminate the blessing of health, and

to cause the languid and filmy eye of the dying man to look a blessing on our kind, though endeavours are unavailing. Turn the picture; and what do we behold in the actual and breathing world? The lawyer selling his eloquence to the support of any cause, and prostituting his talents for the sake of gain; while the physician measures out his kindnesses and attentions in the direct ratio of his expectations of being repaid.

It is not to be supposed that a divine, one who has made the oracles of truth his chief study, and the promulgation of them the serious business of his life, could even for a moment throw over his lines the flush of the ancient superstitions, at once so imaginative and poetical; and describe Jupiter in the conclave of Deities on the top of Olympus, instead of the everlasting and omnipresent "I AM," whose shadow Moses saw in the burning bush; and, instead of the sun and moon, which he has created, delineate Apollo with the golden bow, "the lord of poesy and light," and Diana with her wood-nymphs.

It is not to be supposed that he will coincide in the opinions of a Dante, or a Homer, or promulgate their sublime, but often vague and absurd

illustrations of religion and morality ; in making the princely game of war the theme of his muse, and accounting the savage valour of the combatants as the acme of perfection ; or distort the doctrine of future rewards and punishments into a scheme of his own formation. His poetry must of necessity be regulated by the principles he professes, and by the views which it is his duty to inculcate.

Can it for a moment be supposed that a physician, one whose business it is to be acquainted with the weaknesses and miserable diseases to which our bodies are subject ; that one whose daily occupation is the inspection of loathsome sores, and putrifying ulcers ; could, in despite of his own observations, preserve, in the penetralia of his mind, a noble and unblemished image of human beauty ; or that the anatomist, who has glutted over the debasing and repellent horrors of a dissecting table, where the severed limbs of his fellow creatures, “ the secrets of the grave,” are displayed in hideous deformity, to satisfy the hyæna-lust of knowledge, could look upon a female face with the rapture which the mind that conceived Shakspeare’s Juliet must have done ? or with that sense of angelic delicacy,

which must have penetrated the mind of Spenser, ere he conceived the glorious idea of

“ Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb ?

Nor is it to be supposed that the lawyer, one whose youthful days, the days of the romance and chivalry of the imagination, are spent in poring over volumes, which can only operate in rendering “ darkness visible,” and in wrapping up that in mystery and clouds which nature intended to form as clear as “ daylight truth’s salubrious skies,” should unlearn what he has learned; and, deeming

— “ where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise,”

at length accord to the omnipotence of Virtue, and agree with Milton in his ‘Comus,’ that the lion of the desert itself would turn away abashed from the face of innocent beauty. Lord Mansfield, ere he devoted his attention to “ law’s dry musty arts,” shewed so great an aptitude for polite letters, that Pope himself bewails

“ How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost.”

And Judge Blackstone, ere he thought of com-

posing his Commentaries on the Laws, wrote verses, which at least augured well of what he might have accomplished in that way. Aken-side brought out his 'Pleasures of Imagination,' when a very young man; took to the study of medicine, was made physician to the Queen, and then published lyrics, which nobody cares about reading.

As Wordsworth most truly and poetically observes,

“The world is too much with us, early and late.”

Counting-houses and ledgers have taken the place of generosity, romance, and chivalry; and though they have made us richer, have undoubtedly added little to our intellectual character as a nation. Life has become a scene of every-day experience, of sickness, dullness, and formality; etiquette has succeeded to simplicity, and ardour of spirit has left its place to politeness. In a short time, it will be impossible for us to conceive of such men as Alfred, or Lord Surrey, James Crichton, or Sir Philip Sidney.

The poetry of life is the sublimated essence of human existence, and not the every-day casualties that surround us and beset us; consequent-

ly an incessant intercourse with these alone, and the perpetual exercise of the judging and reasoning faculties, obliging the imagination to lie unused and dormant, has a deadening, a chilling, a withering influence on the mind, and tends entirely to obliterate those feelings and aspirations, on which the production of poetry depends. The poetical constitution, above all others, is remarkable for its delicacy, as the fineness of its conceptions sufficiently indicates ; and it, no doubt, is as impossible to preserve this undestroyed, and untainted, amid the dull routine of the world, as it would be to expect fleetness and nimbleness in the animal that has been accustomed to the slow step and unvarying paces of a loaded wain. The beauty of the fields and the sublimity of the mountains come to be considered in no other light, but that of their utility, as being barren of pasture, or rich of grain, what rent they bring, and what is the extent of their acres. The ocean, whose waters teach "Eternity,—Eternity, and Power," comes to be regarded, only in as far as it furnishes a communication between us and distant lands, for the extension of commerce. Man, "with the human face divine," is not considered so much

as a Being of majestic attributes, and an immortal destiny, but as being of few days, and full of trouble, a petty insignificant creature, full of fraud and deceit, and selfishness, and subject to an infinite variety of diseases and infirmities. Woman is not the demi-celestial object, without whose presence earth would be a wilderness, the paragon of ideal beauty, subsisting on the strength of the affections, which bind her to stronger man ; but a necessary part of society, increasing its comforts, and keeping up the race. Childhood is not the state of innocent beauty and simplicity, of pure thoughts and warm feelings, but the idiocy of our minds, which requires training, and correction, and cultivation, to render us sober men, and useful citizens.

These are the common opinions of society, the chilling and disheartening truths, which we hear from all lips "every day, and all day long,"—and they are unpoetical. How is it to be supposed, then, that the men who are continually exposed to the withering influence of these current maxims, and who, to preserve unanimity, are obliged to echo them back, and to concur in their infallibility—how is it to be supposed, that they are to throw off the load that

oppresses them—to forget what they hear every day—and to shut their eyes to every thing that is passing around them—and, in despite of their contracted and desolate view of human nature and the external world, form a bower of happiness for themselves, in the paradise of imagination?*

ADDISON'S OPINION OF BLANK VERSE.

“MR. ADDISON was not a good-natured man, and very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the poems of *Blenheim* and *The Campaign* being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then could do it in his defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in the company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by? Jacob immediately named Milton's *Paradise Lost*.”

SPENCE.

* We are indebted for this able article to “Blackwood's Magazine.”

DRYDEN AND DR. LOCKIER.

“ I WAS about seven years old, when I first came up to town, an odd looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used, now and then, to thrust myself into Wills’s, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that I was ever there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had lately been published. ‘ If any thing of mine is good,’ says he, ‘ ’tis ‘ Mac Flecno ;’ and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.’ On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice just loud enough to be heard, that ‘ Mac Flecno’ was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.’ On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing ; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry ; and added, with a smile, ‘ Pray, Sir, what is it that you did imagine to

have been writ so before?' I named Boileau's 'Lutrin,' and Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita;' which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each.—'Tis true,' said Dryden, 'I had forgot them.'—A little after, Dryden went out; and, in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly: and was well acquainted with him after as long as he lived."

DR. LOCKIER, *from* SPENCE'S 'ANECDOTES.'

MRS. MARY TIGHE.

THIS very superior female, both in mind and acquirements, was a native of the Sister Isle. Her beautiful poem of "Psyche" will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration, nor will her minor poems be soon forgotten. With the profits arising from the publication of these effusions of genius, a Hospital Ward has been endowed and attached to the House of Refuge, (a charitable institution formed by her mother, in the county of Wicklow,) which is called 'The Psyche Ward.'

The following verses were the last production of this highly gifted and amiable being, penned

only three months before her death, and under the pressure of an illness plainly prophetic of a fatal termination.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZERON, WHICH FLOWERED
AT WOODSTOCK, IN DECEMBER, 1809.

Odours of Spring! my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature,
And since these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.

Methinks, with purpose soft you come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
The sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.

No, No, this anguish cannot last;
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past
Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul, which seems on you to hang,
Through each convulsive strife;—

Even now with agonizing grasp
Of sorrow and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal vital spark !
Thus mortally opprest ?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark !
And bid thy sorrows rest.

Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust ;
Ah ! vain attempt ; my coward heart,
Still shuddering, clings to dust.

Oh ye, who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still, retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.

WYCHERLEY'S MARRIAGE.

WYCHERLEY's nephew, on whom his estate was entailed (but with power to settle a widow's jointure,) would not consent to his selling any part of it ; which he wanted much to do, to pay his debts, about a thousand pounds. He had, therefore, long resolved to marry ; in order to make a settlement from the estate, to pay off his debts with his wife's fortune : and ' to plague his damned nephew,' as he used to express it.

This was just about the time he had intended for it: as he only wanted to answer those ends by marrying; and dreaded the ridicule of the world for marrying while he was old. After all, the woman he did marry proved a cheat; and was a cast mistress of the person who recommended her to him; and was supplied by him with money for her wedding clothes.

After Wycherley's death, there were law quarrels about the settlement. Theobald was the attorney employed by his old friend; and it was by their means that Theobald came to have Wycherley's papers in his hands.

SPENCE.

GEORGE BOLEYN.

Olde Rochfort clombe the statilie throne
Which Muses hold in Hellicone.

GEORGE BOLEYN, Viscount Rochford, was Son of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and at Oxford discovered an early propensity to polite letters and poetry. He was appointed to several dignities and offices by King Henry VIII. whose second unfortunate queen was his sister. With her he was suspected of a criminal familiarity; the

chief proof of which appears to have been, that he was seen to whisper with her one morning while she was in bed. As he had been raised by the exaltation, he was involved in the misfortunes, of that injured princess, who had no other fault but an unguarded and indiscreet frankness of nature ; and whose character has been blackened (without measure and without end) by the bigoted historians of the Catholic party, merely because she was the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

To gratify the ostensible jealousy of the King, who had conceived a violent passion for a new object, this amiable nobleman was beheaded on the first of May, 1536. His elegance of person, and sprightly conversation, captivated all the ladies of Henry's Court. Wood says, that at the "royal Court he was much *adored*, especially by the *female sex*, for his *admirable* discourse, and *symmetry* of body." From these irresistible allurements his enemies endeavoured to give a plausibility to their infamous charge of an incestuous connection. After his commitment to the Tower, his sister, the Queen, on being sent to the same place, asked the lieutenant, with a degree of eagerness, "Oh ! where is my sweet bro-

ther?" Here was a specious confirmation of his imagined guilt; and this stroke of natural tenderness was too readily interpreted into a licentious attachment.

Bale mentions his "Rhythmi elegantissimi," of which Wood speaks as consisting of "several Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, with other things of the like nature." Warton suspects that some of the compositions of this amiable victim to the tyranny of the most lustful and sanguinary monster that ever sat upon the English throne are inserted among the "Uncertain Authors," in Surrey's Poems; which, by the way, attribute expressly to Sir Thomas Wyatt a performance of singular merit;—the Author's address to his lute, which the Editor of the "Nugæ Antiquæ" ascribes to 'the Earl of Rochford,' a title which, as Ritson observes, never existed.

MOORISH BALLADS.

THE truest and best proof of the liberality of the old Spaniards, is to be found in their beautiful ballads. Throughout the far greater part of these compositions, many of which must be, at least, as old as the 10th century, there breathes a charming sentiment of charity and

humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented.

The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most lovely of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths—in spite of their adverse interests—they had much in common—loves, and sports, and recreations—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernard de Carpio, Alphonso VI., the Cid himself—every one of the favourite heroes of the Spanish nation had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the Crescent; and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in their *Monwachchah*, or *girdle verses*, were repeated by liberal encomiums on Moorish valour and generosity, in Castilian and Arragonese *Redondilleras*. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of some feat of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming com-

pliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Take, for example, the famous ballad on Don Raymon of Butrago—translated in the “Edinburgh Annual Register” for 1816.

“Your horse is faint, my king, my lord, your gallant horse
 is sick,
 His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the
 film is thick ;
 Mount, mount on mine, oh mount apace, I pray thee
 mount and fly,
 Or in my arms I’ll lift your Grace—their trampling hoofs
 are nigh.

My King, my King, you’re wounded sore, the blood runs
 from your feet,
 But only lay your hand before, and I’ll lift ye to your
 seat ;
 Mount, Juan, mount—the Moors are near, I hear the
 Arab cry,
 Oh mount and fly for jeopardy, I’ll save ye though I die.

Stand, noble steed, this hour of need, be gentle as a lamb,
 I’ll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, thy master dear
 I am ;
 —Mount, Juan, ride, whate’er betide, away the bridle
 fling,
 And plunge the rowels in his side—Bavioca, save my
 King.

* * * * *

King Juan's horse fell lifeless—Don Raymon's horse
 stood by,
 Nor king, nor lord, would mount him, they both prepare
 to die ;
 'Gainst the same tree their backs they placed — they
 hacked the King in twain,
 Don Raymon's arms the corpse embraced, and so they
 both were slain.—

*But when the Moor Almazor beheld what had been done,
 He oped Lord Raymond's visor, while down his tears did
 run ;*

*He oped his visor, stooping then he kissed the forehead cold,
 God grant may ne'er to Christian men this Moorish shame
 be told."*

Even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castillian ballads, the parts of glory and greatness were just as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians;—Calaynos was a name as familiar as Guyferos. At somewhat a later period, when the Conquest of Granada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of Moors: and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the “Knights of Granada, Gentlemen, albeit

Moors," must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of King Chico. It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Mollahs, and tended to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem. Bernard de Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both people. Of his all-romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself, when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso, for the murder of his father. It was with Moorish brethren in arms, that he marched to fight against Charlemagne, for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic—

“ When Roland brave and Oliver,
And many a Paladin and Peer,
At Roncesvalles fell.—”

All the picturesque details, in fine, of that splendid, and not unfrequently, perhaps, fabulous career, were sung with equal transport to the shepherd's lute on the hills of Leon, and

the courtly guitars of the Algeneraliffe, or the Alhamra.

The history of the children of Lara is another series from which many rich illustrations of our proposition might be borrowed ; but we decline entering upon it at present, for similar reasons : and as to the ballads of the Campeador himself, our readers may refer to the best of them, translated by Mr. Frere.* The dark and bloody annals of Pedro the Cruel are narrated in another long and exquisite series. As a specimen of the style in which they are written, we present our readers with the following, containing the narrative of the Tyrant's murder of Blanche of Bourbon, his young and innocent Queen, whom he sacrificed, very shortly after his marriage, to the jealous hatred of his Jewish mistress, Maria de Pedilla.

“ THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

Maria de Pedilla, be not thus of dismal mood,
 For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good ;
 But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should
 show,
 For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go ;

* At the end of Southey's History of the Cid.

The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood
the ground ;
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be
found.

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent Baron,
He said, now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone.
Then answer made Don Ynigo, such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche, doth harm my Lord
the King.

Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning
red,
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina pass'd, when the Queen beheld
him near,
Alas! she said, my maidens, he brings my death, I fear.
Then said the archer, bending low, the King's command-
ment take,
And see thy soul be order'd well with God that did it make,
For lo! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may there
be—

Then gently spoke the Lady Blanche, my friend, I pardon
thee ;

Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his commandment
given,
Deny me not confession—if so, forgive ye, heaven.
Much griev'd the bowman for her tears and for her beauty's
sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint
did make ;—

' Oh France ! my noble country—oh blood of high Bourbon,
Not eighteen years have I seen out, before my life is gone.

' The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
Whate'er I've done, to proud Castille no treason e'er did I.
The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood
and sighs,

God grant me soon another crown more precious in the
skies.'

These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the
bowman's blow—

Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did
flow."

After this series, in all the collections we have seen, the greater part of the ballads are altogether Moorish in their subjects ; and of these, we shall now proceed to give a few specimens. They are every way interesting ; but, above all, as monuments, for such we unquestionably consider them to be, of the manners and customs of a noble nation, of whose race no relics now remain on the soil they so long ennobled. Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard, (it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two,) they were sung in the village-greens of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man,

woman, and child—Mussulman and Christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, “like steel among weapons, like wax among women.”

The greater part of these ballads refer to the period immediately preceding the downfall of the throne of Granada—the amours of that splendid Court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles, in which its lords and ladies delighted no less than the Christian Courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great Moorish families of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages, which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish cause—and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the Mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. The following specimens, of the amatory kind, will speak for themselves.

“ANDALLA’S BRIDAL.

I.

Rise up—rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
 And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's
 lordly blowing ;
 And banners bright from lattice light are waving every-
 where,
 And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats
 proudly in the air :
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

II.

Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
 He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace ;
 Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver,
 Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely,
 never.
 Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mix'd with
 white,
 I guess 'twas wreath'd by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

III.

“ What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look
 down ?
 Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the
 Town ?
 I've heard you say, on many a day, and sure you said the
 truth,
 Andalla rides without a peer, among all Granada's youth.

Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
 Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow ;
 Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa—lay the golden cushion down,
 Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the
 Town.”

IV.

The Zegri Lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the Town ;—
 But tho’ her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers
 strove,
 And tho’ her needle press’d the silk, no flower Xarifa wove ;
 One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew
 nigh—
 That bonny bud a tear effaced slow dropping from her eye.
 “ No—no,” she sighs—“ bid me not rise, nor lay my
 cushion down,
 To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing Town.”

V.

“ Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down ?
 Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing Town ?
 Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people
 cry,—
 He stops at Zara’s palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why ?”
 ——“ At Zara’s gate stops Zara’s mate ; in him shall I
 discover
 The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and
 was my lover ?
 I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing Town.”

“ ZARA’S EAR-RINGS.

I.

‘ My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they’ve dropt into the well,
 And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell ;’—
 ‘Twas thus Granada’s fountain by, spoke Albuarez’
 daughter ;
 ‘ The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue
 water—
 To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
 And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

II.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls in silver set,
 That, when my Moor was far away, I ne’er should him
 forget ;
 That I ne’er to other tongue should list, nor smile on others’
 tale,
 But remember he my lips had kiss’d, pure as those ear-
 rings pale—
 When he comes back, and hears that I have dropp’d them
 in the well,
 Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

III.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! he’ll say they should have
 been,
 Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
 Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
 Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—

That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting
well—

Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

IV.

He'll think when I to market went, I loiter'd by the way—

He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say—

He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses
noos'd,

From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of
pearl unloos'd—

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,

My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

V.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same—

He'll say I lov'd when he was here to whisper of his flame—

But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,

And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well,

For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

VI.

I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—

That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at
eve—

That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone,

And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand
they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the
well."

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

THE following very affecting letter from one who was intimate with, and highly esteemed by, Lord Byron, cannot fail of interesting every reader. It is extracted from the Hon. Colonel Leycester Stanhope's Journal, entitled "Greece in 1823 and 1824;" the 2nd Edition of which, comprising the Colonel's reminiscences of Lord Byron, has just met the public eye.

"From Capt. Trelawny to Col. Stanhope.

"Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"With all my anxiety, I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back, and demanded of a straggler the news. I heard nothing more than—'Lord Byron is dead,'—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence. With all his faults, I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life: his everyday companion,—we lived in ships, boats, and in houses together,—we had no secrets—no re-

serve, and, though we often differed in opinion, never quarrelled. If it gave me pain witnessing his frailties, he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth virtues that redeemed them all. He was an only child,—early an orphan,—the world adopted him and spoilt him,—his conceptions were so noble when his best elements were aroused, that we, his friends, considered it pure inspiration. He was violent and capricious.

“ In one of his moments of frailty, two years back, he could think of nothing which could give him so much pleasure as saving money, and he talked of nothing but its accumulation, and the power and respect it would be the means of giving him; and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice, that we, his friends, began to fear it would become his leading passion: however, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety, and then grew weary. I was absent from him in Rome when he wrote me from Genoa, and said, ‘ Trelawny, you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you: pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece, it is the only place I was ever contented in. I

am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing: they all say I can be of use to Greece; I do not know how, nor do they; but, at all events, let's go.' I who had long despaired of getting him out of Italy, to which he had become attached from habit, indolence, and strong ties; I lost no time; every thing was hurried on, and, from the moment he left Genoa, though twice driven back, his ruling passion became ambition of a name, or, rather, by one great effort, to wipe out the memory of those deeds which his enemies had begun to rather freely descant on in the public prints, and to make his name as great in glorious acts, as it already was by his writings.

“ He wrote a song, the other day, on his birth-day, his thirty-sixth year, strongly exemplifying this.—It is the most beautiful and touching of all his songs, for he was not very happy at composing them. It is here amongst his papers.

‘ If thou regret thy youth, *why* live?
 The land of honourable death
 Is here. Up to the field and give
 Away thy breath.
 Awake! *not* Greece, *she* is awake!
 Awake! *my* spirit.’

“ He died on the 19th April, at six o'clock at night; the two last days he was altogether insensible, and died so, apparently without pain. From the first moment of his illness, he expressed on this, as on all former occasions, his *dread* of pain and fearlessness of death. He talked chiefly of Ada, both in his sensible and insensible state. He had much to say, and many directions to leave, as was manifest from his calling Fletcher, Tita, Gamba, Parry, to his bed-side: his lips moved, but he could articulate nothing distinctly. ‘Ada—my sister—wife—say—do you understand my directions?’ said he, to Fletcher, after muttering thus for half an hour, about—‘Say this to Ada,’—‘this to my sister,’—wringing his hands; ‘Not a word, my Lord,’ said Fletcher.—‘That’s a pity,’ said he, ‘for ’tis now too late,—for I shall die or go *mad*.’ He then raved, said—‘I will not live a madman, for I can destroy myself.’ I know the reason of this fear he had of losing his senses; he had lately, on his voyage from Italy, read, with deep interest, ‘Swift’s Life,’ and was always talking to me of his horrible fate.

“ Byron’s malady was a rheumatic fever; was brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to

change his clothes. Its commencement was trifling. On the 10th, he was taken ill; his Doctors urged him to be bled, but this was one of his greatest prejudices,—he abhorred bleeding. Medicine was not efficient; the fever gained rapid ground, and on the third day the blood shewed a tendency to mount to his head: he then submitted to bleeding, but it proved too late; it had already affected his brain, and this caused his death. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would have assuredly recovered in a few days.

“On opening him, a great quantity of blood was found in the head and brain: the latter, his brain, the Doctor says, was a third greater in quantity than is usually found, weighing four pounds. His heart is likewise strikingly large, but performed its functions feebly, and was very exhausted; his liver much too small, which was the reason of that deficiency of bile, which necessitated him to continually stimulate his stomach by medicine. His body was in a perfect state of health and soundness. They say his only malady was a strong tendency of the blood to mount to the head, and weakness of the vessels there; that he could not, for this reason,

have lived more than six or seven years more. I do not exactly understand this ; but the Doctor is going to write me a medical account of his illness, death, and state of his body.

“ His remains are preparing to send by way of Zante to England, he having left no directions on this head. I shall ever regret I was not with him when he gave up his mortality.

“ Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked ; but this is no private grief ; the world has lost its greatest man, I my best friend, and that must be my excuse for having filled a letter with this one subject. To-morrow, (for Mavrocordato has delayed my courier till his letters are ready,) I will return to duty.

“ Yours, very sincerely,

“ EDWARD TRELAWNY.”

ROBERT BURNS.

IF there could be any doubt as to the disgrace which attaches to the gentlemen of Scotland, for suffering a man of Burns's talents to descend to the station of an ordinary exciseman, to toil for his daily bread, there can be none whatever as to the everlasting shame which they

incurred by allowing him to remain for years in that degraded rank.

When Burns at first applied for a contingent appointment in this service, intending to hold it as something in reserve against the worst that might befall him, he suppressed the feelings with which it was impossible for a man of his noble and aspiring soul not to regard it; but when necessity had at last thrust the situation upon him, and when he had seen years pass away without any generous offer to raise him above it, he scrupled not to avow how much he felt it had degraded him. In a letter written to Mr. Grahame, of Fintry, to vindicate himself from some injurious representations which had been made to the Board of Excise, respecting his conduct, he has the following eloquent passage:

“Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself

to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a *paltry exciseman*, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence *in the meanest of pursuits and among the lowest of mankind*.

“In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and *an exciseman by necessity*; but I will say it, the sterling of his honest worth, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue.”

It has been said, and too often repeated, that Burns, during his latter years, nay, from the very moment of entering into society, gave himself up to habits of intemperance, and died its victim. How little to be envied are the feelings of those who can take pleasure in drawing aside the veil from the social follies or weaknesses of such a man as Burns! Were the fact even as represented, does it become that country which so cruelly neglected him, to speak with severity of any alleviation which his wounded spirit may have sought from the state of humiliation and misery to which he was ungenerously consigned? Does it become those who imposed

upon him one of "the meanest pursuits," and an association with the "lowest of mankind," to talk of the excesses to which he may have fled, to lull for the moment the revolting sense of his degradation?—But the fact has been mis-stated. Burns was never the dissolute man that he has been represented: he mingled much in society, because it was the only sphere in which he could gratify that strong, and certainly not injurious, passion which he possessed, for observing the ways and manners of men; and because the active indulgence of this passion was the only chance which he had of escape from that constitutional melancholy which never ceased to pursue him. He was fond too, most enthusiastically fond, of the social hour which was spent in communion with men of souls congenial to his own; and when seated with such over the flowing bowl, it is not to be wondered that he was sometimes slow to rise: yet whatever might be the social pleasures of Burns, he was never the man to sacrifice to them either his business, his independence, or his self-respect. The supervisors of his conduct as an officer, testify that he performed all the duties of his office with exemplary regularity. The state of his

affairs at his death shew that, small as his income was, he kept rigidly within it; and his most intimate associates allow that, however freely he may have partaken in company, he never sunk into habits of solitary indulgence.

It is not possible, either morally or physically, that the man who was thus regular, thus economical, thus privately abstinent, could have been the habitual slave of intemperance, which some writers would have us believe: that his constitution, naturally delicate, may have been unequal to the limited indulgences which he permitted himself, and that his death may have been hastened by them, is but too likely. But how much does it not add to his country's shame, that, possessing a man of genius, whose loss they could never repair, who could only have lived long by living with exceeding temperance, that he was not placed in a situation of life, where the comforts of life, the refinements of elegant society, and pursuits of a literary nature, might have removed every temptation to live otherwise than the good of his health demanded. Burns, as he tells us, lived on "for the heart of the man and the fancy of the poet:"—he could not exist without a plenitude of emotions, and it was not

his fault that he was forced to seek them where alone he could find them.

The fate of Burns may excite compassion ; but to a person who has at all mingled with that elevated class to whom he looked for patronage, it can excite no surprise. Was it at all likely that a man would be encouraged by his superiors in wealth, who had the honesty to tell them that he was bred to the plough, and whether they chose to patronize him or not, he was independent of them? He was too much in the habit of calling things by their right names, to bask long in the smiles of the rich and powerful. Burns knew the secret of winding himself into the favour of the great, as well as any man, but he both contemned and abhorred it. He knew that to flatter their vices, to laugh at their political prostitutions, and, in short, to strive to make them think most favourably of themselves, was his path to temporal comfort and substantial patronage. Honesty and fair fame lay in quite a different road ; and he unhesitatingly chose it, beset as it was with difficulties and terrors.

It certainly is highly creditable to the Nobles and Sages of the "Modern Athens," that now the Bard is quietly entombed, and can ask nothing

further at their hands, these worthies are putting statues up to him as if they thought his poetry would not be so lasting as their memorials, or as if they imagined this tardy recognition of his wondrous powers was an "*amende honorable*" for the neglect and contempt to which he was consigned while living. The sculptor who gains by their generosity, and the menials who may be employed to keep them clean, may thank them for erecting these monuments; but the majority of Burns's countrymen will not. His poetry lives in their hearts—will live as long as time itself shall last; and ages hence, Scotia will rejoice in the poetic glory of her honest and highly-gifted Ploughman, as universally as she does at the present moment.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that, not long before his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" made its appearance, while crossing the Frith of Forth in a ferry-boat, with a friend, they proposed to beguile the time, by writing a number of verses on a given subject; and at the end of an hour's poring and hard study, the product of Sir Walter's (then Mr. Scott) fertile brain, adding thereto the labours of his friend, was *six lines*. "It is plain," said Scott, to his fellow-labourer, then unconscious of his great powers, "that you and I need never think of getting our living by writing poetry."

HENRY TEONGE.

AMONG our English Song-writers, we must not forget to notice the name of this jolly Divine, which, although of some antiquity, has never been inscribed upon the list until the commencement of the present year, when the publication of his "Diary" first made his pretensions known to the world. The character of our worthy Chaplain may easily be collected from this publication—the only memorial of him

which remains, and which is well worthy of the attentive perusal of those who delight to contemplate the manners of the "olden time," of which, especially as relates to "life at sea," it presents a striking picture.

Writing as he did, without any sort of disguise, he exhibits himself, not, indeed, as possessing any very constant sense of religious obligation, but, considering the laxity of the morals of the period in which he lived, and the society in which he moved, as affording a very respectable specimen of a sea-chaplain of that era.—He enjoys his punch and his claret, and he revels in the most luxurious description of the good cheer by which he was occasionally surrounded; but he appears to have been constant in the observance of the offices of his calling. His mind appears to have been remarkably acute and vigorous. He diligently observes whatever is new and curious, and brings to the subject a considerable share of book-learning, sometimes, indeed, inaccurate and ill-digested, and frequently mixed up with a very singular portion of superstition, but altogether affording abundant evidence of his talents and acquirements.

His poetical compositions are often very far above those of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease;" and some of his ballads, making allowance for the bad taste of his age,—the Chlorises and the Amyntas, the Phyllises and the Amaryllises, are in some respects worthy of taking their place amongst the standard compositions of this description.

In support of this observation, we need only adduce the following specimen, the beauty and feeling of which, our readers cannot fail justly to appreciate.

“ A SONNET,

*Composed October the First, over against the East Part
of Candia.*

O ! Ginnee was a bony lasse,
Which maks the world to woonder
How ever it should com to passe
That wee did part a sunder.

The driven snow, the rose so rare,
The glorious sunn above thee,
Can not with my Ginnee compare,
Shee was so woonderous lovely.

Her merry lookes, her forhead high,
Her hayre like golden-wyer,
Her hand and foote, her lipe or eye,
Would set a saint ou fyre.

And for to give Ginnee her due,
 Thers no ill part about her ;
 The turtle-dove 's not halfe so true :
 Then whoe can live without her ?

King Solomon, where ere he lay,
 Did nere imbrace a kinder :
 O ! why should Ginnee gang a way,
 And I be left behind her ?

Then will I search each place and roome
 From London to Virginny,
 From Dover-peere to Scanderoone,
 But I will finde my Ginny.

But Ginny's turned back I feare,
 When that I did not mind her ;
 Then back to England will I steare,
 To see where I can find her.

And haveing Ginnee once againe,
 If shee'l dee her indeavour,
 'The world shall never make us twaine—
 Weel live and dye together.'"

GOLDSMITH.

THE frequency with which Islington is mentioned in Goldsmith's writings, has been considered worthy of remark. To this village, it appears, he was very partial ; and there he spent much of his time ; and there, at one period, he

occupied apartments. It was his custom occasionally to enjoy what he called a *shoemaker's holiday*, which was a day of great festivity with the Doctor, and was spent in the following innocent manner.

Three or four of his intimate friends *rendezvoused* at his chambers to breakfast, at about ten o'clock in the morning: at eleven, they proceeded by the City Road, and through the fields, to Highbury Barn, to dinner: at about six o'clock in the evening, they adjourned to "White-Conduit House," to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the "Grecian," or "Temple," Coffee-Houses, or at "The Globe," in Fleet Street.

There was a very good ordinary, of two dishes and pastry, kept at Highbury Barn, at this time, (about fifty years ago,) at ten-pence per head, including a penny to the waiter; and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expenses of this day's *fête* never exceeded a crown, and oftener from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, AND THE HON.
EDMUND BURKE.

To Mr. Burke, Mr. Crabbe, when a young man,—with timidity, indeed, but with the strong and buoyant expectation of inexperience,—submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous compositions, on a variety of subjects, which he was soon taught to appreciate at their proper value; yet, such was the feeling and tenderness of his judge, that, in the very act of condemnation, something was found to praise. Mr. Crabbe had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing, when the verses were bad, that the thoughts deserved better, and that, if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he frequently had the merit of thinking for himself. Among the number of those compositions, were poems of somewhat a superior cast. “The Library,” and “The Village,” were selected by Mr. Burke; and benefited by his judgment and penetration, and comforted by his encouraging predictions, Mr. Crabbe was enjoined to learn the duty of sitting in judgment upon his best efforts, and without mercy to reject the rest.

When all was done that his abilities permitted,

and when Mr. Burke had patiently waited the progress of improvement in the individual whom he conceived to be capable of it, he took "The Library" himself to Dodsley, the Bookseller, and gave to many lines the advantage of his own reading and comments. Mr. Dodsley listened with all that respect due to the highly-gifted reader, and all that apparent desire to be pleased with the poem, that would be grateful to the feelings of the writer; and Dodsley was as obliging also in his reply as, in the true nature of things, a bookseller can be supposed to be towards a young adventurer for poetical reputation. "He had declined the venturing upon any thing himself:—there was no judging of the probability of success:—the taste of the town was very capricious and uncertain:—he paid the greatest respect to Mr. Burke's opinion; the verses were good, and he did, in part, think so himself; but he declined the hazard of publication: yet he would do all he could for Mr. Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit which he could give it."

The worthy Bookseller was mindful of his engagement; he became even solicitous for the suc-

ess of the work; and its speedy circulation was, no doubt, in some degree expedited by his exertions. This, and more than this, he did: although by no means insensible to the value of money, he gave to the Author his profits as a publisher and vendor of the pamphlet; and Mr. Crabbe has taken every opportunity that has at any time presented itself, to make acknowledgment for such disinterested conduct, at a period when it was more particularly beneficial and acceptable. The success which attended "The Library," procured for its author some share of notice, and which occasioned the publication of his second poem, "The Village;" a considerable portion of which was written, and the whole corrected, in the house of his excellent and faithful friend and patron, whose activity and energy of intellect would not permit a young man, under his tried guardianship and protection, to cease from labour, and whose correct judgment directed that labour to its most useful attainments.

The exertions of Burke in favour of a young author, were not confined to one mode of affording assistance. Mr. Crabbe was encouraged to lay open his views, past and present, to dis-

play whatever reading and acquirements he possessed; to explain the causes of his disappointments, and the cloudiness of his prospects: in short, nothing was concealed from a protector so able to shield inexperience from error, and so willing to pardon inadvertency.

He was invited to the seat of his friend, at Beaconsfield, and was there placed in a convenient apartment, supplied with books for his information and amusement, and made a member of a family, with whom it was honour as well as pleasure to be associated. If Mr. Crabbe, noticed by so great a man, and received into such a home, should have given way to some emotions of vanity, and should have supposed there must have been merit on one part, as well as benevolence on the other, he has no slight plea to offer for his frailty, especially as, we conceive, it may be added, that his vanity never at any time extinguished any portion of his gratitude, and that it has been ever his delight to think, as well as his pride to speak, of Mr. Burke as a father, friend, and guide; nor did that gentleman ever disallow the name to which his conduct gave sanction and propriety.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

THE morning of this day is still regarded, in many parts of Europe, in something like the same light with our own Allhallows Eve, the Scottish observances and superstitions connected with which have been so beautifully treated by Burns in his Halloween.

This holiday, in olden time, was equally revered by the Christian and the Moorish inhabitants of Andalusia ; and such of our readers as are acquainted with the ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, (which Cervantes has introduced Don Quixote as hearing sung by a peasant going to his work at daybreak) will recollect the mention that is made of it there.

“ Three days alone they bring him forth a spectacle to be
The feast of Pasch and the great day of the Nativity ;
And on that morn more solemn yet when the maidens strip
the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of
the flowers.”

The following is a very literal version of the ballad, which has been, for many centuries, sung by the maidens on the banks of the Guadalqui-

vir, in Spain, when they go forth to gather flowers, on the morning of the Day of John the Baptist :—

“ Come forth, come forth, my maidens, ’tis the day of good
St. John,

It is the Baptist’s morning that breaks the hills upon ;
And let us go forth together, while the blessed day is
new,

To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun
has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the hedgerows all
are green,

And the little birds are singing the opening leaves be-
tween ;

And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the
stream,

Ere the face of Guadalquivir glows beneath the strengthen-
ing beam.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not
away

The blessed morning of John the Baptist’s day ;

There’s trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,

And hawthorn blossom on the bush, which you must
pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and
 cool,
 And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the
 pool ;
 And the violets and the roses, and the jasmynes all toge-
 ther,
 We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and
 lovely wether.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle
 boughs,
 And we all shall learn, from the dews of the fern, if our
 lads will keep their vows :
 If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the
 Baptist's blessing is ours.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good
 St. John,
 It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon ;
 And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is
 new,
 To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun
 has dried the dew."

PETRARCH.

PETRARCH had long wished to climb the sum-
 mit of Mount Venoux, a mountain presenting a
 wider range of prospect than among the Alps or

Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled!—After taking a long view of the various objects which lay stretched below, he took from his pocket a volume of “St. Augustine’s Confessions;” and opening the leaves at random, the first period that caught his eye was the following passage:—“Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the source of rivers—but—they neglect themselves.” Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book, and falling into profound meditation,—“If,” thought he, “I have undergone so much labour in climbing the mountain, that my body might be the nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in those immortal regions.”

BEN JONSON’S SACRED POETRY.

THIS admirable dramatist, amid the varied stores of his literary acquisitions (in which he was inferior to none, even in his learned age), did not entirely neglect the cultivation of the

Sacred Muse. Three of his pieces are distinguished in his works by the title of "Poems of Devotion;" they exhibit, however, but few traces of that vigorous genius which so pre-eminently characterizes his Plays, and of that ease and elegance which many of his Songs and Lyrical effusions display in as high a degree as any that are to be found in our language. Pure strength of thought, clothed in simple but powerful language, and adorned with an unambitious rhyme, form the distinguishing features of most of the compositions of this learned writer.

The following specimen is by no means calculated to give that high opinion of his talents and judgment with which the reader of his other works cannot fail to be impressed; it is more in the manner of Donne (with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy), and appears not to have been intended for publication.

AN HYMN ON THE NÀTIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd Shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no no,
 Both wills were in one stature ;
 But as that Wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
 And took on him our Nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
 Who made himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory !
 To see this Babe, all innocnee,
 A Martyr born in our defence ;
 Can Man forget this story ?

PASTORAL POETRY.

(From the "*Philosophy of Nature.*")

THEOCRITUS, the father of pastoral poetry, was born in a country abounding in every species of landscape, and blest with the most fortunate climate for the practice of the poet's precepts. This Poet was as much superior to Virgil in beauty, in originality of thought, as

Virgil is superior to the numerous host of his literal imitators. The "Aminta" of Tasso is the most elegant pastoral drama* in any language, and, with Guarini's "Pastor Fido," and Bonarelli's "Filli de Sciro," was frequently represented by the Italian nobility in gardens and groves, having no other scenery than what the places in which they were represented naturally afforded.

Among the British, pastoral has attained little of excellence, since the days of Spenser, Drayton, and Browne. Affectation has long been substituted for passion, and delicacy and elegance for that exquisite simplicity of language and sentiments, which constitutes the principal charm of this delightful species of poetry. Phillips is but an awkward appropriator of Virgil's imagery, and an unsuccessful

* Surely, Rapin becomes fanciful, when he endeavours to trace the origin of the pastoral drama to the "Cyclops" of Euripides.

When Tasso read "Il Pastor Fido," he exclaimed, "Had Guarini never seen the 'Amynta,' he had never excelled it."—A noble instance of modesty and confidence.

imitator of Spenser's phraseology. As a pastoral, Milton's "Lycidas," notwithstanding the applause which has been heaped upon it, is frigid and pedantic, while his "Epitaphium Damonis," boasting many agreeable passages, merely denotes the elegance of an accomplished scholar. Pope is too refined, his versification is too measured, and his ideas are little more than derivations from the more polished and courtly passages of his Mantuan and Sicilian masters. He addresses the genius of the Thames, rather than of the Avon, and adapts his sentiments more to the meridian of Hagley and Stowe, than to the meadows of Gloucestershire or the Vales of Devon.

The "Gentle Shepherd" of Fletcher, may be placed in competition with its prototype Guarini; and the pastoral songs of Burns, and other Scottish poets, are equal, if not superior, to those of any other age or nation. But of all the writers of pastoral poetry, ancient or modern, none excel, or even equal, the mild, the gentle, the captivating Gessner; whose simplicity and tenderness have power to animate the bosom of age, and to refine the passions of the young.

Superior to the rural poets of France and Spain,
of England, Scotland, and Italy,

“ Kind Nature own’d him for her favourite son.”

His “ Death of Abel,” is worthy of the pen of Moses ; his “ First Navigator” combines all the fancy of the Poet with the primeval simplicity of the Patriarch ; and his Idylls are captivating to all but the ignorant, the pedant, and the sensualist.

“ Nothing,” says a celebrated traveller, delights me so much, as the inside of a Swiss cottage ; all those I have visited, convey the liveliest images of cleanliness, ease, and simplicity, and cannot but strongly impress on the observer, a most pleasing conviction of the peasant’s happiness.” With such models constantly before him, it is no subject for astonishment, that Gessner should be capable of painting such exquisite companion pieces, as his “ Idylls” and “ Pastorals.”—But for a man, bred in the school of dullness, as a country town invariably is, associating with players, and reading, for the principal part of his life, in all the dust and poison of a city, how much is our wonder and ad-

miration excited, when we read the delightful delineations of pastoral manners, as they are drawn in several dramas of that grand creator of words, and delineator of passion, Shakspeare. That a master, so skilled in the minute anatomy of the heart, should be capable of divesting himself of all those metropolitan associations, and sound "wood-notes wild," worthy of the reed of Tasso, is, of itself, a singular phenomenon. Who can read the following song without fancying himself surrounded by a group of pastoral innocents, with Perdita singing in the midst of them ?

"Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
shear ;

In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear :
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, and happy, as we ?

That giant Ambition we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed, or the passions we feel ;
So harmless, so simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks, to deceive and betray."

BOILEAU'S VILLA AT AUTEUIL.

ONE of the most celebrated villages in the environs of Paris is Auteuil, situated at the entrance of the *Bois de Boulogne*: owing to the pleasant situation of this place and its vicinity to the capital, to the *Bois de Boulogne*, and to the high road from Paris to Versailles and St. Cloud, many villages have, from time to time, been erected there. Some of these houses have been inhabited by celebrated persons, such as Boileau, Molière, La Chapelle, Franklin, Condorcet, Helvetius, and Rousseau.

The most remarkable of these villas is that where Boileau resided, which is still to be seen near the church in the road to St. Cloud. Here the legislator of the French Parnassus commonly passed the summer, and took delight in assembling under his roof the most celebrated geniuses of his age—especially La Chapelle, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. When he invited these writers to dine with him, literature furnished the chief topic of conversation. Chapellain's "Pucelle" commonly lay upon the table, and whoever made a grammatical error in speaking, was obliged, by way of punishment, to read a passage from that work. Racine the

younger gives the following account of a droll circumstance, which occurred at a supper at Auteuil, with the above-mentioned literati:—“ At this supper, at which my father was not present, the sage Boileau was no more master of himself than any of his guests. After the wine had led them into the gravest train of moralizing, they agreed that life was but a state of misery; that the greatest happiness consisted in having never been born, and the next greatest in an early death; and finally, they formed the romantic resolution of throwing themselves, without loss of time, into the river. Accordingly, the river not being far distant, they actually went thither. Molière, however, remarked that ‘ such a noble and heroic action ought not to be buried in the obscurity of night; but was worthy to be performed in the open day.’ This observation produced a pause; they looked on each other, and said ‘ he is right.’— ‘ Gentlemen,’ said Chapelle, ‘ we had better wait till the morning to throw ourselves into the water, and, meanwhile, we will return home to finish our wine.’ This anecdote has been brought upon the stage, by Andrieux, in a piece entitled ‘ Molière and his friends at the supper at Auteuil.’ ”

One of Boileau's favourite amusements at Auteuil was, playing at skittles. "This game," says the younger Racine, "he plays with an extraordinary skill. I have repeatedly seen him knock down all the nine pins at a single throw." "It cannot be denied," said Boileau, (speaking of himself,) "that I possess two distinguished talents, both equally useful to mankind—the one, that I can play well at skittles; the other, that I can write good verses."

Boileau was advanced in years when he found himself necessitated to sell his villa at Auteuil, a circumstance which not a little tended to embitter the remaining part of his life. "You shall be as much at home as ever in your own villa," said Monsieur Le Verier, who purchased it of him; "and I beg that you will retain an apartment, and come very often to stay in it." Boileau, a few days after, really went to this residence, walked about the garden, and missed an arbour which had afforded the most pleasing associations. "What is become of my arbour?" exclaimed the indignant bard, to Antoine, the gardener, whom he has celebrated in his Epistles. "Mons. Le Verier ordered it to be cut down," replied Antoine. "What have I to do here?"—

continued Boileau,—“ here! where I am no longer master?” He mounted into his carriage, and quickly returned to Paris, and never afterwards beheld his *Tivoli*.

Gendron, the celebrated physician, in the sequel became the proprietor of Boileau's villa. Voltaire, when he paid him his first visit there, complimented him in the following clever impromptu :

“ C'est ici le vrai Parnasse
 Des vrais enfans d'Apollon ;
 Sous le nom de BOILEAU ces lieux virent Horace,
 Esculape y paroît sous celui de GENDRON.”

KÖRNER.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER, the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, “ The Sword Song.” This he composed during the halt of his regiment, in a forest not far from Rosenberg. In the glimmering dawn of the morning of the 26th, he noted it down in his pocket-book, and was reading it out to a friend, when the signal for the onset was given.

The engagement took place on the road which

leads from Gadebusch to Schwerin: the enemy were more numerous than had been expected, but fled, after a short resistance, over a narrow plain into a neighbouring thicket. Among those who were most active in the pursuit was Körner, and there he met that glorious death which he had often anticipated in his poems with so much animation. The Sharp-shooters, who had formed an ambush in the under-wood, poured from thence a heavy shower of balls upon the Cavalry who were in pursuit. One of these, after passing through his horse's neck, hit Körner in the belly, traversed his liver and spine, and deprived him, at once, of speech and consciousness. He fell, and his companions in arms carefully raised him from the ground: his features remained unaltered, and exhibited no traces of any painful sensation. Nothing was omitted which could possibly have tended to restore him; but all was in vain.

He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument, erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *Sword and Lyre*, a

favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines : "*Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht ;*"—*Forget not the faithful dead.*

THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER. (*By Mrs. Hemans.*)

“ Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest !

Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,

Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest !
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,

Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier !—By the father's hand,

Here shall the child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand

In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.

Soldier and Bard !—For thou thy path hast trod

With Freedom and with God ! *

* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice, for the final deliverance of Germany.

The Oak wav'd proudly o'er thy burial-rite ;
 On thy crown'd hier to slumber, warriors bore thee,
 And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
 Wept as they vail'd their drooping banners o'er thee ;
 And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
 That Lyre and Sword were broken !

'Thou hast a hero's tomb !—A lowlier bed
 Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
 The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head,
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
 Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave !
 She pin'd to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
 To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
 —She lov'd thee ! lovely in your lives ye were,
 And in your early deaths divided not !
 Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she ?
 Her own blest place—by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother ! which had made
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
 Since first, in childhood, 'midst the vines ye play'd,
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky !
 Ye were but two !—and when that spirit pass'd,
 Woe for the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long !—She linger'd but to trace
 Thine image from the image in her breast ;

Once, once again to see that buried face

But smile upon her ere she went to rest !

Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,

It answer'd hers no more !

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,

The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;

What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?

Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !

Softly she perish'd—be the Flow'r deplor'd,

Here, with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—So let those trust,

That meet for moments but to part for years,

That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,

That love, where love is but a fount of tears !

Brother ! sweet Sister !—peace around ye dwell !

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !”

POEMS OF MADAME DE SURVILLE.

IN 1804, a small volume was published at Paris, with the following title: “ Poësies de Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys, depuis Madame de Surville, poëte Français du XV. siècle, publiées par Ch. Vanderbourg.” In the preface to this little work there is some account given of the way in which these poems were discovered, and also of the author of them.

In the year 1782, a M. de Surville, a de-

scendant of this poetess, in searching among the neglected archives of his family, discovered some MS. poems, the beauty and excellence of which excited his astonishment and admiration. He applied himself diligently to the study of decyphering the hand-writing, and, with considerable trouble, he succeeded in transcribing the greater part of the MSS. M. de Surville was driven from France by the Revolution, and the originals of the poems were unfortunately consumed by fire. M. de Surville did not live to present to the public the monuments of his ancestor's genius, which had been preserved in his transcription; but in a letter to his wife, written shortly before his execution in the revolutionary tumults of the 7th year of the Republic, he says, "I beseech you to communicate these poems to some one who is capable of appreciating them. Do not suffer the fruit of my researches to be lost to posterity, especially for the honour of my family, of which my brother is now the sole representative."

Of the existence even of M. de Surville, we know not whether we ought to doubt, though an accurate memoir is given of him, and an anecdote related of a duel between him and the

commander of an English vessel, of the name of Middleton, respecting the relative merits of the two nations. The editor of the poems informs us, that, in the year 1794, (but by what means he does not tell us,) he was favoured with a sight of M. de Surville's copy, and that afterwards, on his return to France from abroad, he succeeded, with much difficulty, in discovering it. But besides these poems, some MSS. of M. de Surville fell into his hands, containing accounts of several poetesses in the age of the Troubadours, and also a memoir of the writer of these singular poems, of which, as it is rather an interesting piece of biography, we shall give a slight sketch.

Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys, afterwards Madame de Surville, was born in a beautiful chateau, on the left bank of the Ardèche, about the year 1405. Her mother, Pulcherie de Fay-Collan, passed some years in Paris, where she acquired a taste for literature, and learned to write a beautiful hand—no mean accomplishment at that day. She was invited by Agnes of Navarre, the wife of Gaston-Phebus, Count de Foix, to the Court of that Prince, which was enriched by a valuable library, not

only of classical MSS., but also of such of the Italian and French writers as were then extant. Under the direction of Froissard, and by the desire of the Countess, Pulcherie copied some of the works of the Trouveurs, and more especially of those poetesses who, after Heloise de Fulbert, had cultivated the French, or romance language.

This valuable collection, both of ancient and modern poetry, on the death of her benefactress, Pulcherie was allowed by the Count to carry away with her. Peculiar misfortunes separated Madame de Vallon, for some time, from her husband and her sons; and on her return to Vallon, her great consolation was in the education of her daughter Clotilde. The talents of this child were very precocious. At eleven years of age, she translated into French verse one of the Odes of Petrarch, with considerable ability. Many circumstances concurred to develop the genius of Clotilde. A strict friendship existed between her and some other young females, which was strengthened by the ties of similar tastes and occupations.

In the year 1421, not long after the death of her mother, Clotilde became attached to Berenger

de Surville, and they were soon afterwards married. Immediately after that event had taken place, M. de Surville was called on to join the standard of Charles VII., then Dauphin; and it was on this occasion, probably, that the beautiful verses which we shall shortly transcribe, may be presumed to have been written; and at this time, also, the “*Heroïde a son espoux Berenger*” was composed, which, it is said, was seen, though not admired, by Alain Chartier. The life of Berenger de Surville was not long—he perished the victim of his own valour, in a dangerous expedition which he undertook during the siege of Orleans, leaving only one son by his wife.

Madame de Surville now devoted herself more assiduously to her poetical labours; and she gained considerable notice by some severe attacks on Alain Chartier, between whom and herself there existed much animosity. After the death of her daughter-in-law, Heloise de Vergy, who died in 1468, Madame de Surville found her only consolation in the society of her grand-daughter Camilla, upon whose death, she once more visited the place of her birth. In this retreat, she appears to have passed the remainder of her life, writing, in her extreme age,

verses which would have done honour to the freshest mind at a much more favourable period. The precise time of her death is not known; but she lived and composed to her ninetieth year.

The poems which are contained in this little volume, are principally poems of sentiment and satire; but as the latter must necessarily have lost much of the poignancy, which is their chief merit, we shall confine ourselves to a single extract from those of the former description; the beauty of which, amply compensates for its length.

“ VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.

My cherish'd infant! image of thy sire!

Sleep on the bosom which thy small lip presses;
Sleep, little one, and close those eyes of fire,
Those eyelets which the weight of sleep oppresses.

Sweet friend! dear little one! may slumber lend thee
Delights which I must never more enjoy!
I watch o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
And count these vigils sweet, for thee, my boy.

Sleep, infant, sleep! my solace and my treasure!
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee!
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.

Yes, thou wilt smile, young friend ! when thou awakest,
 Yes, thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise ;
 Thy mother's face thou never now mistakest,
 And thou hast learn'd to look into her eyes.

What ! do thy little fingers leave the breast,
 The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure ?
 Couldst thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest !
 Even then thou couldst not know my fond love's
 measure.

My gentle son ! sweet friend, whom I adore !
 My infant love ! my comfort, my delight !
 I gaze on thee, and gazing o'er and o'er,
 I blame the quick return of every night.

His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
 His eye is clos'd—he sleeps—how still his breath !
 But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
 He seems to slumber in the arms of death.

Awake, my child !—I tremble with affright !—
 Awaken !—Fatal thought, thou art no more—
 My child ! one moment gaze upon the light,
 And e'en with thy repose my life restore.

Blest error ! still he sleeps—I breathe again—
 May gentle dreams delight his calm repose !
 But when will he, for whom I sigh—oh when
 Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclosed ?

When shall I see *him* who hath given thee life,
My youthful husband, noblest of his race?
Methinks I see, blest mother, and blest wife!
Thy little hands thy father's neck embrace.

How will he revel in thy first caress,
Disputing with thee for my gentle kiss!
But think not to engross his tenderness,
Clotilda too shall have her share of bliss.

How will he joy to see his image there,
The sweetness of his large cerulean eye!
His noble forehead, and his graceful air,
Which Love himself might view with jealousy.

For me—I am not jealous of his love,
And gladly I divide it, sweet, with thee;
Thou shalt, like him, a faithful husband prove,
But not, like him, give this anxiety.

I speak to thee—thou understand'st me not—
Thou couldst not understand, though sleep were fled—
Poor little child! the tangles of his thought,
His infant thought, are not unravelled.

We have been happy infants, as *thou* art;
Sad reason will destroy the dream too soon;
Sleep in the calm repose that stills thy heart,
Ere long its very memory will be gone!"

LAST VERSES OF THE DUC DE NIVERNOIS.

THIS venerable Peer, the negociator of the peace of 1763, died at St. Ouen, near Paris, in June, 1797, at the age of eighty-two. His poetical talents, and his friendship for Barthelemi, the author of "Anacharsis," are well known. A few hours before his death, it was recommended to have a consultation of physicians; but he declined the proposal, by addressing the following note to his friend and physician, Lacaille, who regularly attended him:

" Ne consultons point d'avocats ;
 Hippocrates ne viendrait pas :
 Je n'en ai point d'autres en ma cure
 Que l'Amitié, que la Nature,
 Qui font bonne guerre au trépas.
 Mais peut-être dame Nature
 A déjà décidé mon cas ;
 Moi du moins sans changer d'allure
 Je veux mourir entre vos bras."

TRANSLATION.

" Now advocates shall plead in vain,
 Hippocrates his aid denies ;
 None other counsel I'll retain,
 Than Nature's power, sweet Friendship's ties,

Or Death will hear them and obey :
 Or Nature has pronounc'd my doom,
 In thy lov'd arms no fears dismay,
 Let Friendship lead me to the tomb."

LOVE SONGS.

A LITERAL translation of the love songs of the various races of mankind, from the mere savage to the enlightened European, would afford a curious display of similar sentiments, diversified with local costume. Not a few which have been applauded by elegant circles in both London and Paris, but are much inferior to the following effusion of a Finland peasant girl, which was given to Colonel Skioldebrand, as a literary curiosity, by one of the most esteemed poets of Sweden :

" Oh ! if my beloved would come,
 If my well-known would appear ;
 How my kisses should fly to his lips,
 Though they were tinged with the blood of the wolf,
 How I would lock his hands in mine,
 Though a serpent were intervowen with them.

Why has not the breath of the wind a voice ?
 Why has it not a tongue
 To bear my thoughts to my love,

And bring the looks to me ;
To exchange the discourse of two fond hearts ?

I would refuse the feasts of the Curate,
I would reject the dress of his daughter,
Rather than resign the dear object :
He whom I have tried to enslave in the summer,
And to subdue in the winter !”

DEATH OF ALFIERI.

WHEN Alfieri was near his end, he was persuaded to see a priest. When the priest came, he said to him with an uncommon affability, “ Have the kindness to look in to-morrow ; I trust that Death will wait for four-and-twenty hours.” The sacred monitor again appeared next day. Upon his entrance, Alfieri was sitting in his arm-chair, and said, “ At present I fancy I have but few minutes to spare.” He begged that the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender, and who was, as the inscription on his tomb records, “ his only love,” might be brought in ; and at the instant he saw her, he exclaimed, “ Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.”

“ PARADISE LOST.”

THIS poem, when ready for the press, was nearly being suppressed through the ignorance or malice of the Licensor, who saw or fancied treason in the following noble simile :

“ As when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams : or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.”

This obstacle overcome, Milton sold the copyright for five pounds, ready-money ; to be paid the same sum when one thousand three hundred of the books should have been disposed of, and five more pounds when a second and third edition were published. By this agreement, Milton received but fifteen pounds ; and afterwards, his widow gave up every claim for eight pounds.

VOLTAIRE AND SHAKSPEARE.

AN Englishman once complained to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of

Shakspeare. "Sir," replied he, "bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent their understanding your great Dramatist.—A blind man, Sir, cannot conceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns."

JOHN KEATS.

THIS imaginative being died at Rome, Feb. 23rd, 1821, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His complaint was a consumption, under which he had languished for some time; but his death was accelerated by a cold, caught in his voyage to Italy. It is rather singular, that, in the year 1816, he expressed an ardent desire to visit these classic regions,—and, five years after, his wish was gratified.

The Sonnet, in which he expresses a hope that he may at some period visit the shores of Italy, is one of his earliest productions, and is too beautiful to be omitted in this humble tribute to his memory.

" Happy in England ! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own ;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent ;

Yet, do I sometimes feel a languishment
For *skies Italian*, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging ;
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters."

Keats was, in the truest sense of the word, a Poet. There is but a small portion of the public acquainted with the writings of this young man ; yet they are full of elevated thoughts and delicate fancy, and his images are beautiful and more entirely his own, perhaps, than those of any living writer whatever. He had a fine ear, a tender heart, and, at times, great force and originality of expression ; and notwithstanding all this, he has been suffered to rise and pass away, almost without a notice. The laurel has been awarded (for the present) to other brows ; bolder aspirants have been allowed to take their station on the slippery steps of the Temple of Fame, while he has been hidden among the crowd during his life, and died at last, solitary and sorrowful, in a foreign land.

TURLOUGH CAROLAN.

THIS minstrel bard, sweet as impressive, will long claim remembrance, and float down the stream of time, whilst poesy and harmony have power to charm. He was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nodder, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolan's town, which were wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom, with King Henry II. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which afforded him a scanty subsistence. Of his mother little is known;—probably the daughter of a neighbouring peasant, in the choice of whom, his father was guided rather by nature than by prudence.

It was in his infancy that Carolan was deprived of his sight by the small-pox. This deprivation he supported with cheerfulness, and would merrily say, “my eyes are transplanted into my ears.” His musical genius was soon discovered, and procured him many friends, who determined to aid its cultivation, and at the age of twelve, a master was engaged to instruct him on the harp; but his diligence in the regular modes of instruction was not great, yet

his harp was rarely unstrung, for his intuitive genius assisted him in composition, whilst his fingers wandered amongst the strings, in quest of the sweets of melody. In a few years this "child of song" became enamoured of Miss Briget Cruise. His harp, now inspired by love, would only echo to the sound; though this lady did not give him her hand, it is imagined she did not deny him her heart, but, like Apollo, when he caught at the nymph "he filled his arms with bays," and the song which bears her name is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*; it came warm from his heart, while his genius was in its full vigour.

Our bard, however, after a time, solaced himself for the loss of Miss Cruise, in the arms of Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady of good family in the county of Fermanagh. She was gifted in a small degree with both pride and extravagance, but she was the wife of his choice, he loved her tenderly, and lived *harmoniously* with her. On his entering into the connubial state, he fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the county of Leitrim: here he built a neat little house, in which he practised hospitality on a scale more suited to his mind than to his means: his profusion speedily consumed the

produce of his little farm, and he was soon left to lament the want of prudence, without which the rich cannot taste of pleasure long, or the poor of happiness.

At length Carolan commenced the profession of an itinerant musician. Wherever he went, the gates of the nobility and others were thrown open to him; he was received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table: "Carolan," says Mr. Ritson, "seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard."

It was during his peregrinations that Carolan composed all those airs which are still the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a song due to every house in which he was entertained, and he seldom failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family, or the loveliest of its branches.

The period now approached at which Carolan's feelings were to receive a violent shock. In the year 1733, the wife of his bosom was torn from him by the hand of death, and as soon as the transport of his grief was a little subsided, he composed a monody teeming with harmony and poetic beauties. Carolan did not continue

long in this "vale of sorrow" after the decease of his wife. While on a visit at the house of Mrs. M'Dermot, of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon, he expired in the month of March, 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was interred in the parish-church of Killronan, in the diocese of Avedagh, but "not a stone tells where he lies."

The manner of his death has been variously related; but that his excessive partiality for a more sparkling stream than flows at Helicon, was the cause of his decease, is a point that all his biographers have agreed on. Goldsmith says "his death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he. He would drink whole pints of usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, but he persisted; and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he obser-

ved with a smile, that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part, at least without kissing, and then expired."

Walker, in his account of the Irish Bards, inserts a letter, which states that "Carolán, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it. His physicians assured him, that, unless he corrected this vicious habit, a scurvy, which was the consequence of his intemperance, would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance; and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though (to him) delicious cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence; here, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about, like a *réveur*. His usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked with a dejection of spirits, approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his favourite harp lay in some obscure corner of his habitation neglected and unstrung.

Passing, one day, by a spirit-store in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six weeks' quarantine,

was tempted to step in—undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment. ‘Well, my dear friend,’ cried he to the young man who stood behind the compter, ‘you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks I have refrained from whiskey. Was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but, indeed, shall not taste.’ The lad indulged him on that condition; and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled, his countenance glowed with an unusual brightness, and the soliloquy, which he repeated over the cup, was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the rambling of a genius great and untutored.

“At length, to the great peril of his health, and (contrary to the advice of his medical friends,) he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind

had fully resumed its former tone. He then set about composing that much-admired song which goes by the name of 'Carolán's (and sometimes Stafford's) Receipt.' For sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern drinking songs. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air, in the evening at Boyle ; and, before the following morning, he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour, at Elfin.

"Carolán's inordinate fondness," continues Walker, "for Irish Wine (as Pierre le Grand used to call whiskey) will not admit of an excuse ; it was a vice of habit, and might therefore have been corrected. But let me say something in extenuation. He seldom drank to excess ; besides, he seemed to think—nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his muse, and for that reason generally offered it when he intended to invoke her." "They tell me," says Dr. Campbell in his Survey of the South of Ireland, "that in his (Carolán's) latter days, he never composed without the inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical hour, he always took care to have a bottle beside him." "Nor was Carolán," continues

Walker, "the only bard who drew inspiration from the bottle; there have been several planets in the poetical hemisphere, that seldom shone, but when illuminated by the rays of rosy wine." He then proceeds to infer the advantages of a state of demi-drunkenness, as far as regards poetic composition, and instances Cunningham, Addison, and Homer, as three authors whose works bear ample testimony to the efficacy of so pleasing a method of procuring inspiration. That Carolan was not indifferent to advice of this description, he proved most satisfactorily; and, in all probability, both he and Mr. Walker thought true talent similar to those richly painted vases in the east, the most brilliant tints of which could not be discovered unless wine were poured into them.



MILTON'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

MILTON, we suspect, is generally believed by the gay and thoughtless to have been an austere crabbed Puritan, hostile to all the elegancies and enjoyments of life; but this is a great mistake. His love of music, for instance, was glowing and profound. From among other testimonials in its praise, take the following fine passage in his "Tractate on Education," which, of itself, is music.

"The interval of convenient rest after meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing the travailed spirits, with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learnt: either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty figures, or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, does adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute, or soft organ-stop, waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which have power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered passions."

THOMAS MOORE.

THIS Poet, whose lyrical effusions have so eminently distinguished him above his contemporaries, is a native of Dublin, but has long been a resident in England. His Cottage (a view of which we present the reader with) is beautiful situated about five miles west of Devizes, in Wiltshire. It was selected, we understand, by Mr. Moore, on account of its vicinity to Bowood, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdown, whose friendship our Poet is honoured with.

Mr. Moore's songs are exquisite as productions of splendour, fancy, or imagery ; but the reader who shall expect to find in them those touches of feeling and nature which brings Poetry home to every man's bosom, will be disappointed: they are admirably suited to the Banquet-Hall or the Palace, where every thing that is artificial shines pre-eminent.

As a Satirist, among those productions which may be attributed to his pen, are to be found strokes of wit at once classic, keen, and brilliant. Many of his repartees and *jeux d'esprits* are on record, partaking, also, of the same qualities. The following, we understand, Mr.

Moore wrote at a house in the country, where he had arrived just in time to dress for dinner, and where some distinguished personages were assembled; but he was obliged to go away again, upon finding that his servant had forgot to put a pair of breeches in his portmanteau :

“ Between Adam and me the great difference is,
 Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
 While for want of my breeches I'm banish'd from
 mine.”

Mr. Moore, it is well known, is the author of a volume published under the title of “*Little's Poems* ;” which name, it is supposed, he adopted in allusion to his shortness of stature, and which furnished his friends with subjects for repartees and epigrams in abundance. At this period, our bard was in the habit of paying frequent visits to Carlton House, when a GREAT PERSONAGE, after the perusal of the volume in question, is reported to have addressed him thus wittily and briefly :—“ *More, Little ;—Little Moore.*”

The following eight lines made their appear-

ance when he published his "Translation of Anacreon," and certainly boast much point.

"When MOORE in amorous strains first sigh'd,
 And felt the fond poetic glow ;
 The enraptur'd world, enamour'd, cried,
 ' Man wants but LITTLE here below.'

But, bursting from concealment's span,
 He gave each heart Anacreon's store ;
 Tho' LITTLE was the wish of man,
 He found that yet he wanted MOORE."

JACOB CATS.

JACOB CATS, less the poet of imagination than of truth ; less the inciter to deeds of heroism and sublimity, than the gentle adviser to acts of virtue and enjoyments of innocence ; less capable of awaking the impulses of the fancy than of calling into exertion the dormant energies of reason and morality, was born at Brouwershaven, a small town in Zealand, in the year 1577. He was well versed in the ancient and modern languages, and as celebrated for the purity of his life as remarkable for the sound sense and virtuous tendency of his writings. He possessed an admirable knowledge of men and manners,

a correct judgment, and a striking simplicity of language: indeed, it is a question whether he did not indulge too freely in his love for unvarnished matters of fact. The “foreign aid of ornament,” skilfully employed, might have set off to advantage that earnest and interesting zeal in favour of truth and piety, which is so prominent in his works. But there is, notwithstanding, something so hearty in his unsophisticated style, something so touching in his simplicity, and something so frank and noble in his precepts,—that we can scarcely regret his having given them to us unchanged by refinement and unadorned by art.

Cats had all Vondel’s devotion, kindled at a purer and a simpler altar. His wisdom was vast, and all attuned to religious principle; his habits were those of sublime and aspiring contemplation; and his poetry is such as a prophet would give utterance to. He was the poet of the people. In his verses, they found their duties recorded, and seeming to derive additional authority from the solemn and emphatic dress they wore. He is every where original, and often sublime.

From Mr. Bowring’s elegant little volume we

select the following metaphorical illustration of one of the most necessary rules for the conduct of life.

“ When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems indeed polite enough ;
And (judging from external things)
We deem it there in *friendship* clings ;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not—hidden treach'ry lies :
'Tis there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green ;
So that the tree which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare ;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude,
For treach'ry drags it to its doom,
Which gives but blight—yet promis'd bloom.

Thou, whom the pow'rful Fates have hurl'd
'Midst this huge forest call'd the world,
Know, that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces ;
But think, that 'neath the sweetest smile
Oft lurk self-int'rest, hate, and guile ;
Or, that some gay and playful joke
Is Spite's dark sheath, or Envy's cloak.

Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth, his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favour share;
For those who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends and all besides may lose."

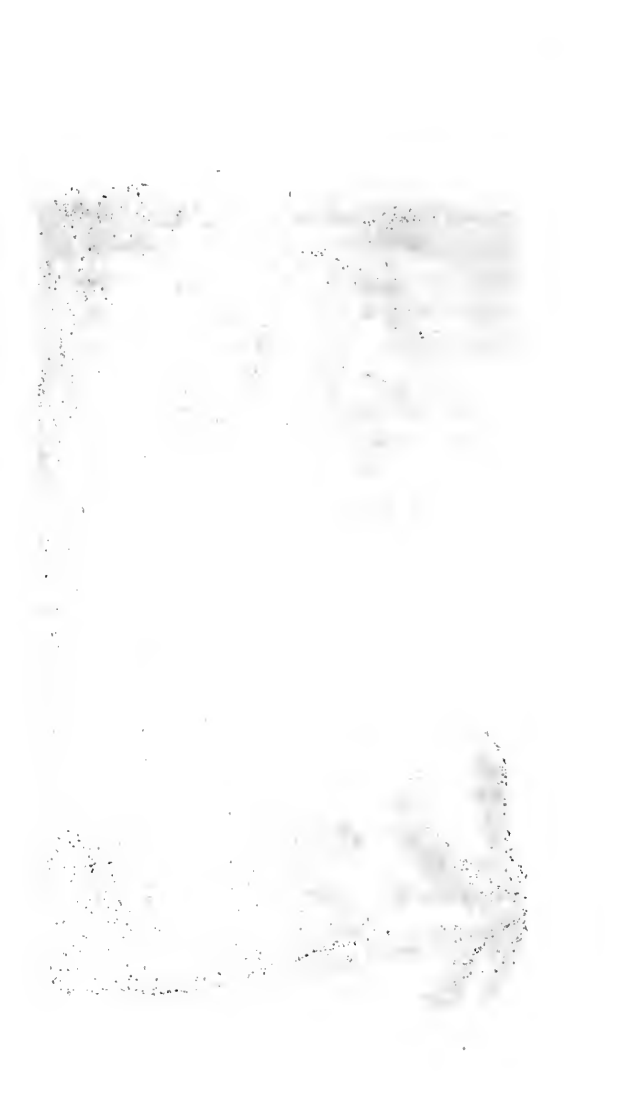
BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY.

POETICAL GENEALOGY.

“IT is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare’s era, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording, with fondness, his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (*‘Trist.’* book 4, v. 51.) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now, such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able, perhaps, to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

“ With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat apocryphal, or, rather, dependent on tradition, (for Richardson, the painter, tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton, the actor, one of Davenant’s company,) it may be carried, at once, from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and, perhaps, all the great men of Elizabeth’s and James’s time, the greatest of them all un-





doubtedly. Thus we have a link of 'beamy hands' from our own times up to Shakspeare.*

“ In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches, or common friendships; but of those we shall give an account by and by. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Spenser's intimacy with Sydney is mentioned by himself, in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

“ We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club, of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, were members. He had then, if we remember, just written his 'School for Scandal,' which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage, (we cannot help begin-

* Were it not for the pleasure of noticing the intermediate links, and the delightful recollections which they awaken in our bosoms, the connection might, at once, be made between D'Avenant and Shakspeare, who was his god-father.—EDITOR.

ning the sentence with his favourite leading preposition,) the well-known "Life" is an interesting and honourable, but melancholy, record. It is said, that, in the commencement of their friendship, they have sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging;—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him, by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

"Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, 'with an air of the utmost importance,' says his biographer, 'to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried, with the utmost expedition, to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him

that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and, after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine; which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

“ ‘Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him, that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was, therefore, obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.’

“ Steele’s acquaintance with Pope, who wrote

some papers for his 'Guardian,' appears in the letters, and other works, of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes, that it was his friendly interference which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together, after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears, also, in his letters. He also dedicated the 'Iliad' to him, over the heads of peers and patrons. Congreve, whose conversation, most likely, partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour, in his youth, of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

' Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage ;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend ;

Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.'

Congreve did so, with great tenderness.

“Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his “Paradise Lost” into a rhyming tragedy, which he called, “The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man;” a work, such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable Poet is said to have answered,—‘Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will.’ Be the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant, as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's ‘Tempest,’ as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to ‘Gondibert.’ Hobbes was, at one time, secretary to Lord Bacon; a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon is, also, supposed to have had Ben Jonson for a retainer in some capacity; but it is certain that Jonson had his acquaintance, for he records

it in his 'Discoveries.'* And had it been otherwise, his link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sydney, and, indeed, of many others of his contemporaries. Here, then, we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him, and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says, 'Many were the wit-combates betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take

* Published after Lord Bacon's degradation, and when he was almost universally deserted: an honourable memorial of the fallen greatness of the one, and of the independence of the other.—EDITOR.

advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.' This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's great solidity. But let Jonson shew for himself the affection with which he regarded one who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it, like the quiet and all-gladdening sun, and turned emulation to worship.

' Soul of the age !

Th' applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !

My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room :

Thou art a monument without a tomb ;

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

* * * *

He was not of an age, but for all time.' "

LEIGH HUNT.

THOMSON, AND MALLET.

“ THOMSON and Mallet were both educated at the University of Edinburgh. Thomson came up to town without any certain view: Mallet got him into a Nobleman's family as tutor. He did not like that affair; left it in about three quarters of a year, and came down

to Mallet, at Twiford. There he wrote single Winter Pieces. They, at last, thought it might make a Poem. It was, at first, refused by the Printer; but received by another. Mallet wrote the Dedication to the Speaker. Dodington sent his services to Thomson by Dr Young, and desired to see him: that was thought hint enough for another dedication to him; and this was the first introduction to that acquaintance. 'They make him promises, but he has nothing substantial as yet.' Thomson's father was a Presbyterian 'parson.'

SPENCE.

HALLER.

POETS change their opinions of their own productions wonderfully, at different periods of life.

Baron Haller was, in his youth, warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire; and, to rescue his poems, he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hands. Ten years afterwards, he conducted to the flames those very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

GEORGE HENRY SMITH.

GARRICK, Henderson, and about half-a-dozen actors of celebrity, wrote (when the fit was on them) poetry, or what they intended the world should deem such; but these offsprings of their Muse are, for the most part, gone quietly to sleep in the lap of oblivion.

The individual before us, whose "Attempts in Verse" (as he calls them) have excited our attention, was a performer in that city of elegance and fashion, yclept Bath, and is a brother of Mrs. Bartley, our justly-celebrated tragic actress.—His book, which wears the unassuming air of true talent, is replete with poetic beauties, and sentiments the most pure and elevating.

The subjects of the poems are very much at variance with each other, and display a more than ordinary versatility of talent. The volume, we perceive, was published by subscription; and truly happy should we feel, if this slight notice should increase its sale; as it is but seldom that the press presents us with a book of poesy so talented and so unassuming, and whose every page affords abundant proofs of correctness of taste and amiability of disposition.

We have little doubt our readers will agree with us in thinking that the following lines deserve to exist as long as the verses of the sweet Poet whose decease called them forth.

“ TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

I.

When to cold earth the Great return,
 Wakes the slav'd Harp its venal strain—
 Nay, int'rest lureth men to mourn,
 With courtly woe, in polish'd plain,
 The worthless heirs of others' fame,
 The Titled refuse of the earth,
 Whose only glory was their shame,
 Their pride and blur an honour'd birth.

II.

Peals the loud Lyre its proudest praise,
 When Conqu'rors—conquer'd are by Death,
 And prostitutes its choicest lays,
 To honour crime, with angels' breath.
 Still does the Bard his yerse bequeath,
 To grace the dust a crown hath worn,
 And weaves too oft a laurell'd wreath,
 By bloodshed 'fild, injustice torn.

III.

And shall unsung, unhonour'd, lie
 The lowly, innocent, and meek ?
 Shall talent, worth, unnotic'd die,
 And none to pay due homage seek ?

Not one their praises love to speak,
Nor to their memory drop the tear?
Unpractis'd though my voice, and weak—
May not such theme its words endear?

IV.

Ah! ye, who love the simple verse,
Which tells of rural joys and pains,
To hear an artless mind rehearse
The peaceful lives of artless swains,
Who love the page where Nature reigns,
And holiest feelings point the tale—
View not with scorn these untaught strains,
But sweetest Bloomfield's death bewail!

V.

Yet humble measures well may suit
The Minstrel of the "Farmer's Boy;"
Unmeet the passion-breathing Lute
Or regal Psaltery to employ,
His name to laud—whose chiefest joy
Was still the shepherd's Doric reed,
And who, in notes which cannot cloy,
Trill'd the chaste music of the mead.

VI.

Sweet as the lark her carol pours,
When blithe she springs to greet the morn,
And pleasing as the hedge-row flow'rs,
Or the white blossoms of the thorn,

The rhymes his guileless tales adorn,
 The modest thoughts those tales illumine,
 These still are ours—but Fate has borne
 Their gentle Author to the tomb.

VII.

Still waveth wood, and smileth dale,
 Still streamlets lave the rushy soil,
 And welcometh the morning gale,
 The ploughman to his early toil ;
 Still careful housewives busy coil
 The snowy flax, and ply the wheel—
 But He has left this worldly moil,
 Who taught the world such scenes to feel !

VIII.

Though homely was his rustic style,
 Nor blaz'd with gems from classic lore,
 It stole unto the heart the while
 And Virtue's fascination wore ;
 Nor ever foul pollution bore
 To taint the wholesome springs of youth,
 Nor, like the tempter Fiend of yore,
 Gave haggard Vice the mien of Truth.

IX.

Aye reverenc'd be the Poet then,
 Who never sought the vain acclaim
 Of luring o'er his fellow men,
 With worse than murder's deadly aim ;

To worship at the Bestial Fane,
 Where scoffing Sceptics worship pay,
 And glorying in their mortal stain,
 Reject the Soul—to cling to Clay!

X.

Alas! that Genius lends its grace,
 By false ambition madly driven,
 Its own bright splendour to efface,
 And sinks to Earth—the powers of Heaven.
 Not always is the chaplet given
 To deck the swift, or crown the strong,
 And lays which have to virtue risen,
 Alone to dateless time belong.

XI.

Then, Bloomfield, shall thy verse remain,
 When prouder Bards shall be forgot,
 For Darkness must resign her reign,
 The Light of Nature dieth not!
 And happier far thy anxious lot,
 Uncheer'd by Fortune's fav'ring sun,
 Than who for gold their manhood blot,
 Or follow fame to be undone.

XII.

Ye Rich, ye Noble, bow your head,
 Writhe to the dust in conscious shame,
 For Bloomfield sunk among the dead,
 In sickness, poverty, and pain;

His honest breast knew not to feign,
 Disdaiu'd the Laureate's varnish'd style,
 Nor dar'd the sacred Muse profane,
 To wiu by lies your patron smile.

XIII.

Blush, Wealth and Power ! if blush ye can,
 That Merit should unsuccour'd die ;
 That sharp Neglect's unworthy ban
 Should cloud the brow, and force the sigh,
 Of Him whose Spirit now, on high,
 Pleads meekly for our sinful race,
 And still retains that sympathy
 Your heartlessness could ne'er efface.

XIV.

Ah ! ye, who love the simple verse,
 Which tells of rural joys and pains,
 To hear an artless mind rehearse
 The peaceful lives of artless swains,
 Who love the page where Nature reigns
 And holiest feelings point the tale,
 View not with scorn these untaught strains,
 But sweetest Bloomfield's death bewail !"

JOHN HEYWOOD.

JOHN HEYWOOD, commonly called "The Epigrammatist," was beloved and rewarded by Henry the Eighth for his buffooneries. On

leaving the University, he commenced author, and was countenanced by Sir Thomas More, for his facetious disposition. To his talents of jocularly in conversation, he joined a skill in music, both vocal and instrumental. His merriments were so irresistible, that they moved even the rigid muscles of Queen Mary; and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, and his jests. One of these is preserved in the Cotton MS. Jul. F. x. "When Queene Mary tolde Heywoode that the priestes must forego their wives, he merrily answered, 'Then your Grace must allow them *lemmans* (mistresses), for the clergie cannot live without *sauce*.'"

Another is recorded by Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie, 1589."—"At the Duke of Northumberland's bourd, merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the table's end. The Duke had a very noble and honorable mynde always to pay his debts well, and when he lacked money, would not stick to sell the greatest part of his plate; so had he done a few dayes before. Heywood being loth to call for his drinke so oft as he was dry, turned his eye toward the cupbord, and sayd, 'I finde great

misse of your Grace's standing cups.' The Duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said, somewhat sharply, 'Why, Sir, will not these cups serve as good a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your Grace; but I would have one of them stand still at myne elbow full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your men so often to call for it.' This pleasaunt and speedy turn of the former words, holpe all the matter againe; whereupon the Duke became very pleasaunt, and dranke a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should always be standing by him."

One of Heywood's works is a Poem in long verse, with the following curious title: "A Dialogue, containing in Effect the Number of al the Proverbes in the English Tongue, compact in a Matter concerning Two Marriages." All the proverbs of the English language are here interwoven into a very silly comic tale:—the idea is ingenious, and the repertory, though ill-executed, is at least curious.

The following anecdote relating to this work, has been transmitted among some "witty answers and saiengs of Englishmen," in the Cotton

MS. before referred to. "William Pawlett, Marques of Wynchester and Highe Treasurer of Engelande, being presented by John Heywood with a booke, asked him what it conteyned? And when Heywoode told him 'All the Proverbes in English,'—'What, all?' quoth my Lorde; 'No; *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton*; is that in your booke?'—'No, by my faith, my Lorde, I thinke not,' aunswered Heywoode."

But the neatest replication of this professed court-wit, seems to be recorded in "Camden's Remains, 1605," p. 234. Heywood being asked by Queen Mary, "What wind blew him to the Court?"—he answered, "Two specially; the one to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?"—"That your Grace," said he, "might see me."

Most of his sallies, however, are contemptible enough; and the same may be said of his "Epigrams," which are six hundred in number, and, perhaps, were often extemporaneous jests, made and repeated to the company. The miserable drolleries and pitiful quibbles with which they are pointed, indicate great want of refinement. From this heap of rubbish, it may be

worth while to extract the following specimen, which is in Heywood's very best manner.

“ AN OLD WIFE'S BOON.

In old world, when old wives bitterly prayed,
 One, devoutly, as by way of a boon,
 Ask'd vengeance on her husband ; and to him said,
 ‘ Thou wouldst wed a young wife ere this week were
 done,
 (Were I dead,) but thou shalt wed the devil as soon.’
 ‘ I cannot wed the devil,’ quoth he—‘ Why?’ quoth she,
 ‘ For I have wedded his dam before,’ quoth he.”

The following lines, however, afford the most favourable instance of his versification.

“ ON MEASURE.

Measure is a merry meane,
 Which filde with nopypy drinke,
 When merry drinkers drinke off cleane,
 Then merrily they winke.

Measure is a merry meane,
 But I meane measures gret ;
 Where lippes to litele pitchers leane,
 Those lippes they scantly wet.

Measure is a merry meane,
 And measure is this mate ;
 To be a deacon or a deane,
 ‘Thou wouldst not change the state.

Measure is a merry meane,
In volewmes full or flat,
There is no chapter nor no sceane
That thou appliest like that."

DIONYSIUS, KING OF SICILY.

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER, King of Sicily, possessed a passion for poetry. He contended for the prize at Athens, and, when he gained it, shewed more satisfaction than when victory crowned his arms in the field. On that occasion, he entertained the whole city with extraordinary magnificence, and spent an immense treasure in public feasts and banquets, which continued several days. In the midst of this rejoicing, he was seized with a disease, which terminated his life.

MRS. PILKINGTON.

MRS. PILKINGTON, whose poetical talents and frailties were, at one time of day, the alternate theme of praise and commiseration, tells us, in her Memoirs, that "from her earliest infancy she had a strong disposition to letters;" but, her eyes being weak, her mother would not permit her to look at a book, lest it should affect them. As she did not place so high a value, however,

on those lucid orbs as her mother, and as restraint only served to quicken her natural thirst for knowledge, she availed herself of every opportunity that could gratify it; so that, at five years old, she could read, and even taste, the beauties of some of the best English Poets. She continued in this manner to improve her mind by stealth, till she had accomplished her twelfth year, when her brother, a little playful boy, brought her a slip of paper one day, and desired her to write something on it that would please him; on which she wrote the following lines:

Oh, spotless paper, fair, and white !
On thee by force constrain'd to write,
Is it not hard I should destroy
Thy purity *to please a boy* ?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Musc.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart,
Ah ! what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd ?
How fair, how lovely, didst thou shew
Like liliated banks, or falling snow :
But now, alas ! become my prey,
Not tears can wash thy stains away :
Yet, this small comfort I can give,
That what destroy'd shall make thee live.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

“Chaucer by writing purchas'd fame,
And Gower got a worthy name;
Sweet Surry sucked Parnassus' springs,
And Wyatt wrote of wondrous things;
Old Rochford clambe the stately throne
Which Muses hold in Helicone;
Then thither let good GASCOIGNE go,
For sure his verse deserveth so.”

THERE are several reasons for which Gascoigne claims a particular notice in a work illustrative of English Poetry and Poets. His “Steele Glas” is one of the earliest specimens of blank verse, as well as of legitimate satire, in our language; his “Jocasta” is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his “Supposes,” (a translation from the Italian of Ariosto,) the first comedy ever written in prose. Shakspeare's obligations to the latter piece, in his “Comedy of Errors,” have been accurately stated by Warton and Farmer; they are not, however, very extensive.

George Gascoigne was born of an ancient family in Essex, but, for some unknown reason,

disinherited by his father. "Having," says Anthony Wood, "a rambling and unfixed head, he left Gray's Inn, went to various cities in Holland, and became a soldier of note, which he afterwards professed as much, or more, as learning, and therefore made him take the motto, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. From thence he went to France and fell in love with a Scottish dame." The latter part of this account rests on very slight foundation; it is doubtful whether or no he went to France, and the story of the "Scottish Dame" relies only on some lines in his "Herbes," written, probably, in an assumed character.

What is more certain is, that he took service in Holland, under the gallant William, Prince of Orange, who was then (in 1572) engaged in the glorious struggle which emancipated his country from the iron yoke of Spain. He there acquired considerable military reputation; but quarrelling with his Colonel, he repaired to Delf, where he resigned his commission into the hands of the Prince, who in vain endeavoured to reconcile his officers.

About this period, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A

lady at the Hague (then in possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait, (or his "counterfayt," as he calls it,) in her hands, and resolving to part with it to him alone, wrote a letter on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp, and from which they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his fidelity. On its reaching his hands, however, Gascoigne immediately laid it before the Prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports to visit the lady. The Burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "*the Green Knight.*" At the siege of Middleburg, he received from the prince a sum of 300 guilders in addition to his regular pay, with a promise of future promotion, for the zeal and fidelity which he displayed there. He was, however, soon after surprised by 3000 Spaniards, when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; but the jealousy of the Dutch was then openly displayed by their refusing to open the gates, in consequence of which our military bard and his little

band were made captives. Of this, Whetstone speaks in his "Remembrance of the well-employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esquire," from his own information, in the following terms.

Well placed at length among the drunken Dutch,
 (Though rumours lewd impaired my desert,)
I boldly vaunt the blast of fame is such,
 As proves I had a froward sours heart.
My slender gain a further witness is,
For worthiest men the spoils of war do miss.

Even there the man, that went to fight for pence,
 Caught by sly hap, in prison vile was popt;
Yea, had not words fought for my life's defence,
 For all my hands, my breath had there been stopt;
But I, in fine, did so persuade my foe,
As (set free) I was homewards set to go.

On his return to England he gave himself up to the Muses, and in the summer of 1575, accompanied Queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, during which he composed a sort of mask, entitled, "The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle," reprinted in Nichols's Progresses, and also, very lately, in a separate form. He afterwards settled at Walthamstow, where he wrote his "Steele-Glas of Government," and

other principal works, and died, according to Whetstone, at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577. His works went through two editions in his life-time, and a third a few years after his death. These are all very scarce: of the first, indeed, only two perfect copies are known; it contains only his earlier productions, and was printed in 1572. The second is, also, by no means complete.

Mr. Alexander Chalmers has reprinted part of Gascoigne in his "Collection of the English Poets," from which we copy, both as a specimen of his style and of English blank verse prior to Shakspeare, the following severe satire on the Vices of the Clergy, which forms a part of his "Steele Glas." This was a favourite subject with our early satirists, for the vast power then engrossed by the priesthood naturally engendered all manner of corruptions.

“Lo! these, my Lord, be my good praying priests,
Descended from Melchizedic by line,
Cousins to Paul, to Peter, James, and John;
These be my priests, the seasoning of the Earth,
Which will not lose their savouriness, I trow.
Not one of these, for twenty hundred groats,
Will teach the text which bids him take a wife,

And yet he cambered with a concubine :
Not one of these will read the holy writ
Which doth forbid all greedy usury,
And yet receive a shilling for a pound :
Not one of these will preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a wasp :
Not one of these can be content to sit
In Taverns, Inns, or Alehouses, all day,
But spends his time devoutly at a book :
Not one of these will rail at rulers' wrongs,
And yet be bloated with extortion :
Not one of these will point out worldly pride,
And he himself as gallant as he dare :
Not one of these rebuketh avarice,
And yet procureth proud pluralities :
Not one of these reproveth vanity,
While he himself, his hawk upon his fist
And hounds at heel, doth quite forget his text :
Not one of these corrects contentions
For trifling things, and yet will sue for tithes :
Not one of these, not one of these, my Lord,
Will be ashamed to do e'en as he teacheth.
My priests have learned to pray unto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lip-labour :
My priests can fast and use all abstinence
From vice and sin, and yet refuse no meats :
My priests can give, in charitable wise,
And love also to do good almes-deeds,
Although they trust not in their own deserts :
My priests can place all penance in the heart,

Without regard of outward ceremonies .

My priests can keep their temples undefiled,

And yet defy all superstition.

Lo ! now, my Lord, what think you of my priests ?

GEORGE FREDERICK PALMER.

THIS young man, who was a favorite of the Muses, entered into the naval service when very young, in 1807 ; and had scarcely made two voyages during the late war, when the vessel (*Flora* frigate) was wrecked off the *Texel*, on the coast of Holland. The crew were all made prisoners, with the exception of nine, who met a watery grave. Owing to the difficulties that then prevailed with the two governments in settling the exchange of prisoners, Palmer was detained a considerable period ere he was released.

It was during his confinement that he cultivated a taste for poetry. The pieces he wrote were generally of a transient nature, and were destroyed almost immediately after they were written. The walls of the different prisons in which he was confined (the French government seldom permitting the English prisoners to remain long in one place) contained many of his verses. The only poem of any note which reached his friends in England, is " The

Evening's Contemplation in a French Prison," (Valenciennes,) in imitation of Gray's "Elegy:" and it is but truth to state that its composition would have been no discredit to some of our more able poets.

Palmer had contracted a disease during his long confinement, which never forsook him. At the invasion of France by the Allies, the English prisoners were removed from *depôt* to *depôt*, lest they should fall into the hands of the conquering Powers, and be released. The repeated harassing marches Palmer underwent on these occasions, added to his already weak state of body, considerably hastened his decease. His severe illness prevented his removal to England for some time after the conclusion of the Peace. He died shortly after arriving in his native country, in the Naval Hospital at Deal, June 9th, 1814, after an absence of seven years.

For the gratification of our readers, we subjoin a few verses from the "Elegy" in question; the reader must bear in mind, that the scene is a French prison, and that the Poet is a British Sailor.

"Perhaps in 'durance vile' *here* may be plac'd
Some heart susceptible of poetic fire;

Hands which the sword of DUNCAN might have grac'd,
Or tun'd, like FALCONER, the living lyre.

But science on their birth refus'd to smile,
Nor gave th' instructive volume to their sight ;
Their lives were destin'd to perpetual toil,
Unseen the rays of intellectual light.

Full many a song the tuneful bird of night
Warbles unheard amid some lonely place ;
Full many a sun, of dazzling lustre bright,
Is lost in distance in the boundless space.

Some generous HOWARD, who, with godlike zeal,
Rov'd o'er the world to set the pris'ner free,
May *here* the horrors of confinement feel,
Nor e'er again his home or country see.

Some gallant NELSON *here* unknown may rest
In cells ungenial, lost his soul of fire,
His mind of vigour, and that dauntless breast,
Danger could ne'er appal, nor labour tire."

* * * * *

JOSEPH ATKINSON

was a native of Ireland, and was Treasurer of the Ordnance, under the administration of the Earl of Moira. He was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was, himself, a poet of more than

ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore, on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:

“ I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,
 Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
 When I say, that your wife had a *right* to a boy,
 For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

But since Fate, the boon that you wish'd for, refuses,
 By granting three girls to your happy embraces,
 She but meant, while *you* wander'd *abroad* with the
Muses,
 Your *wife* should be circled *at home* by the *Graces!*”

He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, in October, 1818, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of his intimate, Moore, are intended to be engraved on his sepulchre:

“ If ever lot was prosperously cast,
 If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
 Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
 'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure Charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds ;
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens ev'ry gift by Fortune given ;
That, wander where it will, with those it loves,
Makes ev'ry place a home, and home a heaven !

All these were his—Oh ! thou, who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die."

HINDOO POETRY.

THE subjects of many slight popular poems among the Hindoos, are highly curious. Major Broughton, in his slight but pleasing volume on that subject, has preserved the two following, which we deem well worthy of being presented to our readers.

“ The daughter of a certain Raja, young and beautiful, fell suddenly into a deep melancholy.

No art was left untried to effect a cure; plays and pantomimes were acted before her; the most ridiculous mimics and buffoons were sent for, and exhibited in her presence: but all in vain; the young Ranee could by no means be induced to smile. At length, a facetious Brahmun undertook to cure her; and, in the character of a jeweller, offered some fine pearls for sale. The following lines contain the Brahmun's speech, with its effect: the first hyperbole failed; but in the next attempt he was more successful.

‘ O say, within that coral cell
 What mighty magic power can dwell;
 That cheats my hopes, my sight misleads,
 And makes my pearls seem coral beads!
 In those black eyes now fury burns;—
 To crabs'-eyes all my coral turns!
 But see, she smiles;—my fears were vain;
 My worthless beads are pearls again.’”

“ A young girl, just blooming into youth, laments, in the following lines, the loss of the liberty and ease she enjoyed, while regarded only as a child, in her father's house; and complains of the restraint imposed upon her in that of her husband, to which she has now been removed. When she goes to draw water at the

well, (the general resort of all the females in a Hindoo village,) her jet black hair and beautiful features excite the admiration and despair of the men, and the envy and spite of her female companions; while at home, she is tormented by the watchful jealousy of all her new relations—who are to be understood by the terms mother, sister, and brother.

‘ Though hair as black as glossy raven,
 On me’s bestow’d by bounteous Heaven,
 The gift I find a source of pain;
 Yet who of Heaven may dare complain?
 They sneer, and scoff, and taunting swear
 I’m proud, because my face is fair:
 And how should such a child as I
 Restrain their cruel raillery?
 My mother, if I stir, will chide;
 My sister watches by my side;
 And then my brother scolds me so,
 My cheeks with constant blushes glow:
 Ah then, kind Heaven! restore to me
 The happy days of infancy;
 And take this boasted youth again,
 Productive but of care and pain!’”

FONDNESS OF POETS FOR RIVERS.

RIVERS have, in all ages, been themes for the Poet; and in what esteem they were held by

ancient writers, may be inferred from the number of authors who wrote of them, previous to the time of Plutarch. The Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; Callimachus immortalized the beautiful waters of the Inachus; and while the Arno, the Mincio, and the Tagus, boast their Petrarch, Boccacio, and Camoëns; the Severn, the Ouse, and the Trent, the Avon, the Derwent, and the Dee, have been distinguished by the praises of many an elegant and accomplished poet. Who is not charmed with Spenser's "Marriage of the Thames and the Medway?" And what personifications in Ovid or Hesiod are more beautiful than the "Sabrina" of Milton and the "Ladona" of Pope?

On the banks of Ilyssus, Plato taught his system of Philosophy; and on the shores of the Rocnabad, a river flowing near the Chapel of Mosella, the poets and philosophers of Shiraz composed their most celebrated works. Ossian is never weary of comparing rivers to heroes; and so enamoured were Du Bartas and Drayton of river scenery, that the one wrote a poetical catalogue of those which were the most celebrated, and the other composed a voluminous

work upon their history, topography, and landscapes. On the borders of the Cam, Milton enjoyed the happiest moments of his life.— This Poet enumerates all the principal rivers in England, and gives to them their appropriate epithets, in a poem, which has been imitated by Drummond of Hawthornden.

“ Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Ouse*, or gulphy *Dun*;
 Of *Trent*, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms along th’ indented meads;
 Or sullen *Mole*, that runneth underneath,
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of maiden’s death;
 Of rocky *Avon*, or of sedgy *Lee*,
 Or coaly *Tyne*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*;
 Or *Humber* loud, that keeps the Scythian’s name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or royal-tower’d *Thame*.”

Not only rivers, but fountains, have been held sacred by almost every nation, and equally are they beloved by the Poets. Who has not perused with pleasure Sannazaro’s “Ode to the Fountain of Mergillini;” Petrarch’s Address to that of Vaucluse; and Horace’s “Ode to the Fountain of Blandusium,” situated among rocks, and surrounded with woods?

GAY'S "BEGGARS' OPERA," &c.

GAY got, altogether, about sixteen hundred pounds by the "Beggars' Opera." This play caused considerable bustle. In the year 1773, Sir John Fielding told the bench of Justices, that he had written to Mr. Garrick, concerning the impropriety of performing the "Beggars' Opera," which never was represented on the stage, without creating an additional number of thieves; and they particularly requested that he would desist from performing that opera on a *Saturday evening*.

Such, also, were the fears of the Church, as to the effect of this play, that Dr. Herring, then Archbishop of Canterbury, preached a sermon against it:—but Dean Swift wrote (as might be guessed) in favour of it in the "Intelligencer!" We learn, from Boswell's "Life of Johnson," that Mr. Courtney, in his lively way, called Gay (the author of it) "The Orpheus of Highwaymen." That ingenious Critic, Mr. Hazlitt, thinks "it is a vulgar error to call this a vulgar play: so far from it, that we (Mr. Hazlitt) do not scruple to declare our opinion,

that it is one of the most *refined* productions in the language."—(*Round Table*, vol. i., p. 209.)

The quarrel-scene between Peachum and Lockit was a burlesque imitation of that between Brutus and Cassius.

While on the subject of the "Beggars' Opera," perhaps the reader will excuse our presenting a *real* Macheath.

On the 23d of March, 1761, was executed, at Oxford, Isaac Dark, *alias* Dumas, for a robbery near Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire. He was respectably bred, but unfortunately turned out a good fellow, a spirited dog, nobody's enemy but his own. He sung his song well, told a good story, was apt at a sentiment, drank freely, so that, at the clubs of the day—who but he? The ladies, of course, occupied his attention; and he became so great a favourite, that he soon took to the road, to consolidate his ascendancy—for he was very generous. In 1758, however, he was cast for death, at Chelmsford Assizes; but, on account of his youth, the sentence was commuted to fourteen years' transportation.

While he lay in gaol, a scheme was formed by the prisoners to escape, by murdering the

keeper ; but he divulged the plot, and received a pardon, provided he went to Antigua. There he found soldiering so disagreeable, that, by bribery and address, he escaped, and, arriving in England, begun his new campaigns on the Bath road. Having replenished his purse, he entered as a midshipman on board the Royal George ; and now and then, upon leave of absence, levied contributions as usual ; one of which was upon Lord Perceval, for which he was taken up, but acquitted. While confined in Salisbury Gaol, he was frequently visited by ladies of the highest character and respectability, on whom he made such a sensible impression, by his genteel address and captivating manners, as to become the tea-table chat of that town. Immediately after his acquittal at the Assizes, he received the following :

“ CERTAIN BELLES TO DUMAS.

Joy to thee, lovely thief ! that thou
Hast 'scap'd the fatal string ;
Let gallows groan with ugly rogues,
Dumas must never swing.

Dost thou seek money ? to thy wants
Our purses we'll resign ;

Could we our hearts to guineas coin,
Those guineas all were thine.

To Bath in safety let my Lord
His loaded pockets carry ;
Thou ne'er again shalt tempt the road,
Sweet youth ! if thou wilt marry.

No more shall niggard travellers
Avoid thee ; we'll ensure 'em :
To us thou shalt consign thy balls
And pistol :—we'll secure 'em.

Yet think not, when the chains are off,
Which now thy legs bedeck,
To fly ;—in fetters, softer far,
We'll chain thee by the neck."

He never failed to captivate the fair sex, wherever he came, on which he valued himself; and he was discovered by means of some letters directed to them. His character seems to have been a medley of levity, composed of virtues and vices: he had a large share of understanding, with a tolerable scholastic education. When in necessity, he was daring beyond credibility; and his courage was frequently restrained, by his high notion of honour, which he defined,—detesting a mean appearance, and an abhorrence

of cruelty. He possessed a soul, which, in every hazardous enterprise, overlooked all dangers and difficulties; and which was so firmly attached to his paramours, that his shameful end must be imputed to their extravagances: he was fond of elegance in dress, and of being thought handsome.

He suffered before he arrived at the age of twenty-one; and behaved with great intrepidity at the gallows, preparing his neck for the rope, putting it on, and then throwing himself off the ladder, without giving the executioner the signal agreed on to turn him off.

The character of Macheath was his delight, and with it he diverted himself while in Oxford Gaol.



DR. JOHNSON AND "DOUGLAS."

WHILST Johnson was sitting in one of the coffee houses at Oxford, about the time when he had a Doctor's degree conferred on him by the University, some young men approached him with a view to entertainment. They knew the subject of Scotch poetry and Scotch literature would call him forth. They talked of "Ossian" and Home's tragedy of "Douglas;" and one of them repeated, from the latter,

"Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life, and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps."

After which he called out, "there's imagery for you, Dr. Johnson! there's description! did you ever know any man write like that?" Johnson replied, with that tone of voice for which he was so remarkable, and which it is said Garrick used to mimic most inimitably, "Yes, Sir, many a man, many a woman, and many a child!"

Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," used to say that Johnson was "half a madman, half a scholar, three parts a Roman Catholic, and a complete Jacobite."

SHAKSPEARE, AND GERARD BRANDT.

GERARD BRANDT, a Dutch Poet of some eminence, was born at Amsterdam in 1626, and intended to pursue the business of his father, who was a watchmaker; but the love of song had taken possession of his mind, and caused him to turn his thoughts to that difficult, but, in those days, much-esteemed branch of literature—the Tragic Drama. At the age of seventeen, he produced a piece entitled "The Dissembling Torquatus;" the scene of which is laid at Rome, without, however, any other adherence to history, or even to the original names. We copy from Mr. Bowring's delightful work, the "Batavian Anthology," the following observations of a Dutch Critic, Van Kampen, on this singular production.

"There is in this piece a remarkable resemblance to *Hamlet*: Shakspeare has drawn from an old Northern tradition preserved by Saxo Grammaticus: Brandt's idea seems to be entirely

original. Torquatus is at Athens (just as Hamlet at Wittenberg) pursuing his studies, while his father (Manlius) is murdered at Rome by his own brother (Noron), who espouses the widow (Plaucina). Who does not here immediately recognize Claudius, Gertrude, and the murdered King, of Shakspeare? Torquatus says, too, at the commencement,

‘ Hast thou, O Heaven! e’er seen a wretch like me?
 Perfidious, joyless uncle, traitorous slave!
 How dar’dst thou thus my warlike father slay,
 And stain my mother’s fame?’

“ Yet again. The Ghost of Manlius appears to his son, and incites him to avenge his death. Torquatus feigns madness, like Hamlet. The object of his affections (Juliana) is also introduced. But the most striking point of resemblance is in the scene where the heroes of both tragedies reproach their guilty mothers.

“ ‘ Noron, being sore afraid of his nephew, cunningly introduces his wife (Plaucina) in a chamber where Torquatus is, after having concealed one of his counsellors under a couch, for the purpose of hearing whether he would openly avow his suspicions to his mother. Torquatus,

aware of this, suddenly despatches him, and reproaches his mother for her immodesty, who, having vindicated herself, promises to be faithful.'

"Here is, in fact, a repetition of the scene where Polonius, behind the arras, falls by Hamlet's sword, and the Queen suffers the taunts and upbraidings of her son. Parts of the language have a striking coincidence :

TORQUATUS.

' Approach me not with thine adulterous lips ;
For very shame bend down the eyes that fir'd
The accursed Noron's lust.

Lascivious Queen!

Go—go—caress thy tyrant.'

HAMLET.

' O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.'

PLAUCINA.

' For Heaven's sake, cease ! Ah ! what must I not hear ?
I start at mine own shadow.'

GERTRUDE.

' O Hamlet ! speak no more,
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,

“ The catastrophe is certainly quite different. Torquatus triumphs by means of Juliana ; who, however, being dishonoured by Noron, like Lucretia, destroys herself. The disastrous end of Hamlet is well known. Still the resemblance is sufficiently forcible to justify the question, whether Brandt was acquainted with Shakspeare, and, consequently, whether the knowledge of English literature, about the middle of the 17th century, was more universal than is generally supposed? We (adds Van Kampen) believe this not to have been the case, at least not when Brandt wrote this tragedy. We might more easily imagine this of Huijgens, although even he, who understood and translated some English poets of mediocrity, does not once mention the incomparable poet of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.”

SHAKSPEARE, AND D'AVENANT.

SHAKSPEARE, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at D'Avenant's, “ The Crown,” in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. D'Avenant ; and her son (afterwards Sir William) was supposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godson only. One day,

when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent from school to him, a head of one of the Colleges (who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family) met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste? The boy said, "To my Godfather Shakspeare."—"The child! (says the old gentleman,) why are you so superfluous? have you not learned yet that you should not use the name of *God* in vain?"

Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes.

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

IN the time of the late civil wars, King Charles I. was at leisure for a little diversion. A motion was made to go to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; that is, take a Virgil, and either with the finger, or sticking a pin, or the like, upon any verses, at a venture, and the verses touched shall declare his destiny that toucheth, which sometimes makes sport, and at other times is significant, or not, as the gamesters choose to apply. The King laid his finger on the place towards the latter end of the fourth *Æneid*, which contains Dido's curse to *Æneas*:

“At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iūli.

Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
 Funera ; nec quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
 Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur,
 Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ !”

This made the sport end in vexation, as much as it began in merriment: the King read the fate which followed him in too many particulars, as time discovered. He was then, and afterwards, *vexed with the conquering arms of his subjects*; he would have been glad to have escaped with *banishment*; he was *torn from his son, the Prince*; he saw the *deaths of most of his friends*; he would gladly have *made peace* (at the Isle of Wight) upon *hard terms*; he neither *enjoyed his crown nor life long*, but was *beheaded on a scaffold* before his own door, and *God knows where buried*! Mr. Cowley was desired to translate the above lines into English (without being informed that the King had drawn them), which he did, as follows:

By a bold people's stubborn arms oppress'd,
 Forc'd to forsake the land which he possess'd ;
 'Torn from his dearest son, let him in vain
 Beg help, and see his friends unjustly slain :
 Let him to base unequal terms submit,
 In hopes to save his crown, yet lose both it
 And life at once: untimely let him die,
 And on an open stage unburied lie !”

Lord Falkland and some others were with the King at the time.

This anecdote is taken from the first leaf of Bishop Wilkins's *Virgil*, where it is written in his own hand-writing.

PETRARCH'S LAURA.

THE arguments of Lord Woodhouslee, proving that Laura lived and died unmarried, are strictly conclusive ;—the memoirs of Petrarch, written by De Sade, being little more than a romance. “ Petrarch,” his Lordship observes, “ composed 318 sonnets, 59 canzoni, or songs, and 6 trionfi; a large volume of poetry, entirely on the subject of his passion for Laura ; not to include a variety of passages in prose works, where the favourite topic is occasionally treated, and even discussed at very great length. In the whole of these works, there is not a single passage which intimates that Laura was a married woman. Is it to be conceived, that the Poet, who has exhausted language itself, in saying every thing possible of his mistress ; who mentions not only her looks, her dress, her gestures, her conversations, but her companions, her favourite walks, and her domestic occupations,



SHAKSPEARE.

From the Bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church.

would have omitted such capital facts, as being married, and the mother of many children ; married, too, as the author asserts, to a man who was jealous of her, and who used her with harshness and unkindness, on Petrarch's account?" Laura died in 1348, and was buried at Avignon. Her grave was opened by Francis the First, King of France ; wherein was found a small box, containing a medal and a few verses, written by Petrarch.—On one side of the medal was impressed the figure of a woman ; on the reverse the characters of M. L. M. J., signifying *Madona Laura morte jacet*.

The gallant and enthusiastic Monarch returned every thing into the tomb, and wrote an epitaph in honour of her memory.

PETRARCH AT VAUCLUSE.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure which Petrarch enjoyed in his hermitage at Vacluse. He was never truly happy when away from it ; he was never weary of celebrating its beauties, and never fatigued with describing them to his friends. There, as he informs us in a letter to the Bishop of Cavoillon, he went when a child ; thither he returned when a youth ; in manhood,

he passed there some of the choicest years of his life; and had he been capable of reflection, at so awfully sudden a period, he would have lamented, that there he was not permitted to close his mortal existence.* The manner in which he passed his time in that elegant retirement, he thus describes in a letter to one of his intimate friends.—“ Nothing pleases me so much as my personal freedom. I rise at midnight; I go out at break of day; I study in the fields as in my closet; I think, read, and even write there. I combat idleness; I chase away sleep, indulgence, and pleasures. In the day, I run over the craggy mountains, the humid vallies, and shelter myself in the profoundest caves; sometimes I walk, attended only by my reflections, along the banks of the Sorgia, meeting with no person to distract my mind. I become every day more calm, and send my cares sometimes before; sometimes, I leave them behind me. Fond of the place I am in, every situation

* Petrarch died of an apoplexy, at Argua—He was found dead in his library, July the 18th, 1374; with one arm leaning on a book.

becomes, in turn, agreeable to me except Avignon ; I find Athens, Rome, and Florence as my imagination desires : here I enjoy my friends, not only those with whom I have lived, but those who have long been dead, and whom I only know in their works."

GOWER'S ANACHRONISMS.

It is pleasant to observe the strange mistakes which Gower, a man of great learning, and the most general scholar of his age, has committed in his " *Confessio Amantis*," concerning books which he never saw, his violent anachronisms, and misrepresentations of the most common poets and characters : he mentions the Greek Poet Menander as one of the first historians, or, to quote his own expression, " the first enditours of the olde cronike," together with Esdras, Solinus, Josephus, Claudius Salpicius, Termegis, Pandulfe, Frigidilles, Ephiloquorus, and Pandas. In this singular list, the omissions of which are as curious as the insertions, we are equally at a loss to account for the station assigned to some of the names as to the existence of others, which it would require an *Œdipus* to unriddle.

In the next paragraph, it is true, he mentions

Herodotus ; yet not in his character of an early Historian, but as the first writer of a system of the metrical art, “ of metre, of ryme, and of cadence.” We smile when Hector, in Shakspeare, quotes Aristotle ; but Gower gravely informs his reader that Ulysses was a *clerke*, accomplished with a knowledge of all the sciences, a great rhetorician and magician ; that he learned Rhetoric of Tully, Magic of Zoroaster, Astronomy of Ptolomy, Philosophy of Plato, Divination of the Prophet Daniel, Proverbial Instruction of Solomon, Botany of Macer, and Medicine of Hippocrates. And in the seventh book of the Poem, Aristotle, or the *philosophre*, is introduced reciting to his scholar, Alexander the Great, a disputation between a Jew and a Pagan, who meet between Cairo and Babylon, concerning their respective religions : the end of this story is to shew the cunning, cruelty, and ingratitude of the Jew, which are, at last, deservedly punished. But I believe Gower’s apology must be, that he took this narrative from some Christian Legend, which was feigned for a religious purpose, at the expense of all probability and propriety.

Among the Astrological writers he reckons

Noah, Abraham, and Moses ; but he is not sure that Abraham was an author, having never seen any of that Patriarch's Works ; and he prefers Trismegistus to Moses. Cabalistical tracts were, however, extant, not only under the names of Abraham, Noah, and Moses, but of Adam, Abel, and Enoch. He mentions with particular regard Ptolomy's *Almagest*, the grand source of all the superstitious notions propagated by the Arabian Philosophers concerning the science of divination by the Stars. These infatuations seem to have completed their triumph over human credulity in Gower's age, who, probably, was an ingenious adept in these false and frivolous speculations of this admired species of study.

His account of the progress of the Latin language is exceedingly curious. He supposes that it was invented by the old Tuscan Prophetess, Carmens ; that it was reduced to method by the grammarians Aristarchus, Donatus, and Didymus ; adorned with the flowers of eloquence and rhetoric by Tully ; then enriched by translations from the Chaldæan, Arabic, and Greek languages, more especially by the version of the Hebrew Bible into Latin, by Saint Jerome (in the fourth century) ; and that at length, after the

labours of many celebrated writers, it received its final consummation in Ovid, the Poet of lovers. At the mention of Ovid's name, the Poet, with the dexterity and address of a true master of transition, seizes the critical moment of bringing back the dialogue to its proper argument—Love.

WARTON.

ADDISON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE "ILIAD" AND
THE "ÆNEID."

ADDISON contrasts the "*Iliad*" and "*Æneid*" by the different aspects of grand and of beautiful scenery.—"The reading of the '*Iliad*,'" says he, "is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of the deserts, wide and uncultivated marshes, huge forests, misshapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the '*Æneid*' is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impossible to find any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot, that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower."

In another place, when comparing those poets, who are indebted, principally, to their own

resources and genius, with those who have been formed by rules, and whose natural parts are chastened by critical precepts, Addison elegantly says, "the genius in both authors may be equally great, but shews itself after a different manner. In the first, it is like a rich soil, in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of plants, rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order and regularity. In the other, it is the same rich soil, under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty, by the skill of the gardener.

It is not out of place here to add, that Father Brumio, speaking of the three great dramatic writers of Greece,—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, says—the first, as the inventor and father of Tragedy, is like a torrent rolling impetuously over rocks, forests, and precipices; the second resembles a canal, which flows gently through delicious gardens; and the third may be compared to a river that does not follow its course in a continual line, but loves to turn and wind its silver wave through flowery meads and rural scenes."

PETRARCH'S PRECISION.

THIS celebrated Italian Poet is wonderfully accurate and precise about his Laura. These are his own words:—"Laura, illustrious by the virtues she possessed, and celebrated, during many years, by my verses, appeared to my eyes, for the first time, on the 6th day of April, in the year 1327, at Avignon, in the Church of Saint Clare, at six o'clock in the morning. I was then in my early youth. In the same town, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this light, this sun, withdrew from the world."

METASTASIO.

METASTASIO was a successful author, for he lived to see the seventieth edition of his works.

Being a character so singular, we cannot avoid extracting a notice of him from Mrs. Piozzi, who seems to have had it from the best authorities, viz. from the family in which he lived, the Mesdemoiselles de Martinas, at Vienna, at least sixty-five years.

"Metastasio's peculiarities were these: that

he had constantly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas, in all that time, to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, leaving them every thing. He never changed the fashion of his wig, the cut or colour of his coat: his life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined at the same hours, for fifty years together, enjoying health and good spirits, which were never ruffled, excepting when the word *death* was mentioned before him; no one was ever permitted to mention *that*; and even if any one named the small-pox before him, he would see that person no more. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him eat more than a biscuit with his lemonade; every meal being performed with mysterious privacy to the last. He took great delight in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs: this was visible to every one. An Italian Abbot once

said, comically enough, ‘Oh, he looked like a man in the state of beatification always, when Mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger.’

“The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith, at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and *took pains not to know*, whether he had, in his latter days, any one relation left in the world.”

Poor Metastasio should have been corporeally immortal, in the way Mr. Godwin prophesies we shall be some day, as well as poetically so;—such was his hatred of the grim all-subduing tyrant—Death.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THE influence of scenery over the mind and heart of Drummond of Hawthornden, constituted one of the principal charms of his life, after the death of the accomplished Miss Cunningham. His retirement to Hawthornden was the renewal of happiness. There, in the meridian of life, Drummond tasted the hours of enjoyment, which had been denied to his youth. Thither Johnson travelled, to enjoy the pleasures of his conversation; and there, with attention,

he perused the best of the Greek, Roman, and Italian authors; charming the peaceful hours in playing upon his lute favourite Scottish and Italian airs; and many an hour was by him devoted to the fascinating movements of chess.

The loss of Miss Cunningham, in his youth, increased that habitual melancholy to which he was constitutionally disposed, and gave rise to many of those sonnets, the sweetness and tenderness of which—possessing all the Doric elegancies of “Comus”—for mellowness of feeling and tender elevation of sentiment, may vie with some of the best Grecian models.

How beautiful is the “Sonnet to his Lute”—and the one so well imitated from a passage in Guarini’s “*Il Pastor Fido!*”

“ Sweet Spring! thou com’st with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head in flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down the showers.
 —Sweet Spring!—thou com’st—but ah! my pleasant
 hours,
 And happy days, with thee come not again;
 The sad memorials only of my pain,
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour:

Thou art the same, which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
 But she, whose breath embalm'd the wholesome air,
 Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore :—
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 When thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb!—”

VERSSES WRITTEN BY A MANIAC.

A GARDENER, much afflicted with melancholy and hypochondriacal symptoms, was, at his own request, some years ago, admitted into that excellent asylum, “The Retreat”—an institution near York for insane persons of the Society of Friends; and gave the following account of himself, almost *verbatim* :—

“ I have no soul ; I have neither heart, liver, nor lungs ; nor any thing at all in my body, nor a drop of blood in my veins. My bones are all burnt to a cinder ; I have no brain ; and my head is sometimes as hard as iron, and sometimes as soft as a pudding.”

A fellow-patient, also an hypochondriac, amused himself in turning into verse this affectingly ludicrous description, in the following lines :

“ A miracle, my friends, come view,
 A man, (admit his own words true,)
 Who lives without a soul :
 Nor liver, lungs, nor heart, has he,
 Yet sometimes can as cheerful be
 As if he had the whole.

His head, (take his own words along,)
 Now, hard as iron, yet ere long
 Is soft as any jelly ;
 All burnt his sinews, and his lungs ;—
 Of his complaints, not fifty tongues
 Could find enough to tell ye.

—Yet he who paints his likeness here
 Has just as much himself to fear ;
 He’s wrong from top to toe :
 Ah, friends ! pray help us, if you can,
 And make us each again a man,
 That we from hence may go.”

CALAMITIES OF POETS.

BUTLER was fortunate, for a time, in having Charles II. to *admire* his “ Hudibras.” That Monarch carried one in his pocket: hence his success, though the work has great merit. Yet, does merit sell a work in one case out of twenty? Butler, after all, was left to starve; for, according to Dennis, the author of “ Hudibras” died in a garret.

SAMUEL BOYSE, author of "The Deity," a poem, was a fag author, and, at one time, employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's Tales into modern English, which he did, with great spirit, at the rate of three-pence per line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket, because he was destitute of breeches; and was, at last, found famished to death with a pen in his hand.

COLLINS, that elegant poet, moaned and raved amidst the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, and died insane, in consequence of literary disappointment: however, there was a pretty monument raised to his memory!

POOR CHATTERTON, one of the greatest geniuses of any age, who destroyed himself through want, (though insanity would be the better term, since it was in the family,) still left wherewithal, by the aid of friends, to preserve his sister from want and poverty in her latter years, and enabled her also to leave her only child sufficiently provided for, according to her rank in life. This act of justice *came late*, as it usually does.

HENRY CAREY, author and composer of "God Save the King," was reduced to such abject poverty, that, in a fit of desperation, October 4, 1743, he laid violent hands upon himself.

CORNEILLE suffered all the horrors of poverty. This great Poet used to say, his poetry went away with his teeth. Some will think that they ought to disappear at the same time, as one would not give employment to the other.

There is no doing without a patron. Of CHURCHILL'S "Rosciad," which had so great a run afterwards, ten copies were sold in the first five days: in four days more, six copies were sold: but, when Garrick found himself praised in it, he set it afloat, and Churchill then reaped a large harvest.

DANTE had not the good fortune to please his patron at Verona. The great Candella Scala gave him to understand that he was weary of him, and told him one day, it is a wonderful thing that such a one, who is a fool, should please us all, and make himself beloved by every body, which you, who are accounted a wise

man, cannot do. "This is not to be wondered at," answered Dante; "you would not admire such a thing, if you knew how much the conformity of characters knits men together."

FALCONER'S deaf and dumb sister, notwithstanding the success of the "Shipwreck," was, not many years since, and, perhaps, still is, the tenant of an hospital, says some modern writer; we believe, D'Israeli.

SAVAGE was in continual distress, independent of an unnatural mother's persecution: he sold his "Wanderer" for ten pounds.

SPENSER lived in misery and depression. It is thought Lord Burleigh withheld the bounty Queen Elizabeth intended for Spenser. But he is more clearly stigmatized in these remarkable lines, where the misery of dependence on court-favour is painted in fine colours:

" Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;

To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers' ;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run ;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.

These lines exasperated still more the inelegant, the illiberal, Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that, even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, the translator of "Horace," and no mean poet, died in the rules of the King's Bench. Poor Smart, when at Pembroke College, wore a path upon one of the paved walks.

THOMSON'S first part of his "Seasons,"—Winter, lay like waste paper at the bookseller's, till a gentleman of taste, Mr. Michell, promulgated its merits in the best circles, *and then* all was right. Thomson got from Andrew Millar, in 1729, one hundred and thirty-seven

pounds ten shillings for "Sophonisba," a tragedy, and "Spring," a poem. For the rest of the "Seasons," and some other pieces, one hundred and five pounds of John Millar; which were again sold to Millar, nine years afterwards, for one hundred and five pounds. When Millar died, his executors sold the whole copy-right to the trade for five hundred and five pounds.

Gray, the Poet, speaks thus of Thomson:—
"He has lately published a poem, called the 'Castle of Indolence,' in which there are some good stanzas." "In an ordinary critic, possessed of one-hundredth part of his sensibility and taste, such total indifference to the beauties of this exquisite performance would be utterly impossible."—(*Stewart's Philos. Essays.*)

RICHARD EDWARDS.

THIS Poet, who enjoyed considerable eminence in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was born about 1523. He early became a courtier, and, in the year 1561, was constituted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and Master of the singing boys.

When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in

1566, she was attended by Edwards, who was on this occasion employed to compose a play called "Palamon and Arcite," which was acted before her Majesty in Christ Church Hall. Another of his plays is entitled "The Tragical Comedy of Damon and Pythias:" it was acted at Court, and is reprinted in Dodsley's Collection. This is a very curious specimen of the early English Drama, when it was approaching to something of a regular form; and there is much humour in the dialogue of some of the inferior characters: but the scenes intended to be serious are many of them full of low and ludicrous expressions.

The following may serve to give some idea of the style of this heterogenous composition.

“ CARISOPHIUS.

The sturdy kuave is gone, the devil him take!
He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides, and all to
ake.

Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou wait no better?
As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor.

JACK.

Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your match,
you see;

You durst not fight with him that's gone, and will you
wreak your anger on me?

CARISOPHUS.

Thou villain, by thee I have lost mine honour,
 Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vagabond, or a lazy
 lubber,
 And not given one blow again : hast thou handled me well ?

JACK.

Master, I handled you not ; but who did handle you very
 handsomely, you can tell.

CARISOPHUS.

Handsomely ! thou crack-rope.

JACK.

Yea, Sir, very handsomely : I hold you a groat,
 He handled you so handsomely, that he left not one mote
 in your coat.

CARISOPHUS.

Oh ! I had fir'd him trimly, thou villain, if thou hadst
 given me my sword.

JACK.

It is better as it is, Master, believe me at a word."

The first edition of this *Play* was printed in 1570, only twenty years before Shakspeare produced the earliest of his inimitable Dramas ; and yet so little progress had dramatic poetry at that time made in this country, that Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poetry, 1589," gives the

prize to Edwards for comedy and interlude; and Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia, 1598," recites "Maister Edwards of her Majesty's Chapel as one of the best for comedy."

In the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," a collection of miscellany Poems, published in 1576, the "pithy precepts, learned counsels, and excellent inventions," in which are said, in the title, to be "devised and written for the most part by Master Edwards," are numerous songs and other pieces from his pen. Of these, there is one on Terence's well-known apophthegm of "*Amanitium iræ amoris integratio est*," which Sir Egerton Brydges, who has reprinted this Miscellany, considers, even without reference to the age which produced it, among the most beautiful *morceaux* of our language. As we fully coincide in this opinion, we cannot refrain from inserting this exquisite little piece, in order to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself.

" In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child that long before had
 wept;
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe
 to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her
 breast.

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her
child,
She rocked it and rated it till that on her it smiled;
Then did she say, ' Now have I found this proverb true
to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight,
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place whereat she
sat,
And proved plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing
life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and
strife;
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
' The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

She said that neither King nor Prince, nor Lord, could
live aright,
Until their puissance they could prove, their manhood
and their might.
When manhood shall be matched so that fear can take
no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,
And leave their force that failed them, which did con-
sume the rout,
That might before have liv'd their time and their full
nature out.

Then did she sing, as one that thought no man could her
reprove,

‘ The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.’

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within her
haunt,

That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a
taunt ;

Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath suc-
ceed,

And force who fight to fall to play, in pasture where they
feed ;

So noble Nature can well end the works she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some.

Thus in her song she oft rehearst, as did her well behove,
‘ The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.’

‘ ! marvel much, pardie,’ quoth she, ‘ for to behold the
rout,

To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world
about ;

Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and
some can smoothly smile,

And some embrace others in arm, and there think many
a wile ;

Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and
some stout,

Yet they are never friend indeed, until they once fall out.’

Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did
remove,

‘ The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.’”

MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

MILTON, who did not begin writing his "Paradise Lost" until he was forty-seven, sold it for five pounds to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667. In two years more, he had five pounds for the second edition. In 1680, Mrs. Milton sold all her right for eight pounds. Simmons then sold the copyright for twenty-five pounds. This was the book, too, that Milton had great difficulty in getting licensed; whereas, afterwards, the editors of that great poet, Dr. Bentley, got one hundred guineas for his edition; and Dr. Newton no less than six hundred and thirty pounds for the "Paradise Lost," and one hundred and five pounds for the "Regained."

It was an extraordinary misjudgment of the celebrated Waller, who speaks thus of the first appearance of "Paradise Lost:"—"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man: if its length be not considered as merit, it has no other."—Poor Milton was obliged to keep school for his livelihood.

Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Milton," describing the school once kept by this author,

has the following paragraph: "Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge: its only genuine product, I believe, is a small History of Poetry, written in Latin by his nephew, of which, perhaps, none of my readers have ever heard."

We may be sure that Dr. Johnson had never seen the book he speaks of; for it is entirely composed in English, though its title begins with two Latin words, viz. "Theatrum Poetarum; or, a Complete Collection of the Poets, &c." a circumstance that probably misled the biographer of Milton.

HARTE, AND DR. JOHNSON.

WALTER HARTE, the Poet and Historian, was one of Dr. Johnson's earliest admirers.—Johnson's "Life of Savage" was published in 1744: soon after which, Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of "The Gentleman's Magazine," at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work, which was anonymous. Cave, the next time they met, told Harte that he made a man very happy the other

day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of Savage's "Life." "How could that be?" said Harte; "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might have observed, I sent a plate of victuals behind the screen: *there* skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby, that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly."

KHEMNITZER.

IVAN IVANOVICH KHEMNITZER, a celebrated Russian Fabulist, may be compared, in many respects, to La Fontaine, his pattern and forerunner. The same goodness of heart, the same blind confidence in his friends, the same carelessness and inoffensiveness, and the same absence of mind, which formed the prominent features of La Fontaine's character, were developed with singular fidelity in that of Khemnitzer. Of the last trait we will give an example or two. When in Paris, he once went to see the representation of "Tancred." On Le Kain's appearance, he was so struck with the noble and majestic presence of that renowned actor, that

he rose from his seat and bowed with lowly reverence. An universal roar of laughter brought him back to himself. One morning, a friend, for whom he had the highest regard, related to him an interesting piece of news. Khemnitzer dined with him afterwards, and, as a piece of remarkable intelligence, narrated to his host that which his host had before communicated to him. His friend reminded him of his forgetfulness. Khemnitzer was greatly distressed, and in his perplexity, instead of his handkerchief, he put his host's napkin into his pocket. On rising from table, Khemnitzer endeavoured to slip away unobserved; his friend saw him, followed him, and tried to detain him. Khemnitzer reproached him for unveiling his weaknesses, and would not listen to any entreaties. "Leave my napkin, then, at least, which you pocketed at table," said the other. Khemnitzer drew it forth, and stood like a statue. The loud laugh of the company recovered him from his trance, and with the utmost good nature he joined in the general mirth.

The following elegant version of one of his Fables is extracted from Mr. Bowring's de-

lightful selections, under the title of "Russian Anthology." The reader will, probably, feel some surprise to see the Councils of Kings treated with such manly freedom by a Russian Poet of the last century.

" THE LION'S COUNCIL OF STATE.

A Lion held a court for State affairs :
 Why ? That is not your business, Sir, 'twas theirs !
 He call'd the Elephants for counsellors—still
 'The council-board was incomplete ;
 And the King deem'd it fit
 With Asses all the vacancies to fill.
 Heaven help the State—for lo ! the bench of Asses
 The bench of Elephants by far surpasses.

He was a fool—the 'foresaid King—you'll say ;
 Better have kept those places vacant, surely,
 'Than fill them up so poorly.
 O no ! that's not the Royal way ;
 Things have been done for ages thus—and we
 Have a deep reverence for antiquity :
 Nought worse, Sir, than to be, or to appear
 Wiser and better than our fathers were.
 The list must be complete, even though you make it
 Complete with Asses ; for the Lion saw
 Such had for ages been the law—
 He was no radical—to break it !

‘ Besides, ’ he said, ‘ my Elephants’ good sense
Will soon my Asses’ ignorance diminish,
For wisdom has a mighty influence.’
They made a pretty finish!
‘ The Asses’ folly soon obtain’d the sway ;
The Elephants became as dull as they ! ’

POETRY OF THE HINDOOS AND THE PERSIANS.

“ IN their descriptions of female charms, the images of the Hindoo poets are invariably taken from nature ; consequently, are seldom extravagant, and they are always calculated to raise in the mind the sweet ideas of tenderness and delicacy. The Hindoo nymph is lovely, but her charms are never heightened by that kind of bacchanalian tint which glows in the attractions of the Persian beauty. With the one, we sigh to repose among shady bowers, or wander by the side of cooling streams ; to weave chaplets of the lotus, or the jessamine, for her hair ; and even fancy ourselves enamoured of one of the legitimate shepherdesses of our pastoral poetry. With the other, we burn to share the luxurious pleasures of the banquet ; to celebrate her eyes in anacreontic measures ; or toast her jetty ringlets in bowls of liquid ruby. Our heated

imagination pourtrays a Phryne or a Lais, and we picture to ourselves the wanton attractions of a Grecian or Roman courtesan. Love is equally the ruling passion of both, but it is of different kinds: that of the Hindoo is evident, yet tender; that of the Persian, voluptuous and intoxicating.

“Nor is the character of their lovers less distinctly marked: the passion of the Hindoo youth is breathed for his mistress only; while that of the Persian is equally excited by wine and music, by roses and nightingales, as by all the blandishments of his ‘sugar’d’ charmer.”

Broughton, on the Poetry of the Hindoos.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE elegant courtier, but unfortunate Earl of Essex, was a lover of nature in all her wild varieties; and when ordered to take the command of the army in Ireland, a commission which most willingly he would have foregone, he wrote a letter to his Mistress, Queen Elizabeth, in which he complained of the appointment as a species of banishment, and closed his letter with the following lines:

“ Happy he could furnish forth his fate,
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk ; then should he sleep secure.
Then 'wake again, and yield God ev'ry praise,
Content with hips and haws and brambleberry ;
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry :
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.”

RICHARD TARLTON.

THIS ancient Comedian, more celebrated as a clown and a jester than as a poet, like too many of his fraternity, joined some humour to a great deal of profligacy. He was brought to London by Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, who found him in a field keeping his father's swine, and “ being,” says Fuller, “ highly pleased with his happy unhappy answers,” took him into his service. He afterwards became an actor at the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street ; and, according to the veracious Chronicler, Sir Richard Baker, “ for the Clown's part he never had his equal, nor ever will.”

“ He was, perhaps,” says Gifford, “ the most

popular comic performer that ever trod the stage; and his memory was cherished with fond delight by the vulgar, to the period of the Revolution. It is afflicting to add, that this extraordinary man lived and died a profligate; for I give no credit to the ‘songs and sonnets’ which tell of his recantation and repentance. These were hawked about as commonly as ‘dying-speeches,’ and were, probably, of no better authority.”

Not to mention the repentant verses thus doubtfully ascribed to Tarlton, he wrote “*Tragical Treatises, containing sundry discourses and pretty conceits, both in prose and verse;*” and, also, “*Toys,*” in verse.

A Collection of old stories newly polished, and of some new ones, was published in 1611, under the title of “*Tarlton’s Jests;*” and several of his witticisms are also to be found in Chettle’s “*Kind-heart’s Dream.*” Some of these stories are ridiculous enough: for instance, during the time that he kept the Tabor, a tavern, in Gracechurch Street, he was chosen Scavenger, but was often complained of by the Ward, for neglect: he laid the blame on the

Raker, and he again on his horse, which, being blooded and drenched the preceding day, could not be worked. "Then," says Tarlton, "the horse must suffer;" so he sent him to the Compter, and when the Raker had done his work, sent him there also, to pay the prison fees and redeem his horse.

Another story is told of him, that, having run up a large score at an ale-house in Sandwich, he made his boy accuse him for a seminary priest. The officers came and seized him in his chamber, on his knees, crossing himself; so they paid his reckoning, with the charges of his journey, and he got clear to London. When they brought him before the Recorder, Fleetwood, he knew him, and not only discharged him, but entertained him very courteously. This tale, however, is altogether too like that which is told of Rabelais and others, to be genuine.

Tarlton was married to a wife, named Kate, who is said to have cuckolded him; for which reason, a waterman, who was bringing him from Greenwich, landed him at Cuckold's Point. He does not seem to have been particularly fond of

his helpmate ; for it is related, that, being once in a great storm, as they were sailing from Southampton, and every man being directed to throw overboard the baggage that he could best spare, he offered to throw his wife over, but the company rescued her. This, again, is but an old joke foisted upon him, for the purpose of filling up the pamphlet.

“ Much of his merriment,” says honest Fuller, “ lay in his very looks and actions. Indeed, the self-same words spoken by another, would hardly move a merry man to smile, which, uttered by him, would force a sad soul to laughter.” In fact, he was the “ Liston” of his age.

“ When Queen Elizabeth was serious,” continues Fuller, “ (I dare not say sullen) and out of good-humour, he could undumpish her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they would go to the Queen ; and he was their usher, to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians.”

He was the author of a dramatic performance, never published, called "The Seven Deadly Sins," the plot of which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Malone. In one of Gabriel Harvey's controversial pamphlets, mention is made of a work written by Nash,—“right formally conveyed according to the style and tenour of Tarlton's precedent, his famous play of 'The Seven Deadly Sins,' which most deadly, but most lively, play, I might have seen in London, and was very gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarlton himself; of whom I merrily demanding which of the seven was his own deadly sin, he bluntly answered after this manner: 'By —, the sin of other gentlemen, lechery.' 'Oh, but that, Mr. Tarlton, is not your part upon the stage; you are to blame that dissemble with the world, and have one part for your friends' pleasure, another for your own.' 'I am somewhat of Doctor Perne's religion,' quoth he, and abruptly took his leave.”

In an elegant book of large ornamented capital letters and specimens of fine writing, by John Scottowe, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is a portrait of "Mr. Tharlton,"

playing on his pipe and tabor, and in the margin these verses.

“ The picture here set down,
 Within this letter T,
Arigh doth shew the form and shape
 Of Tarlton unto thee.

When he in pleasant wise
 The counterfeit exprest
Of Clown with coat of russet hue,
 And sturtups, with the rest.

Who merry many made,
 When he appear'd in sight ;
The grave and wise, as well as rude,
 In him did take delight.

The party now is gone,
 And closely clad in clay ;
Of all the jesters in the land,
 He bare the praise away.

Now hath he play'd his part,
 And sure he is of this,
If he in Christ did die, to live
 With him in lasting bliss.”

He is represented with a flat cap on his head, a flat nose on his face, a budget at his girdle, a short jacket, trousers, and shoes buckled at the side of the ancle.

VOLTAIRE, AND DR. YOUNG.

“VOLTAIRE, like the French in general, shewed the greatest complaisance outwardly, and had the greatest contempt for us inwardly. He consulted Dr. Young about his Essay in English, and begged him to correct any gross faults he might find in it. The Doctor set very honestly to work, marked the passages most liable to censure; and when he went to explain himself about them, Voltaire could not help bursting out a laughing in his face.

“It was on the occasion of Voltaire’s criticism on the Episode of ‘Death and Sin,’ that Dr. Young spoke that couplet to him—

‘Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
That thou thyself art Milton’s ‘Death and Sin.’

“Voltaire’s objection to that fine Episode was, that Death and Sin were non-existents.” SPENCE.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BOURNE deduces the word carol from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. It is an imitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* by the angels, sung in the Church itself, and by the bishops in their houses among the clergy.

Fosbroke, in his "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," says, "it was usual in ancient feasts to single out a person, and place him in the midst to sing a song to God;" and Mr. Davies Gilbert states, that, till lately, in the West of England, on Christmas eve, about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, "cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas-day, these carols took the place of psalms in all the Churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end, it was usual for the parish-clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners."

Hone, in his curious work, the "Ancient Mysteries," says, "The custom of singing carols at Christmas, prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland, where no Church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales, it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England: at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at

this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight, at Christmas eve, service is performed in the Churches, followed by singing of carols to the harp. Whilst the Christmas holydays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses; and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter. *Iffyr Carolan*, or the Book of Carols, contains sixty-six for Christmas, and five summer carols; *Blodeugerdd Cymrii*, or the Anthology of Wales, contains forty-eight Christmas carols, nine summer carols, three May carols, one winter carol, one nightingale carol, and a carol to Cupid."

The following Christmas Carol was written expressly for "Time's Telescope," by the Editor of these volumes:

"IT IS THE DAY! THE HOLY DAY! .

I.

It is the Day! the Holy Day! on which Our LORD was born,
And sweetly doth the sun-beam gild the dew-besprinkled
thorn;

The birds sing thro' the heavens, and the breezes gently
play,

And song and sunshine lovelily begin this Holy Day.

II.

'Twas in a humble manger, a little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet, and shepherds at his head,
The SAVIOUR of this sinful world in innocence first lay,
While wise men made their off'rings to him this Holy Day.

III.

He came to save the perishing—to waft the sighs to heav'n
Of guilty men, who truly sought to weep and be forgiv'n :
An Intercessor still he shines, and Man to him should
pray
At his Altar's feet for meekness upon this Holy Day.

IV.

As flowers still bloom fair again, though all their life seems
shed,
'Thus we shall rise with life once more, tho' number'd with
the dead :
'Then may our stations be near Him to whom we worship
pay,
And praise, with heartfelt gratitude, upon this Holy Day!"



WACHTER, AND FREDERIC, KING OF PRUSSIA.

AMONGST the *anti-poetical*, may be placed the father of the great monarch of Prussia. Frederic would not suffer the Prince to read verses; and when he was desirous of study, or of the conversation of literary men, he was obliged to do it secretly. Every Poet was odious to his Majesty.

One day, having observed some lines written on one of the doors of the palace, he asked a courtier their signification. They were explained to him. They were Latin verses, composed by Wachter, a man of letters, then resident in Berlin. The King immediately sent for the Bard, who came warm with the hope of receiving a reward for his ingenuity. He was astonished, however, to hear the King accost him, — “I order you immediately to quit this city, and my kingdom.” Wachter accordingly took refuge in Hanover.

This want of taste in the father was amply compensated by the distinguished patronage extended, by the son, to Poets, and men of genius, of all countries.

ABBOTSFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER
SCOTT.

THE following description of the dwelling of this celebrated northern Bard elicits our admiration so strongly, that, without further preface, we introduce it to the notice of our readers. It is to that talented work, "Peter's Letters to his Kinfolks," that we are indebted for it.

Speaking of "the Tweed," the writer of the Epistle says,—“I saw this far-famed river for the first time, with the turrets of its Poet's mansion immediately beyond it, and the bright foliage of his young larches reflected half way over in its mirror.

“You cannot imagine a more lovely river; it is as clear as the purest brook you ever saw, for I could count the white pebbles as I passed, and yet it is broad and deep, and, above all, extremely rapid; and although it rises sometimes to a much greater height, it seems to fill the whole of its bed magnificently. The Ford (of which I made use) is the same from which the House takes its name, and a few minutes brought me to its gates.

“Ere I came to it, however, I had time to

see that it is a strange fantastic structure, built in total defiance of all those rules of uniformity, to which the modern architects of Scotland are so much attached. It consists of one large tower, with several smaller ones clustering around it, all built of fine grey granite, their roofs diversified abundantly with all manner of antique chimney-tops, battlements, and turrets, the windows placed, here and there, with appropriate irregularity, both of dimension and position, and the spaces between or above them not unfrequently occupied with saintly niches, and chivalrous coats of arms. Altogether it bears a close resemblance to some of our true old English manor-houses, in which the forms of religious and warlike architecture are blended together, with no ungraceful mixture."

QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND JOSEPH RITSON.

FEW of our readers can be ignorant that "good Queen Bess," as she has been whimsically nick-named, was a woman of great learning, and wrote Poetry; most of them must, also, have heard of Joseph Ritson, the Poetical Antiquarian, whose unhappy temper and unsocial peculiarities kept him involved in constant

hostility with all who happened to cross his path. The following extract from his "Bibliographia Poetica," (a work of consummate research, containing the most ample catalogue extant of the Poets of Great Britain, and their productions, down to the close of the sixteenth century,) will illustrate his remarkable style of writing, and oddities of spelling, as well as the rancorous spirit with which he was imbued.

"Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England, wrote, in 1555, while prisoner at Woodstock, with a charcoal on a shutter, some certain versees, printed in 'Hentzner's Travels;' and a couplet, with her diamond, in a glass window, printed in Foxes 'Actes and Monumentes;' also, a Poem, touching the practicees of the Queen of Scots and her adherents, preserve'd in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' 1589; and, apparently, other things; since, according to that flattering courtier, her 'learned, delicate, noble Muse,' easeyly surmounted all the rest that had writen before her time, or since, 'for sence, sweatnesse, and subtillitie,' were it in 'ode, elegie, epigram, or any other kinde of Poeme, heroicke or lyricke,' wherein it should please her Majesty to employ her pen, 'even by

as much oddes as her owne gallant estate and degree' exceeded 'all the rest of her most humble vassalls.' The following 'Epitaph, made by the Queene's Majestie, at the death of the Princesse of Espinoye," inserted among the Poems of one Soothern, printed in her time, is here given merely as a curiosity; since there cannot wel be a more abominable composition, the Museës haveing favour'd her just as much as Venus or Diana.*

' When the warrier Phœbus goth to make his round,
 With a painefull course, to toother hemisphere:
 A darke shadowe, a great horror, and a feare,
 In I knoe not what cloudes inveron the ground.
 And even so for Pinoy, that fayre vertues lady,
 (Although Jupiter have in this orizôn,
 Made a starre of her, by the Ariaduan crowne)
 Morns, dolour, and griefe, accompany our body.
 O Atropos, thou hast doone a worke perverst.
 And as a byrde that hath lost both young and nest,
 About the place where it was makes many a tourne,
 Even so dooth Cupid, that infaunt, god of amore,

* "Bolton, however, is of a different opinion. 'Q. Elizabeth's verses,' says he, 'those which I have seen and read, are princely, as her prose.'"

Flie about the tombe, where she lies all in dolore,
Weeping for her eyes, wherein he made soiourne.’*

“Bolton after citeing a fulsome and parasitical dedication to this Queen, (or, rather, *quean*, as one who would not onely scold, and swear *By God!* at her nobles, and maids of honour, but, occasionally, box their ears,) by Sir Henry Savil, before his abominable perversion of ‘*Tacitus*,’ (principally, he says, to incite her, as by a foil, to communicate to the world, if not those admirable compositions of her own, yet, at the least, ‘those most rare and excellent translations of histories,’ if he ‘may call them translations, which have so infinitely exceeded the originals,’ !!!) proceeds as follows:—‘Somewhat it may detract from the credit of this seeming hyperbolical praise, both because it was written in her life-time, and, also, to herself [a censure which may apply, with no less justice

* “‘Two little anthemes, or thinges in meeter of her Majestie,’ were license’d to Mr. Barker, her Majesties printer, the 15th of November, 1578. She is generally represented as beautiful, chaste, and an accomplish’d poetess; and was all, no doubt, with equal truth.”

or propriety, to Puttenham, and the rest of her servile flatterers]: but I can believe they were excellent. For, 'perhaps,' the world never saw a lady, in whose person more greatness of parts met 'than' in hers; unless it were in that most noble princess and heroine, Mary, Queen of Scots, inferior to her only in her outward fortunes; in all other respects and abilities, at least her equal.' This panegyric, though eloquently deliver'd, is, at any rate, a poor compliment to Queen Mary, to put her on an equal footing with a 'green-eye'd monster,' (the illegitimate spawn of a bloody and lustful tyrant) who, not onely, imprison'd that most beautiful and accomplish'd Princess (to whom she had hypocritically and seductively offer'd a refuge) for the eighteen best years of her life and reign; but, upon the falsest suggestions, and the grossest forgeries, with a savage and malignant cruelty, unparallel'd even in the Furies or Gorgons of antiquity, deprive'd of crown and kingdom, and deliberately shed the sacred and precious blood of her nearest relation, and, even, the presumptive heir to her own realm, to which, in fact, she had a better title than herself.

‘ O, tigress’ heart, wrapp’d in a woman’s hide.’ ”*

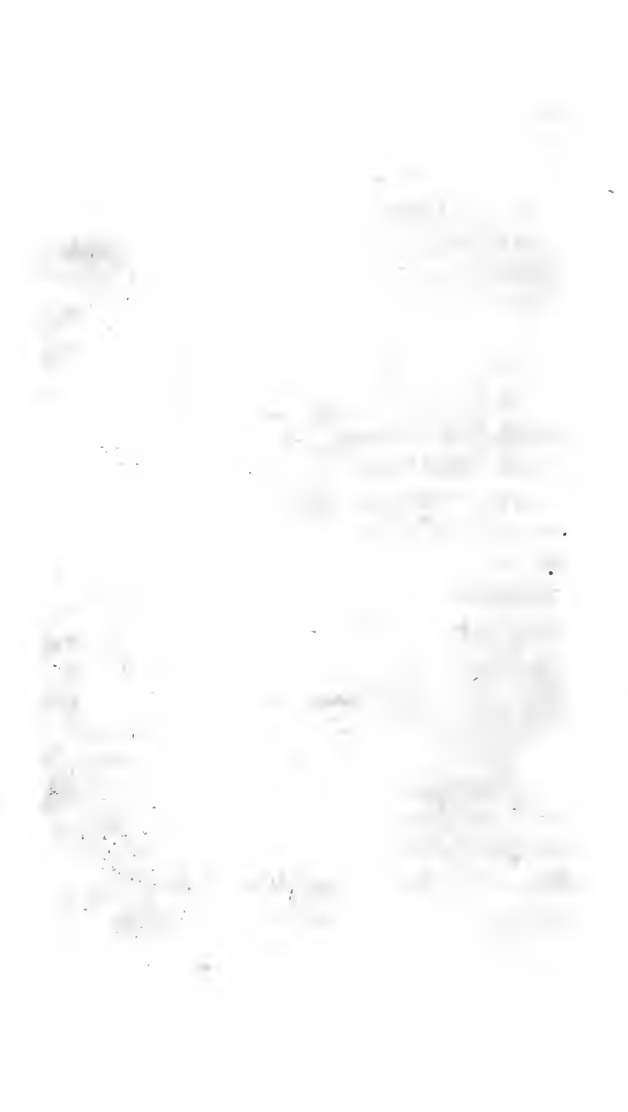
Such are the terms in which this morbidly irritable Antiquarian speaks of the “Virgin Queen,” whose praises have been the never-failing theme of Poets without number, and whom some historians even have not scrupled to represent as the “glory of her sex and nation,” while others have pictured her in the darkest colours which imagination could devise. The truth, as usual, is to be found between the two extremes ; but, were she even all that her enemies, and Ritson among the rest, have represented her, nothing can excuse the grossness of the language, and the vulgarity of the terms, in which his censure is conveyed.

POETICAL DEATHS.

THERE must be some attraction existing in Poetry, which is not merely fictitious ; for often have its genuine votaries felt all its power on the most trying occasions. They have displayed the energy of their mind by composing

* Ritson, “Bib. Poet.” p. 363.





or reciting verses, even with death on their lips.

The Emperor Adrian, dying, made that celebrated address to his soul which is so happily translated by Pope. Lucan, when he had his veins opened, by order of Nero, expired reciting a passage from his "Pharsalia," in which he had described the wound of a dying soldier. Petronius did the same thing, on the same occasion. Patris, a Poet of Caen, perceiving himself expiring, composed some verses which are justly admired. In this little Poem he relates a dream, in which he appeared to be placed next to a beggar; when, having addressed him in the haughty strain he would, probably, have employed on this side of the grave, he receives the following reprimand:

" Ici tous sont égaux, je ne te dois plus rien,
Je suis sur mon fumier, comme toi sur le tien."

" Here all are equal! now thy lot is mine;
I on my dunghill, as thou art on thine."

Des Barreaux, it is said, wrote on his death-bed that well-known sonnet which is translated in "The Spectator."

Margaret of Austria, when she was nearly perishing in a storm at sea, composed her epi-

taph in verse. Had she perished, what would have become of the epitaph? and if she escaped, of what use was it? She should rather have said her prayers. The verses, however, have all the *naiveté* of the times.

“ Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle
Qu’ ent deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.”

“ Beneath this tomb is high-born Margaret laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.’

She was betrothed to Charles VIII. of France, who forsook her; and being next intended for the Spanish Infant, in her voyage to Spain she wrote these lines in a storm.

Mademoiselle de Serment was surnamed “The Philosopher.” She was celebrated for her knowledge and taste in polite literature. She died of a cancer in her breast, and suffered with exemplary patience. She expired on finishing these verses, which she addressed to Death:

“ Nectare clausa suo
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum.”

It was after Cervantes had received extreme unction, that he wrote the dedication of his “*Persiles*.”

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, at the moment he expired, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, uttered these two lines of his version of "Dies Iræ:"

" My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

Waller, in his last moments, repeated some lines from Virgil; and Chaucer seems to have taken his farewell of all human vanities by a moral ode, entitled, "A Balade made by Gefrey Chauncyer upon his dethe-bedde, lying in his grete anguyse."

Cornelius de Wit fell an innocent victim to popular prejudice. His death is thus noticed by Hume:—"This man, who had bravely served his country in war, and who had been invested with the highest dignities, was delivered into the hands of the executioner, and torn in pieces by the most inhuman torments. Amidst the severe agonies which he endured, he frequently repeated an ode of Horace, which contained sentiments suited to his deplorable condition." It was the third ode of the third

book, which this martyred philosopher and statesman then repeated.

We add another instance, in the death of that delightful Poet, Metastasio. After having received the sacrament a very short time before his last moments, he broke out, with all the enthusiasm of poetry and religion, into the following stanzas :

“ T’ offro il tuo proprio Figlio
 Che già d’amore in pegno
 Racchiuso in picciol segno
 Si volle a noi donar.

A lui rivolgi il ciglio
 Guarda chi t’ offro, e poi
 Lasci, Signor, se vuoi
 Lascia di perdonar.”

(TRANSLATED.)

“ I offer to thee, O Lord! thy own Son, who already has given the pledge of love, enclosed in this thin emblem. Turn on him thine eyes : ah ! behold whom I offer to thee, and then desist, O Lord ! if thou can’st desist from mercy.”

“ The Muse that has attended my course
 (says the dying Gleim, in a letter to Klopstock)

still hovers round my steps to the very verge of the grave." A collection of lyrical Poems, entitled, "Last Hours," composed by Gleim on his death-bed, was intended to be published.

The death of Klopstock was one of the most poetical. In this Poet's "Messiah," he had made the death of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, a picture of the death of the just; and on his own death-bed he was heard repeating, with an expiring voice, his own verses on Mary. He was exhorting himself to die, by the accents of his own harp,—the sublimities of his own Muse. The same Song of Mary (observes Madame de Stäel) was read at the public funeral of Klopstock.

Chatellar, a French gentleman, beheaded in Scotland, for having loved the Queen, and even for having attempted her honour, Brantome says, would not have any other viaticum than a Poem of Ronsard's. When he ascended the scaffold, he took the hymns of this Poet, and, for his consolation, read that on death, which, he says, is well adapted to conquer its fears.

The Marquis of Montrose, when he was condemned by his judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, the brave soldier said,

that "he was sorry he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities in Europe, as monuments of his loyalty." As he proceeded to his execution, he put this thought into beautiful verse.

Philip Strozzi, when imprisoned by Cosmo, the first Great Duke of Tuscany, was apprehensive of the danger to which he might expose his friends, who had joined in his conspiracy against the Duke, from the confessions which the rack might extort from him. Having attempted every exertion for the liberty of his country, he considered it as no crime to die. He resolved on suicide. With the point of the sword with which he killed himself, he cut out on the mantle-piece of the chimney, this line of Virgil :

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

"Rise some avenger from our blood !"

The following stanzas were begun by André Chenier in the dreadful period of the French Revolution. He was waiting for his turn to be dragged to the guillotine, when he commenced this Poem.

“ Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier Zephyre
 Anime la fin d'un beau jour,
 Au pied de l'échafaud j'essaie encore ma lyre ;
 Peut-être est-ce bientôt mon tour.

Peut-être avant que l'heure en cercle promenée
 Ait posé sur l'email brillant
 Dans les soixante pas ou sa route est bornée
 Son pied sonore et vigilant,
 Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière.”

At this pathetic line was André Chenier summoned to the guillotine! Never was a more beautiful effusion of grief interrupted by a more affecting incident.

CORYAT'S POETRY.

CORYAT, so celebrated by his “Crudities,” does not appear to have been much of a versifier, though he is said to have written a song, in the Somersetshire dialect, upon the excellency of the Bath waters. According to his own account, however, he had a rare extempore talent, which he employed on a very ludicrous occasion.

He journeyed with a friend to the Ruins of Troy, and was there, by that friend, (as Coryat very seriously relates, in a letter inserted in

Purchas's "Pilgrims") dubbed the first "Knight of Troy." Our traveller received the honour with these words, with which his Muse favored him for occasion.

"Lo, here, with prostrate knee, I do embrace
 The gallant title of a Trojan Knight,
 In Priam's Court, which time shall ne'er deface,
 A grace unknown to any British wight.

This noble knighthood shall fame's trump resound,
 In Odcombe's * honour, maugre envie fell,
 O'er famous Albion throughout that island round,
 Till that my mournful friends shall ring my knell."

SCHILLER.

THIS celebrated German Poet had a patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never used. Turning over a mass of papers one day, in the presence of a friend, he came to his patent, and shewed it carelessly to his friend, with this observation:—"I suppose, you did not know I was a Noble;" and then hastily and contemptuously buried it again in the mass of miscellaneous papers, amidst which it had long lain undisturbed.

* His residence.

GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE, "the veriest knave that ever escaped transportation," was a Poet of no mean rank in the Elizabethan galaxy. He was a native of Devonshire, and took his degree of M. A. in Christ Church College, Oxford: he afterwards came to London, where he was appointed Poet-Laureate to the Corporation, in which capacity he had the ordering of the City pageants. He was a good pastoral writer; and Wood informs us that his plays "were not only often acted with great applause in his life-time, but did also endure reading, with due commendation, many years after his death."

Peele was almost as famous for his tricks and merry pranks, as Scogan or Tarlton; and as there are books of theirs in print, so there are also of his, particularly one, which has lately been reprinted, entitled "Merrie conceited Jests of Geo. Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student of Oxford: wherein is shewed the course of his life how he lived. A Man very well known in the City of London and elsewhere." The Editor might have added, "better known than trusted;" for these "jests," as they

are called, might with more propriety be termed the tricks of a sharper: one of them, for instance, representing him as inviting a gentleman of property to sleep at his house, and absconding the next morning with his guest's clothes and money.

Steevens has suggested that the character of Pieboard (evidently a pun upon the name), in the comedy of "The Puritan," one of the seven plays falsely attributed to Shakspeare, was intended for Peele; and the coincidence between several of the incidents in that play, and those related in the "Jests," proves this conjecture to be well-founded. Take the "Jest of George and the Barber," as an example: George Peele had stolen a lute from a Brentford barber, (for barbers, in those days, were in the habit of keeping musical instruments in their shops, for the amusement of their customers,) who followed him to London, and demanded it. George vows that he was just about to send for it from a gentleman in the City, (to whose daughter he had lent it,) that he might return it. In fact, Peele had made away with it, to gratify some of his extravagancies, being in want of money, and being also, as the "Jests" say, "of the

poetical disposition—never to write so long as his money lasted ;” but he promised to take the barber to the gentleman’s house, to whom he had to read a Mask, or Pageant, which he had written. The barber accompanies him to the dwelling of an Alderman, whose porter Peele knew ; and while the barber and porter are conversing at some distance, Peele, making action as if he were reading poetry, in fact applies to the Alderman to let him escape at the back door. He pretends that he only wishes to avoid bailiffs, who are pursuing him ; and “ the kinde gentleman, little dreaming of George Peele’s deceit, tooke him into the parlor, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let George out at the garden doore.”

In the play, the Story of the Barber is judiciously omitted, and Pieboard is represented as really hunted into cover by Puttock and Ravenshaw, a bailiff and his follower, or, they were then called, “ two serjeants.” He makes them believe that a gentleman of fortune is about to purchase the device of a Mask of him for five pounds, and that he is on his way to him to receive the money. They agree to

accompany him, and he resorts to the same trick of poetical action, while making his supplication. After a most pitiful speech, by which he works on the easy nature of the gentleman, he discloses his scheme of escape, on which the latter exclaims, "By my troth, an excellent device!" One of the bailiffs whispers the other, "An excellent *device*, he says; he likes it wonderfully:" and his fellow replies, "Oh, there's no talk on it; he's an excellent scholar, and specially at a Mask." Thus the serjeants fall into the trap, and Pieboard escapes out of it.

Peele "was living," says Wood, "in his middle age, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth, but when or where he died I cannot tell; for so it is, and always hath been, that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves."

It is lamentable to think that such should have been the life and such the death of a Poet who could write verses like the following, which form the Prologue to his "Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe; with the Tragedy of Absalom;" a piece of which Hawkins justly says, that it "abounds with the most masterly strokes

of a fine genius, and a genuine spirit of poetry runs through the whole."

“ Of Israel’s sweetest singer now I sing,
 His holy style and happy victories ;
 Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
 Archangels ’stilled * from the breath of Jove,
 Decking her temples with the glorious flow’rs
 Heav’ns rain’d on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
 Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
 The cherubims and angels laid their breasts ;
 And when his consecrated fingers struck
 The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
 He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
 That, wing’d with lightning, brake the clouds, and
 cast
 Their crystal armour at his conqu’ring feet.
 Of this sweet Poet, Jove’s Musician,
 And of his beauteous son, I press to sing.—
 Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct,
 Upon the wings of my well-temper’d verse,
 The hearers’ minds above the tow’rs of heaven,
 And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
 Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
 That none can temper but thy holy hand :
 To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
 And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.”

* Which archangels distilled.

ALONZO D'ERCILLA.

THIS celebrated warrior was an enthusiastic admirer of fine landscapes. During the time when he was, with a small force under his command, in Chi i, he was engaged in a war with the inhabitants of Auracauna, a ferocious tribe of America. Amid the toils and dangers which he encountered in this dreadful warfare, he composed a poem, which has been considered as honourable to the literature of his country. On the midnight watch, stretched on a rock, or reclining near an impetuous torrent, he conceived ideas which astonished his countrymen, and for himself established an immortal fame in the annals of Spanish literature.

METASTASIO.

ALTHOUGH the biographer of the Abate Metastasio has neglected to notice the circumstance, it is not to be questioned but that the magnificent works of nature and art in the neighbourhood of Naples, contributed, in no small degree, to overcome the resolution of that elegant man, when he had bade, as he thought, an eternal

farewell to poetry. He had wasted his fortune in unprofitable yet uncriminal dissipation, and had put himself under the care of the celebrated Advocate Paliotti of Naples, with the firm resolution of resuming a profession he had long neglected.

For some time, he exercised the greatest tyranny over his own inclinations, till, by the earnest entreaties of the Countess of Althan, he was persuaded to write an Epithalamium on the marriage of the Marquess Pignatelli; to this succeeded the drama of "Endymion," "The Gardens of the Hesperides," and "Angelica;" until, captivated by this irresistible recall to poetry, and animated by the lovely scenes by which the Bay of Naples is embellished, he again forsook the law, and gave himself up to his favourite amusement.

WINSTANLEY AND MILTON.

WINSTANLEY, author of "The British Worthies," and "The Lives of the English Poets," was contemporary with Milton, and in one of his works, gives an account of that great Poet. It should appear that Winstanley was attached to the Royal party; and this circumstance will

account for the malevolence displayed in the following passage. After allowing some little merit to that greatest of all poems, "Paradise Lost," he proceeds, and says of the Author :

"But his fame is got out like the snuff of a candle, and will continue to *stink* to all posterity, for having so infamously belied that glorious martyr and king, Charles I."

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

COXETER says, in his MSS., according to Warton, that he had seen one of Ovid's Epistles translated by this celebrated and unfortunate Nobleman. This piece, however, like many others which Coxeter has noticed, is not now known to exist. Some of his Sonnets, and other trifling productions, are to be found among the Ashmolean and Sloanean MSS., but they are said by Warton to have no marks of poetic genius.

The following stanzas are quoted by Mr. Collier, in his "Poetical Decameron," from a beautiful Song attributed to him, in Dowland's "Musical Banquet, 1610."

"Change thy mind since she doth change,
Let not fancy still abuse thee ;

Thy untruth cannot seem strange
 When her falsehood doth excuse thee.
 Jove is dead and thou art free,
 She doth live, but dead to thee.

* * * * *

Die ! but yet, before thou die,
 Make her know what she has gotten ;
 She in whom my hopes did lie,
 Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten .
 She is chang'd, but changed base,
 Baser in so vile a place.

“ But if Essex was no great poet himself,” says Warton, “ few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser to the lowest rhymer, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I could produce evidence to prove, that he scarce ever went out of England, or even left London, on the most frivolous enterprize, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. This is a light in which Lord Essex is seldom viewed. I know not if the Queen’s fatal partiality, or his own inherent attractions, his love of literature, his heroism, integrity, and generosity, qualities

which abundantly overbalance his presumption, vanity, and impetuosity, had the greater share in dictating these praises. If adulation were any where justifiable, it must be when paid to the man who endeavoured to save Spenser from starving in the streets of Dublin, and who buried him in Westminster Abbey with becoming solemnity.

“Spenser was persecuted by Burleigh, because he was patronized by Essex.”

POPE AND WARBURTON.

AMONG other instances of adroitness, may be mentioned the management of Dr. Warburton, as defender of Pope's “*Essay on Man*” against the objections of Crousaz.

The censures of this learned foreigner, many of them well-founded and unanswerable, were directed against the *first edition* of that pleasing poem; but in his defence of the Poet, the Ecclesiastic quoted succeeding impressions, in which Pope had seen and corrected many of his errors.

The whole passed off undetected; the anxieties of Pope, irritable and alive all over, were gradually soothed; the clergy were pacified; and

Warburton, by favour of the man of verse, was introduced to Mr. Allen, married his niece, and inherited his wealth.

QUAINTNESS OF EXPRESSION.

IN the Poem of "Psyche, or Love's Mystery," by Dr. J. Beaumont, we have an example of quaintness of poetical expression, in the description which Aphrodisius gives of the court paid to him, and the pretty messages sent him by the ladies.

"How many a pretty embassy have I
 Receiv'd from them, which put me to my wit
 How not to understand—but by-and-bye
 Some comment would come smiling after it ;
 But I had other thoughts to fill my head,
Books call'd me up—and books put me to bed."

The following ludicrous title of a collection of old poems, by George Gascoigne, has the appearance of being too intentionally absurd to be called quaint :

"A hundred sundrie flowers bound up in one small posie, gathered, partly by translation, in the fine and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention, out of our own fruitful gardens

of England—yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragically, comically, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers.”

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PLAY-WRITER.

“A PLAY-WRITER of our times is like a fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way ; and is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture.

“ Like gaming rooks, that never stick
 To play for hundreds upon tick ;
 'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
 Th'ave not one half-penny to pay ;
 And, if they win a hundred pound,
 Gain, if for sixpence they compound.”

“Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts ; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit ; and fortune, that

favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready-made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this, he makes no conscience of stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son that has no certain father.

“ He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the

piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and makes the less serve by the many impertinencies it commonly requires to make way for it; for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account. This he finds to be good husbandry, and a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have but a little, ought to make as much of it as they can. His prologue, which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that's fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards; though it has but one topic, and that's the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be tried, to except against as many of the jury as they can."

GRAY.

THE mother of Gray the Poet, to whom he was entirely indebted for the excellent education he received, appears to have been a woman of most amiable character, and one whose energy supplied to her child that deficiency, which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned. The following extract from a Case submitted by Mrs. Gray to her Lawyer, de-

velops the disposition and habits of her husband in a light not the most favourable, while it awakens no common sympathy for herself.

“ That she hath been no charge to the said Philip Gray ; and, during all the said time, hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a-year for his shop, almost providing every thing for her son at Eton School ; and now he is at Peter-House, Cambridge.

“ Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, the said Philip hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, pinching, and with the vilest and most abusive language ; that she hath been in the utmost fear of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit his bed and lie with her sister. This she was resolved to bear if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, to be able to assist him in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.”

To the love and courage of this mother, Gray

owed his life when a child: she ventured to do what few women are capable of doing, to open a vein with her own hand, and thus removed the paroxysm arising from a fulness of blood, to which, it is said, all her other children had fallen victims.—We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

SADI, AND HIS WIFE.

THIS celebrated Persian Poet and Moralist was taken prisoner by the Turks, and condemned to work at the fortifications at Tripoli. While in this deplorable state, he was redeemed by a merchant of Aleppo, who had so much regard for him as to give him his daughter in marriage, with a dowry of one hundred sequins. This lady, however, being an intolerable scold, proved the plague of his life, and gave him that unfavourable opinion of the sex, which appears occasionally in his works. During one of their altercations, she reproached him with the favours her family had conferred on him—“Are not you the man,” said she, “my father bought for ten pieces of gold?” “Yes,” answered Sadi, “and he sold me again for a hundred sequins.”

NONSENSE VERSES.

AMPHIGOURIE is a word composed of a Greek adverb, signifying about, and of a substantive, signifying a circle; it must, therefore, convey an idea somewhat similar to what plain Englishmen familiarly express by the term *circumbendibus*. It is a word much employed by the French, to distinguish certain little lyrical parodies of a burlesque nature, and which, turning on words and ideas, without order, or any particular meaning, appear, in spite of this incoherence, to carry some sense.

Here is one, imitated from the French. It is as unmeaning a piece of verse as ever posed an admirer of the Cruscan school, but it sounds well, and is what the French call richly rhymed.

“ How happy to defend our heart,
When Love has never thrown a dart!
But ah! unhappy when it bends,
While pleasure her soft bliss suspends.
Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain.
Oft, in mistaken language wooed,
The skilful lover's understood.”

This song has such a resemblance to meaning, that the celebrated Fontenelle, hearing it sung, imagined he discovered in it a glimpse of sense, and desired to have it repeated. "Don't you see," said Madame de Tencin, "they are nonsense verses?" "It resembles so much," replied the malignant wit, "the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should, for once, be mistaken."

There is a certain kind of pleasure which we receive from absurd poetry ; but ordinary nonsense verses are not sufficiently nonsensical. Taylor, the water-poet, has described the pleasurable sensation which exquisite nonsense can give. In addressing himself to Coriat, who had a very happy turn for the nonsensical, he says,—“Your plenteous want of wit is wondrous witty.”

One of the finest specimens of this sort of verses, is to be found in No. 59 of “Blackwood's Magazine ;” and this has an additional zest from the circumstance of its having been frequently copied as an example of beautiful writing. “I wrote it,” says its witty author, “merely to prove I could write fine, if I liked ; but it cost me a lot of trouble. I actually had

to go to the Commercial Buildings, and swallow seven cups of the most sloppish Bohea I could get, and eat a quartern loaf cut into thin slices, before I was in a fit mood to write such stuff. If I were to continue that diet, I should be the first of your pretty song writers in the empire ; but it would be the death of me in a week. I am not quite recovered from that breakfast yet ; and I do not wonder at the unfortunate figure the poor Cockneys cut, who are everlastingly suffering the deleterious effects of tea-drinking."

“ 'Tis sweet upon th' impassion'd wave
 To hear the voice of music stealing,
 And while the dark winds wildly rave,
 To catch the genuine soul of feeling !
 While all around, the ether blue
 Its dim majestic beam is shedding,
 And roseate tints of heavenly hue
 Are through the midnight darkness spreading !

So is it, when the thrill of love
 Through every burning pulse is flowing ;
 And, like the foliage of the grove,
 A holy light on all bestowing !
 O ! never from this fever'd heart
 Shall dreams on wings of gold be flying ;

But even when life itself shall part,
 I'll think on thee, sweet maid, though dying!

'Twas thus, upon the mountain's height,
 Young Dermod sung his plaint of sorrow,
 Regardless of the evening light,
 That ushers in the gay to-morrow!
 For love had of his cheek bereft
 That smile—that glow—of joyous gladness,
 And sympathy's cold sting had left
 Nought there—but pale and gloomy sadness!"

But clever as this is, it is hardly equal to Swift's "Love Song in the modern taste, 1733," which it would be almost impossible to excel in its way.

"Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions:
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild Areadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!

Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows ;
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to fate."

There is, also, another sort of nonsense verses, in which our older poets appear to have taken

great delight, if we may judge from the numerous examples which they have left behind them. Of these, the following, taken from the merry Bishop Corbet, and the "humorous" Ben Jonson, may serve as specimens. The first, by Corbet, is from "Wit Restored," 8vo. 1658.

" Mark how the lanterns cloud mine eyes,
 See where a moon-drake 'gins to rise ;
 Saturn crawls like an iron-cat,
 To see the naked moon in a slipshod hat.
 Thunder-thumping toadstools crock the pots,
 To see the mermaids tumble ;
 Leather cat-a-mountains shake their heels,
 To hear the goss-hawk grumble.
 The rustic thread
 Begins to bleed,
 And cobwebs elbows itches ;
 The putrid skies
 Eat mull-sack pies
 Bak'd up in logic breeches.

Monday trenchers made good hay,
 The lobster wears no dagger ;
 Meal-mouth'd she-peacocks powl the stars,
 And made the low-bell stagger ;
 Blue crocodiles foam in the toe,
 Blind meal-bags do follow the doe :

A rib of apple brain spice
Will follow the Lancashire dice.

Hark! how the chime of Pluto's — pot cracks,
To see the rainbow's wheel-gan made of flax."

The following is, also, from the pen of the jolly divine: it is from the Ashmolean Museum, A. 37.

" Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches,
Or like a lobster clad in logic-breeches,
Or like the grey fur of a crimson cat,
Or like the mooncalf in a slipshod hat;
E'en such is he who never was begotten
Until his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery tombstone of a cabbage,
Or like a crab-ious with its bag and baggage,
Or like the four-square circle of a ring,
Or like to hey-ding, ding-a, ding-a, ding;
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no doubt,
Spake to small purpose, when his tongue was out.

Like to a fair, fresh, fading, wither'd rose,
Or like to rhyming verse that runs in prose,
Or like the stumbles of a tinder-box,
Or like a man that's sound, yet hath the — ;
E'en such is he who died, and yet did laugh,
To see these lines writ for his epitaph."

The specimen from Ben Jonson is taken from

one of his "Masques," entitled the "Vision of Delight," where it is put into the mouth of Phantasie, to intimate the inconsistencies of dreams. It might have been shorter; but if it amused the audience, we need not quarrel with it. The whole would be too much for the patience of a modern reader; we must, therefore, be content with extracts.

"The politic pudding has still his two ends,
 Though the bellows and bagpipe were ne'er so good
 friends;
 And who can report what offence it would be
 For a squirrel to see a dog climb up a tree?
 If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,
 With a windmill on his head, and bells at his beard,
 Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your
 toes,
 And your boots on your brows, and your spurs on your
 nose?

* * * *

I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,
 The conscience of the bottle is much in the belly.
 For why? do but take common council in your way,
 And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay
 Before the old usurer, and to his horse
 A slice of salt butter, perverting the course
 Of civil society? open that gap,
 And out-skip your fleas, four-and-twenty at a clap,

With a chain and a trundle bed following at th' heels,
And will they not cry, then, the world runs a-wheels?"

* * * *

Yet would I take the stars to be cruel,
If the crab and the rope-maker ever fight duel,
On any dependence, be it right, be it wrong ;
But, mum ! a thread may be drawn out too long."

So we say, and so, no doubt, say our readers ; but as " nonsense " has so much to do with Poetry in almost every shape, we should have been guilty of an unpardonable omission, had we neglected to give them a taste (although, perhaps, it may have been a surfeit) of what are, professedly, " NONSENSE VERSES."

POPE'S NURSE.

THERE is in Twickenham Church-yard an inscription to the memory of the woman who nursed Pope, of which the following is a copy :

" To the Memory of Mary Beach, who died November 5, 1725, aged 78.

" Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and whom she affectionately attended for twenty-eight years, in gratitude for such a faithful old servant, erected this stone."

It is to this epitaph that Lady Mary Wort-

ley Montague alludes in the following sarcastic lines, written on her quarrel with Pope.

“ No wonder our poet's so stout and so strong,
Since he lugg'd and he tugg'd at the bubby so long.”

DRINKING CUPS.

EVERY reader of poetry has heard of Lord Byron's celebrated goblet, at Newstead Abbey, formed of a human skull, on which the fine verses beginning, “ Start not, nor deem my spirit fled,” are inscribed. It is mounted in silver, somewhat after the fashion of the wine-cups formed of the shell of the ostrich-egg, and in depth and capaciousness would, probably, rival the great and blessed Bear of the Baron Bradwardine, should that memento of ancient Scottish hospitality be yet upon the face of the earth. A superabundance of gratuitous horror has been expended on the circumstance of Lord Byron's having converted the head-piece of one of his ancestors into a stoup to hold his wine. But this fancy of the noble Bard is, by no means, an original one.

Mandeville tells us of the old Guebres, who exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only the skulls, of

which, says he, "the son maketh a cuppe, and therefrom drynkethe he with gret devocion." The Italian Poet, Marino, to whom our own Milton owes many of the splendid situations in "Paradise Lost," makes the conclave of devils, in his "Pandemonium," quaff wine from the cranium of Minerva; and we have, also, a similar allusion in a Runic Ode, preserved by Wormius, where Lodbrog, disdaining life, and thinking of the joys of immortality, which he was about to share in the hall of Odin, exclaims,

"Bibamus cerevisiam
Ex concavis craniorum crateribus."

In Middleton's "Witch," the Duke takes out a bowl of a similar description, when the Lord-Governor ejaculates, "A skull, my Lord!" and his Grace replies,—

"Call it a soldier's cup.

* * * *

Our Duchess, I know, will pledge us, *though the cup
Was once her father's head*, which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death."

The same singular appropriation of dead men's sconces is referred to, on one or two occasions, by Massinger; and from the following quotation from a speech of Torrenti, in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," we may presume,

that Lord Byron was not the first person who mounted human skulls in silver.

“ Would I had here ten thousand soldiers’ heads,
Their skulls set all in silver to drink healths
To his confusion who first invented war.”

ADDISON, AND THE FAMOUS DUKE OF WHARTON.

“ IT was the Marquis of Wharton who first got Addison a seat in the House of Commons; and soon after carried him with him to Winchester. Addison was charmed with his son, (afterwards Duke of Wharton,) not only as his patron’s son, but for the uncommon degree of genius that appeared in him. He used to converse, and walk often with him. One day, the little Lord led him to see some of their fine running-horses. There were very high gates to the fields; and, at the first of them, his young friend fumbled in his pockets, and seemed vastly concerned that he could not find the key. Addison said it was no matter; he could easily climb over it. As he said this, he began mounting the bars, and when he was on the very top of the gate, the little Lord whips out his key, and sets the gate a-swinging, and so, for some time, kept the great man in that ridiculous situation.”

SPENCE.

MODERN "FLASH POETRY."

A FEW years hence, prior to the heroes of the Prize-ring attaining that great degree of popularity which it has latterly been their good fortune to enjoy, no Bard arose to celebrate their achievements, to exult in their triumphs, or to console the beaten unfortunate on the withering of his laurels. Pugilistic Pindars have, at length, sprung up, and the *Flash* Poetry that has emanated from their pens will, decidedly, (in many instances, at least,) descend to posterity, and be read by new aspirants to the honours of a four-and-twenty foot ring, when the great characters who have called it forth shall be (as Shakspeare hath it) "sleeping with their ancestors."

In a book of this description, whose avowed object is to treasure up as many gems connected with Poets and Poetry, of every class, sex, and age, as can be conveniently contained in three volumes, it would be an omission of the most conspicuous and glaring description, if we did not notice "the *Flash Poetry*" of the moderns.

Thomas Moore, a name imperishable in lyric verse and *flash* poetics, struck, we believe, the

first note on what may not be improperly called,—The St. Giles's Lyre,—and gave to the world that *piquant morceau*, entitled, “Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress.” This, though avowedly a political *squib*, as the phrase is, exhibited a happy admixture of wit, flash, learning, imagery, and political bitterness, spiced up with all the varieties of jargon used by bruisers and pickpockets. The force of example was too strong to be resisted; and we have no doubt, that many *jeux d'esprits* of a like tendency, that appeared soon afterwards, sprung from the desire of treading in steps so tempting, and following the track of a comet in the poetical world so inconceivably captivating.

To “Tom Crib's Memorial,” succeeded “Jack Randall's Diary,” and then “Jack Randall's Scrap-Book,” uniting fun and flash, and parodying many of Mr. Moore's best songs. Then came “The Fancy,” alleged to be from the pen of Peter Corcoran, but, in reality, emanating from the pen of one of the witty authors of “The Rejected Addresses.” All these had a success equal to their merits, and were much noticed in the magazines, and other ephemeral publications of their day, though now they

are gone quietly to sleep in the lap of oblivion.

The reader, after this detail, will, doubtless, imagine we are about to present to his notice some specimen of verses of the school in question. We are so; but we are puzzled where to make a selection. The following, however, seems more free from that peculiar *slang* in which it appears absolutely necessary every thing connected with pugilism should be detailed, and we do not hesitate in presenting it to our readers. We must, in justice to the author, confess, that, throughout, there is both ingenuity and harmony of versification; and sincerely do we regret that his talents were not applied to better purposes. The effusion is extracted from "Jack Randall's Scrap-Book."

“ FANCY LYRICS.

By Crib, I'm sick of sickly songs,
 Love I no more delight in ;
 Come, Randall, leave the boxing throngs,
 And sing the charm that still belongs
 To sparring and to fighting.

Oh ! sing those days of triumph, when
 Great Johnson stood his legs on,
 With Ryan fam'd, and giant Ben,
 And chaunt in glowing numbers then
 Of Gulley and of Gregson.

Laud high the god-like Belcher race,
Mendoza, also, stick in,
Dick Humphries,—he who fought with grace,
And every *mill* correctly trace
Of Harry Pearce, *The Chicken*.

Sing Crib, who fought the giant black,
Who Champion is distinguish'd ;
Then Richmond and the negro pack,
And he who, scarce a fortnight back,
The hardy *Gas* extinguish'd.

Come, Nonpareil, now gaily sing,
But first *wet well your whistle* :—
Here's health to those who grace the Ring,
Whether for them a *Rose* may spring,
Or *Shamrock, Leek, or Thistle*."



LORD BYRON'S "MAZEPPA."

THE dreadful punishment inflicted upon the hero of Lord Byron's poem, has an example in a newspaper, called "*Mercurius Politicus*," printed in the year 1655. The narrative is dated from Hamburg.

"This last week, several waggoners coming from Breslaw to Silesia, upon their way into the Duke of Saxonie's country, perceived a stag, with a man upon his back, running with all his might: coming near the waggons, he suddenly fell down: the poor man, sitting on his back, made a pitiful complaint, how that he was, the day before, by the Duke of Saxonie, for killing a deer, condemned to be bound with chains upon that stag, his feet bound fast under the stag's belly with an iron chain soldered, and his hands chained to the horns. The miserable man begged earnestly that they would shoot him, to put him out of pain; but they durst not, fearing the Duke. Whilst they were talking with him, the stag got up, and ran away with all his might. The waggoners computed that he had run, in 16 hours, 25 Dutch miles in the least; which

makes near 100 of our English miles, in a direct line. The miseries which that poor creature did and must undergo, especially if the stag killed him not in running, cannot be expressed, hardly imagined."

DRYDEN'S "MEDAL."

"IT was King Charles II. who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem, called 'The Medal.'

"One day, as the King walked in the Mall, and was talking with Dryden, he said, 'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner;' and then gave him the plan of it. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem, as soon as it was finished, to the King, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it. This was said by a Priest that I often met at Mr. Pope's; and he seemed to confirm it, adding, that King Charles obliged Dryden to put his Oxford Speech into verse, and to insert it towards the close of his 'Absalom and Achitophel.'"

SPENCE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THIS amiable man, whose poetry is so justly esteemed by the public, has lately given to the world a volume both curious and talented, entitled "The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend and Climbing Boy's Album," which contains much beautiful poetry from various poets on this heart-rending subject. The profits are laudably given to "The Society for bettering the Condition of the Climbing Boys of Sheffield."

The poems of which the greater part of the book is composed (for at least one third of it is prose), are unequal. None, however, it must be confessed, make a very near approach to mediocrity. Those from the pens of Messrs. Bowring and Montgomery "stick fiery off indeed." Our space precludes the possibility of our giving both: we therefore present the reader with the one written by the Editor of this interesting volume. The being who can read it unmoved, must be heartless indeed.

" A WORD WITH MYSELF.

I know they scorn the Climbing Boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud ;
I know his villainous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it—brand with ev'ry name
Of buruing infamy his heart ;
But let his country bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Striped, wounded, left by thieves half dead ;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine ;
Limbs moulded in a kindred form ;
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child ;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath ev'ry mother smil'd.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd without fellowship the tomb.

My equal in the Judgment Day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When ev'ry veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now—
Am I less fall'n from God and truth—

Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

If holy Nature yet have laws,
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own Court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom and share the scorn.

Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course,
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake."

AKENSIDE.

"THE Pleasures of Imagination," a production that would do honour to the poetical genius of any age or nation, was published in 1744, when Akenside was in his twenty-third year. The poem was received with great applause, and advanced its author to poetical fame. It is said, that when it was shewn to Pope in manuscript, by Dodsley, to whom it had been offered for a greater sum than he was inclined to give, he advised the bookseller not to make a niggardly offer, for the author of it was no every-day writer.

It also has been surmised, that this poem, and some others, were written prior to his going to

Edinburgh in 1739, in his eighteenth year. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Warburton severely attacked this poem, not on account of its poetry, but for some remarks which the author had introduced on the nature and objects of ridicule; and it was vindicated by an anonymous friend, since known to be Mr. Jeremiah Dyson.

On his return from Leyden, (where he studied physic, and had obtained the degree of Doctor in that faculty, in 1744,) Akenside settled as physician at Northampton; thence he removed to Hampstead, where he continued about two years and a half; and finally settled in London, where his friend, Mr. Dyson, allowed the Poet £300 per annum, to maintain his rank as a physician. His medical reputation and practice gradually increased; he was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society, appointed Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, admitted, by mandamus, to the degree of Doctor in Physic in the University of Cambridge, elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London; and, upon the establishment of the Queen's Household, he was advanced to the rank of one of her Majesty's Physicians.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged abilities

of Akenside, and the singular patronage by which he was distinguished, he never arrived at any very considerable popularity in his profession. It has been said, that he had a kind of haughtiness or ostentation in his manners, little calculated to ingratiate him with his brethren of the faculty, or to render him generally acceptable.

In Dr. Akenside's poems, and in the notes annexed thereto, we may discover his extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, and his attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty. His politics were thought to incline to Republicanism, but no evidence to this effect is to be deduced from his poems; and his theology has been stated to have verged towards Deism: and yet, in his Ode to Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, and to the Author of the "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," he has testified his regard for pure Christianity, and his dislike to the attempts of freeing men from the salutary restraints of religion.

The following extract from the first of these Odes, may gratify the reader.

“ ——— To Him, the Teacher bless'd,
Who sent religion from the palmy field

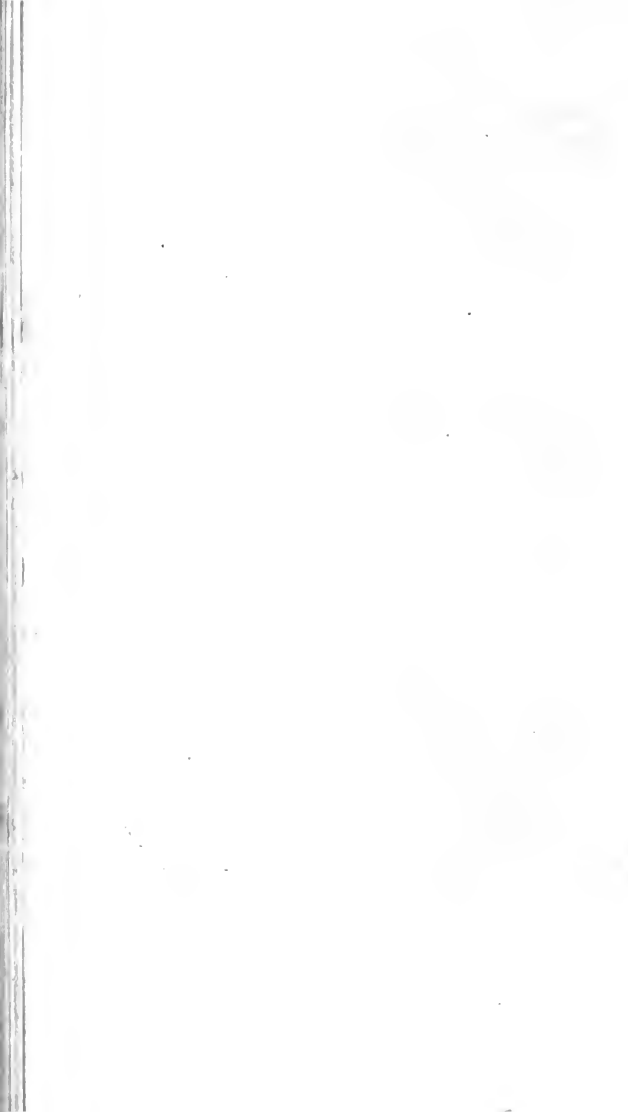
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer—the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heav'n from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly, thus his mandate he address'd :
 ' Go, then, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 From hands rapacious and from tongues impure :
 Let not my peaceful name be made a lure,
 Fell Persecution's mortal snares to aid :
 Let not my words be impious chains, to draw
 The free-born soul, in more than brutal awe,
 To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid.' ”

POETICAL RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH
 VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

“ ONE of the best secrets of enjoyment, is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge: and though, in acquiring our knowledge, we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet, if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones; for, unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

“ And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on :





nor, indeed, does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would tease and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will relieve us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us: but some pleasant images are at hand, even there, to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's Church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of 'Homer;' and Andrew Marvell, the wit, poet, and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some.

“ It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of

old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis? And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe Theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote his plays. Globe Lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that, on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave. In the same Church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

“ To return over the water, who would expect any thing poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of

Bow bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard Street. So was Gray, in Cornhill. So was Milton, in Bread Street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet Street; in Aldersgate Street, in Jewin Street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew Close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion Square; in Scotland Yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

“ Ben Jonson, who was born ‘ in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross,’ was at one time ‘ master’ of a theatre in Barbican.* He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate Street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in

* This is at least questionable. ED.

Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country, in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,

‘ The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring,
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent, is
Here our best haymaker : forgive me this :
It is our country style :—In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

* * *

Methinks the little wit I had, is lost,
Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ? Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv’d to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, where there hath been thrown
Wit, able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell’d, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty ;—though but downright fools, mere wise.’

“ The other celebrated resort of the great wits

of that time, was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew Close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the Cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that, at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's-Inn garden wall, which looks upon Chancery Lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar still remaining.

“ At the corner of Brook Street, in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the ‘ friend of Sir Philip Sydney.’ In the same street, died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton—

‘ The sleepless boy, who perish'd in his pride.’

WORDSWORTH.

“ He was buried in the Workhouse in Shoe Lane—a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish-officers know

about such a being?—No more than Horace Walpole. In Southampton Row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet-street corner of Chancery Lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration; at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt Court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.* Congreve

* “The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them, it is believed, was Chaucer; who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.”

[This, says Ritson, in his polite way, is “a *hum* of

died in Surrey Street, in the Strand, at his own house. In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock Street was then, we believe, the Bond Street of the fashionable world, as Bow Street was before. The change of Bow Street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the 'Beggars' Opera.' Button's Coffee House, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell Street,—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow Street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm-chair. The whole of Covent Garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose Street, and was buried in Covent Garden Churchyard; where Peter Pindar, the other day, fol-

Thomas Chatterton. See his *Miscellanies*, p. 137." But the story is to be found in a much earlier writer, Fuller, the "worthy" Historian of the Church. Ed.]

lowed him. In Leicester Square, on the site of Miss Linwood's Exhibition and other houses, was the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard Street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House.

“ We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing Cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King Street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament Street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it.

“ We have omitted to mention, that on the site of the present Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked

out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

“ But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking at it in company with its old observer; and we are reminded, at the same time, of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, even the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians, without thinking of that pleasant mention of it in ‘Garth's Dispensary;’ and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man:—

‘ Not far from that most celebrated place,*
 Where angry Justice shews her awful face,
 Where little villains must submit to fate,
 That great ones may enjoy the world in state;

* “The Old Bailey.”

There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
 And sumptuous arches bear its oval height ;
 A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
 Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.'

“ Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St. Clement's, took away a portion of its unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the ‘combs’ that hung ‘dangling in your face’ at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (Trivia, b. 3.)

‘ Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
 Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
 Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
 And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;
 Where not a post protects the narrow space,
 And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;
 Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
 Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
 Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;
 Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
 And wait impatient till the road grow clear.’

“ There is a touch in the Winter Picture in the same poem, which every body will recognize :

‘ At White’s the harness’d chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands.’

“ The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan Labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

“ Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the City, as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer’s has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, among her other accomplishments, that—

‘ French she spake full faire and featously ;’

adding, with great gravity,

‘ After the school of Stratforde atte Bowe ;
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.’”

LEIGH HUNT.

MS. OF POPE'S "ILIAD."

THE MS. of the "Iliad" descended from Lord Bolingbroke to Mallet, and is now to be found in the British Museum, where it was deposited at the pressing instance of Dr. Maty. Mr. D'Israeli, in the first edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," has exhibited a fac-simile of one of the pages. It is written upon the backs and covers of letters and other fragments of papers, evincing that it was not without reason he was called "*Paper-sparing Pope.*"

POPE'S REMUNERATION FOR THE "ILIAD."

"POPE'S contract with Lintot was, that he should receive for each volume of the 'Iliad,' besides all the copies for his subscribers, and for presents, two hundred pounds. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five: many subscribed for more than one copy, so that Pope must have received upwards of six thousand pounds. He was at first apprehensive that the contract might ruin Lintot, and endeavoured to dissuade him from thinking any more of it. The event, however, proved quite

the reverse; the success of the work was unparalleled, as at once to enrich the bookseller, and to prove a productive estate to the family."

SPENCE.

A TRULY POETICAL NIGHT.

PIRON, the celebrated Satirist, and Gallet and Collé, two congenial spirits, after spending an evening of great hilarity at the house of a lady, celebrated for her *bel esprit*, took their departure together, and on foot. On reaching the corner of La Rue du Harlay, Piron proposed to take leave of his companions, as his way lay by the Fauxbourg St. Germain, while theirs lay in the opposite directions of the Quartier St. Eustache. The two friends, however, would not hear of parting; they pressed to be allowed to escort Piron to his own door; expatiated on the danger which a solitary individual, at such an hour of the night, was in, of being way-laid by robbers; and enforced their representations, by a thousand stories of unfortunate persons, pillaged and murdered. Piron was not to be frightened; he persisted in going alone; and, as an excuse for his obstinacy, pretended that he had a piece of verse in his head, which he

wished to compose by the way. "But you forget," observed his friends, "that poets don't go in such noble suits of velvet as that you have on; the first rogue you meet, deceived by appearances, will take you for a financier at least, and will attack and kill you for the sake of your clothes and money. How melancholy to hear to-morrow that——" "Ah! gentlemen," interrupted Piron, briskly, "it is my clothes, then, that you wish to escort, and not me. Why did not you say so sooner?" In the twinkling of an eye, off went coat and doublet, and throwing them to Gallet and Collé, he bolted from them with the rapidity of lightning.

After a moment lost in surprise at this fantastic proceeding, the two friends ran after him, calling out to him, "for God's sake to stop," that "he would catch his death of cold." Piron, however, paid no regard to their entreaties, and being a good runner, was soon so much a-head, that they began to think of giving up the pursuit; when, to their astonishment, they beheld Piron returning, accompanied by a party of police. "Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant of the party, to whom Piron had told a wonderful story of his being stripped and robbed, "there

are the villains: see, they have the clothes in their hands." "Yes, yes," said Piron, "the very men." The guard instantly laid hold of them, restored to Piron his clothes, and told the astonished friends, that they must go before the Commissary, to answer for the robbery. Gallet wished to explain, very seriously, how the matter stood, but the sergent would not listen to him. Collé, who entered more into the humour of the scene, being ordered to deliver up a sword which he wore, thus parodied the words of the Earl of Essex, in the tragedy of that name, as he surrendered his weapon into their hands:

" Prenez,

Vous avez dans vos mains ce que toute la terre

A vu plus d'une fois terrible à l'Angleterre.

Marchons; quelque douleur que j'en puisse sentir,

Vous voulez votre perte, il faut y consentir."

The whole party now proceeded towards the house of the Commissary of the district. Piron, who was at full liberty, walked by the side of the sergent, whom he questioned very comically by the way, as to what would be done with the two robbers? The sergent, with unaffected gravity, replied, that, at the very

least, they would be hung, though *worse* might happen to them. After amusing himself in this strain for some time, Piron, afraid of pushing the adventure too far, changed his tone, represented the whole affair as a mere frolic, and claimed the two prisoners as two of his best friends. "Ah! ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "you are a fine fellow, truly; now that you have got your clothes back, the robbers are honest people, and your best friends. No, Sir, you must not think to dupe us in this way."

The party had now reached the house of the Commissary, who was in bed, but had left his clerk to officiate for him. The sergeant began to make his report of the affair to this Commissary-substitute, but was so often interrupted by the pleasantries of Piron, that he could not get through with it. Piron, then addressing the clerk, described, in its true colours, the midnight adventure of himself and friends; but the clerk proved as slow of belief as the sergeant, treated the whole story as a fiction, and the narrator as an impostor. Taking up his pen, he prepared to go into an examination of the matter, with all the formality required in the gravest proceedings, and ordered Piron to an-

swer distinctly the questions he would put to him.

Piron. "As you please, Monsieur, only make despatch; I will assist, if you like, to put the process-verbal into verse."

Clerk. "Come, Sir, none of your nonsense, let us proceed. What is your name?"

P. "Piron, at your service."

C. "What is your occupation?"

P. "I make verses."

C. "Verses! What are verses? Ah! you are making game of me."

P. "No, Sir; I do make verses; and to prove it to you, I will instantly make some on yourself, either for or against you, as you please."

C. "I have already told you, Sir, that I will have none of this verbiage: if you persist, you shall have cause to repent it."

The clerk now turned to Gallet, and having obtained his name, thus proceeded to interrogate him:

C. "What is *your* profession? What do *you* do?"

G. "I make songs, Sir."

C. "Ah! I see how it is, you are all in a plot; I must call up the Commissary. He will

shew you what it is to make a mockery of justice."

G. "O, pray, Sir, do not disturb the repose of M. Commissary; allow him to sleep on; you are so much awake, that, without flattery, you are worth a dozen commissaries. I mock not justice, believe me; I am, indeed, a maker of songs; and you, a man of taste, must yourself have by heart the last which I wrote, and which has been, for a month past, the admiration of all Paris. Ah, Sir, need I repeat,

‘ Daphnis m’amait,
Le disait,
Si joliment,
Qu’il me plaisait
Infiniment!’

"You see, Sir, that I do not impose upon you. I am really a sonneteer; and, what is more, Sir, (making a profound reverence to the clerk,) a dealer in spiceries, at your service, in the Rue de la Truanderie."

Scarcely had Gallet finished, when Collé began:

"I wish," said he, "to save you the trouble of asking questions. My name is Charles Collé,

I live in the Rue du Jour, parish of St. Eustache ; my business is to do nothing ; but when the couplets of my friend here (pointing to Gallet) are good, I sing them."

Collé then sung, by way of example, the following smart anacreontic :

“ Avoir dans sa cave profonde
 Vin excellent, en quantité ;
 Faire l'amour, boire à la ronde,
 Est la seule félicité :
 Il n'est point de vrais biens au monde,
 Sans vin, sans amour, sans gaieté.”

“ And,” continued Collé, “ when my other friend here (pointing to Piron) makes good verses, I declaim them ;” to illustrate which, he with equal felicity, repeated the following appropriate couplet from Piron's *Calisthenes* :

“ J'ai tout dit, tout, seigneur ; cela doit vous suffire ;
 Qu'on me mene à la mort, je n'ai plus rien à dire.”

As he finished these words, Collé, with all the air of a genuine tragedy hero, strutted towards the guard, bidding them “ *lead on.*” So burlesque a conclusion to the examination, called forth a general burst of laughter. The clerk alone, far from laughing, grew pale with rage,

and denouncing vengeance, ran to awake the Commissary. "Ah, Sir," exclaimed Piron, in a tone of raillery, "do not ruin us; we are persons of family."

The Commissary was in so profound a sleep, that some time passed before he made his appearance. Piron and his friends, however, did not suffer the action to cool; but kept the guard in a constant roar of laughter with their drolleries. At length M. Commissary was announced. "What is all this noise about?" demanded he, gruffly. "Who are you, Sir?" addressing himself to Piron; "your name?" "Piron."—"What are you?" "A poet."—"A poet?" "Yes, Sir, a poet, the most noble and sublime of all professions. Alas! where can you have lived all your days, that you have not heard of the poet Piron? I think nothing of your clerk being ignorant of my name and quality; but what a scandal for a great public officer, like you, M. Commissary, not to know the great Piron, author of *Fils Ingrats*, so justly applauded by all Paris; and of *Calisthenes*, so unjustly damne as I have shewn to the public by some verses, which prove it to a demonstration."

Piron would have gone on farther in this gasconading strain, but the Commissary interrupted him, by observing, pleasantly,

“ You speak of plays, M. Piron; don't you know that Lafosse is my brother; that he writes excellent ones, and that he is the author of *Manlius*? Ah, Sir, there is a man of great genius.” “ I believe it, Sir,” replied Piron, “ for I too have a brother who is a great fool, although he is a priest, and *although I write tragedies.*”

The Commissary either felt not the piquancy of this repartee, or had the good sense to conceal it. After a few more inquiries, he saw into the real character of the affair, invited Piron to relate it at length, and (to the satisfaction of all present but his sagacious clerk) not only believed, but laughed most heartily at it. He then dismissed the three friends, not with a rebuke, but with a polite invitation to dine with him at his house on the day following. “ Ah! my friends,” exclaimed Piron, as he left the office, “ nothing more is wanting to my glory; I have made even the Alguazils laugh.”

AN EPIGRAM, AND A RECEIPT.

“ King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
 Free-mason, economist, bard, politician,—
 How had Europe rejoic'd if a *Christian* he'd been !
 If a *man*, how he then had enraptur'd his *Queen* !”

THE above was many years ago handed about Berlin, and shewn to the King, (Frederic the Third,) who, deemed it a libel, because it was true; but instead of filing an information, and using the tedious methods practised in this country, he took a summary way of punishing the author, who he knew, from internal evidence, must be Voltaire, at that time a resident in Berlin.

He sent his serjeant at arms (one of the tall regiment), not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the reformation of such foot-soldiers as commit any offence against the law military.

The Prussian soldier went to the Poet, and told him he came, by his Majesty's special command, to reward him for an Epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor versifier knew

that remonstrance was vain ; and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door, and made the farewell bow to his unwelcome visitor ; who did not offer to depart, but told him, with the utmost gravity, that the ceremony was not yet concluded : for that the monarch he had the honour of serving must be convinced that his commission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt. This was also submitted to, and given in manner and form following :

“ Received from the right-hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an Epigram on Frederic the Third, King of Prussia ; I say, received by me, VOLTAIRE. *Vive le Roi.*”

ROUCHER.

THIS Poet, author of that beautiful production “ *Les Mois,*” was one of the victims of Robespierre’s black dictatorship. Of the many prisoners in St. Lazare, none excited a higher interest. During his imprisonment, he was occupied in the instruction of his son Emilius, and thus banished the worst trouble of confinement—its irksomeness.

As soon as he saw the act of accusation, he was convinced of the certain destiny which awaited him, and sent his son home with a portrait which Suvet had taken when in the jail, and a paper, with these words addressed to his wife and family :

“ Ne vous etonnez pas, objets charmans et doux !
Si quelqu'air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage ;
Lorsqu'un savant crayon on dessinait cet ouvrage,
On dressait l'échafaud et je pensais à vous.”

“ Wonder not,—O ye dear and delightful objects!—Wonder not, if you observe a tinge of melancholy o'ershadowing my countenance : while the pencil of art was thus tracing its lineaments, my persecutors were preparing my scaffold, and my thoughts were dwelling upon you.”

WYCHERLEY'S MEMORY.

“ WYCHERLEY used to read himself asleep o'nights, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gracian ; for these were his favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening, and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar

to what he had been reading, and have all the thoughts of his author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one for a single thought in the whole poem. ‘I,’ says Pope, ‘have experienced this in him several times (for I visited him, for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning); and look upon it as one of the strangest phenomena that I ever observed in the human mind.’ ”

SPENCE.

PHAER AND STANYHURST'S "VIRGIL."

THE earliest poetical translation of the entire "Æneid" into English, was the joint production of Thomas Phaer and Thomas Twyne, both Doctors of Physic, and was published in 1584. The former of these had originally published the first seven books, in 1558. Phaer undertook this translation for the defence, to use his own phrase, of the English language, which had been, by many, deemed incapable of elegance and propriety, and for the "honest recreation of you, the nobilitie, gentlemen, and ladies, who studie in Latine." He has omitted, misrepresented, and paraphrased, many pas-

sages of his original ; but his performance is, in every respect, superior to Twyne's continuation, which commences in the middle of the tenth book. The measure is the fourteen-footed Alexandrine of Sternhold and Hopkins, whose couplets are now more commonly printed in stanzas of four lines. As an example of the style of this early predecessor of Dryden and Pitt, we extract the commencement of the first book.

“ I that my slender oaten pipe
In verse was wont to sound,
Of woods, and next to that I taught
For husbandmen the ground,
How fruit unto their greedy lust
They might constrain to bring
A work of thanks : lo, now of Mars,
And dreadful wars, I sing ;
Of arms, and of the Man of Troy,
That first, by fatal flight,
Did thence arrive to Lavine Land,
That now Italia hight.”

The reader has, probably, had enough of this specimen, to the measure of which the popular ear of the time was, however, tuned. It was then used in most works of length and gravity,

and seems to have been particularly consecrated to translation, of which Golding's "Ovid," and Chapman's "Homer," (of which latter it forms, indeed, the chief defect,) are striking examples.

But, as though this sort of metre were not sufficiently ridiculous, in the year 1583, Richard Stanyhurst, animated by a desire to try his strength against Phaer, put forth a wild version of the first four books of the "Æneid" into what he was pleased to call "English heroical verse," that is to say, hexameter. Of this silly affair, the four first lines of the second book will, probably, be deemed a sufficient specimen.

"With 'tentive list'ning, each wight was settl'd in
 harking;
 Then Father Æneas chronicled from loftie bed hautie;
 You bid me, O Princess! to scarifie a festered old sore,
 How that the Trojans were prest by the Grecian
 armie."

Some of his epithets are particularly amusing; for instance, he calls Cherebus, one of the Trojan chiefs, a *bedlamite*; says that Old Priam girded on his sword *morglay*, the name of a sword in the Gothic romances; that Dido would have been glad to have been brought to bed, even

of a cockney, a dandiprat hop-thumb; and that Jupiter, in kissing his daughter, Venus, *bust his pretty-prating parrot*; and that Æneas was fain to *trudge out of Troy*. We must, also, introduce a specimen of his rhyme, taken from "An Epitaph against Rhyme, entituled, 'Com-mune Defunctorum,' such as our unlearned Rithmours accustomedly make upon the death of every Tom Tyler; as if it were a last for every one his foot, in which the quantities of syllables are not to be heeded."

"A Sara for goodness; a great Bellona for budgeness;
For mildness, Anna; for chastity, godly Susanna;
Hester, in a good shift; a Judith, stout at a dead lift;
Also, Julietta, with Dido, rich Cleopatra;
With sundry nameless, and women, many more blame-
less."

And yet the man who wrote these uncouth fooleries was, certainly, no mean scholar, and his translation was highly prized by some, at least, among his contemporaries. That such, however, was far from being the universal opinion, the following satirical quotation from Nash will be sufficient to prove. "But fortune, respecting Master Stanihurst's praise, would

that Phaer should fall, that he might rise, whose heroical poetry, infired (I should say inspired,) with an hexameter fury, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred year, and revived, by his ragged quill, such carterly variety, as no hedge-ploughman in a country but would have held as the extremity of clownery." And Bishop Hall thus alludes to him in one of his excellent Satires :

“ Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
 Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times :
 Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
 And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue.
 ‘ Manhood and garboiles’ chaunt with changed feet,
 And headstrong dactyls making music meet ;
 The nimble dactyl striving to outgo
 The drawling spondees pacing it below,
 The ling’ring spondees, labouring to delay
 The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
 Whoever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
 Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
 Can right areed how handsomely besets
 Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
 If Jove speak English in a thund’ring cloud,
Thwick-thwack and *riff-raff* roars he out aloud.
 Fie on the forged mint that did create
 New coin of words never articulate.”

Milton, likewise, or his nephew, Phillips, in the "Theatrum Poetarum," censures this affectation of hexameter and pentameter, in the instances of Fraunce and Sidney; "since," he says, "they neither become the English, nor any other modern language." And Southey, in his "Omniana," says, "As Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanyhurst be denominated the common sewer of the language. It seems impossible that a man could have written in such a style without intending to burlesque what he was about; and yet it is certain, that Stanyhurst intended to write heroic poetry. His version is exceedingly rare, and deserves to be reprinted for its incomparable oddity."

We have already noticed Vicars's burlesque bombast, so that it is only necessary here to refer to him as the climax of this positive, comparative, and superlative trio of translators.

POPE, AND LORD HALIFAX.

"THE famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it. When I had finished the two or three first

books of my translation of the 'Iliad,' that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and, with a speech each time of much the same kind,—'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little more at your leisure: I am sure you can give it a better turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty, by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax, to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself in looking those places over and over again when I got home. 'All you need do,' said he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence;

thank him for his kind observations on those passages; and then read them to him as if altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first. His Lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now, Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right; nothing can be better.' "

SPENCE.

VIDA.

JEROME VIDA, after having long served two Popes, at length attained to the Episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicitated himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel in embracing their son as their Bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt, that it was but a few days since they were no more. His sensibilities were awakened, and his Muse dictated some elegiac verse, and, in the sweetest pathos, deplored the death and the disappointment of his aged parents.

DIRK COORNHERT,

an early Dutch Poet, was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1522. In 1562, he was Secretary to the town of Haarlem, and two years afterwards, to the Burgomasters of that place. In 1572, he was Private Secretary to the States of Holland. His general style was pure, but the subjoined extract proves that it was not always so. The thought, however, though not well expressed, is too pleasing to be lost.

“ Maiden ! sweet maiden ! when thou art near,
 Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
 It is light around as the day can be.
 But, maiden ! sweet maiden ! when thou’rt away,
 Though the Sun be emitting his loveliest ray,
 All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
 Then of what avail is the Sun, or the shade,
 Since my day and my night by *thee* are made ?”

He greatly distinguished himself by his upright and intrepid conduct ; and from among the verses written by him, whilst persecuted and imprisoned, these are, perhaps, worth quoting :

“ What ’s the world’s liberty to him whose soul is firmly
 bound
 With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around ?

What 's the world's thralldom to the soul which in itself
is free?—

Nought! with his master's bonds he stands more privi-
leged,—more great,

Than many a golden-fetter'd fool, with outward pomp
elate ;

For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on
tyranny."

THE PERSON OF POPE.

“THE following particulars, concerning the person of this celebrated Poet, were,” says a correspondent to the ‘Gentlemen’s Magazine,’ in 1775, “taken down, without arrangement, from the mouth of an ancient and respectable domestic, who lived many years in the family of Lord Oxford. ‘Mr. Pope was unable to dress or to undress himself, or to get into bed without help ; nor could he stand upright until a kind of stays, made of stiff linen, were laced on him—one of his sides being contracted almost to the back-bone. He needed much waiting on, but was very liberal to the maid-servants about him, so that he had never reason to complain of being neglected. Those females attended him at night, and, in the morning, brought him his writing desk to bed, lighted

his fire, drew on his stockings, &c., which offices he often summoned them to perform at very early hours, so that, when any part of their other business was left undone, their common excuse was, that they had been employed with Mr. Pope, and then no further reprehension was to be dreaded.

“ ‘ He ordered coffee to be made several times in a day, that he might hold his head over its steam, as a temporary relief from the violent head-ache from which he usually suffered. His hair having almost entirely fallen-off, he sometimes dined at Lord Oxford’s table in a velvet cap ; but, when he went to Court, he put on a tie-wig and black clothes, and had a little sword peeping out by his pocket-hole. It was difficult to persuade him to drink a single glass of wine. He and Lady Mary Wortley Montague had frequent quarrels, which usually ended in their alternate desertion of the house. When Mr. Pope wanted to go any where, he always sent for Mr. Blount to accompany him in a hackney-coach.

“ ‘ He often resided at Lord Oxford’s while the family was absent in the country, and whatever he ordered was got ready for his dinner.

He would sometimes, without any provocation, leave his noble landlord for many months ; nor would he return, till courted back by a greater number of notes, messages, and letters, than the servants were willing to carry. He would, occasionally, joke with my Lord's domestic, as well as in higher company ; but was never seen to laugh himself, even when he had set the table in a roar at Tom Hearne, Humphrey Wanley, or any other persons whose manners were strongly tinged with singularity.' "

FEMALE FAVOURITES OF POETS.

POETS have sometimes displayed an obliquity of taste in their female favourites. As if conscious of the power of ennobling others, some have selected from the lowest classes, whom, having elevated into divinities, they have addressed in the language of poetic devotion.

The "Chloe" of Prior, after all his raptures, was a plump bar-maid. Ronsard addressed many of his verses to "Miss Cassandra," who followed the same elegant occupation. In one of his Sonnets to her, he fills it with a crowd of personages taken from the "Iliad," which, to the girl, must have been extremely mysterious.

Colletet, another French Bard, married three of his servants. His last lady was called "*La Belle Claudine.*" Ashamed of such menial alliances, he attempted to persuade the world that he had married "The Tenth Muse;" and, for this purpose, published verses in her name. When he died, the vein of "Claudine" became suddenly dry. She, indeed, published her "Adieux to the Muses;" but it was soon discovered, that all the verses of this lady, including her "Adieux," were the composition of her husband.

Sometimes, indeed, the ostensible mistresses of poets have no existence, and a slight circumstance is sufficient to give birth to one. Racan and Malherbe were one day conversing on the propriety of selecting a lady who should be the object of their verses. Racan named one, and Malherbe another. It happening that both had the same name,—"*Catharine,*"—they passed the whole afternoon in forming it into anagrams. They found three;—"*Arthenice,*" "*Eracinthe,*" and "*Charinte.*" The first was preferred, and many a fine ode was written in praise of the beautiful "*Arthenice.*"

CAROLINE SYMMONS.

CAROLINE SYMMONS,—the beautiful, accomplished, and truly pious daughter of the Rev. Charles Symmons, D. D., and Elizabeth, his wife, sister of Rear-Admiral Foley, who so highly distinguished himself, under Lord Nelson, in the Battle of the Nile, and in that before Copenhagen,—was born April 12th, 1789; and the date of her first Poem, ‘Zelida,’ is November 24th, 1800. To our astonishment of the mind and talents of a child of eleven years of age, may be superadded our surprise at the selection of one of her subjects—so sweetly characteristic of herself—so mournfully prophetic of her premature decay—“A faded rose-bush.”

She wrote several other Poems, which abound in beauty, all before she had completed her twelfth year. That she should delight in Poetry, may be easily imagined; but that her favourites, at so early an age, should be Milton and Spenser, is wonderful. As a proof of her devotion to Milton, it must not be omitted, that it was found necessary, in consequence of a defect in the sight of one eye, that Ware, the

celebrated oculist, should be consulted, who declared it necessary she should submit to an operation. With patience and resignation she acquiesced ; and afterwards, when her sufferings became the subject of conversation, and a tender apprehension expressed for the possible danger to which the sight of the afflicted organ was exposed, she said, with a smile, that, ‘ to be a Milton, she would cheerfully consent to lose both her eyes.

She died on the first of June, 1803.

Works of the Rev. Francis Wrangham.

ADDISON DESIGNED FOR THE CHURCH.

“ MR. ADDISON originally designed to have taken orders,* and was diverted from that design, by being sent abroad in so encouraging a manner. It was from thence that he began to think of public posts ; as being made Secretary of State, at last, and sinking in his

* He himself speaks of this design in the close of his verses to Sacheverel, written in 1694.

“ I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them that practise them with most success :
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell.”

character by it, turned him back again to his first thought. He had latterly an eye toward *the Lawn*; and it was then that he began his 'Evidences of Christianity,' and had a design of translating all the Psalms, for the use of churches. Five or six of them that he did translate, were published in the 'Spectator.'

"Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had a quarrel with him; and, after his quitting the Secretaryship, used frequently to say of him,—'One day or other, you will see that man a Bishop: I am sure he looks that way; and, indeed, I ever thought him a Priest in his heart.'"

SPENCE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE is a name that will be imperishable in the records of precocious talent. Pious, amiable, and learned, yet struggling against numerous evils which his limited means could not fail to entail on him, his fate awakens our regret, while the variety and the solidity of his acquirements excites exhaustless admiration for his genius, and the profoundest respect for his unwearied application and moral virtues.

His effusions breathe the pure spirit of Poetry. Many of his Poems are sacred, and eminently distinguished by fervent piety. He contemplated, and, indeed, commenced, a long "Divine Poem," entitled, "The Christiad," in the Spenserian stanza; and, from the specimen before us, we regret he did not live to conclude what he so well began.

If we may judge from the few productions which he left behind him, his genius was of the highest order, and he promised to be one of the brightest ornaments of British literature. The following short Poem possesses great beauty and simplicity.

"It is not that my lot is low,
That bids the silent tear to flow;
It is not this that makes me moan,—
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent ev'ning sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead :
It floats upon the water's bed.
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale.
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet, in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me, too ;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone."



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