THE

ATHENÆUM,

AN ORIGINAL

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

EDITED BY

STUDENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis."

MARTIAL.

——— "Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes."—

HORACE.

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MDCCCXXX.

TO

JAMES SMITH, Esq.

OF JORDANHILL.

Sir,

Your devotion to Literature and Science might well entitle you to a nobler tribute than what we can offer: it could not command one more sincere. Placed high in the direction of one Academical Institution, which owes much of its present dignity and prosperity to your exertions, you yet have never forgotten that you were an Alumnus of its venerable parent—nor will you, we trust, feel it an inconsistency to wish for the continued success of both in their career of usefulness, should far higher honour be conferred upon you by the Students of the University of Glasgow, than can be by this respectful Dedication of the Athenæum to you,

By Your

Obedient Servants,

The Editors.

PREFACE.

SELF-PRAISE we dislike, for more reasons than that it would disgust our readers; while professions of humility are in general merely cloaks for vanity and self-conceit. We shall therefore abstain from all remarks on the merits or demerits of the following little work. Our aim has been to relieve the severities of academical study, by furnishing a volume, in which instruction should be combined with amusement; and it is now the part of the reader to judge whether we have failed or succeeded.

It would be superfluous labour to deprecate the anger of the critics, since, should any of that illustrious body do us the honour to notice our lucubations, we are very well assured that they will remember their younger days, and cast a

favourable glance on our excellencies—a pardoning one on our defects.—To all our contributors we return our warmest thanks; but especially to those who have favoured us with the Posthumous Poem of the Hon. H. Erskine, and the verses of Mrs Grant, and to those extra-collegiate friends who have so much enriched our volume. Nor let it be supposed, that we are lacking in gratitude to the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." We perused with very great pleasure, many of their offerings, and had our limits but been in proportion to our matter, we should have inserted divers articles, which now must pass unnoticed. We had indeed at one time, a project of publishing a new series of these, but, ere the first week was over, three vols. post octavo, would have been completely filled; and indeed, after a calculation made by various eminent writing masters, called in to inspect the heaps that cumbered our publishers' warehouse, it was thought that on the whole we had received enough to form a work as large as "Poli Synopsis." An undertaking of such magnitude, they were not prepared to encounter; either in their present cor-

porate, or future individual capacity, however enterprising as publishers they have shown themselves to be—and accordingly the scheme was abandoned. Nevertheless, we have the pleasure of assuring our friends, that their unaccepted articles perished in glory. Bright indeed was the flame that illuminated the Glasgow Green, and sorrowful were our hearts, as pile after pile of manuscripts, each sending forth a resplendent but momentary blaze, expired in crackling triumph.

We now take our leave of the public, assuring them, that should they smile on our efforts to gain their approbation, we shall not be backward to renew our toils in another Session,—Vale!

30*th March*, 1830.

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PERSIAN SKETCHES.

Bushire. *January*, 1828.

There are numerous *poets* both here and at Shiraz, the peculiarity of whose compositions is metaphorical obscurity. It is the usual custom for one of these turbaned bards to write an ode on some popular and familiar subject, and then give it to the critics to decypher, shrouded as it is in similitude and allegory. Ali, a *moolah* employed at the residency, has written a song on the perfections of the camel, and the *literati* of Bushire, after giving it the most weighty consideration for three weeks and upwards, have just declared, that they are unable to discover, by the beard of the prophet, what it is about! Ali in consequence is sadly chop-fallen, and will hardly stir out of his *mew*:—the critics, of course, as a salvo to their want of ingenuity, have pronounced it nothing but a heap of nonsense, and Ali dreads their laugh and satire—in truth they are very out-spoken, and show little delicacy towards the feelings of an author. As a specimen of the similes in his ode, the camel is, *inter alia*, compared to the full moon, and its hump to the morning star!

He told me the other day that the English do not know what poetry is; that our sentiments were child-

ish—our rhymes tame and ridiculous. He seemed to think, that the *ne plus ultra* of this species of writing consisted in producing an ode, in which not only the lines but the words would read the same way, backward and forward. He showed me some Persian verses of his own composition, which had this peculiarity, with much the same air of philanthropic condescension which we may suppose a European to have, when explaining the nature of a watch or compass, to the rude unsophisticated native of some newly discovered island.

The Sheik, or prince of Bushire, like most other petty Persian rulers, seeks only to fill his coffers, without regard to the welfare or prosperity of his subjects. Although a man of high family, of education, and cultivation, he resorts to the basest methods of aggrandising himself. He has ships of his own, which trade to Bombay, Calcutta, &c.; and though it should be months before one of them is ready to sail, he will not allow his subjects to send their goods by an earlier or cheaper conveyance. I have seen a man ruined by this miserable tyranny; not being able to get his goods to market in the proper season, and paying a high rent for keeping them in the caravansery.

The following incident will convey a good idea of his manner of dispensing the law. Having compelled a debtor to make payment of the sum he was owing, his highness called the creditor before him in open court, and said, "Had it not been for me, you know very well that you would never have seen your money, therefore it is but justice that I should reap some benefit from it as well as yourself." He then returned

one half of the recovered sum, retaining the other as the lawful perquisite of his office. This is no solitary instance, and it was talked of as quite a matter of course.

"Like master, like man,"—If the prince acts in this manner, it is no wonder the Cazis follow his example. A person to whom captain W———, the resident, owed money, having died, he sent to the chief Cazi to learn what person by law was entitled to receive payment of it. The judge sent him back word with his compliments, that he could soon decide that point, but wished to know in the first place, whether the captain would prefer to pay to one person rather than another. And this man, this "*mirror of magistrates*," is esteemed, and, so far as I could learn, is esteemed with justice, one of the most upright judges in this quarter of Persia.

The Persian ladies are very fair, and much taller than the females in general about Bombay and western India. I saw very little of them, from the strict and careful manner in which they are muffled up whenever they go abroad. It may seem at first sight that this abridges their freedom, but in truth it has completely the opposite effect. Covered as they are from foot to head, they can go where they please without being known; they may make and keep an assignation before their husband's faces, who dare not even speak to their wives in the street—so strict is the etiquette. Their common dress is wide trowsers of red, yellow, or green silk, tied tight about the ancles; a robe reaching to the knees of the same material, and small green or yellow slippers. The general effect is elegant and light in the

extreme, far superior to our ever-varying and never-graceful female costume. Like the East Indian ladies, they tinge their nails and finger ends with a dark red substance called HINNA. This is alluded to in a Persian poem, "*She dispenses gifts with small, delicate fingers, glowing at the tips.*"

There are very good baths here, both hot and cold: the attendants, after you have washed, rub you smartly about the joints, and draw them out till they crack. The bath is, and always has been, much used throughout the East—so much so, that at one time the use of it was forbidden in Spain, as being a heathenish and *anti-christian* practice, which all good people ought to shun, as they would shun the devil. Referring to this strange interdiction, Jortin quaintly remarks: "I recollect no superstition but the catholic, in which nastiness is accounted a virtue—as if piety and filth were synonymous, and religion, like the itch, could be caught by wearing of foul garments."

I saw a letter which came to the residency from some great man—the prince of Shiraz, I think. It was upwards of a foot in length, inclosed in a fine cloth, composed of gold and silver threads, which again was covered with thin silk or muslin. The writing was exquisitely fine—you would almost take it to be copper-plate. The direction translated ran nearly as follows:—"To the enlightened and noble sight of the high in rank—the exalted in place—the displayer of friendship and affection—the pillar of the great—(here comes the name)—let it come safe."

There is here a description of wandering jugglers or mountebanks called *Luti*. I saw a party of them the

other morning, under the walls of the residency. They sat in a circle, in the middle of which was chained a miserable, half-starved looking lion. They sung at intervals, with the accompaniment of the *tom tom*, (a small drum) and a species of fiddle or guitar. They perform tricks of agility and legerdemain, in which they are very expert, and enact short interludes or drolls, generally of a personal and satirical nature. I could make out but little of these, but from the effect produced on the spectators, they seemed not to want point. The audience was composed, for the most part, of slaves and the lower orders of the people.

These *Luti* have frequently a good deal of practical humour. A person of some standing, called *Sheik Ibrahim*, having refused to give them the usual gratuity, they procured a large tame bear, dressed him in a robe similar to what the recusant generally wore, and having given him his lesson, they led him through the streets, saying every now and then, "Show us how Sheik Ibrahim salams," when the brute would imitate that gesture of courtesy, in such a manner as to convulse the spectators with laughter. The Sheik, after this was repeated for some time, seeing it in vain to contend with them, gave a pretty large sum to be freed from this absurd personative persecution.

They are bold and reckless ruffians. Not long ago, the chief buffoon of the prince of Shiraz, having given them some offence, they beset his house in a body, drew him into the middle of the public street, and put him to death with their daggers. No one dared to interfere, and though the prince offered a reward for their apprehension, it was more as a matter of form

than any thing else: they make common cause with each other, and are constant in revenging any attempt to punish one of their brotherhood.

The country people cannot conceive why Europeans go to visit Persepolis, and the other remains of antiquity in Persia. As they are frequently digging for coins, &c. &c. the natives imagine that they are searching for talismans, the fame of which has drawn them from home.

It happened a few years ago, a species of worm came forth, and destroyed the greater part of the crops in the vicinity of Persepolis. A gentleman who mentioned the circumstance, having inquired at some farmers of the cause of the calamity, was answered, that some months ago, a party of Franks, in searching among the ruins of Persepolis, had found and carried away a spell which some wizard had placed there, the absence of which was the cause of the visitation. A contiguous district having escaped without damage, they said that it was owing to a *holy Dervish*, who had died in the odour of sanctity, being buried there. The Persians have much the same veneration for the tombs of saints, as the church of Rome. There is one in particular not far from Ispahan, where miracles are annually wrought, such as restoring the blind to sight, &c. The proprietor of the ground where it is situated, makes an immense sum annually, as pilgrims flock from all quarters to it at particular periods, and pay for leave to look at, and touch the person cured.

In sailing up the Persian Gulf, flocks of locusts were frequently driven on board our ship, from the Arab coast. The largest I caught was about an inch

and a quarter long; its colour was a most beautiful mixture of bright green and yellow, the latter preponderating; the eyes were prominent, and the wings of a fine and delicate texture, like the shavings of whalebone. Southey describes one of these insects so graphically, in his noble poem of Thalaba, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing the passage:

"The admiring girl surveyed
His out-spread sails of green
His gauzy underwings;
She viewed his jet orbed eyes,
His glossy gorget bright,
Green glittering in the sun;
His plumy pliant horns,
That, nearer as she gazed,
Bent tremblingly before her breath."

Book III.

An army of these creatures which not long ago desolated part of the *Mahratta* country, was calculated to have extended *five hundred miles*. They moved so thickly, as frequently to obscure the light of the sun, and covered the walls of houses and temples, so that nothing of the stone could be seen.

I must again take the liberty of quoting Thalaba. A march of these horrid cattarans is thus nervously painted:

"Onward they came, a dark, continuous band
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of a broad river headlong in its course,
Plunged from a mountain summit—or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks."

In the bazar the other day, I saw an old blind man

going about asking charity. He was tall, well made, with a fine, white, flowing beard; and there was that nameless dignity about him, which, in despite of his rags, struck you as belonging to a man of rank.

I was informed by an Armenian merchant, that he had been a general, and belonged to a respectable family; but in some change of government, had lost his appointments and fortune, and his eyes being put out, he was forced to beg his bread. He brought strikingly to my recollection old Belisarius, and would serve as a capital model to a painter portraying that celebrated and unfortunate warrior. The people did not seem to look on him with any respect or pity.

In going up the Gulf we passed many walled towns, which, a few years ago, were pirate settlements. They had increased in number and audacity to such an extent, that a naval expedition of some strength was sent against them, by which, after no small trouble, they were subdued and broken.

They fought with the most determined fury: destitute as they were of proper arms or regular discipline, they engaged, not unfrequently with success, detachments of East Indian and British troops. When one of their towns in particular was besieged, a body composed of men, women, and children, marched up to the very teeth of our men, and though not much superior in number, succeeded in putting them into some disorder, and even drove them partially back. They did not retreat till the greater part of them were left dead on the field—the women fighting as bravely as the men.

This is no solitary instance of the courage of the Arab females. The sister of an Arab chief called *Derar*, being made captive before Damascus, stirred up some females, her fellow-prisoners, to attempt the recovery of their liberty. Arming themselves with the poles of the tents in which they were confined, they attacked the enemy, and kept them at bay till *Derar* came up to the rescue.

Of all the pirates infesting the Persian Gulf, none was more dreaded than a chieftan named Rhama Ben Jabur. Of a shrunken and diminutive person, one would think that by nature he was intended for any thing but a warrior, and you would be more inclined to offer him charity, than defend yourself if attacked by him. Yet despite of these drawbacks, he had a spirit, fierce and unquenchable as that of the famished she hyæna: the bravest quailed at his name, and when the natives heard the well-known and ominous roll of his *tom tom*, they would fly before him, and running their vessels on the nearest shore, gladly purchase life with the loss of their cargo.

He used frequently to put his prisoners to death in cold-blood—having sometimes the refined barbarity to *saw* their heads off. Once he had some *religious* scruples as to shedding human *blood*, and while this fit was upon him, he made away with his victims by inclosing them in large wooden boxes, and casting them into the sea, thus,

> Compounding sins he was inclined to,
> By damning those he had no mind to.

On one occasion, he despatched one of his sons to

take a vessel of superior force and metal. The young man bore himself well and bravely, but, as might have been foreseen, returned without the end being accomplished. *Rhama* was frantic with rage; the failure was equivalent to a defeat, and defeat was a term he determined should not exist in his vocabulary. No representation of the fearful odds—no appeal to the wounds received—had any effect on the stern buccaneer; and in the first agony of fury and disgrace, he ordered the young man to be cast into the sea, as a fearful quickener to the courage of his retainers.

About half a year before his death, he was in the residency of Bushire, along with a little son, the resident said to him, "You had better turn over a new leaf, *Rhama,* or you will be getting yourself knocked on the head some of these days." The old man merely shook his head and replied, "Allah Acbur! God is over all—His will must be done—our destinies are recorded, and no man can change the determination of the most High!"

The story of his death would furnish material for the finest poetry. A town in which he was interested being besieged, he was descried by the enemy attempting to throw relief into the place, who instantly sent a ship to attack him. Rhama fought with his usual determination and bravery, till most of his men were killed. Perceiving his affairs to be desperate, and dreading to fall into the hands of the foe, he got one of his few remaining crew to guide him to the powder magazine (being nearly blind), and taking a torch in one hand, and his little son before mentioned

in the other, he blew up the ship, destroying many of the enemy at the same time.

Fearless he grasped the torch, without a sigh,
Determined not to live in slavery.
"Come, my brave boy," he said, "oft did you share
With me the triumphs and the joys of war.
Oft have we made the trembling caitiffs yield,
Oft have we chased them o'er the reeking field!
And shall we now surrender liberty
To such as these?—No! let us still be *free*,"
He said:—with iron nerve the train he fired,
And having fearless lived, he fearlessly expired!

O! FOR A HOME AMID THE HILLS!

O! for a home amid the hills,
A shelter in some lonely glen
Beside the voice of gushing rills,
And far from that of selfish men!

O! for the broad and surging sea,
With all its music wild or sad.
O! for the breeze that revels free,
And makes the prisoned spirit glad!

The wild and waste, the bleak and bare,
The distant and the still for me,
If crawling things may come not there,
Nor gold bend down one stubborn knee.

My soul shrinks from the hollow heart,
As would my foot from melting snow,
Or where the turf with flowery art
Conceals the stagnant marsh below.

The painted hall—the painted face,
Or glazed with purchased smiles or dies—
The smirk where cunning leaves its trace;
O! how from these my spirit flies!

'Tis all deceit—the friendly grasp,
The whispered tricklings of the tongue;
A Judas lurks in Love's own clasp—
The arm hath stabbed me as it clung!

And must I, 'mid the dinsome crowd,
Smirk, bustle, smile, crouch—struggle too;

And never dare to think aloud,
But when alone, ye hills, with you?

Stern is my fate—but sterner still
Shall be the front to fate I show;
At least I feel what I dare *will*—
What I must *do* I cannot know.

But yet untainted wishings shall,
Like pulses of the inmost core,
Still speak with truth that owns no thrall,
Thro' song: alas! I can no more!

O! for a home amid the hills,
A shelter in some lonely glen
Beside the voice of gushing rills,
And far from that of selfish men!

O! for the broad and surging sea,
With all its music wild or sad;
O! for the breeze that panteth free,
And makes the prisoned spirit glad!

The wild and waste, the bleak and bare,
The lonely and the still for me;
If crawling things may come not there,
Nor gold bend down my stubborn knee!

THOMAS ATKINSON.

TRIAL OF FOUR INTELLECTUAL USURPERS.

[The following verses are intended to represent, in an allegory, the trial and condemnation of four mental *powers* or *faculties*, with which the works of certain modern metaphysicians are filled, but which yearly receive in the University of Glasgow, quite as severe treatment as that here described.]

'Twas in that hall where reason reigns,
The presence-chamber of the brains,
(Some have their philosophic doubts,
Whether the heart or thereabouts
Be not the more appropriate seat
Of sentiment and appetite)
I've said 'twas in this audience-chamber,
Though where that was I can't remember,
That not long since did convocate
Queen *Mind's* three ministers of state,
Called *Judgment*, *Sense*, and *Memory*.
With office-bearers in array;
Each in his right and proper station,
As best became the convocation.
Post preces, all the three sederunt
On thrones of gold, or air, I can't
Be certain which; but this we're told,
That Judgment's was of goodliest mould,
Who represented Minos well,
Saving that Minos judged in hell.
The *eyes* were ordered to beware
Lest sights unseemly entered there,

Breeding disturbance and distresses
'Mong their assembled mightinesses.
The *nose* was subject to a fine
For smells that 'scaped her quarantine;
And *taste* and *touch*, 'case of alarms,
Held each her organ under arms;
All from intrusions gaze to save
The business of this high conclave.

The premises being thus made snug,
The Junto seated quite incog,
And legal forms adjusted all
To suit the ceremonial,
Enter four culprits from a door
That opens in the chamber floor.
The first was one whose look severe
Betrayed the harrowings of care,
Whose steadfast mien and fixed eye
Bespoke unflinching constancy,
And on whose brow were deeply wrought
The sad insignia of thought;
I need not add when this is known
That he was called—*Attention.*
The second prisoner at the bar
Was quite opposed in face and air
To all the features of the other,
And yet, alas! in crime his brother.
This culprit's eye was full of light
Still opening on some new delight.
No trace it bore of earth-born care;
But "admiration feeding" there
Seemed still to find imagined food—
From every ill to conjure good.
At times indeed his angry glance
Surveyed, but slightly and askance,

The fetters that so straitly tied
And bent to earth his form of pride.
Thus high in grace and beauty shone
The sprite *Imagination.*

Next entered one with forehead high,
And absence in his sunken eye,
Without one thought, or wish, or care,
For all the solemn faces there.
His mind seemed wandering on the hills
Where high born contemplation dwells.
Ever he turned his abstract gaze
To some antique triangles' base,
Figured upon the musty page
Of Greek geometrician sage.
He's called *Abstraction*, and has given
More misery to scholastic heads
Than any spirit under heaven
That o'er philosophy presides.

Of varied hue and glittering plume,
Then issued from the prisoner's room,
And last of all assumed his station,
That power yclep'd *Association.*
To tell his numerous names and duties,
His excellencies, gifts, and beauties,
Would far exceed the lowly genius
Of such a Pegasus as mine is.

Well, being thus to judgment led,
A grave arraignment next was read,
Wherein the prisoners were accused
Of having sadly trust abused;
Forgetting all the sacred ties
Which bind alike the earth and skies,
Of following blind ambition's path,
Which leads to treason and to death;
The charge against them all was one,

The darkly plotting to dethrone
Their rightful, liege, and sovereign masters,
A treason big with foul disasters.
'Twas represented for the crown,
That Judgment, Memory, and Sensation,
Had been in immemorial use
To delegate their power to those
Four culprits, who at length despised
Authority so much disguised;
And raising high presumption's lance,
Determined to be kings at once.
With this most traitorous design,
They tempted mankind to resign
To their pretended royalty,
Those tributes of respect and fealty
Which heretofore were justly paid
To the three faculties 'foresaid.
The crimes alleged being clear enough,
Judgment dispensed with farther proof;
Addressing only thus to each
A short admonitory speech:
" 'Tis difficult to see the reason
In you, *Attention*, of this treason.
From infancy you've been employed
In the capacity of guide,
Directress to the powers of man,
But never ranked thyself as one.
A charge so high left no temptation
To covet change of situation."
" Behold the guilty, rash occasion
Which prompted thee, Imagination:
Aware that all of us must be
Kindly employed in forming thee,
Thou thoughtst in thine ambitious hear
We could be nothing when apart,
And thus thy greedy hopes hast fed
With placing crowns on thine own head.

I shall not dwell on the two latter,
Suffice't to say you're nothing better.
Being conscious all that equally
You held our high supremacy
In such contempt as merits well
Confusion quick, destruction fell,
It just remains that I adjudge
Such rebels henceforth hard to drudge
In some dank dungeon closely pent,
Like Plato's, formed to represent
How men's ideas came and went.
For service past and faithful care,
Your lives I am induced to spare."

Y

CHARACTER OF ARISTOTLE

AS A CRITIC,

AS IT MAY BE DEDUCED FROM HIS POETICS.

In taking a survey of the mental achievements of the ancients, the height to which they arrived in science and art, and the monuments of genius they have left behind them, we shall perhaps find little cause to congratulate ourselves upon the superiority to which we have attained. The ancient Greeks left no science untouched, and whatever branch of knowledge they investigated, little room was left for subsequent improvement. With them the arts do not seem to have risen to eminence, by those tardy and almost imperceptible gradations which mark their progress in other nations. They seem to have sprung into comparative perfection at once. This is particularly the case with regard to the poetical productions of ancient Greece. While the surrounding world was enveloped in the darkness of barbarity, the Greeks were celebrating the praises of their divinities, in hymns of the richest and most imaginative poetry. The deeds of princes, and warriors, and heroes, were committed to imperishable verse. Greece was emphatically the region of poetry; the muses breathed over the land, and there took up their abode.

The muse of Greece, however, did not long confine herself to short lyrics, in honour of gods and of heroes. She soon took a nobler flight, and produced the extended Epic, forming a model for every succeeding age of the world to imitate. In this, Greece stands alone

and unrivalled. All who have attempted the composition of an epic poem, have proceeded upon the model of Homer; but all their efforts to rise to pre-eminence have failed. It is not to be supposed that a people possessed of perceptive powers so acute, and imagination so lively and vigorous as the Greeks, would remain satisfied with the narrative of the epic. Accordingly we find the drama with its action and direct imitation, assuming under the hands of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, a regular form among them.

Thus poetry, epic and dramatic, became an art among the Greeks, and such has it been regarded in every period since. If poetry then is an art, having a certain and definite end in view, whether to please or to instruct, there must of necessity be some rules by which that end may be attained; and as Greece is the source from which the purest and most perfect models of poetic invention are derived, so the rules that belong to the art are drawn from the same origin.

Aristotle, one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever lived, has laid down these rules; one who was thoroughly acquainted with the operations of the human mind, and the diversified passions which agitate the soul, and eminently qualified to discover the rules upon which the art of poetry is founded. He has written a work professedly upon the subject, in which he establishes the rules of the art, and illustrates them by critical observations, drawn from the poetry of the Greeks.

Aristotle divides his Poetics into five parts. In the first part, he gives a general view of poetry, and treats of its various kinds; the second part he devotes to

the rules that belong to tragedy; the third embraces the epic poem; in the fourth part he takes a view of critical objections; and in the last part he points out the superiority of tragic to epic poetry.

It is not the design of the following remarks to enter into a full illustration of the rules which Aristotle has proposed, but simply to consider his critical character, as it is to be deduced from the plan and principles of his Poetics. And here we discover,

I.—Information of great extent. There are many minds, in which is treasured up great store of knowledge of very little use to its possessors or others, from their incapability of giving it a proper application, and making it bear upon some definite and specific object. This remark applies to many authors, such as Montaigne among the French, and Burton among ourselves, who distract the minds of their readers, by their numerous references to other authors, to facts and circumstances improperly selected and ill applied. It is one of the characteristics of a man of genius to bring forward clearly and distinctly what is adapted to the illustration of his design. To the mind of such a writer, nothing will arise but what is suitable, and fitted to establish the principles he has in view. In the Poetics of Aristotle, small though the treatise be, we discover prodigious knowledge. He is completely acquainted with every Greek writer, whether in prose or verse. With all kinds of poetry and music he was well acquainted, and with the characters of those who excelled in each. This he clearly shows in the first part of the work under consideration. In the rapid sketch which he there gives, he informs us of the

origin of poetry, its various kinds, of the different qualities which make up the poetical character of Homer and other Greek poets. He traces tragedy and comedy from the rude state in which they originated, till they arrived by successive improvements at the completion of their proper form. The music and decoration of the theatre, its dancers, and musical instruments, come within his review. The most minute events recorded by Homer and the dramatic poets, are brought into view, as illustrations of the canons he establishes. I do not know any work upon any subject whatever, that takes such a sweeping and extensive survey of preceding authors as the Poetics of Aristotle. In the hands of most critics, such a treatise as his would have swelled into several volumes. The thorough knowledge which he possessed of the subject he treats, and the grasp which his comprehensive mind took of the poetical productions of his countrymen, enabled him to bring forward in a brief, and at the same time, in a clear and distinct form, his critical animadversions.

A proof of Aristotle's great power of condensation is seen in the second part of his Poetics, where, in treating of tragedy, he gives the general story of the Odyssey in the following few lines: "A certain individual is absent from his country for a long time; he is persecuted by Neptune, and, having lost all his associates, is left alone. His affairs at home fall into disorder, his wife's suitors riot upon his wealth, and conspire to destroy his son. After having been tossed by sea and by land, he returns, is recognised by his family, destroys his enemies, and remains at home in peace

and security." In the Poetics we have many instances of similar condensation.

Horace in his Art of Poetry, does not appear to have possessed information so ample as Aristotle. Indeed the Latin poet has in a manner only versified the rules of the Grecian critic. Pope, in his Essay on Criticism, has shown less information than either; his Essay is correct and spirited, but it is founded upon the Greek and Roman critics, and illustrated by references to the works of modern genius. The same remarks apply equally to Boileau.

No man ever applied himself with a mind more amply furnished with materials for his art than Aristotle. Dr Johnson, the great master of English criticism, has incurred the reprehension of some for not studying with due care and attention the authors upon whose merits he so promptly decides. He confesses himself, that he never thoroughly perused the Paradise Lost of Milton. He cannot therefore be a safe guide to assist us in forming a just estimate of the exalted intellect that gave birth to a work so sublime.

II.—In studying the plan and principles laid down by Aristotle in his Poetics, we discover a mind discriminative and acute.

We are not to imagine that Aristotle sat down like a philosophic despot, and from the mere exercise of his own mind, established poetical regulations by which the epic and dramatic writer was to be governed in the composition and arrangement of his work. Such a literary legislation would have been a matter of no great difficulty, and within the range of an ordinary intellect. Aristotle perceived that poetry was natural

to man; that it was rational and philosophical, and its principles entitled to a rigid and careful investigation. The works of Homer were the rapturous theme upon which his countrymen dwelt; and the dramatic productions of Euripides and Sophocles drew the admiring Greeks to the crowded theatres. Those, then, were the works to which his critical eye was directed, and from which he deduced the principles that necessarily enter into epic and dramatic composition. Although Aristotle does not lay down his rules as legislators do their laws, having no other reason than their wills only, they are not upon that account the less authoritative. He advances nothing but what is drawn from the common consent of mankind, for men themselves are the rule and the measure of what he prescribes. The laws of Aristotle are the laws of nature, and operate as powerfully now in exciting the emotions of the human heart, as they did in the days when Homer sung, and Euripides and Sophocles wrote, from whom the poetic principles of Aristotle are drawn.

Surely then, that mind must have been penetrating in no ordinary degree, which could deduce from epic and dramatic compositions, the laws and principles which form the essence of the present art. This has been accomplished by Aristotle, in such a manner as to render all subsequent criticism nearly a work of supererogation. The authors who have turned their attention to the investigation of poetic laws, have merely echoed the principles of Aristotle, or given them a fuller developement and illustration. The epic poem has been often attempted, but no departure from the ancient laws has succeeded. The tragic muse, since

the time of Aristotle, has taken a wider range, but the principles which regulate her movements are nearly the same. Although less impeded in her passionate career, she still bows at the shrine of the philosopher of antiquity, and, crowned with wreaths of cypress, still presents her fealty and obedience.

Were we to point out all the instances of acuteness and discrimination in the character of Aristotle as a critic, and as discoverable in the Poetics, it would be necessary to quote from almost every page of the work. We shall, however, select a few instances, in which we think those mental characteristics eminently conspicuous. In part I. sect. 5. the critic shows great penetration in pointing out the causes which gave origin to poetry. "To imitate,"* says he, "is natural to man. All men are pleased with imitations; for some originals, such as frightful animals and dead bodies, which

* There is nothing so ugly or so horrible, but looks pleasant in a picture; not that the thing is fine in itself, for what is ugly cannot be fine; but it is because there is nothing so agreeable as imitation. It is on this account that the poets in all times have chosen what was most horrible for the subjects of their descriptions. Nicomachus represented Medea killing her children; and Theon painted Orestes murdering Clytemnestra. We have some pieces of modern painters on those frightful subjects; we look on them with delight, but do not by that praise the actions which they imitate, but the art which knows how to imitate these actions so happily. It is the same of poetry; we are pleased to see the description of these things that we could not look on as they are in nature. If Philoctetes should appear in the condition Sophocles represents him, we should endeavour to fly from him, but the imitation he makes, attracts and charms us.—DACIER.

we could scarcely contemplate without fear and dread, we look upon with pleasure in a painting, and this pleasure rises in proportion to the resemblance they bear to the original. The reason of this is, that not only philosophers have a desire to learn, but the same passion is equally natural to all men, though not felt equally by all." He assigns a second cause:—"Imitation being then natural to us, harmony and rhythm are no less natural. These two causes have produced poetry." From this satisfactory statement he derives and accounts for the two kinds of poetry, the serious and the comic. He does this in a few words. "Those who had the loftiest genius celebrated the actions of great men, while those who were inferior and meaner represented the actions of the vicious and depraved." This, in my opinion, accounts clearly for the epic, and the two kinds of dramatic composition, tragedy and comedy. The lofty and aspiring genius chose as the grounds of his imitation, the adventures of noble and elevated characters; hence kings and princes, warriors and heroes, with all their variety of fortune, are made to pass in review before us in the epic poem, and in the tragic drama. The poet of inferior genius selects as the ground-work of his imitation, the actions of the contemptible part of mankind, and hence the knaves, and fools, and hypocrites, and fops, that belong to comedy and farce. "Thus," says he, "poets come to be divided into two classes—the heroic and the comic." Homer, he farther says, in the most judicious criticism that was ever made upon that poet, suggested the ideas of both. "Homer alone deserves the name of a poet, not only on account of his writing well, but because

of his dramatic imitation. He was also the first who gave us sketches of comedy, for his Margites * is to comedy what the Iliad and Odyssey are to tragedy. Succeeding poets were carried according to their genius, to the one or the other of these kinds of poetry." Nothing can be more just than the encomium Aristotle passes upon Homer; for the Iliad and Odyssey possess much of tragic power from the action, the arrangement, and management of the subject, the admirable mixture of episode, the vividness of passion, and the nature of the catastrophe.

Aristotle seems to have held comedy in very light estimation; this is obvious from the very slight notice he has taken in his Poetics of that species of dramatic writing. From all that has come down to us of the Greek comedy, I should apprehend that we are warranted to infer, that comedy never attained with them that grace, and elegance, and sparkling playfulness, to which it has arrived in modern times. What are the comedies of Aristophanes to those of the old English school of Cumberland, of Morton, of Mrs Inchbald, and Mr Sheridan? The comic productions of antiquity partook more of the nature of farce and buffoonery than of genuine comedy.

All the dramatic energies of the Greeks seem to have been directed to the cultivation of the tragic art. It

* The Margites was the Dunciad of the Greeks, of which Margites, a fool of a fellow, was the hero. In this work Homer changed the bitter invectives of former poets into jocularity and ridicule. This poem suggested to the Greeks comic-dramatic pieces, similar to those which we have from the pen of Moliere and Foote.

was after Euripides and Sophocles had brought tragedy to the perfection which it attained under the force of their genius, that comedy began to make progress. Aristotle, however, in the definition which he has given of comedy, (part. I. sect. 8.) determines like a great master, and with his usual discrimination, what must be the subject which comedy imitates. "Comedy," says he, "is an imitation of bad men; I do not mean in all kinds of vice, but only in the ridiculous, which is properly a defect or deformity, that neither occasions pain nor tends to the destruction of its subject." This I regard as a luminous and satisfactory definition of comedy. Here there is no place for the majesty of princes, nor can positive crime enter the legitimate comedy. Were it otherwise, the nature of the composition would be altered, and indignation or pity would be kindled in our bosoms,—emotions that belong to another department of the drama. Ridicule alone is the province of comedy, to hold up the vices and foibles of men to scorn, and to laugh them out of their folly. There is a passage in Horace (I. Sat. 4.) which at first sight would seem to intimate that the Greek comedy was constructed upon a different principle, and that the most vicious and profligate characters were introduced into their comic representations.

> Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
> Quod moechus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
> Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.

Horace here I suppose refers to the comedies of Cratinus and Aristophanes; and since the vices he enumerates partake of a moral deformity, occasion pain, and tend to

the destruction of those in whose breasts they reside, they are without the pale of ridicule. Pity, abhorrence, and the γελαιον of Aristotle, cannot be excited by the same object at the same time. How then can the rule of Aristotle be a just one? To obviate this objection it is only necessary to say, that if Aristophanes had introduced into his dramatic pieces the robber, the murderer, or the adulterer, decidedly and openly as such, he would have violated the rule of the philosopher, and acted in opposition to the design of comedy. This, however, he has not done. There are, indeed, such characters in the comedies of Aristophanes, but it is only by the insinuations of the writer, that we come to a knowledge of their being infected with these vices. They are covered with a veil of ridicule, so as only to be seen through it. In the Clouds, for instance, Socrates is not introduced as an avowedly impious man, and a contemner of the gods. By the mode of ridicule which the poet adopts, he renders the sage an object of suspicion only. From the ridiculous positions in which he is placed, we are only left to infer his vices. Upon this principle the best English comic writers have conducted their plays. It is not the mean and beastly qualities of Sir John Falstaff, the artful villany of Belmour, or the more undisguised atrocity of Macheath; but the preponderating wit and humour with which the authors have dashed these characters that excite the merriment of the reader or the spectator, upon the representation of their plays. Aristotle's definition of comedy is founded in nature, for we find that those comedies which are composed according to

the rule here laid down, are those only that succeed best upon the stage.

It is surprising that such a great man as Corneille, would condemn this definition of Aristotle. Yet such is the fact, and this has led him into a species of literary solecism. He asserts that the actions of kings may be admitted into comedy; and distinguishes such productions by the absurd appellation of heroic comedies. He might as well speak of a comic Epopee, which, with all due deference to Dr Beattie, I hesitate not in saying, is equally absurd. Were the definition of Aristotle duly regarded by the dramatic writers of the Continent and of England, we should not see such contemptible and monstrous productions as the melo-drama, so fashionable at the present day. Every man of taste, every lover of the pure and genuine drama, should lift his voice in reprobation of such intellectual abortions, as pernicious to literature, and degrading to the English stage. We surely have amongst ourselves a sufficiency of the *vivida vis animi*—of the genuine stamina of British intellect, to produce comedies upon the pure and unmixed principles of the old school, without imitating, and importing the fantastical and degenerate melo-drama of the French.

We shall now attend to the discrimination and acuteness of Aristotle's mind, as they are discovered in the code of criticism, which he has laid down in reference to tragedy. The definition he has given of this department of the drama has been often and highly celebrated. "Tragedy," says he, "is an imitation of an action that is important, entire, and of a proper length,

by a style embellished and agreeable, but differently in different parts, and which, without the aid of narration, but of action, by means of compassion and terror, effects the purification of all sorts of passions."

This definition is undoubtedly entitled to all the celebrity it has obtained. It comprehends all the properties of a good definition, at once concise and full of significance. The action which tragedy attempts to imitate must be important, (or serious, as the original may be rendered). This constitutes the essential difference between tragedy and comedy. It must be entire, having a beginning, a middle, and an end. Moreover, it must be of a proper length. The action imitated must not be too long and extended, nor too short and simple. The end of tragedy is beautifully expressed to be the refinement, or purification of the passions, by the excitement of compassion and terror. It may be said that the critic has shown a want of discrimination here, inasmuch as he confounds the epic poem with the tragedy. For, does not the former employ terror and compassion, as well as the latter? Aristotle, however, is particularly guarded. He says that those emotions are excited by action, and not by narration, as in the epic. Besides, the epic employs other means, such as admiration to accomplish its end; and, farther, we can easily conceive an epic poem to be destitute of the means necessary for raising pity and terror in our breasts, whereas no tragedy can exist without them. The moral which Aristotle assigns to tragedy, the refinement or purification of the passions, has given much trouble to commentators. His meaning seems to be, that the representation of fictitious distress excites

pity and terror, by placing before us the calamities into which others have fallen by crime, or involuntary error; and it refines them, by rendering misfortunes familiar, teaching us neither to fear their approach, nor to sink under their weight, when it is our destiny to experience them. In laying before us the crimes which have led the unfortunate objects of our pity to suffering and disgrace, tragedy teaches us to refine, to moderate, and cure those passions, which have by their ungoverned violence, precipitated their victims into the gulf of desperation and ruin.

This is not the place to enter upon the subject at length, else it could be shown that this moral effect of tragic representation, given here by Aristotle, is agreeable to experience, and founded like his other observations in nature itself. Tragedy in a higher degree than any of the fine arts, of which it is said, "emolliunt mores, nec sinunt esse feros," must exercise a powerful sway in softening and refining the passions of the human soul.

No critic has manifested equal acuteness and discrimination to Aristotle, in the parts which he lays down as essential to tragedy. The means, the manner, and the subject of tragic imitation, he establishes as necessarily included in six parts, viz. "fable, manners, diction, sentiments, decoration, and music." The most important of these he makes to be the "composition of incidents, or the fable, as tragedy is an imitation not of men, but of the actions of men, their good or their ill fortune, which consists in action, for the very end of life is action, and not quality."

The logical accuracy shown by Aristotle in this di-

vision of tragedy is truly admirable. All the parts are closely related, and naturally follow each other; the fable or subject is the principal part and soul of tragedy, and as tragedy is an imitation of action, manners come next, then follow the sentiments by which the tragic poet imitates his action, and assimilates himself with the characters he represents. To this naturally succeeds the expression of sentiments by language, which the critic here calls diction.

In this part of the Poetics, which Aristotle devotes to tragedy, he insists urgently that tragedy consists in the imitation of action; a rule which cannot be too closely observed. He complains that the poets of his time were deficient in this respect. The same complaint may, with equal propriety, be made by the critics of our own time. Some of the modern dramatists of England seem to imagine, that poetry cast into character, constitutes the dramatic. Hence the want of that life and energy which so strongly mark the dramas of Shakspeare. Milman's Fazio is indeed a beautiful performance, and so is the Mirandola of Barry Cornwall. It requires, however, but a very superficial knowledge of the genuine drama, to perceive that they are deplorably deficient in the grand requisite of dramatic excellence—action. To leave the perusal of Fazio, Mirandola, *et hoc genus omne*, and turn to Richard the Third, Macbeth, or Othello, our passions are awakened, and every faculty put upon the stretch. It is like being transplanted from some solitary vale, pregnant with flowers, and echoing to the song of birds; and plunging at once into the bustle, and activity, and real business of life. Even Lord Byron, with all his

energy, has not paid sufficient attention to this rule of Aristotle in his recent tragedies. His Marino Faliero, is strongly marked with the features of the modern school. Such plays are more entitled to the appellation of poetical dialogues, than dramatic productions. For, says Aristotle, "should any one attempt a series of discourses, in which the manners were perfectly delineated, the diction embellished, and the sentiments lofty, he has not done all that is fitted for a tragedy. Whereas a piece, greatly inferior in all parts, but having its subject duly constituted, and well conducted, shall sooner, and more successfully obtain its end." This remark has been verified of late in the Virginius of Sheridan Knowles,—a production decidedly inferior to those we have now mentioned in poetical beauty and richness of imagery; but it is close and compact, and full of action. With the former, the language is declamatory and rhetorical, with the latter simple, though elegant, and popular, though dignified. For this reason Virginius has a chance of being a stock-piece in our theatres, while the others will be kept merely for private perusal. The comparison which the critic institutes here between the painter and the dramatist, is exceedingly happy and natural. "The most splendid colours spread without order or design, will impart less pleasure than a simple sketch." The subject is to the poem what the outline is to the painting. As the painter must first sketch his outline, and then arrange his colouring in proper order, so the poet must first draw up his fable, and all parts of the action, and then colour them, as it were, with the manners suitable to each. In the modern drama, we have

excess of colouring; we are dazzled by excess of lights.

On this part of the Poetics, in which Aristotle refers to that part of tragedy which he calls manners, I cannot but admire a very shrewd observation of the critic: "Manners," says he, "are whatever shows the inclinations of the speaker, and the conduct he will adopt. Those speeches which do not give us any knowledge of the dispositions of the speaker, are without manners." This is a rule of great importance to the poet, and one that has been observed by the great masters of the art with no small fidelity. It is simply this, that the poet should so develope the character he introduces, that we shall be able to know, from the general manner in which he conducts himself, how he will act in any given emergency. In the Merchant of Venice, we know, that upon the failure of Antonio, Shylock will insist upon having his bond. We know, from the sincerity and want of suspicion which characterize the generous Moor, that he will be the victim of Iago's treachery. And from the spirit of honour that inspires the heart of Norval, we are at no loss to discover the mode of conduct he will adopt when maliciously taunted by Glenalvon.

It is not necessary to mention all the rules which are laid down by Aristotle, in order to the construction of tragedy. Suffice it to say, that in those which relate to the fable, its arrangement and dimensions the complication and developement of plot, he discovers a mind so comprehensive, so discriminative and acute, as to place him deservedly at the head of the greatest masters in criticism, that ever lived.

Some of Aristotle's rules, which are expressed in a few words, furnishing, as it were, a hint only, are extremely pregnant, and manifest a strong sense of propriety upon the part of the critic. An example of this is to be found in Part II. 17, where he says, "in composing, the poet should, as much as he can, be an actor." A fine philosophical reason is assigned for this, for, he adds farther, "it is certain, that of two men possessed of equal genius, he who is most passionate, will be always most persuasive. He who is truly agitated, will agitate those who hear him. To succeed well, therefore, a poet should be susceptible of all kinds of character, and throw himself with facility into every form." This is a precept which has been often neglected. How often does the dramatic writer leave the character he purposed to represent, and introduce himself, sometimes in the form of a narrative poet, and again in that of a philosophic declaimer, putting language and sentiments into the mouths of his personæ, altogether incongruous and out of place. There is a good deal of this out-of-the-way and selfish declamation in the tragedies of Euripides, and particularly in the Medea; those of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, are full of it, and the modern dramatists of our own country, seem to be following their unnatural example. The genuine dramatist goes, as it were, out of himself, and enters into the character he represents. Poetry with him, is embodying general ideas in individual forms and circumstances. This is the great excellence of all who have written poetry well. It is the charm by which Homer carries us along with him, the spell with which Shakspeare enchants his readers,

who, like a spirit, successively animating different bodies, identifies himself with all his characters.

The critical acumen of Aristotle, is as eminently displayed in the remarks he has made upon the epic poem, as in any part of his work. By some he has been blamed for the comparatively short notice he has taken of this kind of poetical composition. To exonerate the philosopher, or at least to defend him from blame, it has been said, that we have only a fragment of what was written upon that department of poetry. This, however, I take to be fanciful. How defectively soever the Poetics of Aristotle may have been transmitted to us, I am disposed to imagine that his observations on the epic poem are tolerably entire. From the view he has taken of the epic, it was not necessary for him to enter at great length into its structure. He views it in connection with tragedy, and in some respects closely allied to it, which superseded the necessity of extended remarks. The rules which he lays down for the epic poem, are comprehensive in a masterly and astonishing degree. They may be reduced to five.

I. Like tragedy, the epic poem is an imitation of the actions of the greatest personages, but differing from the former, by employing narrative and action to accomplish its end, whereas tragedy employs action only.

II. Like tragedy, the epic poem includes only one action, entire, perfect, and finished; and like it, must be simple or complicated, moral or disastrous.

III. It differs from tragedy in being capable, from

its narrative form, of imitating several different actions going on at the same time; whereas the former can only imitate the one in which the actors are engaged upon the stage.

IV. The marvellous ought to have a place in tragedy, but the epic poem goes further, even to the extravagant and incredible. Nay, the poet should rather choose impossibilities that appear probable, than things possible which appear improbable.

V. The metre of the tragic poem is the iambic, as approximating to that used most in common speech; that of the epic is heroic, the greatest and most majestic of all measures.

Such are the rules laid down by Aristotle, in reference to the epic poem, which for perspicuity, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, have never been exceeded. It would be very easy to show, were such an inquiry necessarily connected with the subject of this Essay, the truth of this assertion, by illustrating each of the six rules we have now mentioned, by observations founded upon the dramatic and epic poetry of ancient and modern times.

The motive of those authors who are so desirous of showing that Aristotle's rules, in relation to epic poetry, are defective, is sufficiently obvious. It gives some kind of countenance to their own opinions of that subject, that although Aristotle does not sanction them in the poetics as we have them transmitted to us, yet he may have done so in the work when it was entire. And hence, in defiance of the rules of Aristotle, which are definite and full, they rank among the number of

epic poems, the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, the Inferno of Dante, and Orlando Furioso of Ariosto; works that belong to the school of romance, a school utterly unknown to Aristotle. To distinguish the Orlando by the name of Epic, is a gross misnomer. It is almost entirely narrative; but whoever thinks he can trace in it either unity of action, or discover a hero so chief as to render that unity necessary, will be disappointed. Such works are merely poetical romances, and possess as little of the epic as Sir Tristram, the Fairy Queen, or the Marmion of Sir Walter Scott. I should be for giving things by their right names. As Homer was the greatest master in epic poetry, and as Aristotle has laid down all the rules of the art from his sublime works, and has distinguished such by the appellation of epic, I should certainly circumscribe it within the same limits also. How unphilosophical such distinctions as the comic-epic, the heroic-epic, and the epic romance!*

The highest departments in the whole range of poetry, are the epic and dramatic. These also occupy the most honoured seats in the temple of the Muses, and are such, as have raised the admiration and pity of mankind, by celebrating the deeds of heroes and the destinies of princes. Since, then, these two species of poetry are the greatest, that spring from the intellectual efforts of man, an inquiry has been frequently instituted, which is the greater of the two. Is the

* Such distinctions, however, are attempted to be drawn in one of the Numbers of the Retrospective Review, in the notice that is taken of a new translation of the Orlando Furioso.

epic poem superior to tragedy, or is tragedy superior to the epic poem? This inquiry is one which Aristotle has not neglected. It forms the last part of his poetic criticisms; but this is a part of the subject upon which the critic does not dwell at any length. He decidedly maintains, however, that the tragic is superior to the epic poem; and in this I should suppose, that Aristotle refers to the effects, which the two species of poems produce upon the mind, and not to the genius necessary for each. In regard to the language of Dr Johnson, it must be admitted by all, that the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers, which are singly sufficient for other compositions.

To communicate pleasure is the principal end of all poetical compositions, and this end, according to Aristotle, is accomplished in a greater degree by the tragic than by the epic poet. In the reasons he advances the critic manifests his usual discrimination and acuteness. —They may be summed up as follows:

Tragedy possesses all the epic possesses, and to heighten the pleasure, it has besides music and decoration.

Tragedy is superior to the epic in its greater clearness, and distinctness of impression. It is of shorter compass, and, from its comprehensiveness, attains the end of its imitation in a shorter time.

In tragedy the unity is observed more than in the epic poem, which, from its many subordinate parts, each having an unity of its own, fatigues the mind, and weakens the interests it would otherwise feel.

The reasons of preference are founded in truth and

nature, as we could easily show, did it come within the proper limits of this essay, by references to the works of Homer and the Greek tragedians.

Thus, from the summary view I have taken of the Poetics of Aristotle, I think that I am justified in saying, without the least hesitation, that the author is every way entitled to the character he has received, of being the most comprehensive, judicious, and penetrating critic that ever lived.

W. PARK.

DISTANT RELATIONS.

'He was of gentle blood, being cousin to MacMurich Beg, who was only nineteen removes from MacMurich More."

GÆLIC GENEALOGY.

"WHERE be your quips and your cranks now," ye Tom Browns, Richard Brinsley and Thomas Sheridans, and ye George Selwyns! What! are ye all gone; and is the genius of epigram extinct among us? Sixty—fifty—thirty—twenty years ago, did a lady lose her shoe-buckle, or a dowager spill her snuff; a senator blunder in a speech, or an author be damned in a play, some "gay young fellow about town," some templar without the fear of Coke or Comyn before his eyes, would pen a quip in the shape of an epigram, have it handed about at the next rout he was at; and anon it was inserted in the most fashionable morning paper of

the day. Legislators and politicians did not then disdain the employment of writing them. Even the illustrious Fox is reported to have formed a collection of the most brilliant of such sparks, struck out from the momentary collision of sentiment and wit; and Canning in his younger days did as much to make himself noticed by those "trifles light as air," as he afterwards did by more laborious, but not more spirited efforts. But Canning is "where the happy be;" Caleb Whiteford is long since dead, and this is the age of figures and arithmetic, instead of figures of speech. Malthus has written, Ricardo lived, and Hume still watches over the Army Estimates. Surely this is, as Burke asserted, the era of sophisters and financiers, and the age of chivalry is gone, and that of witty *jeux d'esprit*, and epigrams along with it! No man is now content, even if any one alive be able, to concentrate an exquisite idea or brilliant hit into four lines. Expansion is the vice of the age, and prosiness its characteristic. If any one fancies he has humour, he writes a long story, or tries his hand at a broad farce; if wit, he pens a parody, a political squib, a personal satire, or, mayhap a comic tale for a collection like "Broad Grins." Men didn't *pun* when wit was in its prime. *That* is a disease, like the cutting of the teeth, of infancy and old age. We shall soon forget what light, sprightly, inoffensive and *degagée* wit means; and Thalia will not return to show us it. He who plumed his wings in an epigram, by practice gained strength to soar with them in a comedy. But though halcyon days will never return, it is still worth while to remember them, nay, even to seek to recall

them to our recollection, although but with such weak apings of the olden times as the following:

OLD MAIDS AND APES.

At whist Miss Prue Mactab and Sir John Dangle
Fell out, and "progress'd" up from pout to wrangle,
So quick, that even there they could not pause,
But were about to exercise their claws,
Had not they found their tongues were such good stuff.
"Ye're an old maid," cries Dangle, in his huff;
"And every one of that cursed tribe, you know,
Is doomed for ages to lead apes below!"
"I don't deny't," with bitterness rejoined
Miss Prue Mactab, "but heaven in that design'd
The punishment of such old scrubs as you,—
To them in t'other world we'll give their due;
For learn, those beasts in hell who bear that curse,
Are but transformed old bachelors!"

A VALID CAUSE.

"You're lab'ring, I see," said a clerical wit,
Who deem'd himself equally great in a sermon,
And making a pun, or applying a *hit*—
His hits though, heaven knows! were a sort wouldn't harm one!
"You're lab'ring, I see, honest causewayer John,
To make the good folks of our town walk aright,
Keep from stumbling while going respectably on
In the *strait* road, a thing, let me use *all my* might,

I have never been able to do with success;
Yet the reason I can't for the life of me guess!"
"I'm thinking the reason," says John, "if you please,
Is, your reverence is much less than *me* on your knees!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

Our pleasures from pain often spring,
Or they join in the bend of the ring,
Whose extremes in their meeting produce
A circle, within which, what use
Health or comfort requires, always dwells,
Bound together by pleasure's and pain's magic spells:
In proof, let me tell you a story
Of the earth's golden age, ere 'twas hoary:
The queen of the loves and the graces,
One day wandering 'mong shady places,
In Cyprus' luxuriant isle,
To shelter from Sol's forenoon smile,
Was caught by the hair with a briar,—
(In her head-gear she was not a friar,)
She struggled and shook herself free,
But not till the amorous tree
Had revengefully planted a thorn
In her cheek—since it found that her heart
Was love-proof—but it served to adorn
Her more than the toilet's nice art;
For 'twas from a cause thus so simple,
Sprung that charm of the cheek—a sweet dimple!
In the Paphian queen 'twas a wound,—
In you 'tis the giver of many;
Time for her a remedy found—
For me, can *you*, Miss, think of any?

PROOF IMPRESSION.

On these ripe lips, my Delia, let me
Imprint a fervid kiss!—
Nay—closer—that touch did but whet me
To diet on such bliss!

That print was faint: I'll try't again—
That's better!—more compression!
Thine eyes convince me, not in vain,
I've made a *proof* impression!

A DIALOGUE.

MAYOR.

Neighbour Dickens, an' you keep not our town-streets in more repair,
As your contract full expresses't—by my office as the mayor,
I'll be forced to let my duty o'er my tenderness prevail,
And provide for you a *place*, good friend, in yonder cozy jail.

PAVIOUR.

Ah, your worship, you're too good, and the folks belie you sore,
When they say you take all you can get, and yet would look for more,
Since you offer me a cozy place—although your thirteenth son
Is seven years of age at least, and yet has not got *one!*

TIT FOR TAT.

When near my lips by chance there slowly pass'd
The hand of Myrrha, as I sat beside her,—
I think the question hardly need be ask'd
Whether I kiss'd it; but, the deuce betide her!

I'd hardly done so, when a playful cuff
Was given to prove that pain is pleasure's brother,
And when I look'd in something like a huff,
She laughing said—"one smack deserves another."

AN AMICABLE SEPARATION.

Myrrha, those charming lips of thine,
When shut, with such soft beauty shine,
That I can't pardon aught will sever
The pretty twins, but wish them ever
Close to each other's balm compress'd;
But lo! that wish scarce yet express'd,
They part—and sound steps in between
The lovely twain; yet I, I ween,
Will, spite my own spontaneous guerdon,
The severing cause with pleasure pardon;
For it a higher bliss affords
Than even they—*thine own sweet words!*

SECOND NATIVITY.

Know, vain Astrologos, on me thy skill
Were idly thrown away;
The star that rules man is his *will*—
Will that your "signs" obey?

You'll tell, you say, what stars were high,
And what, when I was born, did wane;
But know, poor dreamer—know that I
Since that time have been born again.

TWO ENDS OF A CANE.

"WATCHMAN!" cries Bluster, "apprehend that rogue."
"Fat ane?" asks Clapper, in his Celtic brogue.
"Why, rascal, he's just at my cane's one end!"
"Oich, oich—but whilk ane—for she'll no be kend,"
Slily grunts Donald, "if you'll mean ava
Ta siller thick end, or ta dirty sma'."

A CONSUMMATION.

BLEST in attaining what he trembled at,
Here sleeps, sans terror, Peter Pit-a-Pat;
'Tis passing strange, that but by loss of breath,
Was he delivered from the fear of death.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

THE CROCODILINE DILEMMA.

Once on a time, say fables, when
Beasts could converse as well as men,
A fierce and hungry crocodile
Forsook the waters of the Nile,
And seized upon a little urchin
Who wandered there,—sea shells a searching.
Straight to the stream the reptile hurried,
The little lad, no doubt, was flurried.—
Oh, with what grief the mother's eye
Beheld the danger of her boy!
She rush'd away, o'er every barrier,
As fast as her long legs could carry her,
And soon she reach'd the river side;
Alas! the beast had gained the tide.
Howe'er he seem'd disposed to parley,
(Which, by the bye, occurs but rarely,)
And so, he to the weeping mamma,
Opposed the *horns* of this dilemma.
Good mistress, if you'll tell me true,
For, in good sooth, I pity you,
Whether or no I shall restore him,
No longer shall you thus deplore him.
But, madam, for one moment hark,
Whate'er you say, you'll lose him,—mark,
If you say "Yes," you'll tell a lie,
For straightway eat him up will I.
A falsehood still, should you say "No,"
By giving him, I'd prove it so.
Whate'er you say, then, 'tis a lie,
Of course, you know, I keep the boy.
Some other fish the reptile followed—
The lad sometime ago was swallowed.

J. B. L.

THE CRUSHED BONNET.

Towards the close of a beautiful autumnal day in 18—, when pacing slowly on my way, and, in a contemplative mood, admiring the delightful scenery between Blair Athol and Dunkeld, on my return from a survey of the celebrated pass of Killiecrankie, and other places rendered famous in Scotish story, I was accosted by a female, little past the prime of life, but with two children of unequal age walking by her side, and a younger slung upon her back. The salutation was of the supplicatory kind, and while the tones were almost perfectly English, the pronunciation of the words was often highly Scotish. The words, a "sodger's widow"—"three helpless bairns"—and "Waterloo," broke my meditations with the force of an enchantment, excited my sympathy, and made me draw my purse. While in the act of tendering a piece of money, a cheap and easy mode of procuring the luxury of doing good, I thought the countenance, though browned and weather-beaten, one which I before had seen, without exactly recollecting when or where. My curiosity thus raised, many interrogatives and answers speedily followed, when at last I discovered that there stood before me, Jeanie Strathavon, once the beauty and the pride of my own native village. Ten long and troublous years had passed away since Jeanie left the

neighbourhood in which she was born to follow the spirit-stirring drum; and where she had gone, or how she had afterwards fared, many inquired, though but few could tell. The incident which led to all her subsequent toil and suffering, seemed but trivial at the time; yet, like many other trivial occurrences, became to her one fraught with mighty consequences.

She was an only daughter, her father was an honest labourer; and though not nursed in the bosom of affluence, she hardly knew what it was to have a wish ungratified. She possessed mental vivacity, and personal attractions, rarely exhibited, especially at the present day, by persons in her humble sphere of life. Though she never could boast what might properly be called education, yet great care had been taken to render her modest, affectionate, and pious. Her parents, now in the decline of life, looked upon her as their only solace. She had been from her very birth the idol of their hearts; and as there was no sunshine in their days but when she was healthy and happy, so their prospects were never clouded but when she was the reverse. Always the favourite of one sex, and the envy of another, when not yet out of her teens, she was importuned by the addresses of many both of her own rank and of a rank above her own, to change her mode of life. The attentions of the latter, in obedience to the suggestions of her affectionate but simple hearted parents, she always discouraged; for they never would allow themselves to think that folk that had *siller* would be looking after their *bairn* for *ony gude* end. Among those of her own station, she could hardly be said to have yet shown a decided preference

to any one, though the glances which she cast at Henry Williams, when passing through the *kirk-yard* on Sundays, seemed to every one to say where, if she had her own unbiassed will, her choice would light. Still she had never thought seriously upon the time when, nor the person for whom she would leave her fond and doting parents. Chance or accident, however, in these matters, often outruns the speed of deliberate choice; at least, such was the case with poor Jeanie.

Decked out one Sabbath morning in her best, to go to what Burns calls a "Holy Fair," in the neighbouring parish, though viewed in a far different light by her, Jeanie had on her *brawest* and her best; and among other things, a fine new bonnet, which excited the gossip and the gaze of all the lasses in the village. Having sat for an hour or two at the *tent*, listening earnestly and devoutly to a discourse which formed a complete body of divinity, she, with many others, was at length obliged to take refuge in the church, to shun a heavy summer shower, which unexpectedly arrested the out-door devotions. Here, whether wearied with the long walk she had in the morning, or overpowered with the heat and suffocation consequent upon such a crowd, she began to feel a serious oppression of sickness, and before she could effect her escape, she entirely fainted away, requiring to be carried out in a state of complete insensibility. It was long before she came to herself; and when she did, she found that the rough hands of those who had caught her when falling, and borne her through the crowd to the open air, had, amidst the anxiety for her recovery, treated her

finery with but very little ceremony. Among other instances of this kind, she found that her bonnet had been hastily torn from her head, thrown carelessly aside, and, being accidently trode upon, had been so crushed, as to render it perfectly useless. The grief which this occasioned made her forget the occasion which produced such disaster; and adjusting herself as well as she could, she did not wait the conclusion of the solemn service, but sought her father's cottage amidst much sorrow and confusion. When she reached home, she found her parents engaged in devotional reading, their usual mode of spending their Sabbath evenings. As it was not altogether with their consent that she had not accompanied them that day to their usual place of being instructed in divine things, the plight in which she returned to them excited, especially on the mother's part, a hasty burst of displeasure, if not of anger; and the calm improving peace of the evening was entirely broken. Sacred as to them the day appeared, they could not restrain inquiry as to the cause of her altered appearance, and maternal anxiety gave birth to suspicions which, poor Jeanie's known veracity, and simple unaffected narrative, could not altogether repress. Thus, for the first time in her life, had Jeanie excited the frown of her parents, and every reproving look and word was as a dagger to her heart. Night came, and she retired to rest, but her innocent breast was too much agitated to allow her eyes to close in sleep; and the return of morning only brought with it an additional burden to her heart, by a renewed discussion of the events of the previous day. This was more than she was able to stand, and

she took the first opportunity to escape from that roof where, till now, she had never known aught but delight, to go to pour her complaint into the ear of one who seemed to love her almost to distraction,—her youthful admirer, Henry Williams. Their interview, though not long, terminated in the proposal on his part to relieve her from her embarrassed situation by forthwith making her his own. Whether this was what she desired, in having recourse to such an adviser, cannot be known, but, at all events, she acceded with blameable facility to his wishes. She could not endure the thought of being without a friend, and she knew not that the friendship and affection of her parents had suffered no abatement, though their great concern for her innocence and welfare, had pushed their reproofs farther than they intended, or than prudence under such circumstances would warrant.

Henry was little more than her own age, of but moderate capacity, handsome in person, and ill provided with the means of making matrimony a state of enjoyment; and too much addicted to the frivolities of his years to be fitted for the serious business of being the head of a family. Youth and inexperience seldom consider consequences, and the desire of the one to receive, and of the other to afford relief, under existing circumstances, made them resolve neither to ask parental consent to their purpose, nor wait the ordinary steps prescribed by the church. The connection was therefore no less irregular than it was precipitate, and Jeanie never so much as sought to see her father's house till the solemn knot was tied.

In her absence many inquiries were made respecting

her by the villagers, who had witnessed or heard of what had happened to her on the previous day. Her truth and innocence being thus put beyond the shadow of a doubt, consternation at the long absence of their child, and compunction for the severity of their reproofs, drove the unhappy parents almost to distraction. When the news of the re-appearance of their daughter dispelled their direful apprehensions as to her safety, though they felt a momentary gleam of joy, yet they experienced nothing like heartfelt satisfaction.

Jeanie made as sweet and loving a wife as she had been a daughter; but the cares of providing for more than himself soon made Henry regret his rashness, and the prospect of these cares speedily increasing made him more and more dissatisfied with his new state of life. All Jeanie's care and anxiety to soothe and please him were unavailing. It is not in the power of beauty, youth, and innocence, to check and control the sallies of ignorance and caprice. Chagrined because his youthful wife, who had become less active than she used to be in consequence of unequivocal indications of matrimony, had not prepared his morning meal to his liking, on a day when he was to visit a neighbouring city for some trifling purpose, he determined to free himself from the yoke into which he had so heedlessly run, and returned home on the evening of the following day somewhat altered in dress and appearance, and with the king's money in his pocket. The grief and agony of Jeanie, and of her affectionate parents, were past all description; and the consideration of her rashness and imprudence having been the occa-

sion of so much distress to herself and others, drove her almost frantic and desperate.

Henry was not long in the hands of the drill sergeant till he became nearly as penitent and full of regrets as his lovely young wife, and he willingly would, had he been permitted, have returned to a faithful discharge of the duties of a husband; but the country was at that time in too great need of men such as Henry, to part with him either for money or interest. When he began to reap the bitter fruits of his own folly, his affection for Jeanie, if it ever deserved so sacred a name, returned with redoubled intensity; and that object, for the abandonment of which he had plunged himself into the hardships of which he complained, he thought he could not now live without. He was shortly to be marched off to his regiment, and poor Jeanie, whose attachment remained unshaken amidst the severe treatment she had suffered, determined to follow him through all the casualties of the military life; and at any rate preferred hardship to the disgrace which she thought she had brought upon herself by her own imprudence. She had at this time been a mother for little more than two months; but even this could not change her resolution to follow the father of her child, exposed as she must be to all the privations and hardships of the soldier's wife. She saw her father and mother on the morning of her departure, but neither she nor they were able to exchange words, so full were their hearts; save that the old man said, "God help and bless you, Jeanie." Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the village that morning, and a crowd of youths, amidst silent dejection, saw her far on her way, carrying her baby and

her bundle by turns. The toils through which she passed in following her husband were too many and too severe to be here related. He was ultimately one of those who assisted to decide the dreadful conflict at Waterloo, and received a severe wound when the day was just about won. In a foreign hospital, though he suffered much, he at length recovered; but upon returning home, his wounds broke forth afresh, and at last carried him off. Jeanie was now left quite unfriended. She had seen her two eldest children laid in the dust, the one in a distant clime, and the other, though on British soil, yet both far from the tomb of her fathers; she still had three surviving, and her parents being gone to their long home, her only resource at the time I met her was dependence on public charity.

THE ELECTION, *

Nov. 16th, 1829.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE was a sound of tinkling bells at morn;
The western capital had gathered then
Her learning and philosophy, forlorn
The sun shone over dirty red-gowned † men;
A thousand throats sang lustily; and when
The grave professors came, in swelling train,
Hoarse thundering voices shouted once again,
And all was noisy as on Shinar's plain;
But hush! hark! a deep voice attention strives to gain!

Did ye not hear it?—No—'twas but bell John,‡
Or a cart rattling o'er the College street;
Shout, shout away! let order hence be gone;
No peace be there, when Glasgow students meet
To choose a Rector and let fly their feet—
But hark!—again that deep voice makes us stare
As if it would all other noise repeat;
And startling, as the cannon's sudden glare!
Hush! hush! it is, it is—the Principal's opening prayer!

* It may be necessary to inform some of our readers, that it is the practice in the University of Glasgow annually to elect a Lord Rector, who is chosen by the Professors and Students. On these occasions there is generally a keen though harmless contest, accompanied with considerable noise, especially on the day of voting; and in neither of these points did the last Election differ from its predecessors.

† The Students of certain classes are compelled to wear a *toga*, originally of a red colour; it generally, however, has a gayer appearance, by becoming in process of time bespangled with mud.

‡ One of the College servants.

High on a seat in our old Common Hall
Sat Glasgow's famed Professors; they did hear
First 'mid that motley throng the silence-call,
And caught the sound with long accustomed ear:
And when all others deemed it not so near,
Their hearts more truly knew th' appeal full well,
Which called all present reverently to hear,
And stay'd the shouting nothing else could quell:
Lo! up each student rose, and then—to prayer we fell.

And after that was hurrying to and fro,—
And reading laws, and canvassers' distress,
And faces crimsoned, which an hour ago
Were pale as Chærephons *— now like their dress;
And there were fearful crushings, such as press
The ribs in contact close, and choking sighs
From some fat sinners, who then could not guess
If they should shout again election cries,
Or 'neath the crowd be trod, ah! never more to rise.

Then down the stairs we plunged in haste; the Greek,
The grave Logician, and more grave Divine,
Went pouring forward—both the strong and weak,
And swiftly forming in their native line; †
And yellings, all unlike the Muses nine,
Were heard around;—each party's watch-word rose,
Cheering the students by the well known sign;
While citizens awake from morning dose,
And wonder, with white lips, whence all this tumult flows.

* One of the disciples of Socrates, noted, according to Aristophanes, for the paleness of his face. Strepsiades in the Nubes, on being told he will one day resemble Chærephon, exclaims,

οἴμοι κακοδαίμων ἡμιθνὴς γενήσομαι.

† The students vote in different nations, according to that part of Scotland in which they are born: there is also a little nation into which Englishmen and others are admitted.

And wild and high the partizans proclaim
The names of candidates, whom college walls
Have heard, resounded on the voice of fame,
Oft in the noon of day; each leader calls,
Scolding and fierce, each 'mid the thousand bawls
From half cracked throat; and thus the students raise,
In emulation of preceding brawls,
The wild election strifes of other days,
And Lord Hope's, Lansdowne's fame by turns the sceptre sways.*

Above the college raises its black towers, †
Deformed by soot, which smoke-clouds as they pass,
Pour down in horrible, but copious showers:
O'er those the walls lament, whose *hopes*, alas!
Another hour shall tread down, like the grass
Which on the college play-ground seeks to grow;
For now, in tumult dire, the red gowned mass
Of Glasgow students to the voting go,
Whence some ere long return with spirits sunk and low.

Last noon beheld them for the contest rife,
Last eve in full committees spout away;
The college bell announced the coming strife,
Morn brought them to the common hall; mid-day—
Voters to battle in their full array!
The Election time rolls over, which when spent,
The courts again are crowded, though no fray,
Till next Election, is so heaped and pent,
Tory and Whig—friend, foe—so many red gowns blent.

W. H. L.

* The Marquis of Lansdowne and the Right Honourable Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, were the two principal candidates at the last election.

† The college is a most melancholy spectacle from the deep coating of soot which mantles its walls.

SEVEN YEAR OLD NOTIONS

ON

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND STATISTICS.*

THERE is not one branch of human science, on the principles of which, uniformity of opinion is of more paramount importance than Political Economy, or where one, it might be supposed, would be more easily obtained, since its principles were created with man, and are gradually developed as society proceeds on its march. With other topics a contrariety of sentiment benefits, ultimately, the cause of truth, rather than otherwise; for a golden mean being found betwixt their extremes, that middle path often leads to a satisfactory termination. This is no doubt, to a certain extent, the case in questionable points of political economy; but to that branch of knowledge, controversial discussion is, upon the whole, perhaps, less beneficial, than to any other I at present remember.

The bulk of mankind must receive their opinions, regarding its nature and effects, implicitly from one party or another of its disciples; they neither can command the time, nor do they possess the ability, necessary for a thorough and patient analysis of its dogmas, or for making a series of observations upon

* The history of speculation for the last seven years, perhaps, renders the following notions at once curious and unimportant.

its effects. When, however, they find men of apparently equal intellectual powers, and of equal eminence in the walks of mind, supporting theoretical opinions in diametrical opposition to each other, they feel that disagreeable confusion which, with certain minds, never fails to lead to absolute scepticism, or at least, to a sullen and dogmatical perseverance in error. They say to themselves, and that perhaps in the face of the clearest demonstration on the one side, opposed only by a tissue of flimsy sophistries on the other, "Which doctrine can we espouse when both are so ably supported? How shall we 'decide when doctors disagree?'"

This is the more to be lamented, as there are few questions in any department of philosophical discussion of half so much importance to the welfare of mankind, or upon the right decision of which so much of happiness and of misery depends, as those involved in the debated points of Political Economy. These comprehend what contributes to the comfort, nay, to the very existence of millions of those who are themselves unable either to understand, or to decide upon them; and whose opinions, had they formed any, would have carried little weight in the ultimate arrangement concerning them. Prosperity or ruin often depends upon the turn of the scale—absolute, overwhelming, and complete. This science has an intimate relation with, and bears closely and powerfully upon almost every question, either of morals or of politics, and is equally influential with those two great instruments, religion and tradition, in the change, preservation, or formation of national manners; it, however, acts, if in a more remote, yet not less effectual manner in produc-

ing alterations in these, since it does not so readily enlist the predilections or the passions of mankind under its banners, and though commanding is often unobserved in its operations. The poor laws of England, in two centuries, have changed, or greatly modified, and, as some will have it, deteriorated the manners and habits, nay, altered the very channels of the current of thought in the breasts of its inhabitants, more especially of its peasantry; and that, by a slow and unnoticed progress, now only observable by its results. Notwithstanding that Locke, Turgot, Adam Smith have lived and written, and that Malthus, Ricardo, Say, Sismondi, and Storch,* at present live and write, I am not of opinion that the science has made so rapid a progress as has been generally supposed, or as might have been expected, from the number and eminence of the contributors towards its advancement and dignity. I would establish, for the measurement of its march, a different criterion from, and another standard than that, which obtains regarding many other philosophical or experimental departments of information. I would judge of its perfection by the well-founded and rational *uniformity* of sentiment which prevails among its votaries, by the quantum of settled and demonstrated axioms and truths, which it has built up and appropriated; and by the practical results, beneficial or otherwise, which were seen to flow from these established principles. Besides, I would take into my estimate the consideration, whether it was generally cultivated and understood by the mass of the commu-

* To these names those of Mills, MacCulloch, senior, and Major Torrens should be added.

nity; and whether its established dogmas were uniformly acted upon or otherwise by the people and their rulers. Now, we find that however much our country has been celebrated both in past and present times, for its philosophical writers on the science, that our Cabinet ministers and legislators are far behind the majority of the thinking part of the nation in a knowledge of even its very elements and first principles, those, —and they are but few in number, upon which all writers have agreed. Their sentiments, expressions, and actions, alike prove the correctness of my assertion; and yet, though, as I observed in my outset, the certainty of nothing can be of more importance, (for what distressing effects spring from rapid changes in a vacillating system of national policy?) many of the fundamental bases of the science remain as yet unsettled and undetermined, in as far as a wide and apparently irreconcileable difference of opinion prevails regarding these, among the ablest writers upon it of the present age. Regarding the very definitions they differ and are undetermined. Wealth, lord Lauderdale asserts to be one thing, while Malthus offers to prove that it is a totally different thing. *Demand*, with the latter, is said to be the will and power to purchase; while others are disposed to give it a narrower, if not a different signification.

I cordially agree with the last named writer in believing, that political economy bears a nearer resemblance to moral philosophy, and to the speculative sciences, than to mathematics; hence I would infer, that writers on it, who have espoused contrasting opinions in different times and circumstances, and in dif-

ferent countries, might yet neither be wholly wrong. They might see *society* under varying aspects, and even although *affairs* were in the same position, yet the state of both proceeding from very opposite causes; and might not unreasonably draw conclusions radically different from opposing, or dissimilar premises.

Much of this diversity of opinion, I am persuaded, arises from that love of hasty and comprehensive generalization, apparently inseparably interwoven with the natural pride of man, and called forth by the sense of supposed superiority in intellect, on the part of those engaged in speculative researches. It is a proud, and a glorious thing to collect the scattered rays of truth into one comprehensive series of foci, mutually illustrating and illuminating each other, and shedding a noontide brightness over a hitherto dark and perplexed region; but the desire of distinguishing one's self by such an achievement, in its universal prevalence, often leads to a result, precisely the reverse of what is aimed at; and this is oftener the case in political economy than in many other sciences. Equally baneful effects are produced by the unwillingness to admit more than *one* great and comprehensive cause, for many of the phenomena of society which come within the province of the science, and by their importance, force themselves upon our notice. There will no doubt be often found one great and universally operating impulse or cause, bearing on almost every commanding train of consequences; but that one absorbing origin is probably compounded of many different ingredients; and, just as the comparative proportions of these vary in degree, so will the result differ in its complexion. Besides, admitting only one cause to the ex-

clusion of other obvious ones, we ought fully to satisfy ourselves that it *alone* is sufficiently powerful to bring about the effects under our observation; for though it be no doubt philosophically true, as Sir Isaac Newton has proved, that when one prime mover is able to communicate motion, and one origin comprehensive enough to give rise to the complication before us, further research is unnecessary; yet the very terms of this statement, take it for granted that this cause, unaided, shall possess such powers: we must ascertain, previous to dismissing a part, that what remains is sufficient for our purpose. Even when this is done, another fertile source of erroneous and hurtful opinion still remains, the disposition to overlook, as unworthy of nature, and beneath the dignity of those engaged in the pursuit of truth, the state of existing manners, prejudices and institutions. This may be a laudable sentiment in the examination of abstract, and purely metaphysical doctrines; but political economy is far too conversant with the business of life, to be judged of by such rules. Indeed, if it does not mix with, and regulate that, it is utterly worthless; and its pretensions and purposes are unsupported by that very basis upon which they affect to raise themselves —general utility.

An almost total and haughty disregard of *individual* happiness, has all along been observable in the writings of those who have most distinguished themselves in its cultivation. They judge of men in the mass; of the world as a whole, and of its inhabitants but as the units of a mighty sum. There is much of pride, much of error, and some justice in such views. As a gene-

ral statement, I would be inclined to agree to the assertion, that the happiness of families and individuals will be best consulted and established by looking to the great relationship of the community in general; and endeavouring to make the prosperity of one part of it act as an impulse to the creation of the same state among the other portions; but the attempt is hazardous, and the difficulties numerous where the frame of society is hardened, and even worn out of its original form, and misshapen by age and circumstance. It may be true that inconsiderate benevolence is but another name for baneful profusion and sentimental folly; yet to stop up its channels at the present day, would be to deprive humanity of the finest field for the exercise and creation of the gentler and lovelier feelings of our nature; besides causing much individual and unnoticed wretchedness.

Perhaps the best way in which the errors and predilections I have adverted to may be removed, is to supply by patient industry a mass of data, upon which future writers may safely be at liberty to generalize. Such have been much wanted, and the evil of their absence has been severely felt by the present age. Had our ancestors busied themselves for centuries, before our time, in the collection of such, we might now, with more propriety, attempt to draw practical conclusions.

Statistics is indeed the parent of political economy, and that which assumes the latter name, without having sprung from the former, is spurious and illegitimate. It supplies materials for the practical fabric, and is, at once, the foundation on which it is built, and the scaffolding by which it is raised. Those who

plod on in the collection of facts may be sneered at by the visionary and the proud; but it is they who, by their accuracy, and industry, perform a greater service to mankind, and to the science, than many of those whose claims are high, and pretensions great.* Such as these may weave a beautiful and illusive web of subtleties, and sophistries, and probabilities; and in the exercise, their imagination, rather than their judgment, may be brought into operation, and challenge view; but they will fail to do more than puzzle, or at best, amuse their readers. Even if successful in convincing them, they will do it more by their eloquence, than by clear inferences or overwhelming proofs.

Should they happen accidentally to hit upon correctness in their speculation, still uncertainty and mistrust will be their concomitant—in the minds of all those who exercise their homely, but judicious power of thought and reason while they read.

To conclude first, and then experiment afterwards, would be a plan deemed monstrous in any science: it is worse—it is baneful and criminal to do so in political economy. Besides, that the happiness of millions may hang upon it, when an axiom is laid down, and observation and trial called upon to verify it, their results unfailingly assume, in the experimenter's eyes, the colour and consistency he has already made his imagination familiar with; and truth is thus made to wear the hue of plausible error and subtle delusion. Statistics, then, is the basis of all sound Political Economy.

* Among this number Dr Cleland of Glasgow is justly distinguished.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

(Translated from the German of Goethe.)

BY R. MACNISH.

Spirit of Peace—from thy abode,
Within the dwelling place of God,
Who com'st our souls to cheer,
And bidst a double portion flow
Of solace, when the load of woe
Is doubly hard to bear.

Deprived of thee, O! what is life,
With all its joys—its cares—its strife?
A valley bleak and bare.
Then mayest thou for ever dwell
Within my bosom's inmost cell,
And shed thine influence there!

THE FATE OF A TEAR.

The sails are bent—the anchor's weighed—
The last adieus are given—
The hour is come—farewell, too, said,
And bonds of love are riven;
For Henry, banished from his Jane, speeds o'er
The waves that bear him from his native shore.

Pale, silent, sad, behold him lean
O'er the trim vessel's side,
Nearest that shore, now dimly seen,
Where dwells his heart's dear bride;
O'er his wan cheek one tear-drop trembling strays—
The wave receives it that beneath him plays!

Years pass away, and fortune smiles—
Henry to Jane returns;
He reaps the fruit of all his toils,
When Hymen's bright torch burns.
One radiant pearl beams on Jane's happy head—
'Twas Henry's tear—the last at parting shed! ! !

THOMAS ATKINSON.

TRANSLATION*

FROM ARMSTRONG'S ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

(Closing lines of Second Book.)

QUID viget æternùm? turris, quæ fulminis iræ
Immota obstiterat longùm Boreæque furori,
Temporis icta manu, quæ destruit omnia, pigrâ,
Pendet, humo semper minitans casura ruinas.
Pyramidum moles, adamantina mœnia sedes
Excelsas linquunt: Babylonis culmina magnæ
Pulvere nunc jaciunt. Ægyptus, Græcia, Roma,
Prostratæ marcent: regum solia alta potentum
Concutit annorum series: labentia regna
Mole ruunt propriâ: terra ipsa rotunda senescit.
Quæ Phœbum cursu volventia lumina cingunt
Tractibus ætheriis, mox Phœbus et ipse peribunt;
Atque iterum surget nox atra chaosque reducet;
Dum Pater omnipotens, dextrâ pollente tenebras
Dispellens, terram redeunti sole renasci
Jusserit, atque novo convolvere sidera lege.
Namque per immensum, quâ dirigit omnia nutu
Omnipotens, spatium, varias induta figuras
VITA ortus inter fluitat turpemque ruinam:
Fluxit adhuc semper, forsan fluitabit in æva.
Orbes continue nascentes ima relinquunt;
Inque vicem surget qui nunc descendit in altum.

T. C. A.

* Lord Rector's Medal, 1829.

THE STUDENT

OR,

A NIGHT IN MY LANDLADY'S.

It is Southey, that golden-hearted writer, as some-one beautifully calls him, I think, who remarks, that the pain we feel when first transplanted from our native soil is one of the most poignant we are destined through life to endure. There may be after griefs, which wound more deeply, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart, which leave scars never to be effaced; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love and the necessity of being loved, as when we first leave home, and are pushed off as it were on the stream of life,—left to stem its rapid currents, and to taste its bitter waters. Something like these were my feelings when, thirty years ago, I found myself in one day, and for the first time, transported from the meek valley in which I was born and nurtured, to the crowded streets of G——.

It was a cold and gloomy November day,—multitudes were passing and repassing,—the noise and the clamour of men plying their various callings, mingling with the din of cars and carriages reeling along the streets—accorded but too well with the chaos that was reeling in my brain; the confusion without was

not only a cause but a type of the confusion within—the sights that met my view, and the sounds that met my ear, were alike strange—mountains and rocks were objects more familiar to me than "towered cities"—the murmuring of streams, and the roar of storms than the "hum of men." The impression produced on me by the sight of this ancient city, dark with the smoke of centuries, was exactly similar to that produced by the sight of Rome on Virgil's shepherd:

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quo sæpe solemus
> Pastores ovium teneros depellere fœtus:
> Sic canibus catulos similes—sic matribus hœdos
> Noram. Sic parvis componere magna solebam:
> Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
> Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Having alighted from the coach, by the aid of a city porter, I bent my steps to the Gallowgate, in quest of one Mungo Bryden, an old acquaintance of my father's: after an age of labour, and a world of inquiries, I found out honest Mungo, by whom I was kindly received and kindly entertained. Early on the day following I was conducted by my father's old friend and crony to the College,—for, to become a Student in this ancient seat of learning was the reason of my visiting G——.

There were two objects on that day to be gained; the first was to enter as a student with the professors of Greek and Latin, the second to procure lodgings for the session. In prosecution of the first, I proceeded to the house of Richardson, professor of Hu-

manity, and after this to that of Young, professor of Greek. Though it was yet early in the day, in the house of the latter I found several assembled for the same purpose as myself. The biographies of these eminent scholars it is not my intention to give; as to the latter, however, the reader will bear with me if I should remark—that a more profound scholar, or a more eloquent man, it was never my lot to meet. He is now dead; that eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," is now dim; those lips from which stream-like eloquence came gurgling forth from the deep fountain head of the soul, are now a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. But he shall not all die; his memory shall live for years in the hearts of thousands, who shall long make it their boast that they studied under Young. Having seen my name enrolled, my next object was to secure lodgings for the season. Under the guidance of Mungo Bryden this also was soon attained; the spot selected for me by this kindly old man was Dobbie's Land, opposite Bunn's Wynd, High Street. My landlady, in *esse*, was Mrs M'Aupie, a name then familiar to every student's ear as a household word. Having made the necessary arrangements, I left Mrs M'Aupie in Dobbie's Land, promising to return in the evening, when, gentle reader, I shall introduce her to your special acquaintance. How I spent the day I do not well remember, though I believe it was chiefly in viewing the curiosities of the town, along with Mungo Bryden, who was to me then, what Dr Cleland or Dr Cleland's book, is to strangers now. The evening came, and as the bells were ringing the hour of six, I found myself seated by a blazing fire in Mrs M'Au-

pie's, Dobbie's Land. I was scarcely seated, when my landlady entered. " Ye'll be a collegener, nae dout," said Mrs M'Aupie; to this I answered in the affirmative. " I was jalousing sae," she replied, " and whaur cum ye frae?" she continued. " From Kirkmichael," I answered. " A' theway frae Kirkmichael," she exclaimed; " Losh me but ye're a young traveller and a far traveller; an' what's yere name gin ye please na?" I answered, Grahame. " Weel," said my landlady, " its a bonny name, weel respekit, and far kent, and no for ony ill; are ye ony friend to the Grahames o' Leddieseleugh?" " I fear," said I, " I must be content to trace my origin from a meaner souree." " Whaurfore meaner," said she, " is na the wee spring as fresh and mair sae than the brown torrent that comes roarin frae the hills?"

" A sicht o' you," continued my landlady, " brings back to my mind things no to be minded without baith grief and joy. I mind weel the day when I first eam frae the Netherton to the auld brigg o' Glasgow, whaur I was feed as bairns-maid to the Reverend Mr M'Whirter o' Gilspindie. I was then a gilpin lassie o' seventeen, and monny a summer and winter's come and gane since that, and yet, losh me, it seems nae mair than a dream in the darkness of the nicht. I was then young. I'm noo auld and gray, and, mair than a' this, I'm a lanely widow." A tear at this moment started into her once bright, but now time-dimmed eye. I was led to inquire here several things touching the history of my landlady, and among other things the term of her widowhood. " It's noo sax years and mair," she replied, " since David M'Aupie

was laid in the Hie kirk yard. Five and twenty years David M'Aupie was a meal dealer in the Briggate, as honest a man as ever walked the causey o' Glasgow, an' weel respekit. An' I was an honest woman tae, else I had ne'er been made his marrow. It's an altered world noo, but things are no at our ain disposin', an' it's may be just as weel." How long is it, I replied, since you removed here? "It's five years come Whitsunday," she answered. "During this period, I've had collegeners, writers, and offishers, and, tho' I say it mysel, nane e'er gaed aff frae Dobbie's laun wi' an ill word o' widow M'Aupie. The last lodger I had in this saam room was an auld Hieland offisher, that had been lang a feehter in the wars wi' the bluidy Freneh. He was a disereet man, but unco gien to late hours, drinking, and gulravishin, whieh was na for me, so we pairted. Late hours, Mr Grahame, are neither gude for sowl nor body, and as example is better than preeept, as the Reverend Mr M'Whirter used to say, I'se tell ye an aucidote respeeting ane, wha was a eollegener like yersell. He was a wee laddie frae the Mearns, no muekle past fourteen. Weel, Sir, that wee laddie, unless whan the bell rang for the class, would scarcely gang out ower the door stap. Sometimes frae mornin' till nicht he would sit drivin awa' at that table amang his papers and books, till he grew a eomplete heremite, and was na many months till he becam as white as a ghaist. I dinna wunder that it was sae, for lang I said naething, till at last I thoeht it my duty, and told him it wadna last lang, that if he did not exercise himself mair, he would soon mak himself a corp: it was even

sae as I jaloused it would be. He began to decline awa' till an atomy; the blue veins becam mair and mair veesible in his hauns; and his dark een began to glimmer far awa' ben in their sockets. As the session was weel gane, I got him advised to gang hame. It was with great diffeeculty; for, by gaun hame so sune, he lost a chance of a prize, at the thocht of which he grat lang and sair. Twa lang months passed awa', and during a' this time, I heard naething frae the Mearns about the wee laddie. It struck me he was waur, and tho' a lanely woman, I resolved to gang out and see. Rising early ae morning in June, lang before midday I was on the Mearns muir. There couldna be a finer day. The sun was shinin' without a clud; the birds were singing in the hedges; the plover was chirming aboon the heather; the laverock was in the lift; while the bumbee was humming in the sunshine. Awa' ower the muir, while daunerin' on at my leisure, I forgethered wi' a decent looking man on the road. How far am I, gin ye please, sir, I said, frae Brachead? 'Yonner it's,' said he, 'on the face of the knowe; there's manny a sair heart at Brachead this day.' My fears told me at ance what was the cause; but, as if ignorant, 'Is ony thing wrang,' I inquired. 'Ane o' their callants, wha was a great scholar, and a collegener,' he said, 'deed last Monday, and this is his burial day.' 'Waes me, waes me,' said I, 'it's the wee laddie;' and tho' he was neither kith nor kin to me, I was a sairhearted woman; farther I did na gang, but turned my steps hameward, and after I had reached hame, and for mony a day after, I could na get that wee laddie out o' my mind." "Such,"

said I, "is the fate of thousands,—born in obscurity, cradled in adversity, and laid in an early grave. So perish the dew drops of the moral world; but what withers on earth shall bloom in heaven." "Its weel that its sae ordered," said Mrs M'Aupie, and withdrew, leaving me to my own meditations;—and such was my first night in My Landlady's.

VERSES

ON RETURNING A YOUNG LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Take back the book—I'll write no more
Its virgin page to stain;
O may thine eye glance lightly o'er
The faults these lines retain.

Take back the book—as bright and fair
Be thine own page of life,
No evil thoughts be written there,
No pains, no cares, no strife.

Take back the book—for ever blest
Be pleasure's paths to thee,
And bright thy place of holy rest
In immortality.

G. M. Bell.

A CHAPTER OF CONTRADICTIONS.

The words of the lame Talleyrand of Ben'vento
Of wisdom's best lessons were surely a cento;
The sage of the Tub was in quibbling outdone
By the tub thrown to us by the priest of Au*tun*,
When, out-puzzling the sophist that shines in Hierocles,
He uttered an axiom as 'twere but a mock till us;
And so did contrive contradiction to weave in it,
That he libelled its truth if he could believe in it;
For if "words were but made the thoughts to conceal,'
'Twas a lie when he ventured that truth to reveal;
Yet no lie, if the saying was false as the speaker—
In short, 'twas the stronger just as it was weaker!
But *we* of a surety should not throw stone "one,"
With the glass house of phrases like those just above us;
But rather cry stop! ere the battle began,
And shelter in Falstaff's—"No more, an you love us."

When I was *bottoming* in classic knowledge,
Tutors, to make me in it quite *au fait*,
Applied the birch's thin but awful foliage,
In a most *fundamental* sort of way,
Leaving inscriptions that survived the week,
—Imprinted deeper than their fellow Greek.

So, long before I went "unplucked" to college,
I knew the wood though I ne'er climbed the tree;
I had not mastered every branch o't, I acknowledge,
But every branch had often mastered me.
Whilst if I whimpered—Mister Brougham's friend smiled,
And grimly asked if he was *with a child?*

A year beyond the time my *wife* had been so,
I found a revolution in the terms;

For when my heir was squalling—words will lean so!
The dull eared nurse was heaving in her arms,
With gin and satisfaction somewhat mellow,
"The Dear that cried so like a lusty fellow!"

Then, as she shook him, and I bawled out, "stop!"
Her answer was again a Priscian-puzzler,
For she alleged she "moved as slow's a top,"
And looked to my rebuke a solemn muzzler.
While, spun to sleep meanwhile, his father's hope
Was soon as "fast—and sound too—as a top!"

Well, in an hour,—you'd thought him young for tennis--
I learned 'twas he was "kicking up a racket;"
Thinks I, well here the flexible again is,
A thing in English for the which I'll back it.
Against each smoother going language waggon,
That Doctor Bowring's self may try to brag on!

For where among the frolics of all tongues,
Excepting always those—of course—of women;
Which break the ear, or squeeze breath from the lungs,
Is there an antic that is so uncommon,
As that which brings that very word pedantic
From old—as if the Burlesque were the Antique!

THOMAS ATKINSON.

HANNIBAL MORIENS.

I go, I go to my sire's embrace,
To dwell with the mighty dead;
I go, the last of the noblest race
That ever for Carthage bled.
When this aching heart shall cease to beat,
My spirit on high ascended,
The manes of those shall joyously greet,
Who Carthage erst defended.

I loved thee, Carthage, amid the strife
Of banner and serried spear,
When the vulture that revels in death was rife
To gorge on the warrior's bier;
Then beheld I the hosts of the foe,
To Afric's chivalry bend;—
Yet conquest stay'd not the gushing flow
Of hatred that knew no end.

I love thee still, though the joyous strain,
Which thy dark-eyed maidens sang,
Is heard no more in each sacred fane,
Where the harp responsive rang.
Full truly I love thy princely shore,
As when in my childhood's years,
By the God of the heavens I deeply swore
To avenge my country's tears.

My hour is come, and with joy I take
A long but a proud farewell,
Of the servile land for whose freedom's sake,
My time-honoured fathers fell.
The prayer of my last departing breath
Shall rise for my country's fame;
The latest curse of my lips in death
Shall fall on the Roman name.

But bury me not in the marble grave,
Where sleep my sires in glory;
Proudest and noblest among the brave,
Renowned in deathless story;—
No! cast my corpse on the boundless deep,
The ocean at least is free;
Each azure wave on whose bosom I sleep,
Shall chant a death song for me.

T. B.

SHAKSPEARE'S KING LEAR, Act III. Scene 2.

" Blow winds, and crack your cheeks," &c.

Σκιρτᾶτ', ανηται, πνεῖτε, ῥηγνυτε στομα·
Κινεῖτε μηνιν· πνεῖτε· και συ γ'ομβριος
Χαλαζα, κἀπο των νεφεων ὑγραι ῥοαι,
Εκχεῖτε πολλα ναματ', εστ' αν αστετοις
Νοτισι κατασχεθητε πυργωδεῖς δομους,
Χὑπο ζαλου τεραμνα θητε των στεγων.
Φλοξ αστεραπης, ξυν βοστρυχῳ θειου πυρος,
Δρῶσ', ἀν κελευη του θεου στομ', αγγελος
Δεινης κεραυνου δενδροστημονος βιας,
Περιφλυσον, ω πυρ, και λευκανθες καρα.
Βροντη, σε δ' αυδῶ, γης τινακτειραν νοσον,
'Απαντα συγχει, τον τε περιφερῆ κυκλον,
Ευρυν τε, γαιας, ὁμαλον εξαιφνης ποιει,
'Ριζας τε φυσεως ῥηγνυθ', ηδ' απολλυθι
Παντ' ὁσ' αχαριστον τικτεται βροτων γενος.
Μυκᾶσθ' ακλητον αγριοις μυκημασι
Βρονται. κεραυνε, ταμφαγους ῥιψον φλογας.
Λυσον δε πηγας, ομβρος. ουκ ομβρου νοτις,
Ουκ ανεμος, ου βροντηματ', ου πυρος βια
Εμαι θυγατρες εισιν· ου τι μεμφομαι
'Υμιν ποτ'· ουχ ὑμας ὁδ' αχαριστους καλεῖ·
Ου γαρ ποθ' ὑμιν σκηπτρα και θρονους νεμειν
Εδωκα· παιδας φιλτατας ὑμας εμοι
Ουκ εκαλεσ'· ουδ' εμοι χαριν γ' οφειλετε.
Δρᾶτ' ουν ὁπως βουλεσθε, και μ' απολλυτε.
Ούτος γαρ, ὡδ' ἑστηκα, τῳ μακρῳ χρονῳ
Πτωχος τ', αμηχανος τε, κἀσθενης ανηρ,

Οὑτως τε κινυγμ' αιθεριον, ατιμος ων·
Διακονους δε δουλιους εμπας καλῶ,
Οἱπερ δυεῖν δη ταινδ' ολεθριοιν κοραιν
Ταυῦν αρηγεθ' ὑψιγεννητοις μαχαις,
Οὑτως γεραιου και χνοαζοντος κατα,
'Ως τουτο γ' εστι, κρατος· οιμοι, μοι. κακον.
Τους δυσμενεῖς νυν εξιχνευωντων Θεοι
Μεγαλοι, φοβον τευχοντες, οἱ κρατων ὑπερ
Βροντην τρεφουσι τηνδε, μητερα στονων.
Τρεσον, κακιστ', αρρηθ' ὁς αρρητων αγη
Δρασας εχεις, νητοινος ευθυνη δικης.
Κρυφθητι νῦν, χειρ αἱματοσταγης· ανης
Ετιορκος, ω 'ρετης συ προσποιουμενος
Το Θειον ειδος, ω πανουργιας πλεως·
Πιφριγ', ανοσιος, ὁσπερ εν σκοτῳ κακα
Δρῶν, κἀν σιωπῃ δυσκλεης, ὡς ξυμφερει,
Ζωης φιλης αφειλες ανδρα· χώποσα
Αισχιστ' εν ανθρωποισιν εργα γιγνεται,
Ου ζημιας τυχονται, ῥηγνυτε σκοτον
'Οσπερ καλυπτει· τοισδε κλητηρσιν κακου,
Κηρυξι μοιρας, λεγετε μαλθακους λογους·
Ουκ ηδικηκως, ηδικημενος δ' εγω.

T. H.

PASSAGES

IN

THE LIFE OF JOAN D'ARC.

It will be needless to remind the reader of the deplorable state, in which the affairs of Charles VII. king of France were placed during the earlier part of his reign, by the almost unparalleled success which had attended the English arms; to use the words of an historian,* speaking of the year 1424, "his best troops were slain, his bravest officers had fallen with them; he had no money to afford them ordinary subsistence, far less royal entertainment and warlike provision. Every day brought intelligence of some new loss; Guise, Mans, Mayenne, &c. though bravely defended, were forced to surrender. Nothing now remained to him north of the Loire, and he had only to expect that the duke of Bedford would pass that river with all his forces, and drive him out of the kingdom, when the tide was turned in his favour by a remarkable interposition of Providence." Providence appears to have interfered in behalf of France, by withdrawing, in the first place, the duke of Burgundy from alliance with the English, and secondly, by raising

* Rankin.

up the celebrated maid of Orleans, to whom our present narrative refers.

The little town of Vaucouleurs was at this period fortified, as well as circumstances would permit, by the French forces, and the rays of the mid-day sun were reflected back from the polished armour of many a veteran soldier, and many a noble knight, who had been sent to make good this important post against the attacks of the enemy, should any such make their appearance. Few signs were there however of an approaching foe, and we do the gallant cavaliers of France no more than justice when we say, that they would have hailed the sight of the English banner with far more delight, than they did that of the solitary maiden, who might be seen wending her way towards the castle. As it was, however, she soon drew on herself universal attention; she was somewhat above the middle size, slightly but elegantly formed, and with a face of the most dazzling beauty; one on which a Vandyke would dote to dwell; her long dark tresses had escaped from the band in which she had endeavoured to confine them, and flowed freely over a neck graceful as that of Venus De Medicis: in short, it is needless to describe her; let the reader concentrate the charms of the fairest beauties he has seen shining in hall or bower, and he will form some notion of the beauty possessed by the maiden, on whom the youthful chivalry of Vaucouleurs were now gazing with admiring eyes. There was however a strange unearthly wildness in her appearance; it was not like the wildness of a fixed insanity, nor that of the Pythian priestess delivering her oracular respon-

ses, but that of one whose whole energies had been called up to some high resolve,—who had devoted herself to some mighty work, to fulfil which the hand of Heaven had called her. After she had with some difficulty gained admission to a private conference with Baudricourt, the governor, she informed him that her name was Joan D'Arc, and that she was a native of Droimèe; that she had felt herself called by the hand of Heaven to take up arms for her country, and that the Deity had assured her she should be the instrument of raising the siege of Orleans, (which the English troops were at that time carrying on,) and placing the crown of France at Rheims on the head of its rightful owner. Though Baudricourt saw at once that all this was merely the effect of an overheated imagination, yet he also saw, on a little reflection, the great advantages that might result from representing this damsel to a superstitious soldiery, as one who had received a divine commission to avenge the injuries of her native land; and he came at last to the resolution of sending her, suitably attended, to the king, then resident at Chalon. Accordingly, the dawn of the 20th of February witnessed the departure of the Maid of Orleans, (as she was afterward called) with a small band of warriors, both to do her honour as one who was commissioned by a higher power, and to protect her from the daring marauders who infested the country during these "evil times." The leader of the party was the young lord Du Bois; he was dressed in the richest military fashion of the day; a full suit of burnished armour enveloped a person cast in one of nature's manliest moulds, and a single

ostrich feather of the purest white waved freely above a countenance, which showed at once the bold and dauntless disposition of its owner. An oval face, dark eyes of the most piercing brilliancy, and long black curls, contributed to form a *tout ensemble*, such, to use the words of Scott, "as limners love to paint, and ladies dote to look upon." During their journey Du Bois was at the side of his fair charge as constantly as duty would permit; and if at first he rode there merely from that common wish of being agreeable, which every young man feels in presence of a beautiful woman, yet ere their journey was far advanced, the frequent glancing of his eyes toward's Joan's face, and the blushes which mantled his countenance when their glances met, told he felt in her a somewhat deeper interest.

The road from Vaucouleurs to Chalon lay in one part through an old forest: the only path was an avenue scarcely capable of admitting more than five men abreast, formed by the troops who had passed and repassed. As this part of their journey was thought more dangerous than any other, Du Bois, after sending forward five men as a vanguard, and commanding his troops to hold themselves in readiness against any sudden attacks, placed Joan between himself and the next in command, and gave the order to march; the five men were by this time considerably in advance, expecting their comrades soon to overtake them. The main body, however, had not proceeded a very great distance when one of the vanguard was seen galloping towards them, "with a pale and troubled mien;" but ere he could join them, his horse, after a few ineffectual attempts to bound forward, reeled

and fell. The rider, being unable to disentangle himself, was crushed beneath the dying animal, and ere he could explain the cause of this disaster, (for both his horse and he were dreadfully wounded,) his friends had the mortification of seeing him expire, leaving them in a most perplexing situation. Their number was now reduced to twenty, but they were all picked men, who had oft rolled back the tide of battle in the long wars between France and England; Du Bois knowing this, and being anxious to perform some feat of arms before Joan, and besides, being spurred on by his own innate bravery, (for the youthful chivalry of that age were more remarkable for valour than discretion,) gave orders to advance rapidly. A few moments, however, made the young commander repent his rashness; for three arrows, which, by their size and the deadliness of their aim, evidently flew from English bows, stretched on the earth three of his stoutest men. Still they proceeded, knowing it would be the height of folly to search for their hidden foemen among the trees and underwood. They came at length on a sudden opening in the forest, about half a mile in diameter, at the end of which, opposite to themselves, a number of horses were standing without riders; from their trappings, and the dress of the two men who attended them, they evidently belonged to the English cavalry, a fact which was soon made apparent by numbers of soldiers rushing in breathless haste from the forest and hastily leaping into their saddles, after casting aside the bows they had been carrying, and resuming their spears. The two parties soon joined battle: we need not de-

tail the particulars of the combat; suffice it to say, that after an arduous struggle, Du Bois and Joan were left alone in the narrow path leading to Chalon, both unharmed, though the knight's horse was fearfully wounded: the noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life depended on his exertions, (for the English were in hot pursuit) bounded forward for some distance with amazing speed,—but it was a dying struggle which could not last long, and ere they were at all free from danger, he fell with his rider. The shouts of the English were heard in the distance, though coming nearer and nearer every minute. But few were the words that passed between the unfortunate pair. Du Bois, after pressing to his heart her unresisting hand, bade her advance right onwards to Chalon, which was now at no very great distance, while he would defend the pass to his latest breath. But little or nothing had been spoken during their ride which might not be naturally expected from any young cavalier escorting a fair dame; but there was something in his gentle pressure of her hand, and in his upturned eye, which told a tale of more than admiration: and we betray no secrets in saying that Joan felt a mutual sympathy, and the close observer might have seen a tear dim the lustre of those beauteous eyes as she bade him adieu, and galloped off towards Chalon. All this passed in much less time than we have taken to describe it, and Du Bois soon found himself engaged in repelling the English horsemen, whom the nature of the pass, and their advancing one by one, enabled him to keep at bay a much longer period than might have been expected. At length, finding all farther re-

sistance would be impossible, as well as unnecessary, since Joan must by this time be so far advanced as to baffle all pursuit, he surrendered himself to the English commander. With a politeness not over common in that age, chivalrous as it was, he was permitted to retain his sword, and placed on horseback with his limbs at liberty, on giving his parole not to escape: the horses' heads were then turned towards the nearest English station, which was a considerable distance from this. During their ride the two leaders held a gay, we may almost say a friendly conversation; and few who saw them thus side by side, conversing with all the ease which long acquaintance gives, would have suspected that but one short hour before, each would gladly have dyed his blade in the other's heart's blood. They were both young, both chivalrous, and both of undoubted valour, as the late contest had proved; thrice had they met in the heat of the combat, and thrice had they been separated by the tide of battle, not however before each had seen enough to make him hold in high esteem the valour of his opponent. The English commander was a powerful and remarkably handsome man, apparently some twenty-five years of age. As it turned out from their subsequent conversation, his name was Sir Baldwin Talbot, and he was nephew to the celebrated Earl of Shrewsbury. During their ride, Du Bois and he became exceedingly intimate, and formed that sort of romantic friendship which would excite them to risk their lives to-day in the defence of one another against a common foe, while it would in no ways prevent either from cutting his quondam friend's throat to-morrow, should they

happen to stand under different standards in the array of battle. This in sooth was no very uncommon occurrence, and many might be found who had performed all the conditions of such a singular friendship, and yet bore the characters of knights "sans peur et sans reproche." After some desultory conversation, Du Bois asked how it happened that they were in the wood just at that time.

"Oh," replied Sir Baldwin, "we got to know by means of one of these pedlars who traffic between the camps, that a body of men were to escort some person to Chalon to-day, and that you were the leader of the party, so we thought it must be some person of consequence, and it would be best to watch you at any rate. As I had heard a good deal of you, I got appointed to head the expedition, in order to have a blow with you; and a-propos, who was the damsel you were escorting? I just saw her for a moment; but by St George I should like to have such a charge committed to my care.

"Baudricourt (that's the governor) tells me she is some country girl who says she is inspired; a thing not very unlikely if inspiration is conferred because of beauty, and she wished to be sent to the king, so I and those fellows you saw were taking her to him."

"Diable! had we known that was all, you might have been riding away yet, and ten or twelve of my knaves would have been plaguing the earth with their villanies, instead of dirtying it with their blood; but certes she may go to battle safely enough, for no one would think of harming so pretty a girl, though she will do you not much good, I fancy, heaven's lieutenant though she pretends to be."

With such conversation did they wile away their journey, and Du Bois, in the pleasure of Sir Baldwin's company, speedily forgot all care respecting his state of captivity, though he now and then felt distressing doubts on the subject of Joan's safety; these doubts were so often expressed that his companion began to suspect there was somewhat of attachment in them more than common, and rallied his captive most unmercifully about the knight of high descent loving a "maid of low degree." All this, however, Du Bois bore with tolerable patience, though his attempts to laugh were somewhat like those of the school-boy, who is obliged to be merry over the thousand times repeated jokes of his master. After a long ride they arrived in safety at Valenchamp, a small castle governed by Gilbert Walters, an old English officer, who received Du Bois with a profusion of that severe courtesy which those old "laudatores temporis acti" are apt to lavish on "us youth," when by some misfortune they have us in their power. For a few days the prisoner knew not the sorrows of captivity, but when Sir Baldwin departed, old Gilbert informed his captive, just as the last gleam of Talbot's helmet had faded away, that the state of things was now changed. "My lord," said he, "when I had the honour to serve under that princely leader, Henry the V. (whom God assoilzie,) our captives were not allowed to stroll wherever they liked, and as I do not see any reason why that *juvenis*, that *novus homo*, Talbot, should change so good a rule, I have to inform you, that you must henceforward confine yourself to the room in the southern tower which I shall show you.

Here then we leave the unfortunate lover, for such we must now call him, since every day had witnessed in his breast a still stronger attachment towards the damsel who forms the subject of the story.

After quitting Du Bois, Joan boldly spurred her horse forward, in hopes to meet some band of troops who might be sent to recapture or to revenge her preserver. Great, however, was her grief when she found, on arriving at Chalon, that it would now be useless, and therefore her first object must be to have an interview with his majesty. The letters she had from Baudricourt, with her personal beauty, were enough to ensure her a good reception, and, accordingly, she was appointed to wait on the king two or three days after her arrival.

Dressed in a simple but elegant costume, one well calculated to show off to advantage her matchless beauty, she was ushered into a room, ill suited to the rank and dignity of the rightful monarch over the "vine covered hills and gay valleys of France;" tho' the bold barons who stood around were men who would have graced the proudest court in christendom. D'Alemprè, Aiglecourt, Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, and many others whose names are now celebrated as the restorers of freedom to their native land, were in presence, wearing the helmet and plume, as if on the eve of battle; Joan, instead of advancing up to the throne, and there paying her obeisance to him who held that seat, turned aside and fell at the knees of a young man who stood near, dressed similar to the barons, but who in reality was Charles himself, this plan having been devised to put to the test that inspira-

tion to which the maiden pretended. After gracefully lifting her up, and kissing her on both sides of the face, he told her this was one proof of the high commission she had received, but in a thing touching so nearly the honour of France, it became them to proceed with caution, and therefore he had appointed some learned divines to hold converse with her. To this Joan gladly consented, and after two months spent in putting questions to her, all which she answered with the greatest readiness and accuracy; and in trying whether or not she was an impostor, by all the schemes they could devise, she was at last pronounced to possess inspiration, and the parliament of Poictiers being of the same opinion, it was advised to show her as such to the people. Accordingly, on the ensuing day, arrayed in a splendid suit of armour, the gift of Charles, with the royal standard of France waving over her in proud magnificence; and a sword taken from the tomb of a knight buried in the church of St Katharine of Frierbois, she was paraded through the streets of Chalon amidst thousands of admiring spectators. It was in sooth a lovely sight, and Joan would have been happy, had but another gaily pranced beside her charger, rather than the tall and stern warrior who attended her so constantly; in short, her eye sought for Du Bois—such an impression had the gallant knight made on the equally gallant damsel, during the brief but agonizing farewell on the road from Vaucouleurs to Chalon. Her attachment had had fuel supplied to it by the addresses unceasingly paid to her by Sir Amaury Remprès, the warrior mentioned above, a man in whose character there were some good points; bravery, for-

titude, and firm friendship where he had once formed an attachment; but all these were counterbalanced by many vices, and particularly by the deadly animosity, "the study of revenge, immortal hate," which he felt when he considered himself injured. He knew not yet of a rival in Joan's favour, and hoping to engage her affections by his perseverance, he still continued addresses, which, though bearable at first, had now become positively hateful from the frequency of their renewal. Such was the first day of Joan's prosperity.

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Many months had now rolled over Du Bois in his character of a captive. He had heard nothing of the great changes which had taken place in the state of affairs during his absence from the scene of contest, though, if he might judge from the clouded brow of the governor, who sometimes visited him, and the frequent departure and return of the troops who were to fortify the garrison, some great movement had taken place. One morning, he was roused from a somewhat unusually long slumber by a sudden clashing of arms in the court beneath his window, and having raised himself so as to gain a view of what was passing beneath, he there beheld the fleur de lis floating proudly before the castle gates, and under its standard were ranged a band whom he soon recognised as the troops he had led from his native province; but who was the leader of this array? A splendid, indeed, an almost princely dress surrounded a form radiant in beauty, though a little lacking in the manly dignity which so

well graces the knight's figure. It was Joan. No other insignia than the cross decked her shield, and as she boldly advanced towards the drawbridge, she had the singular audacity to wear her visor up, and Du Bois beheld beneath her nodding plume the face which had cheered him in his loneliness, and attended him like a guardian spirit, ever breathing comfort and hope of a speedy release. His fears were now raised to the last pitch of excitement,—there was she, "the beautiful—the brave," perilling her life for one, who was close pent up within the walls of a dungeon, and unable to take any part in that fray on which depended his own liberty, and what he held far dearer, the safety of that high-minded woman. There were in the castle two or three culverins; though, as artillery was at that time a rather new invention, they were but clumsily used. Du Bois, however, had the pleasure of knowing, that they were totally unprovided with cannon balls, and only a few small bullets, such as are now used for musquetry, and were then employed for crossbows, could be supplied by the defenders. Yet, he dreaded much more than axe and spear those new weapons, although in truth, they were much less formidable at that time, verifying the well known sentiment of Tacitus, "Omne ignotum pro magnifico est." The drawbridge of the castle had previously been drawn up, and Du Bois was allowed but little time to meditate on the causes of this sudden change in Joan's whole appearance, for boldly plunging into the moat at the head of her followers, she gained, without any other resistance than a few arrows from the fortress, the opposite side. Then drawing up her men in martial order, she led

them forward without opposition, till one of the towers hid them from the view of the captive knight. The state of mind in which he was now placed, was agonizing in the extreme; he heard for another moment only the clang of the armour and step of the coursers' feet, but another and a more dreadful sound soon broke on his ears, for the besiegers rousing themselves from their lethargy, discharged a remarkably well aimed and effective shot on their advancing foemen. Seeing the result of their salute, a party, headed by the old valourous commandant of the fortress, dashed forth in fine array: and sweeping down the declivity of the hillock on which the castle was situated, they charged with such overpowering force, that the besiegers were obliged to give way, and Du Bois once again beheld his own troops emerging from behind the tower, though in a condition very different to that in which they had before presented themselves. His soul was inflamed almost to madness, when he saw not the princely dress and princely form of Joan among the retiring crowd, who were fast retreating before the English soldiery. With an almost supernatural exertion of his strength, he succeeded in raising the window of his apartment, and cried out, "Traitors! villains! do ye fly?" The effect of the words was electrical; the troops hearing the voice of their long loved and long lost master, were animated to fresh exertions; turning round on the victorious forces, who were far inferior in numerical strength, some raised the cry of "a Du Bois! a Du Bois!" others that of "La Pucelle! La Pucelle!" then all boldly dashed on their foeman. We question whether Du Bois was not more delighted at having

their names thus connected, than he would have been to hear himself proclaimed the victor in a well fought field. It has been often remarked, that few forces can withstand the impetuous onset of the French troops; and the English leader, on this occasion, found it impossible to keep his men in fitting order. After a few vain and ineffectual attempts to rally, they were driven back on the main body, who had remained contending with Joan and the horsemen who had continued faithfully round her person; after an arduous struggle, the maiden had proved victorious, and the enemy were attempting to make an orderly retreat, when the sight of their defeated comrades completed their misfortune; "sauve qui peut," became the general cry, and each sought, by putting his charger to its utmost speed, to gain a safe retreat within the castle walls. The French, however, were fast on their heels, and the last of the besieged entered almost at the same minute in which Joan, unharmed and serene in appearance, as if she had been listening to some light tale of chivalry, dashed within the gates.

Her men, animated by their success, and the courageous example of their fair leader, had followed close on her footsteps, and the combat was renewed on foot between the incensed parties. Each step in the advance of the French troopers was disputed; they gained the court-yard with ease, but on entering within the stone-wall, and seeking to make their way through the narrow passages of the castle, they found their progress much more difficult. The English troops knowing that but little mercy would be shown them in the heat of victory, fought with all the ardour despair could

give, in addition to their former well-tried bravery; and it is probable the French soldiers would have found the words verified which the commander of the besieged had used before the battle began,

> "Our war-cry is their lyke-wake dirge,
> Our moat the grave where they shall lie,"

had it not been for the supernatural character with which superstition had invested Joan. And, in sooth, this would have seemed no improbable thing to any who beheld her so young and so dauntless—so lovely, and yet so careless of life, as she stood without a wound in the very centre of the battle, while numbers fell at her side. The soldiers who beheld her there, afterwards were ready to attest, that they had seen the best aimed and stoutest arrows glance from her armour, without leaving the slightest mark; and the polished sword, wielded by the most powerful warrior, fall innocuous on her helm.

It so happened that the foe, who continued to retreat step by step, retired in the direction of Du Bois' apartment. Before they had passed his door, the English commander, anxious to defeat the purpose of the foe, which he rightly suspected was to set the young lord at liberty, despatched two of his men, with orders instantly to put the prisoner to death. Du Bois had been listening with painful anxiety to the progress of the fight, and expecting that this bloody mandate would be issued, he had armed himself to the best of his power with one of the iron stancheons of his window, which fortunately was rent, after some effort, from the old and mouldering stones in which it was

imbedded. No sooner was the last bolt drawn, and the door partially opened, than a tremendous blow fell like a thunder clap on the head of the man who was first entering; the stroke had evidently wrought his purpose, for the soldier, after attempting to support himself by clinging to the wall, reeled and fell. His companion, undaunted by this reception, rushed in; and ere the clumsy weapon wielded by Du Bois could altogether parry the blow, he inflicted a severe wound on his left arm; on beholding which the tall and powerful Englishman by a sudden movement seized his opponent's throat, and after a short struggle both fell side by side, where for some moments they continued the contest, each striving to get his antagonist beneath himself. The unequal combat, however, was soon over; and Du Bois saw himself about to expire at the very moment in which he expected liberation: one hand the Englishman had placed on the throat of his prostrate enemy, and with one foot firmly planted on his breast, he had raised on high the long dagger which he wore, when a sudden blow from behind laid him motionless.

On looking up the young noble beheld in his preserver the fair maid of Orleans. He would have fallen on his knees to thank her, but she hastily departed on seeing him in safety, and renewed the battle with the few opponents who still held out. This, however, was soon over; and when Du Bois had sufficiently recruited his strength to leave the room, he found his men victorious, and all drawn up in battle array, impatient to behold him. He was received with loud cheers by his attached retainers, and with a less clamorous, but

not less joyous welcome by his fair liberator. All things were speedily put in order; after the prisoners were secured, refreshment taken, and a sufficient number of men left to hold the fortress, the remainder of the band departed with Joan and Du Bois at their head. We need not detail the particulars of that ride, so memorable in its consequences to two of the party; suffice it to say, that ere they arrived at the king's residence, the warrior had knelt at the feet of Joan, and there gained an acknowledgment of her attachment, in reply to the vows of unalterable fidelity and ardent love, which after the first confession was over, he had breathed forth with so much fervour.

It was with a proud and happy heart that Du Bois entered the city of Gien, then graced by the presence of Charles, and heard the acclamations of the young, and the blessings of the old, showered on her whom he could now call his own.

We need not detail the particulars of Charles's march from Gien to Rheims, or the numerous successes that signalized his career. In every siege, and in every skirmish, Du Bois fought by the side of Joan, and had twice the happiness of repaying back the debt he owed, by saving her life at the risk of his own. Indeed, so remarkable became their attachment, that the name of one was seldom mentioned without that of the other being added; and no cry alarmed the English troops so much as that of "La Pucelle et Du Bois." In spite, however, of their constant success, the lover could not but feel anxious for the safety of his betrothed bride, and oft he urged her to retire from the scene of contest, and seek in the shades of retirement the sweets of

domestic happiness. She, however, as constantly refused, alleging that her mission was not yet fulfilled, and promising that the day which witnessed the ceremony of the coronation at Rheims, should behold her retirement from the tented field, and her union to the warrior who had saved her life, and to whom she had pledged her troth.

That day at length arrived, and the sun broke in unclouded splendour, on a scene far more interesting than the gorgeous display which marks a peaceful coronation. The painted windows of the ancient church of Rheims—the august assembly congregated there—the solemn shrines, now decorated with votive offerings—the banner of France waving proudly over the altar—the exquisite beauty of her who stood near that altar supporting the banner—but, above all, the recollection that here a king was about to regain his lawful rights, and after an ardous struggle to assume the regal coronet, in the temple which had witnessed the same ceremony performed to his long line of noble ancestry, all tended to give the scene a stamp of dignity.

The proud pageant is over, and another scene is acting there: beside the marble altar stands a priest arrayed in the insignia of his office, and two forms are bending in adoration before the shrine. A dim twilight had by this time stolen over the church, and rendered indistinct the two forms; but who that had once seen them could fail in recognizing the Maid of Orleans, and Lord Du Bois? Joan had kept her promise, and they were now united in the bonds of that wedlock, which God hath joined, and man cannot put asunder.

As they were leaving the church, a sudden clang of armour was heard, as of one hastily retiring, and Du

Bois enraged at the intrusion, walked hastily onwards, to see who had thus dared to break in on their privacy. On entering a side aisle he beheld before him Amaury Rempres, the knight before mentioned as a suitor to Joan. He had watched with growing hatred the affection of the newly married pair, and having gained by some means an intimation of their intended nuptials, had entered the church, and witnessed the solemnity. Turning round, he gazed on his rival with an eye in which were writ the blackest characters of hate: and in reply to Du Bois' question, "What did he there?" he significantly put his hand ot the hilt of his sword; "you, my lord, shall hear of that some other time. I wish not to stain this holy pavement—nay, put not your hand to your side, by the help of our lady, I will one day lay it where it shall never more lift spear; and mar that boyish face, so that it shall never again run away with woman's heart; and for thee, damsel," he added, turning to Joan, "thou art no meet object for a man's resentment, but thy proud heart shall yet know what is the penalty of rejecting love with scorn. Look well to your minion, for trust me your prayers and your divine mission will boot him little some day. Aye, there are other"—here Du Bois could retain himself no longer; with one blow he levelled the insulter, and then leaving him to recover its effects under the care of the priest, he passed on with his bride.

On the ensuing day Joan requested leave to retire from the scene of contest, but the monarch would not grant her request, knowing how much depended on her. She, therefore, with her lord, still continued to

engage in the strife of that spirit-stirring period, daily receiving from their sovereign fresh tokens of his gratitude. No cloud appeared to dim their path, and each was animated to exertion by the hope of one day enjoying the bless of a peaceful repose, far from the din of arms, and conflict of bannered hosts.

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The scene has changed. She stands a condemned captive in the market-place of Rouen, who before shone as the favourite of her sovereign—the bride of Du Bois—the chosen of heaven—and the restorer of their rightful king to the French people. Her long and dishevelled tresses are wooed by each passing breeze; and her countenance, which always wore a tinge of melancholy, is rendered even more beautiful than ever, through the deep look of despair it has assumed. Around her stand the mailed barons, who had quailed before her in the day of battle; and although their conqueror is now their victim, there are but few who do not feel pity for the unfortunate maiden, albeit she is convicted of the most deadly sin.

It will be needless to relate at very great length the manner of her capture; suffice it to say, that during the absence of Du Bois on an expedition against one of the towns, held by English garrisons, she was basely betrayed into the hands of her enemies by the governor of Compiegne, who was none other than her former suitor, the vindictive Sir Amaury Remprès. After the marriage of Joan, this man had retired from court to assume the command of this important station. On the approach of the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful

army, the maid of Orleans, and Xantrailles, with a small body of troops, threw themselves into the town over which he commanded. On the 25th of May, a sally was made by the besieged garrison, with La Pucelle at their head; but the enemy made such a gallant resistance, that the French troops were obliged to retreat, though without any appearance of disorder, owing to the exertions of their fair commander, who fought with her usual bravery, driving back the foremost of the pursuers. When all the troops were in safety within the castle, she herself sought to make good her retreat, but what was her horror on finding that the drawbridge was up, and the gate shut. The scene which passed in the church of Rheims, and the words then uttered, straightway flashed on her mind, and she at once concluded that this treachery resulted from the governor. Seeing that all resistance was useless, she surrendered herself to the bastard of Venome, who delivered her up to the Earl of Ligni, general to the Duke of Burgundy. The Duke of Bedford, actuated probably both by policy and revenge, demanded her from Ligni so eagerly, that it was impossible to refuse; and having stipulated for a meet reward, the earl gave her into the hands of her enemies. Delighted by this event, Bedford so managed matters, that Joan was ordered to be tried for a witch. To use the words of Rapin, "Pursuant to this order she was delivered to the ecclesiastical judges,* who, after a long examination, condemned her as a heretic to live, by way of penance, upon bread and water all

* She was tried by the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she was taken.

the days of her life. Some time after, under colour of her relapsing into her former errors, she was tried again by the same judges, who delivered her over to the secular arm to be burnt alive."

After his treacherous conduct to Joan, the governor of Compiegne put the crowning stone to his perfidy, by deserting to the English banner. To this he was urged by two motives: by the scorn and contempt openly manifested for him on all sides, in consequence of his being suspected of having performed an act so detestable, though no regular accusation was brought against him, through the confusion that existed, and the unwillingness of the king to lose an able soldier, for such Remprès certainly was. But there was another, and perhaps with him a stronger inducement; the desire of satiating his revenge, by witnessing the punishment of her who had dared to reject his love. He principally urged on the final doom of Joan, who might otherwise have escaped with life, and he now stood with a countenance strongly expressive of triumphant malevolence, gazing alternately on the captive maiden, and the pile which was soon to reduce that fair form to ashes. Opposite to him stood Sir Baldwin Talbot; he was evidently attempting to repress his emotion, though the stern and haughty glance with which he regarded Sir Amaury, and the sorrowful look he cast on the victim, told that he was a spectator more than commonly interested. He had become much attached to Du Bois at their first interview; and when they afterwards met on the field of battle, or at the negotiation of a truce, there had been nought of hostility between them, and much of

courtesy. During one of these interviews, Du Bois revealed to his friend his connexion with La Pucelle, and their actual marriage. On hearing that hated name, Talbot grasped the hilt of his sword, and a rupture had nearly taken place between the two, but Du Bois restrained himself, recollecting that Talbot's uncle and cousin, both of whom he fondly loved, were slain in battle by the French troops, with Joan at their head. After the fatal 25th of May, Talbot, through love to his friend Du Bois, conquered his aversion to the Maid of Orleans, and had several interviews with her in her confinement, in which she informed him of her belief, that this Sir Amaury Rempès was the cause of her misfortunes. Great, therefore, was Talbot's surprise when he saw this very man join their party. Knowing that he would urge on violent measures against the prisoner, Sir Baldwin instantly exerted all his influence, and obtained her life with great difficulty; scarce, however, had he thought her in safety, before she was again put on trial by the devices of Sir Amaury, who had contrived to gain the ear of the Duke of Bedford. After her condemnation he had attempted to bring the council to consent, that previous to her execution she should be allowed a champion to defend her against any who chose to impeach her, and if that champion should be vanquished, then Joan was to suffer. Even this was denied, and Baldwin beheld her left without hope in this world, and about to undergo a painful death, as a punishment for crimes, of which he believed her innocent.

"By my faith," said he to a young knight who stood

near, " an' a band of French troopers were to come to her rescue, I would not raise an arm to hinder them." " I don't know that I should either," said his companion, " though certes this would be a capital place for having a blow or two with a few pretty men; yet, if they had that hill above us yonder, they might laugh at all we could do; and besides—but look, Talbot, whose men are those riding over the brow of the hill? Talk of the devil and he'll come, for sure enough yon's the French fleur de lis; but there are very few of them, and who's that leading them? Our lady defend us! how he spurs that black steed of his, and comes thundering down the height."

" By St George that's Du Bois," said Talbot. At these words the captive raised her eyes, and recognized at once the armour, and the gallant bearing of her noble lord. With a look of triumph she turned herself to the place in which Sir Amaury had been standing, but he had departed to equip himself, and shortly after rode by armed in full. As he passed her, he exclaimed, " Damsel, remember you the church? the day *has* come;" and then hurrying forward, he put himself at the head of his troops, who were already collected together. Sir Baldwin kept his word, for he appeared not in the battle, but standing beside the captive, he attempted to cheer her by the hope of her speedy release. This, however, seemed a thing very improbable, for the English troops had assembled in a large body, with that celerity and order which showed well how much they were accustomed to these sudden attacks. Du Bois, however, though greatly inferior in numbers, had the advantage of the higher ground,

and the additional impetuosity, which would thus be given to their first onset, on which all depended.

It was in sooth a magnificent spectacle, the small but compact body of the French, with their burnished armour and waving plumes, and their coursers dashing forward with the speed of lightning, seemed to be secure of a victory over the much more numerous, though slowly advancing, band of the English. The two parties met near the foot of the hill, and so overpowering was the tremendous onset of those who rushed down the declivity, that the English troops were fairly driven back, though not singly, but in a body, and still preserving their order. The heat of the battle then commenced; each felt that he was fighting for his life, since there was but little chance of retreat on either side; but even the love of life had not such power to animate them as the feeling of revenge in one leader and of love in the other. Sir Amaury and Du Bois were conspicuous wherever the battle raged most fiercely; though they had not yet crossed swords with one another, in spite of their repeated efforts. For some time the contest continued with unabated ardour, but the arrival of a fresh detachment of English troops determined the fate of the day. Du Bois seeing that all was lost, took the desperate resolution of fighting his way to Joan's side, or falling in the attempt; throwing away his sword and spear, he took from his saddle-bow a ponderous pole axe, and followed only by his faithful squire, succeeded in cutting his way through, though not without several severe wounds. The streets of Roan being deserted, the progress of the two adventurers was uninterrupted, and the French troops

still made so stout a resistance, that none pursued them. Galloping into the market place, they there found Talbot with the captive; and were just about to raise Joan into the saddle, after spending some time in freeing her from her chains, when a stroke from the sword of some one, whose approach they had not noticed, laid Du Bois lifeless at their feet. In one instant, Talbot sprung on horseback, and exclaimed to the person who had inflicted this deadly blow.

"Traitor! craven knight! you shall dearly pay for this."

"Sir Baldwin," answered the party addressed, "I have no cause of quarrel with you; he who lies there injured me most deeply."

"Villain," shouted Talbot, "I know thee now, and by the souls of my fathers I will revenge Du Bois. Coward! there is injury for thee"—at the same time striking Remprès—(for it was he, as the reader may have guessed) with the back of his sword.

"Boy," replied Rempres, "say your paternoster, for credit me you will soon be as pale and bloody as that coxcomb," pointing to the breathless corpse of Du Bois.

The two knights then joined battle, each armed with his sword, and after a few passes, the recreant Remprès fell mortally wounded; leaping from his horse, Talbot planted his foot on the wounded man's breast, and demanded a confession of his treachery, but Sir Amaury retained even to death his iron heart, and expired muttering curses on his conqueror.

By this time, the victorious English troops had returned, and commenced the execution which Du Bois

with his followers had interrupted. The unfortunate girl, on seeing the death of her husband, had assumed a calm and placid look, gazing almost with triumph on those who stood around. Once, and once only, was she heard to speak, and then the words were scarce distinguishable; something about Du Bois was all that could be clearly made out. English soldiers to their dying day, used to pass the long winter evenings in detailing the exploits of Joan, and the fortitude with which she suffered.

A. S.

GL—G—W.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle."

BYRON.

Know ye the town where the smoke and imprudence
Are emblems of deeds that are wrought in their clime,
Where the woes of the weavers and loves of the students
Now melt in vile whisky, now soar into rhyme?
Know ye the town where the tall chimneys shine—
Where the walls are all sable—the rum is divine;
Where the winds are oppressed with such smoky perfume,
That the gardens are guiltless of seeking to bloom;
Where the stuffs and the cotton are fairest of fruit—
Where the voice of the night-walkers never is mute—
Where the dirt of the streets and the clouds of the sky
In colour are equal, in blackness may vie,
And even the river is purpled with dye?

C. M. P.

TRANQUILLITY.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

> "Amid the din of city haunts, to look
> On one pure page of Nature's stainless book
> On pictur'd canvass, or in pictur'd thought—
> This is to me with Peace—with Wisdom fraught!"
>
> THE CIVIC SENTIMENTALIST.

And can it be you never knew Tranquillity?
The listless apathy of mind all feel
When sating pleasure, and the giddy whirl
Of dissipation, cease to charm again,
You say, is not to you Tranquillity—
'Tis but exhausted nature's dormancy.
But I—yes, Henry—in my native land,
Far up among its green and pastoral hills,
Beside its slumbering lovely lochs of blue,
Have passed one day of holy tranquil rest—
One day of sinless, babe-like, pure enjoyment.
—'Twas Sabbath, and the season summer's prime;
Yet, though 'twas summer, nature seemed to pause
In its mid course of glory. *All* was calm!
The laden bee had left the heather-bell,
And hummed no more,—not even in gratitude.
On the green bough, in reverential silence,
The choir of nature ceased to hymn her praise.
The very mountain stream forgot to murmur
In amber eddies 'cross its rocky bed;
The breeze was hushed—the sun was in the east.
—I see him still, the aged man of God!
His brow was smooth, and o'er its reverend front
Few—few, but lovely, hung some silvered hairs,
Loose as the ties that fixed him still to earth!
Formal, yet simple, was his priestly garb;

His manner meekly calm, though oft a smile—
A supplicating smile—would brighten up
The child-like sweetness of his furrowed cheek.
It was a look that told of mental prayer,
And fond communion with the Mighty One;
Its pensive blandness spoke of that pure joy
The holy feel in converse with their God;
Or, when the boon, not for themselves—yea not
Besought with aught of selfish leaven mixed,—
Is granted freely, and the blessing given.
Around him clustered with fond gazing looks,
The young, the old, the babe, the hoary grandsire;
Upon the verdant carpet of the earth
They sat in groups, and listened to the flow
Of patriarchal language which he poured
On their attentive ear.
He spoke of Pharaoh, and the wonders God
Had wrought for Jacob's loved, though stiff-necked race:
How, in the day of trouble, He them shielded,
And was their buckler and their sure defence;
How even the sceptered lord of countless tribes,—
When he dared war with God's peculiar people,
And sought to crush the chosen of His heart,—
Mighty before,—king of a thousand realms,—
Was palsied into babe-like helpless weakness.
"Be comforted, my children," then he cried,
"The God of Israel be your strength and stay
In peril's hour; in danger's thickening gloom;
His lamp direct your feet; no hidden danger,
The pestilence that walks in clouded darkness,
Nor aught of ill shall harm his chosen ones!"
He prayed, and then the mother lifted up
The half-stilled prattler's yet unconscious hands;
The hoary elder, from his snowy locks
Removed the bonnet's shade, and all was still—
Was *tranquil*, Henry, as the realms of peace!
Then rose through glen, o'er hill and upland down,

The voice of praise, like some calm summer's breeze:
Now, in full chorus, heard at hand—now fleeting
With fading echo far and dim away.
Oh! there is music in the poet's lyre—
The voice of woman, and the tones of love:
But it is earthly! that remembered strain
Was like the sky to which it floated up,
Stainless and worthy of the theme—of *God!*

A SONNET.

I rose from Wordsworth's bright and holy page
With feelings calm as was the midnight hour
That had crept on unnoted—such its power!
Dim gleamed my taper in its uncropped age,
Its feeble glimmer could not warfare wage
With the pure radiance that from heaven came down—
—Each mote that glittered in't—pearl for a crown
Of mighty potentate!—Forth from its cage
Of many wired cares my soul leaped out,
And ranging the moonlit expanse of heaven,
It hailed the symbol with a voiceless shout
That there of nature's minister was given.
Dim is the lustre earth born art supplies,
To that whose source of light is in the skies!

THOMAS ATKINSON.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW REVIEW.

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

Though it is too often the duty of the critic to use the rod and pruning knife with asperity, his proudest and most grateful task is to raise to notice and reputation, genius depressed by unjust contempt, or premature oblivion; and in noticing the poem, the title of which we have quoted above, we flatter ourselves that we are conferring renown on the *Athenæum* at the same time that we delight the public, and patronize merit.

"John Highlandman" is an Epic poem, it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; and we hope to show that in exalted and heroic sentiment and genuine philosophy, it does not give place to the Homers, Virgils, and Lucans of antiquity, or the Miltons, Byrons, and Scotts of modern times. We shall give the poem entire, interlarding it with our remarks as we go along.

It thus commences—(we may premise that it is in the language of Caledonia)—

"Whar are ye gaun, John Highlandman, Highlandman.'

In the very outset the cunning and superiority of our author is seen; he disdains to go round about the bush, he dashes at once into the subject, giving you a luminous view of the hero, without the sickening tedium of needless circumlocution.

He gives us to understand that he is on a journey, that his name is John, and that he is a native of the land of bare legs, bare rocks, and *Cremonas* of a peculiar fashion requiring none of the auxiliaries of resin or cat-gut.

Now Byron, or Southey, or Scott, or Bowles would take more pages than our author has words to give us the above information. My Lord Bacon somewhere observes that "A GREAT BOOK IS A GREAT EVIL,"—this axiom of course will apply to a poem as well as any other book, *ergo*, he who tells his tale in the fewest words is the greater poet:—the deduction is obvious as butter-milk.

The poem proceeds,

"Whar am I gaun?—to steal a wee cow!".

John is a true hero, unlike Hector, Achilles, or Eneas, he scorns to use deceit, he at once proclaims the object of his expedition. To be fully alive to his heroism, we must consider that the inquisitor is evidently a stranger from his hailing our hero by the general denomination of his country, and that he may be an enemy, a thief-taker, or perchance the owner of the devoted heifer: but be he who he may, it is all one, he replies with unfaltering tone

"To steal a wee cow."

Nor let any squeamish or puritanical crop-eared reader curl up his proboscis at the Newgate-like expression "*steal*." To what purpose did Alexander the Great, so called, put the whole world in hot water but to steal by wholesale? What were the Romans from first to last but a well-organized body of thieves?

and in what essential point does Napoleon le Grand differ from Jack Shepherd or Captain M'Heath but in this—that while they were content with purses, he stole kingdoms? Many people have an unworthy and narrow-minded antipathy to a hero who ends his life with a piece of twisted hemp instead of a lead pill, or a foot or two of cold iron. For our own part we see no reason why many who bid farewell to day-light on the *furca* should not have their praises sung by a hundred bards, and their history recorded by the learned and the wise. The age of poetical chivalry has indeed departed, else the fate of the illustrious Burke—he of the West-port who sacrificed life in the cause of science—would have called forth the latent energies of some *embryo* Homer, and given a *second* great epic to the literature of our land.

There is one consolation, however; "intellect" is on the progressive "march," and we may come to the right way of thinking in time. "Roma non," &c. But we must return to the author.

"You'll be hanged John Highlandman, Highlandman."

Our fears for the great John are put to rest by this line. His catechiser turns out to be merely a friend, or at least one of those active personages yclept *busy bodies*, who are eternally poking their fingers into the pies of other people.

The advice he gives plainly shows him to be wofully devoid of *pluck* and *bottom*; he is a recreant knight, a blot and stain on chivalry. We doubt not but his teeth water for a slice out of the rump of the cow aforesaid, but *proh pudor!* he is deterred from

gratifying his inclination by the poltroonish dread of two upright stakes, and one across, with a collar of the order of Ketch pendent therefrom. He therefore is contented to behold the fatted calf even as the fox of old contemplated the rich, juicy, high-flavoured, but alas, inaccessible grapes. Not daring to pluck the fruit himself, he, with a baseness that out-Iago's Iago, tries to keep others from the enjoyment. But does he succeed? Our curiosity is wound up to the highest pitch,—we are in pain for the valour of our hero! but we are soon put out of suspense, he exclaims,

"What do I care, if my belly be full?"

What can be compared to this? here is the very cream and quintessence of heroic chivalry. Prate not of your Hannibals—tell us not of your *Cœur de Lions* and Black Princes, here is a greater than all. "What," says he, "is a whole neck with an empty bread basket? what is liberty, reputation, or even long life itself, compared to a good dinner?" He is more than a hero, he is a philosopher, and of the renowned school of Epicurus; well he knows what is the Τὸ Καλὸν, the most beautiful thing under the sun—good living. He is of a kindred soul with Sardanapalus, *sans doute*, the wisest man of antiquity, who ordered this sublime conceit to be engraven on his tomb stone:

"Eat, drink, and be merry; the rest is but the fillip of a finger."

Mahomet belonged to the same school; but how unlike!—he, poor idiot! only baited his hook with women and wine, milk and honey. If John intended to found a new religion, he would furnish his heaven with gigantic roasts, juicy steaks, and well-seasoned mince-

collops, and as for wine, his celestial conduits would foam with brown stout, Hodgson's best, and double X.

Over our hero's fate the poet, in imitation of the Grecian painter, delicately draws a veil, but we may easily divine it. After living like a *Kitchener* on the fatted cow, he finished his days, as predicted, on the gallows, with a paunch which, in fair rotundity, might vie with an Alderman or Common-council man's. And if Hercules, Achilles, and Agamemnon are vegetating on the plains of Elysium, it would take all the impudence of Billingsgate with the brass of Cobbett and J. S. Buckingham combined, to assert that John Highlandman is not there, and does not hold his head as high as any of them.

We do not intend to add another word. We have discharged our duty to the public and the author. And if this splendid specimen of human capability meets with the reputation it so richly merits, we shall have our reward. Our volume, by being coupled with it, shall go down to remotest ages,

"Pursue its triumph, and partake its *gale*."

If the public do not—but no, we cannot for a moment indulge such a supposition,

"So foul with dishonour, so fraught with disgrace"

to our countrymen. So we shall at once conclude. *Vale, igitur.*

CRITOCOLUS.

TO ——— ———, WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS.

BY MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN.

O LEAVE the academic grove,
And leave the studious cloister's gloom,
The coy retreats the Muses love,
And where the laurel shades the tomb.

And leave, dear youth, th' historic page,
Though bright with glory's dazzling ray;
Nor let those themes abstruse engage,
That cloud with gloom life's early day.

And leave those towering heights sublime,
Where Science marks with eagle eye
The plumes that form the wings of time,
The worlds that sparkling deck the sky.

Though Science from her golden urn
Pours forth her richest stores for thee,
Yet leave her lonely lamp to burn,
And range the mountain heights with me.

By Laggan's pure and sheltered lake,
Where ancient woods exclude the day;
Come, pluck the wild-rose from the brake,
And listen to the untutored lay.

For where yon winding glens resound
From rural haunts the simple strain,

Fair Nature's lover marks the sound,
And shares the pleasure of the swain.

Each bright exotic's glowing pride
The raptured florist views awhile,
Then hastens to the fountain's side,
Where violets breathe and daisies smile.

The glowing heart, the simple taste,
Through rugged scenes shall guide thine eye;
And 'midst the brown uncultured waste,
Shall sweets discern and flowers descry.

The hardy form and fervent soul,
That bids the mountains' hardy race
The tide of war impetuous roll,
Or raise the song or urge the chase,

Shall to thy philosophic view
Their glens enrich, their rocks endear,
For patriot warmth and honour true
Have ever found their votaries there.

Though all that bard or sage have taught
In mystic strain is known to thee;
Leave all these tomes with wisdom fraught,
And trace wild nature's haunts with me.

A LEGEND OF THE COVENANT.

It was on a calm still afternoon, during that afflicting period of God's wrath, when the Kirk of Scotland was suffering in the thrice-heated furnace of persecution, that Gabriel M'Kail, a young clergyman, was slowly riding over the wild and extensive moor of Staunlie, in ———shire.

It was a scene of the deepest and most unbroken solitude. All around was seen the dark and barren heath, without even a solitary tree or bush to break the melancholy sameness; not a sound was heard, save when the restless hermit *peaseweep* wheeled past with its sharp querulous scream, or at intervals, the

> "Hum of the wilderness bee
> Floating away like a cloud o'er the sea."

As the young man rode on, revolving in his anxious mind the miseries which kingly and prelatic tyranny had wrought in his land, he was startled by his horse standing suddenly still, and on dismounting to seek for the cause, fearful that he had deviated from the track and had got amongst the unstable parts of the moss, he beheld a female sitting among the long heath, earnestly gazing on what appeared to be two sleeping men, but which, when he came near, he discovered to his horror and surprise, to be *corpses*, the flesh was half rotted off, here and there the bare bleached bones protruded, and

"The worms crept in, and the worms crept out,
And sported their eyes and their temples about."

When the amazement into which this sad and fearful sight had thrown him was somewhat subsided, he directed his attention to the unfortunate female. She was seated at the heads of the bodies, on which she steadfastly gazed, sometimes altering their position like a nurse tending her charge, sometimes brushing off the ghastly reptiles which death and corruption had engendered. She had evidently been a fine-looking woman; her cheek, though pale and weather-beaten, and bearing but too plainly the wasting ensigns of want and starvation, showed obvious traces of beauty much above common, beauty which, even in the crowded street of a city, you would stop to gaze after; she was loosely and scantily attired, and though the evening blast was cold and chilling, her breast was exposed and uncovered, save by her long beautiful glossy black hair which streamed wildly from her head.

Gabriel gazed on the unfortunate with mute pity, for he saw that her sorrow was far beyond the reach of human comfort, and agitated as he was, and unused to the sight of mortality, he knew not how to address her; at last, after some space, she lifted up her large sunken blue eyes, as if newly awakened from a dream or trance, and perceiving him, she without altering her position, motioned him to sit down beside her.

For some moments she spoke nothing, there was evidently something "sitting heavy on her soul" which choked utterance; at length grasping the youth's hand, and making what appeared a violent convulsive exertion, she spoke, while her voice trem-

bled, and her face became lighted up with an expression of wild and superhuman intelligence.

"Stranger, do not curse me," she began, "my crimes have been great, fearfully great, and I know that when the feeble spark of life which burns within me is extinguished, I shall *dree* an endless *weird* of wo and agony, but my penance has not been light. No, stranger, while you and all the world have been buried in sleep, while even the weasels and foxes have been reposing in their dens, have I been sitting here in sleepless agony, gazing on these mouldering forms till I have felt the night passing away from my overstrained cracking eye-balls; and I have seen strange forms, forms not of this earth, and I have heard horrid cries and wild lamentations, while the moon was shining clearly, and while to all other mortals nature was at rest.

"I am thankful you are come. I feel I have not long to live, and I could not leave this earth, my spirit would not part with my feeble body, till it hath eased itself of the burden which hangs on it like a mountain.

"This youngest form, wasted and hateful though it now seems, was once the fairest youth in Scotland; his eyes were as the eyes of the fallow-deer, his limbs,—but why need I speak thus to *you?* you see nothing but corruption, and can ill conceive what he was like in the days of his might and loveliness. Enough I loved him, loved him as woman ne'er loved before, his image was before me in the visions of the night, and in my waking dreams.

"He was one of those who at the commencement of

these troubles gave up his all for the cause of religion, and having made himself obnoxious to the persecutors, he retired along with his old blind father to this wilderness; I alone knew his haunt, would to God I had never known it, and I used to spend hours on hours watching them, while they took a little food or repose.

"I was a wild girl, I had thought little about religion, and I could ill divine why Malcom could give up wealth, society, and comfort. I used to speak lightly on this subject to him, he gently reproved me, this I could not brook,—reproof from a lover! I reiterated my mockings, I made a jest of his principles, I laughed to scorn the *solemn league* and *covenant*.

"Long, long he bore with me, but presuming on his affection for me, and my influence over him, I continued in the same reckless unfeeling course, till one day he said to me, 'Helen, we were not made for each other, strive to forget me, farewell! farewell! I shall ever remember you in my prayers to *Him*.' He turned from me, nor would he ever after deign to look at or speak to me, he had cast me off, and for ever.

"The winter storm in the height of its fury is fearful, but what is it to love despised. My proud Highland spirit was roused; I never mentioned his name without curses; my eyes got inflamed, not with tears, but with fury,—my brain boiled like molten lava,—I cursed my lover, the day of my birth, and my God.

"I will be short with my guilty tale. Not long after this, the bloody Claverhouse came to our village, and offered large rewards to those who would discover any

of "THE HILL FOLKS." A Demon took possession of me,—I spurned at the money, but I led the murderer and his bloody hell hounds to the place where Malcom Graham and his father lay concealed. 'There,' cried I, 'are your victims,' and I clapped my hands and laughed, —yes, I *laughed*, a bitter, bitter laugh of love despised, of frenzy and revenge. 'Why do you delay?' I cried, to the butchers, 'why do you delay?' but even Clavers was more merciful than me, he calmly, but sternly told them to prepare for death, and gave them five minutes to make their peace with God. I sat on that moss-covered rock all the time, my hair hung over my eyes, and I coolly put it back that I might gloat on the feast of blood. Malcom kneeled down first, it was on this tuft of heather,—his eyes were closed, his glossy black hair hung over his pale ivory brow in beautiful curling clusters. His prayer was short and emphatic, 'Lord forgive *her*, remember Sion and all her afflictions, and receive my spirit.' He opened his eyes for a moment to look on his father, and I thought he glanced on me, the shots went off, and I remembered no more till I found myself sitting alone by the two bloody corpses, and the moon shining calmly and placidly as if over a scene of joy. It shone the same way the first time I met with Malcom.

"Since that time I have lived here; the heather has been my bed, the heavens my roof, and roots and wild berries my food. I cannot withdraw my eyes from *his* face; I continue gazing till I almost think the dead jaws open and frown on me. I cannot compose my mind to prayer,—my brain wheels and boils without one moment's pause or respite. When I fall asleep I am

tormented with horrid dreams, the murder scene is acted over again,—I see the godly youth so mild, so resigned,—I hear my own fiendish laugh,—the guns go off and I start up to gaze on the very forms of my victims."

Here the most miserable woman paused, and gazed for a season on the mouldering forms of mortality, till reason seemed gradually to expire. She seemed to think that her lover was alive, and that their nuptials were about to be solemnized. She twined some of the heather flowers in her hair, arranged her plaid about her neglected person, and employed herself in twisting a ring of straw and rushes. "Here, my love," she said, "here is our ring,—see the minister waits, what reeks it, whether he be prelate or presbyterian, come, come." She took the hand of the corpse in hers, put the ring on the half-decayed finger, and looking wildly about, exclaimed, "Who forbids our marriage? they whom God hath joined, who shall put asunder." At this moment, a black cloud which had been lowering for some time, grew more and more gloomy, and a tremendous peal of thunder burst forth and shook the earth. It recalled the wandering reason of the female, —she glanced wildly around, pressed her lips hurriedly to the mouth of the youth, and seemed convulsed as with some mortal agony, then all was still.

Alarmed at her long continuance in that posture, Gabriel went to raise her up; but she had gone to her account; life had passed in that shudder; and a carrion worm from the mouldering lips of the corpse had already settled on her cheek.

LEONIDAS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

BY DUGALD MOORE.

(Author of the African; Scenes from the Flood; &c. &c.)

[Xerxes still entertaining some hopes of the flight of the three hundred Spartans, waited four days on purpose to give them an opportunity to retreat; and in this interval, he used his utmost endeavours to gain Leonidas, by making him magnificent promises, and assuring him that he would make him master of all Greece if he would come over to his party. Leonidas rejected every proposal with scorn and indignation. Xerxes having afterwards written to him to deliver up his arms, Leonidas, in a style and spirit truly laconic, answered him in these words—"Come and take them."]

Three hundred—and they stood
With freedom's flag unfurl'd—
Their swords unsheathed, and unsubdued,
Against the banded world.
Their cities all were sacked,
Destruction's flames had clasp'd them;
Their fearful blades were red and hack'd,
But still each strong arm grasp'd them.

Their foot was on the hill
Which in happier moments bore them;
Around them were their homes—and still
Their country's sun shone o'er them.
The vale—the sky—the rock—
The breeze—the mountain river—
Each element of glory spoke,
And bade them stain it never.

Hope's meteor gleam had set,
Fair freedom's shrine was riven,

And they were deeply wrong'd—but yet
Each wrong was unforgiven.-
They've javelins that can smite,
And fame that still may flourish,
And blades that yet in blood can write
Their requiem when they perish.

Their latest stand sublime
The mountains dark seem viewing,
And they are monuments that time
Can never lay in ruin.
Each blue and icy peak
That splits the far clouds floating,
From nature's page their fame will speak
When they and theirs are rotting.

Brush'd by the dancing air,
Like ocean heaves their plumage,
And Persia's despot glitters there,
But who will do him homage?
In vain his battled line
Meets freedom when she charges—
In vain his gathered millions shine
Along the mountain gorges.

They came, they little knew
The chief whose falchion glittered
Like sunbeam 'mid the gallant few
Proud hearts, by wrongs embittered.
They tread the evening flowers,
Ere morning's dew has wet them,
Graves then will be their only dowers
When Sparta's sons have met them.

'Tis eve—the sun's warm lip
Hath kissed the smiling waters ;—

'Tis night—and the broad moon is up,
And all her laughing daughters.
Though Persia's hosts are nigh,
Let other minions serve them;
The men of Greece have learned to die,
Death cannot now unnerve them.

As floats the eagle, when
Some feathered foe does find him,
The chief gazed wildly on the men
Of Persia come to bind him;
He shook the awful brand
Which oft, when hope was fading,
His sire had purpled for his land,
'Gainst hosts that were invading.

Fierce as the bolts that fringe
The storm which o'er earth tramples—
A glory, death could only change,
Played round his swarthy temples.
He stood on freedom's range
Of crags, like one who knew her;—
He stood, like spirit of revenge,
To smite the slaves that slew her.

The heralds came—the power
Of empires were behind them;
They bade Greece yield her swords and cower,
When her heroes had resigned them.
The Spartan chief exclaimed—
"No! not while we can make them
Dig graves for Persia's proud and famed—
But let them come and take them!"

THE PUNISHED RAID.

BY WILLIAM BENNET, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF SCOTTISH SCENES AND CHARACTER."

> "A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
> Rushed like a torrent down upon the plains,
> Sweeping our flocks and herds."
>
> TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

WHAT stranger has for the first time proceeded westward along the Clyde, until its noble Frith opened up before him from Bowling Bay, and not felt his heart expand with emotions of delight and admiration, more intense than he ever before experienced? For there, bursting at once upon his view, he beholds a scene of mingled grandeur and beauty, perhaps unrivalled in any other part of the world; and haunted, at the same time, by a thousand proud historical associations, that throw over it an atmosphere of romance, in which glide before the eye of fancy the innumerable ideal forms of our country's patriots, and our country's heroes! Overhanging him to the right, and in some places cleft almost asunder by the might of primitive earthquakes, runs the lofty range of hills that terminate in the huge Dumbuck,—the headstone, as tradition asserts, of THOMAS THE RHYMER, from above whom, when the measure of Scotland's woes is full, the enormous mountain, with all its foliage of waving woods, is to move suddenly off to where the

destiny that rules the occasion wills it; thus permitting the prophet to arise from his sleep of ages, and behold, with his own eyes, the final accomplishment of his vaticinations. Parallel to where one of the earthquakes alluded to has split asunder this range of hills, stands, on a rock laved by the Clyde, the last vestige of the Wall of Severus, covered with the hoar of antiquity, and yet warlike in its desolate solitude, despite of the green ivy with which the seasons have now wreathed it, as if to soften it into harmony with the more gentle aspect of present times. Here has the mail-clad Roman often looked up with apprehension to the hills above him, anticipating the descent of the Caledonian war-storm, that was to sweep him from a rampart too feeble to withstand the rush of men animated by the spirit of liberty: here, too, has often stolen upon his ear, from the contiguous Rock of Balclutha, the music of harps and the songs of bards, celebrating the deeds of heroes at the feast of shells, and animating to farther acts of still higher daring, in defence of the sublime mountains and magnificent lakes, to which they beheld the sun, like themselves, evince its love, by retiring every night from an enslaved world to rest behind them: and while the breath of night became surcharged by the ceaseless outpouring of this patriotic harmony, how oft has the Roman sentinel, hopeless of his stay ever leading to its suppression in the land of wild mystery in which it arose, turned himself to gaze wistfully upon the star-lit waters that continued themselves as far as his native Tiber, and wished he were embarked on their bosom, with the winds wafting him speedily from a

country at once full of danger and unproductive of glory! Onward from this scene of warlike reminiscences, stands the ancient Balelutha, or modern Dumbarton; seemingly tossed, in the morning of time, by some giant's hand, from the summit of the abrupt hills that overlook it, and yet encircled by the walls and clothed with the military works, that won for it the distinguished name which now must ever belong to it in Scottish history. From where Benlomond is seen behind, towering mid-way to heaven above the far-off hills, descends along its brief course the lovely Leven, washing the brink of the field in which stands the shamefully neglected tomb of Smollett; and from thence sweeping past the town of Dumbarton, until, at the base of the Castle Rock it mingles peacefully with the Clyde, spreading over the wide estuary that leads it to the ocean. To tempt to farther progress along this estuary, the eye beholds on either side the lofty mountain, the cultivated field, the handsome cottage, the stately mansion, the flourishing seaport, and the branching lake,—all spread out in one grand perspective, the features of which melt away in remote distance, long ere the stranger is wearied of tracing them; but, as the point we have already reached, forms the principal scene of our story, we shall here pause in our descriptive course, and enter into particulars.

On a small wooded knoll, on the right bank of the Frith, only a short way beneath the Rock of Dumbarton, there stood, about eighty years ago, the humble cottage of a poor fisherman named Thomas Glendinning, who, with his only son, called

after himself, and at that time aged about twenty, obtained a scanty and precarious livelihood by fishing with a small boat on the Clyde, and disposing of the produce to the burgesses of Dumbarton. The only other member of Thomas's family was his worthy and beloved partner, Elspa M'Conochie, who had now shared his bed and board upwards of twenty-four years, and who, having used to assist her husband in rowing and fishing, until their son became able to perform that duty, was yet as robust and alert as a Fifeshire fisherwoman, and possessed a reputation for thrift and frugality, which no housewife could now enjoy without putting whole districts around her to the blush. The Provost and Bailies of Dumbarton, considering the good that such an example, every day witnessed by their whole community, was calculated to produce on the conduct of their own wives and those of the other burgesses, seldom were rigorous in exacting from poor Thomas the full amount of dues, to which, as a fisher within their jurisdiction, he was liable; and thus his unceasing industry had the effect of blessing him, if not with great plenty, at least with enough to render him thankful and contented.

But for some time past, he had become subjected to a heavy drawback upon even this slender share of felicity; for several of the Highlanders from beside Loch Lomond, who, in those days of weak public law and strong partizanship, were in the habit of occasionally descending to the Frith, and crossing it by night to plunder its opposite shores, had adopted the expedient of sometimes bending their course towards the fisherman's cottage, and obliging himself and his wife or

son, not only to ferry them across the river, but to remain, bound hand and foot within their own little bark, until the gang returned with their spoil, and set them at liberty to recross with them homewards. The midnight toil to which the fisherman and his family were thus subjected, besides being intolerably unpleasant in itself, was pregnant with the most serious danger; for had they at any time chanced, while upon these marauding expeditions, to have been detected by the people whose property was thus laid under contribution, they would have found it difficult to prove that they acted only from compulsion, and might consequently have incurred the punishment due to actual guilt. It therefore became with them a serious question in what manner to free themselves from the annoyance; and the expedient they at length resolved to adopt for this purpose, was not less remarkable than the chance that in a short while offered for carrying it into practice.

It was the evening of a lovely day in the end of autumn. The sun had gone down in more than ordinary serenity beyond the Argyleshire mountains, and while his last rays streamed horizontally over rocky peak and heathy ridge, their yellow effulgence, mingled with the suffused purple of the heath-bell, shed over the scene a dream-like glory, beneath which, tinged with the same general hue, and mirroring the few light clouds that spangled the roof of heaven, lay profoundly calm the whole magnificent Frith, with here a bird skimming homeward over it through the yellow light, and there a small boat stealing silently into harbour,—its glancing oars and spirit-like motion in-

spiring agreeable ideas of life and animation amid such deep tranquillity. Twilight stole on, and with it the reign of stars. Hesperus suspended his lamp above the farthest mountain ridges, that now, seen but dimly, suggested ideas of profoundest solitude and mightiest repose; and soon thereafter came the whole host of heaven, starting out into view with a cheering show of gladness, as if delighted once more to renew their watch over the repose of nature. The birds had ceased their vesper hymn; the beasts were asleep in the fields and upon the hills; the father, with his family, had worshipped God and retired to rest; and all was peace and holiest silence, save when, at long intervals, there floated through the air the melancholy murmurs of the outer sea.

The hour of ten had not yet been struck by the town clock of Dumbarton, when a loud rap at the door of Thomas Glendinning's cottage, suddenly broke the newly descended slumbers of himself and little household. He and Elspa were instantly a-foot, for they well knew the reason why they thus were disturbed. "Gang you, an' tell Tam how to do, and I'll open the door an' let them in," said the fisherman to his fretting partner. "An' if you and he behave ye'rsels as ye ought," rejoined Elspa, hastily assuming her clothes, and proceeding to obey the mandate, "if ye only put ye'rsels under my guidance for this ae night, the present time sall be the last that we're e'er tormented wi' thae bare-legged lawless pests, that verily mak' me, (gude forgi'e me!) think shame o' my ain kintra."

The fisherman tacitly assented to this, with a look which told, that, in doing so, he should be establishing

no new precedent, but acting only according to use and wont; and having by this time performed his easy toilet, while several additional raps upon the door were admonishing him not to be dilatory, he hastened to undraw the bar and admit his unwelcome visitors.

A party of seven stout highlanders, kilted, plaided, bonneted, and armed with dirks and large cudgels, immediately entered, and stood on his cottage floor beside him. "Will I tak' the gatherin' aff the fire, an' light the cruizie?" said Thomas, stooping to lift a small stick, the ignited end of which was hid beneath the ashes to prevent its live principle from expiring. "Do so if you dare!" quickly replied one of the party, in a gibberish we shall not endeavour to imitate, while at the same time he rudely pushed aside the fisherman, to prevent the fulfilment of his design. "We have too much light already, honest Sassenach," observed another, whose voice and manner bespoke him to be the leader of the party; "we come not to be looked at by any of the dwellers in these low parts, but only to ease them, unseen, of a few of their superfluities; and so confoundedly officious are the stars to-night, that, even without the moon to assist them, they bid fair to defeat the object of our journey. Plague on them! I wish they were all buried in clouds, as deeply as your fire is under its ashes. And yet, stupid old fool that you are! you would still farther increase this annoyance by the winking light of your miserable cruizie! No, no! up with your son, and out with us instantly in the light we have, and ferry us over to the opposite side of the water."

"My son's no' in," humbly replied the fisherman,

"but my wife an' I 'ill tak' ye across, if that's what ye want wi' us." "Ay, that's what we want, to be sure; and it's what we'll have too," resumed the leader. "But what," he continued, with a suspicious look, "has become of your son? If you have sent him to either the town or the castle to betray us, this dirk and your heart shall become acquainted ere we part company."

"Fu' valiantly spoken, an' just as ane staunin' in your shoon,—if ye ha'e ony,—should speak!" interrupted Elspa, as she here entered from having smuggled forth her son, and despatched him, armed with the kail gully, to the boat, there to conceal himself within it, and await her directions. The party turned hastily round with irritated looks, but without making any reply, until one, more choleric than the rest, sprung fiercely forward, and seizing the matron by the neck, threatened to wreak upon her instant vengeance for the insult she had uttered. "No' sae fast," coolly replied the fearless Elspa, and grappling in turn with her assailant, she instantly cast him from her upon the floor. Then, seizing his cudgel, and assuming a defensive attitude, "There," said she, "tak' that coup for ye'r impudence; an' if ye'r yet unmanly 'eneugh to lift ye'r han' to a woman, od, the haill set that's wi' ye 'ill no' keep me frae knockin' out ye'r brains!" "But neither he nor any of the set shall try it," cried the leader, interposing himself between Elspa and the furious savage, who now had grasped his dirk, and was in the act of springing to his feet for revenge. Then, addressing to the others a few authoritative words in Gaelic, they promptly disarmed their enraged comrade, and led him forth towards the river, despite of his frantic efforts to the

contrary. Bewildered as were the thoughts of the poor fisherman by this alarming rencontre, he could not help remarking as extraordinary the profound silence which the prisoner and those who escorted him maintained, notwithstanding all the violence of his struggles, and the wildness of his fury. It strikingly proved the strictness of the discipline under which they pursued their dangerous trade, and how instinctive may ultimately become the adherence to that which has long been habitual.

As the six highlanders passed the threshold, their leader turned to the heroic Elspa, who yet, with a look of derisive triumph, retained her first warlike attitude, and smiling with somewhat of humour as he surveyed her, "It is dangerous," said he, "to meddle with carlins of your quality! You have done a trick which I believed no woman living could have done, and I do not blame you for it, as my follower deserved even more than he has received. I regret that such a thing has happened; and this much said, let it pass. Now, for your good offices in transporting us to the farther side of this watery barrier, that obstructs us so much in visiting our wealthy friends beyond it! But where, after all, is your son? for his absence at so late an hour, does appear suspicious." "Deed," replied Elspa, considerably mollified by this conciliatory language, "if ye had ony gumption ye might readily guess what young anes at his time o' life are whiles doin' out o' their beds, when the auld folks are snorin' in theirs without ever kennin' o't. Ha'e they nae wives to seek, think ye, as their fathers had to do afore them? Feint a bit, but I ferly that ane wha's sharp enough to steal

and yet escape the gallows, should be sae blunt as no' to be up to snuff when he fin's a young chiel at twenty out o' his bed on a demmin night."

"Well, well, if that is the cause of his absence, it is right enough," replied the highlander, who by no means relished this allusion to his professional merits. "Let us," he continued, "say no more about it, but hasten to where your boat awaits us." The fisherman, providing himself with a pair of oars, and locking behind him the door of the cottage, upon this proceeded with his wife to where their boat lay fastened within a little creek at the edge of the river. The marauders who had preceded them, not knowing where it lay, waited at a short distance their approach; and by the time they had unloosed the bark from its moorings, and seated themselves at the oars within it, the whole lawless band had silently taken their places beside them. He whom Elspa had overthrown, was now reduced to quiet, but his manner was stern and sullen, and the quick fierce looks he occasionally darted sidelong towards her, showed that he waited only an opportunity to be revenged. Elspa, conscious of holding both his destiny and that of his companions in her own hands, returned his glances with the most provoking air of indifference and scornful superiority; but as yet all was muteness and cautious composure; for, being not far distant from the castle, the party feared lest even the splashing of the oars should attract the notice of those who might be on duty within the garrison. This fear had already made their leader whisper to Elspa and her husband the necessity of rowing with a light and careful hand; while they, nodding assent, and apparently all attention,

continued slowly to cleave the waters, with a degree of silence and dexterity that afforded high satisfaction.

The tide was by this time making, and had already spread over one-half of the channel that remains dry at low water. A large bank of sand had, during a late flood, been raised by the action of the stream a little to the left of its main current, and as a considerable part of this still remained uncovered, although the tide had now surrounded it on all sides beyond a fordable depth, the fisherman and his spouse, agreeably to the secret understanding between them, insensibly directed their bark towards that spot, until its prow at last stuck in the sand only a short way more than half over the Frith.

"We're now at land," whispered the fisherman, springing upon the bank, and holding the boat aground, to permit the easy disembarkation of the party. It so chanced, that the fields along that part of the coast to which they were proceeding, were that season in stubble, and thus, by their grey appearance, rendered it impossible to distinguish them from the intervening track of sand; and as the water was yet only stealing along hollows too far beneath the general surface to allow it to be visible, the party, without any suspicion, received as true the words of their pilot, and proceeded, before they all stept on shore, to adopt the precautionary measure generally resorted to on such occasions. This was the binding of Thomas and his spouse back to back with stout leather thongs, in such a manner as to prevent all use of their hands, and even in a great measure to deprive them of the power of locomotion. They both, but Elspa more especially, affect-

ed to remonstrate against this as cruel and unnecessary; protesting that, if left at freedom, they would faithfully await the party's return, without either stirring from the boat, or raising their voices beyond a whisper. But to this their tyrants only replied, "Well, that is all very good; but you will be the more faithful the less power you have to be otherwise."

"Place them back to back upon this seat," whispered the leader, "and besides binding them together by the elbows, fasten also their feet underneath."

"The plague a that ye's do," replied Elspa, at a loud pitch of voice, which she knew would alarm them for their safety; "ye may bin' our arms, since there maun be binnin', but I'll skirl till I alarm a' within twa miles o' us, if ye but offer to tether me by the feet, like a hapshackeled hen beside a barley-croft."

This threat had the desired effect. "Hush!" interrupted the leader, in a low but earnest tone; "Restrain that dreadful tongue, and your thick ancles and splay-feet shall be left at liberty."

"My troth, but ye dinna want ye'r impudence!" bawled Elspa in a towering passion. "What right ha'e ye, or ony body else, to trouble ye'rsel wi' what either my ancles or feet are like? They're here just as they were gi'en me; an' ye might at least ha'e let them alane, till I had spiered ye'r opinion about them. I wish my han's were free, that I might just lay them to ye'r haffets for ae minute! Od, I wad learn ye to keep a better tongue in ye'r head!"

"For heaven's sake, raise not your voice to that fearful pitch," said the alarmed highlander, who, not suspecting that his words would have touched her so

nearly, had uttered them only in one of the rudely jocular moods in which he was accustomed to indulge. "If to ask pardon will please you," he continued, "I will do it; but if by that your silence is not to be obtained, this dirk plunged into your heart, and yourself plunged afterwards into the river, shall free us from the jeopardy in which your tongue is placing us. Hush, I say! attempt no answer; else by the spirits of my ancestors, I shall this moment execute my threat."

Elspa was too prudent, and likewise too certain of speedily obtaining vengeance, to provoke by farther speech the kindling wrath of the fiery highlander. She therefore dropt her head with an acquiescent air, and remained silent.

"It is well," said the plunderer, after a moment's pause; "remain as you are, for in that state you are safe enough,—we shall be with you ere morning."

"Lang afore that time," muttered Elspa to herself, "the haill squad o' ye 'ill be in a verra different place;" while her husband, whom terror appeared for a while to have deprived of consciousness, seemed intuitively to understand her thoughts, and by a significant motion intimated that his mind was occupied by a like sentiment.

The whole party were now about to start on their expedition, when, struck by the appearance of what seemed a quantity of netting spread along the bottom of the boat, their leader paused in the act of stepping over its side, and abruptly remarked to Elspa, "I did not before observe this, while we sat together and

darkened all between us with our shadows: what is it?"

"D'ye no' see it's ane o' our big nets?" replied Elspa readily.

"But it is so *very* big! Is there nothing beneath it?"

"Naething but the ribs an' plankin o' the boat. Sae *verra big* ca' ye't? I wish ye saw some o' our *biggest* anes. That's just to them like what your bit kilt is to my big duffle cloak."

On hearing this, the Highlander's countenance assumed an incredulous smile; but, apparently satisfied that what he saw before him was only what it seemed to be, he jumped lightly ashore, and to the inexpressible relief of Elspa and her husband, set off with his followers in the direction of the land.

"Now, Tam," whispered Elspa immediately, as she bent down her head towards the netting at her feet; "Up, up, bairn, wi' ye'r gully, an' let us flee for our lives!"

The next instant, casting from him the netting under which he had lain concealed, arose to his knees beside her the figure of her son. Without uttering even a whisper, he that moment cut in pieces the shackles of his parents; in another moment he had grasped an oar and pushed the boat from land; and but a few more expired until, rowing in concert with his father, he had turned the boat's head toward the rock of Dumbarton, and was silently and rapidly nearing the verge of the immense shadow cast by it like a veil far over the channel.

They passed within the verge of this shadow, and thereby became invisible, ere the party thus left to a

fearful fate, discovered they had been overreached. Conscious, therefore, of security, the fisherman and his son now paused and lay upon their oars, eagerly looking towards the spot they had left, to observe the motions of the victims inclosed upon it; and it was not long until, through the dimness, they beheld the shadowy forms of the whole rushing to the point where they had landed, after having found that on all sides they were surrounded by wide and impassable waters. Their distance, and the obscurity through which they were seen, rendered their figures and motions too phantasmagorical to indicate distinctly the feelings by which they were actuated; yet it could easily be observed, that, on discovering the desertion of their guides, they for a moment held up their hands as if rendered motionless by despair; when, afterwards starting off from the point to which they had thus hastened, they ran distractedly around the water-laved verge of their narrowing circle,—sometimes beating their breasts, at other times pausing, as if to utter to each other their frenzied thoughts, and then commencing anew their distracted and unavailing search around the indented edges of the surging element, that was every moment advancing upon them, as if eager to complete their destruction.

"D'ye think they'll soom?" inquired the fisherman's son in a whisper.

"O, mercy!" rejoined his alarmed father, "I never ance thought o' that. It's likely they're a' the best o' soomers; an' if they get out that way, we'll be murdered as sure's the worl'!"

"Silly gowk!" scornfully interrupted his spouse,

" ye talk as if the thievish rapscallions had a' their wits about them, an' ken'd the nearest dry points on ilka side as weel's oursels; whereas, if ye wad only be guided by ye'r ain e'en, ye might see that they're sae bewildered already as to be clean daft, an' no' to ken either where's up-the-water, or where's down 't; or where's their ain side o't, or where's the ither. Just haud ye'r whisht a wee, an' ye'll soon see their great feats at soomin'! Haith, it'll only be like the wallopin' o' blin' kittlens. They'll mak' a wheen feckless pawts, an' gie a loud squeel or twa, an' then they'll for ever sink to the place o' greater punishment they're sae ripe for."

" Elspa, Elspa, that's terrible!" said the fisherman, shuddering at her fierce words. " I declare, when ye're angered, ye're waur than ony wullcat. Oh! God be near us! d'ye hear thae awfu skreighs? They're no' feart now to lift up their voices, when they fin' themsels in the verra jaws o' death. Look! the water's up about them, for I now see nae far'er down than their knees;—an' mark ye, too, how the star-beams are now glintin' amang them, whilk wasna the case when the bank was dry. See! the maist o' them hae shifted frae the heigh place they were on, an' are now wallopin' i' the merciless water. Oh! thae skreighs are dreadfu'! They pierce me like knives! I canna stand it! Let us either flee, or hasten an' yet save them!"

" Save them!" cried Elspa indignantly, and as loudly as she dared; " my troth, that wad be a bonny story, after a' the wark we hae been at to play them this pliskie, an' free oursels an' ither honest folks frae their nightly mischief. I tell ye, Tam Glendinnin',

that wulleat tho' ye should again ca' me, I wad sooner tak' this gully, an' chap aff my right han' on the edge o' this boat, than let ye stir ae inch frae where we are, till my lugs ha'e drunk in, no' the last skreigh only, but the verra last guller, o' thae incarnate deevils. They's pay sweetly for this night's raisin' o' us frae our beds, an' catchin' me by the throat, an' tauntin' me about my ancles an' feet, as if they had been o' my ain makin'. Ay, yelloch away," she continued, as the cries of the drowning men rose more wildly from out the waters,—" yelloch away! it's far less than ye deserve. Thae cries are fu' o' peace to the better folks ye ha'e sae aften harried. When ye're at rest here, an' ye're spirits gane aff to the maister ye ha'e ser'ed, we'll get sleepin' in our beds a' the mair quietly; an' the hirsels on the hill sides, an' the hens on the house bauks, 'ill be in less danger o' disturbance frae those o' ye'r ain sort that ye leave ahint ye. This 'ill maybe warn them to keep nearer hame for the time-comin'."

As she thus apostrophised her victims, who now were seen only in glimpses, alternately appearing and disappearing amid the waves, their cries became still more frequent, loud, and desperate; but they still arose sufficiently near the point at which they first were heard, to prove the accuracy of Elspa's calculations relative to the small chance that existed for the wretches to escape. At length several of the voices were heard to wax faint and fainter, until in the end they died utterly away; and those that yet broke upon the ear with the same piercing loudness, soon also became intermittent and feeble,—when, just as they almost ceased

to be heard, a gun, fired by an alarmed sentinel on the rock of Dumbarton, flashed vividly on the eye, and by its sound recalled for a moment to the hearts of the sinking victims, that hope which was on the point of being extinguished for ever. A shriek, loud, shrill, and full of agony, simultaneously rose from the survivors; but their souls passed away with the effort! for when the soldier almost immediately thereafter repeated his signal, it drew from them no farther response. The waters had closed over them; and the silence of night remained unbroken, save by the hollow murmurs of the unconscious waves.

Lights were now beginning to be struck in different parts of the castle, and noises were heard within it, which told that the garrison were roused, and about to adopt measures for ascertaining the cause of alarm. Corresponding lights, indicating a like origin and object, also began to gleam forth from various points along the opposite shore; and as these appearances proved that a search would soon commence in the vicinity of their station, the fisherman and his spouse, aware that explanation might, under present circumstances, be difficult, deemed it prudent now to retire, and endeavour to reach home without discovery. Aided by the darkness, they succeeded: and presenting themselves next morning before the authorities of Dumbarton, they detailed the whole particulars of the previous night's catastrophe, and were rewarded in proportion to the importance of an act of retribution, which led to the immediate discontinuance of those nocturnal raids, by which both the town and adjacent country had for many past years been intolerably harassed.

TURKISH SONG OF VICTORY.

Now God be praised! here ends the war,
Our foes no more the fight renew,
For, flashing bright as morning star,
Above them glares the scimitar,
And scatters all their flying crew;
Like bale-fire gleaming from afar,
And casting round a deadly hue.
By Allah! 'twas a sight to see
That charge of Turkish cavalry;
And many a Christian maid, I ween,
Would weep, had she the conflict seen.
No wonder that their ranks should fly,
The "turbaned Delis'"* battle cry;
And still less could the Giaour brook,
With plumed helm and lance, to stand
The onset of the Mamaluke.
His Arab steed and deadly brand,
Well worthy of the Moslem land:
The very earth beneath them shook,
While o'er the plain their course they took,
As if careering on the blast,
The Demon of Destruction past.
Down falls the banner of their host;
The flag is redder dyed in slaughter;

* Bravos who form the forlorn-hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Deep floods of gore around it swim,
From mangled trunk and quivering limb;
And thick the helm and spear are tost,
Like wrecks upon Albania's coast,
When tempests shake the troubled water.
Thus may the crescent ever shine
In joy o'er Mecca's tomb divine;
Thus may the accursed Christian fall—
Deserted be his lonely hall—
And sorrowful his blue-eyed daughter.
But hark! from minaret and tower,
Proclaiming loud the "sunset hour,"
O'er heaven, and earth, and ocean blue,
Resounds the cry of "Alla hu!" *

M. B.

* "The concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the minaret."—*Byron.*

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY FREDERICK B. TALBOT.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

Mr Titus Ap-Jenkins was a very agreeable, pleasant, and genteel man, residing in the village of Belleville, some 50 miles from London. He was descended from an ancient Welch family, tracing up their lineage to Adam distinctly; there it becomes rather confused, and though they pretend that one of their ancestors made a great stir in the world sometime before the birth of that notorious character, yet, owing to the obscurity of the records and languages in those early days, his name has never been accurately deciphered; suffice it to say, however, the family was assuredly an old one, and had, so Mr T. Ap-Jenkins said, once been very wealthy. When I first saw Mr Titus, about 40 years ago, he carried on a lucrative business as a linen-draper in Belleville, near which place I resided. He sold laces, ribbons, cloth for inexpressibles, &c.; he and another person being the only venders of those articles, in the village. Mr Ap-J., notwithstanding his apparently humble calling, was of a very aspiring disposition, which was quite natural and proper; seeing that besides the hero of this world's morn, of whom I have just made honourable mention, his great, great-

grandfather, had been a member of a King of England's household. What situation he held in the royal establishment, I could not for a very long time make out; indeed the linen-draper was rather shy of naming it, tho' he made frequent mention in his conversation of his ancestor's having held *a situation;* thus leaving every one to suppose he was a groom of the bedchamber at least; but a friend of mine now gone (alas, that good men will die!) to whom I owe most of the particulars of this sketch, told me that after much investigation he had found the situation to be that of the under-cook's assistant, in common parlance —one of the honourable fraternity of scullions.

My hero's aspiring character did not disclose itself in the usual vulgar manner; not in ambition, palpable to all around:—no, he disdained all low ways of rising into everlasting fame and distinction. Many, "too tedious to mention," in both ancient and modern days, have left an awful warning to the world, in which they have shown, that the way to gain what the soul most longs for, is, to appear not to desire it, and the way to keep the advantage when gained, is to appear to set no value on it. This was Mr Ap-J.'s idea, and when I first knew him, he had certainly gained a reputation in the village, for his kindness,—manifested on every occasion in proffering his assistance, when not wanted; and whenever a difficulty arose, he was always on the spot with his advice,—a few minutes after it was overcome. But the *intention* was deemed by his unsuspicious and humble neighbours equal to the deed, and by degrees, he rose higher and higher, in the scale of eminence; his enemy in the drapery business

(all great men have enemies,) began to see the dust settle thicker and thicker on his goods, while *he* was carrying away the business from his very clutches.

Our friend detested also all vulgarisms in speech, and having once obtained by some accident an old Latin Prayer Book, delighted in interlarding his talk, especially to the ladies, with every description of inappropriate extracts from it. His great misfortune in this was that he never knew the meaning of the words he uttered, and if he had, none but himself would have applied them to his business. But let that pass.—His neighbours knew still less, if possible, of languages than himself, and looked upon him, as quite equal to the school-master; indeed, some even thought him superior, as the pedagogue professed to teach nothing but English.

As an example of the manner in which Mr Ap-Jenkins brought to light, and to the admiration of his neighbours, his classical knowledge, and to give an idea of his claims to polite learning, I will here narrate *en passant* a reply of his to my inquiry,—"Whether he had any new watch ribbons down from London." There were then very humble watch ribbons compared with those we see at the present day, and their colours (at least at Mr Ap-J.'s shop) were none of the best. "Sir," said Mr Ap-Jenkins, "I am exceedingly happy to be able to state to your respectable and honourable self, that I have obtained by the means of the waggon, several yards of the most choice *pater*, which I shall be most happy to exhibit to your favourable notice; but should you entertain a preference for *filius*, or for *noster*, I shall esteem myself highly honoured, by transferring some

to you at ——." I forget the exact price. What sort of watch-ribbons went under these denominations I could not conceive, but requested he would give me a personal inspection of his articles, when I found *pater* to signify a rusty brown, *filius* to be the Latin for a black, and *noster* for a green. Having ordered some *noster* I left his shop, wondering what could induce the man to use such fine words, for such simple articles. I do not know whether I should not have mentioned before, that he had been in a draper's shop in London, for about twelve months, with one of the first masters in his *line;* this may serve to dissipate my reader's astonishment at his fine English, as it did mine when I was first told it. I think, however, that Mr Ap-Jenkins ought to obtain credit, and great favour in their eyes, for his retaining, so many years after he had left the city, so much of what he had learned there.

When I took possession of my house, near the village, he might be about 48 years of age, getting on swimmingly, his broken-hearted rival, having just closed his shop, and every project of his ambitious soul, a superficial observer would have thought, realised. But no—the desire of his heart he had not been able to gain, and we all know, that if there is any thing we long for more than another, it is that which seems farthest from our grasp. Every thing appeared to smile on him; yet was he not happy. Why was he not? My fair friends will say,—"He could not obtain a wife;" and I must confess there is something in it. The truth was, he could have obtained an ordinary wife, but not one of rank and lineage, pure and high enough for an Ap-Jenkins. Many girls in the village

had set their caps at him, or, as he elegantly said, "had endeavoured to entice him to enter into the matrimonial engagement," but he determined never to disgrace himself by marrying a shopkeeper's daughter. And this was very proper pride; no one, I am sure, will blame him for it. How could a man expect to rise to distinction any where, if he should be so insane as to marry a low tradesman's daughter. He could never have taken her with him into any genteel company. As for the little fault—his being a shopkeeper himself, he intended to leave Belleville in a short time, sink the tradesman, and commence the life of a gentleman of fortune, in some distant part of the kingdom. And his genteel language never would have betrayed his calling; he was fully sensible of that. No one could have caught, by the most incessant and intense watching of his conduct and conversation, the smallest idea, that there had been a time when Titus Ap-Jenkins Esquire's fingers had been soiled by trade. But his wife might betray every thing.—If his fastidious, ambitious mind, could have been contented with beauty, modesty, and good sense, he would have offered himself to Ellen Scott, his neighbour the grocer's daughter.

Ellen was a girl among a thousand, as her old father said, while he pressed her hand still more closely in both his own. Old John Scott had once been a man of considerable opulence, as a grocer, in London. Agreeable, social, and free, he was respected by all who knew him; but misfortune, which lights quite as often (if not more frequently,) on the good and kind, as on the selfish and wicked, in one year stripped him

of all his possessions, and left him a beggar as to this world's goods. All his friends were grieved at his fall; he himself was bowed down to the ground by it, and became almost helpless through excess of sorrow and shame. When every one expected that it would be necessary for him to be taken to the workhouse, a friend and helper arose in his only daughter, the lovely Ellen. She so interested the creditors in her father's behalf, and was so active and intelligent in endeavouring to solve every difficulty which presented itself in the books, that when the affairs were wound up, the creditors made a little purse among themselves, to enable her to leave town, and recommence in the country the same business. She was rejoiced at this, and hoped that the pure air of a village might have the effect of restoring her father's health. After much deliberation, she fixed on the place of our linen-draper's residence as her future home. There she went as soon as possible, accompanied by her parent, and followed by the blessings of her neighbours. At first she took a small shop in a mean street, but by incessant attention to business, and the most winning manners, she soon rose from her obscurity, and was enabled to rent the shop next but one to Mr Ap-Jenkins. Here she succeeded still better, and supported herself and her father, now recovered in mind though feeble in body, in a comfortable and respectable manner.

Our friend saw her, and at one time thought, that though she had not much money, she was certainly the most genteel girl in the whole village. But she looked so humble, and was so modest, that he feared

she would take no part in his ambitious scheme, and after much deliberation, he determined not to have her. She would never have had spirit or dignity enough to figure in those high circles, to which he intended to introduce his wife. Though he came to this resolution, yet, as if to make her amends, he made a point of talking an unusual quantity of Latin whenever he met her, or when she entered his shop.

Then there was Anna Clare, the village coquette, (*par excellence*—for I do not mean to say that all the young girls were *not* coquettes,) and many others, any one of whom, I should have supposed, would make him a suitable and agreeable partner for life; but so thought not he. Year after year he continued single, in expectation of some lady of proper rank and station taking up her abode in Belleville, and year after year was he disappointed. I have heard it said, that he proposed for the new housekeeper of Lady——, who was of good though decayed family, and that she, instead of answering his prayer in a proper and delicate manner, as a respectable lady should, violently pulled the bell for the footman, and ordered him, in a huff, "to show that impudent fellow out of the back door." This must be a fabrication, invented since his lamented death by his successor in business, who seems to me to have a cruel and unmanly pleasure in heaping ridicule on Mr Ap-Jenkins in every way in his power; but I can inform him, that that gentleman's memory will be precious when he is forgotten, or only remembered as the vile detractor of departed merit. Having thus made a clean breast of my indignation at this man's reports, I will only say, that when I shall have finish-

ed this sketch, it will be apparent, that Mr Ap-J. never could have lived after such an insult. The only colouring I can discover for this misrepresentation, is given by the fact, that at the very same time, there was a report current of another draper coming to the village to divide its custom once more. This was, however, a false alarm, and at the end of that year, Mr Ap-Jenkins was as busy and agreeable as ever.

After every other plan for obtaining a wife after his own heart had been tried and had failed, he hit on one, which has been pursued by multitudes similarly situated, since its developement by him. This plan was entirely original; and when I name it, my readers will undoubtedly add to the liking they already entertain for Mr Ap-J., reverence and admiration.

One evening as he was sitting in his little parlour, musing on these matters, a sudden thought struck him, one of those which "come like shadows and so depart," if they are not immediately laid hold of and acted on. It was one of the bright ideas which we catch once in a century. He rose from his chair, slapped his hand on his pocket, exclaiming at the top of his voice, "I have it at last—my trials are over, and now for my reward—I'll *advertise* for a wife!!!" No sooner had he thus given vent to his feelings, than he took up a pen to compose an advertisement for the London paper. He pondered long over what he should say. Many times did he throw down his pen in despair, and as often did he commit his paper to the flames, after a vain effort to describe all his good qualities. He thought he should never be able to crowd them into a newspaper, much less into an advertisement. At last he produced a description of some of the most in-

teresting traits in his character, which was, as he thought, far "as the poles are asunder" from self-praise. He stated, that a *linen merchant*, about fifty miles from London, wished for a genteel amiable young lady, and one of good accomplishments. She would not be objected to if she possessed along with these *requisites* a considerable sum of money, but that was not a *sine qua non*. All letters were to be directed to "S.S., to be sent through the Post-office, Belleville."

Before I heard of this, I had often felt a wish to know who it was that first hit on this excellent scheme for obtaining a wife, and doubtless many of my readers had too. Now the question is set at rest for ever, and to Mr Titus Ap-Jenkins be all the honour given.

In about a fortnight after the appearance of the advertisement in the newspaper, a letter with the required direction reached the village. Our linen-draper had visited the post-mistress daily, and in the evening of this day he reached the office. No sooner did he hear of the arrival of the letter, than he seized it from the hand of the lady, and without stopping to pay the postage, he rushed home to gloat over its contents. But his hopes of happiness were disappointed, when he saw a word which was ——— Never mind what the word was; it was vulgar, and he threw the letter into the fire. Many others came, but all of them had some fault in composition, &c., and he began to lose patience, as he had forgotten to make a request which is always in advertisements of the same species in the present day, that "all letters should be post-paid." At length, however, a billet arrived, with a most elegant superscription and outward appearance. He opened it

and read as follows:——" Sir, Whoever you are who have addressed the unmarried ladies, requesting one of them to make you happy, I take upon myself to reply to your advertisement, which I have just seen. If my modesty would allow me, I would give you as complete and full a description of myself, as you gave of yourself to us; but I will content myself with saying, that I answer in every particular your wishes as to accomplishments, birth, &c., and have *£—,000. How my heart beats at the thought of seeing the man who has described himself in the enchanting language of that advertisement! But I must restrain myself, and only ask you not to return any written answer to this, but to be at Sydenham church in ———, on the morning of next Sabbath, and take your seat in the pew next the reading desk. Lest I should by any means mistake or overlook you, you must be dressed in yellow (I cannot name the word, but you will understand me,) in a green coat, coloured waistcoat, white stockings, and silver buckles to your shoes. Will you also have a coloured pocket handkerchief, and take a few opportunities of waving it during service. You will at once perceive the necessity and propriety of this course, as I should not like to throw myself into the arms of a gay deceiver, or of any person, without having an unprejudiced and unobserved view of his general appearance beforehand. By this I shall see whether you are really what you profess

* This important figure it was difficult to decipher; it was, however, between 1 and 10—treasures doubtless in the eyes of Mr Ap-Jenkins.

yourself. Sir, I kiss your hand, and conclude by hoping, that if you should think it worth your while to endeavour to win *me*, you will attend to these particulars. I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, FLORA ANGELINA ZILLAH."

It is impossible for imagination to do justice to the raptures of Mr Ap-Jenkins, on the fulfilment of his hopes. Now happiness and consequence were insured. Never, for one single moment did the thought enter his head—that the lady might not perchance be delighted with, or approve of his appearance. Sydenham was but twelve miles from Belleville, and he remembered having passed through it on his way from London. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when this dear letter arrived. He hurried to the parlour, locked and bolted the door, pulled down the blind of the window which overlooked the shop, and then he got as near the fire as possible, (it was winter) and taking out of his waistcoat pocket the scissors he generally made use of in the shop, he carefully cut the seal, and then—he read of bliss to be enjoyed by walking to Sydenham church. Such were his raptures, and so incautiously and loudly did he give utterance to them, that his shop-boy was attracted to the little window just mentioned by the noise, and was endeavouring to learn what his master could be about. I am glad to say that the youth got the reward of his impertinent prying; for when his master was exhausted, as he was looking towards the window, he thought he saw somebody behind the curtain. At this he was incensed, as he did not wish his motions and conduct (which he began to think rather strange on

this occasion) to be watched; so gently opening the door, he went along the passage on tiptoe into the shop, and there discovered his boy (surrounded by youth of both sexes) looking most intently at the curtain, and endeavouring to make out what was going on in the parlour. Going up to him, and before his horror-struck companions could give the alarm, he seized him and boxed his ears so soundly, as made him see more lights than all the candles that had been consumed during his apprenticeship, would have yielded, had they been lighted at once. Not satisfied with the punishment of this youth, Mr Ap-J., roused by this flagrant invasion of his privacy, threw his arms about him with astonishing dexterity and force, knocking down one and then another of the confederates like nine pins. Indeed, he did not even spare the little girls, whose sex, it might be thought, he would have respected beyond every thing else at that time—but no, they shared the fate of their brothers. When he had thus exercised himself for some ten minutes, all the delinquents, crest-fallen and yelling, effected their escape from the shop, having received a pretty severe lesson against impertinent curiosity.

As to the unfortunate Thomas, the head and front of this offending, he was sent off to bed without supper, and with the pleasing reflection that he should not enjoy that meal for the next fortnight.

All that night Mr Ap-Jenkins slept not one wink. The next day he went to the house of Mr Snip to order the coat, waistcoat, and (he thought Flora must mean) the inexpressibles. The tailor wondered what he could want so fine a dress for, and in so short a

time too; however, he promised to set a third of a man (otherwise three or four tailors) to work on the things immediately; and, that they should be home punctually by eight o'clock on the Saturday night. The week passed on as quickly as weeks generally pass to all, but Mr Ap-J.—to him it seemed an age—never since he was in business did he remember the days lagging so. Saturday came at last, however, and so did 8 o'clock, but brought no clothes from Snip's; our friend grew fidgetty,—the clock struck nine without them appearing, and he began to fear the tailor must have mistaken the next Saturday for this. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "Smiles that come to all came not to him." "Falsehood, thy name is tailor." He was very miserable, when a rap was given at the door; to it he went, and hugged to his heart the dear habiliments. My readers will, I am sure, sympathise with him, when they consider what depended upon his proper appearance the next day. He went to bed, but no sleep closed his eyes, and after a feverish night, he rose at four to prepare for his journey. I had nearly forgotten, in my hurry to get to church with him, that he was from 10 to 12 on Saturday night trying on his clothes, and they fit to admiration. After he had shaved, washed, brushed, and got every thing adjusted for the fiftieth time, without tasting breakfast, and praying internally in the most fervent manner that his hopes might be realized, he got on his hat, went to the door, and found that there had been in the night a very strong thaw, accelerated and accompanied by rain, and that the streets were as slippery as glass. Nothing daunted, however, after put-

ting on his great coat, he sallied forth at the rate of ten miles an hour at least. This could not last, and he soon slackened his unnatural pace into a sort of jog-trot peculiar to himself; when in a moment, without warning, as he was carefully threading the dirty mazes of a little village on his way, he slipped, and down he came in the mud, lighting on the very seat of his smalls. There was a crack, too, evidently proceeding from them; in fact, a hole some ten inches in length, presented itself to his trembling fingers on his rising from his low estate. Here was a pretty pass. O! how he cursed and swore—I would not have told this, but truth imperiously demands it. After relieving his wounded feelings by cursing and threatening to spit alive the unhappy portion of a human being, who had put together his nether habiliments in so rotten and unsatisfactory a way, he retired to a cottage hard by, in which, after the healing of the wounded part of his unmentionables, and a *quantum suf.* of washing, scrubbing, and cleansing of his other habiliments, he went on his way again; not, as old John Bunyan says, rejoicing, but indulging a hope that the rent and other consequences of his fall would not be perceived, as he took especial care to button up his great coat. At length, arrived at church, he found he was behind the time, service having commenced a full quarter of an hour. He entered, perspiring profusely, and after a little reconnoitering, he walked straight up to the pew by the reading-desk; no one was in it, so he opened the door and sat down. He now unbuttoned his coat to show to his unknown the red and violet coloured waistcoat, and waved his handkerchief in an

extremely elegant manner; he repeated this many times during service, at the same time pulling up his cravat and stroking down his wig. I am sorry that truth compels me to add, that he did not appear to profit by the sermon; indeed, how could he, when reflections on his terrestrial prospects had the undivided possession of his soul at all times, except those, when he was wondering what the lady would think of his appearance, and while he was giving the waves of his kerchief, and looks at his soiled yellows? The curate of Sydenham preached one of his best and longest sermons, indeed, these two superlatives were one and the same in his opinion; but he might as well have been delivering a discourse in English to the unenlightened people around the North Pole, for any benefit Mr Ap-Jenkins and others of the congregation were the subjects of.

All things must have an end sooner or later, and so had the curate's sermon. At its conclusion, the congregation instead of going home to dinner as quickly as they could, left their pews with extraordinary deliberation, and as each person passed Mr Ap-J., he or she gave a look of admiration, or something very like it. Some were so overcome at the sight as to burst into laughter, but this he doubtless attributed to hysterics brought on by seeing such an agreeable and engaging gentleman. When every body else had left the church, one lady with her handkerchief up to her face still lingered. "This must be she," thought the linen-draper. He remained in his pew till she passed it, and then had the bad manners to stare her in the face, but he was unable to distinguish a single feature, owing to

the aforesaid handkerchief. He followed her out of church, and was again surprised by the slowness in the motion of the congregation; he found them all, at least all the young men, in the yard. He walked forward, and the mysterious lady turned half round to take another look at him. His heart beat against his ribs with tremendous violence. Just at this moment whispers came on his ear. "That's him, that's the man." What this meant he knew not, so went on his way, till he had nearly reached the gate of the church-yard. All followed close upon him—the whispers became louder, and then a pert impudent looking young fellow mounted a tomb-stone just in his way, and requested to speak with him. Hereupon Mr Ap-Jenkins, always famous for civility and condescension, arrested his steps, and immediately a number of young men surrounded him, and he saw the fellow on the stone take off his hat, demanding at the same time silence. Instantly all were as silent as the graves they trod on. "Gentlemen," said the orator in a sniffling tone of voice, "Gentlemen, see here, look at this sweet nice young man (a peculiar, emphasis on the word *young*, which had been in the advertisement), this *young linen merchant*, and then you will behold the man who has been advertising for a wife. We cannot give him one, but we can give him a chance of escape from a pelting, which I wish you to offer him; I thought of a ducking in the horse pond, but prefer this course now; so let him have ten yards start, and if he gets off unhurt, it will be very well, if not, why all I can say is, I'll be bound for it, he'll never come to Sydenham church again in search of a wife. Those breeches of his, contain some rare spindle

shanks which he may bring into good use just now. Give him ten yards."

So spoke the villain; our bewildered friend knew not what to do; three cheers were given him, a passage was opened, and when he had reached the appointed distance, a cry of "Run for it" arose from the crowd. He ran; the mob followed him with yells of delight, throwing mud, and every disgusting substance they could lay their hands on at the unhappy man. Dead dogs, cats, and rats, followed in such profusion, that one would have supposed all the animals of those species in the place, had suffered an untimely death for this occasion. In fact, but for the name of the thing, he suffered the punishment of the pillory. Twice did he make a stand and face his enemies, determined on remonstrating; but just as he was opening his mouth, a —— the disgusting truth must out—a rotten egg entered the space betwcen his jaws. Frenzied, he turned to run again, but slipped and fell once more, splitting up his yellows three times as badly as before. This was seen by the mob, and roars of laughter, showers of filth followed the *faux pas*. When he had got out of the town, and was in sight of a cottage, the pelting became less severe, and amidst "three cheers more," his persecutors ceased their unholy pursuit of him. Then what was the anguish of his soul? Enraged, disgraced, overcome by terror, fatigue, filth, and wounds, he stopped. In about a quarter of an hour, he proceeded as fast as possible back to Belleville, and at length, having undergone the jeers and taunts of all he met on the road, reached it. Threading every unfrequented lane he arrived at home.

Pulling the key of the door out of the pocket of his soiled bespattered smalls, which were now a mass of mud, without one redeeming spot of yellow, he entered and sunk down in a chair in the little parlour, whence he had gone in the pride of his heart that very morning, in full expectation of obtaining happiness; and now he returned, a poor, despised, disgraced, and miserable being, abhorring the light, which had been witness to his misfortunes. Bad news flies fast. A man came from Sydenham that afternoon, and told the story to one of the tailors. He soon knew by the description of the dress, &c. of the unknown, that it could be no other than Mr Ap-Jenkins. The tale flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth, and in about two hours after his arrival, Mr Ap-Jenkins saw a crowd of idle men and boys approaching his house. He drew down the blind, and fell back in the chair. After some time a knock was given at his door by some of the most mischievous of these urchins who had been thrashed by him on the Monday evening, and who enjoyed this species of revenge wonderfully. Thomas, who had been locked in all the day, answered the rap, and was instructed to inform his master, that "a gentleman wished to see him;" he went to the parlour door, and tried to open it, but could not; he called out, but received no answer. Becoming alarmed, he requested some of the men to come into the house, and see if any thing was amiss with his master. At first they refused, but beginning to partake in the boy's alarm, they consented, and tried the parlour door again; they looked through the key-hole, but saw no Mr Ap-Jenkins. All was silent,—the door was broken open,—

and seated in one corner with his head on his breast, was the object of their solicitude. They retreated on perceiving him, but as he did not move, one of them went up to him and addressed him, but received no answer. He then took hold of his hand, but instantly let it fall. It was almost cold, his face too was very pale. They thought he must be in a fit, and sent for the druggist. When he arrived he informed them that the vital spark had fled for ever.

So lived and died Mr Ap-Jenkins. The scripture asks, "A wounded spirit who can bear?" His hopes had been raised so very high in the morning, and then dashed to the ground in so rude a way, that a re-action took place, and nature was vanquished. The next Sunday he was buried, amidst the real grief of his neighbours, and the commiseration of all who heard his story. It was then that I heard the particulars I have now given to the reader; "I have nought extenuated, nought set down in malice." There are some who will remember the principal circumstances in this account as well as its unfortunate results. I have finished.—Peace be to the ashes of Titus Ap-Jenkins, may the clods of the valley lie softly and sweetly over him!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON AN ANNIVERSARY OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

The following lines aim at expressing the bitter feelings experienced by one who can only be an honorary associate in any *Academic* publication,—from the circumstance of his being wholly self-taught in even the little he knows; but who has never ceased to regret that his hard fate excluded him from receiving a classical education,—the course of which is invariably begun in Glasgow, on that day of the year on which these verses were penned, which is also held as a festival at hundreds of social meetings that annually assemble in honour of it.

THERE are in my year's weary round
Of lonely toilsome days,
Some of a deeper sadness found
To tinge the other's rays
With gloom, that dyes their present light,
And spreads its shadow where 'twas bright.
As the small cloudlets, barely breadth enow
To fold across the pale face of the moon,
Or be a fillet to her vestal brow,
Yet soon
Can hide the lustre of the star-quenched sky,
And turn its blue to dun, till they be wafted by!

Of such is this, whene'er again
It comes, with lengthening night,
And days that weep away in rain
Their little sum of light;
Like those whose hours of joy are wasted
In reckoning pleasures pass'd untasted!

It comes as once—and yet again it came
With disappointment in its every hour,
Although no more to quench the quenched flame,
To lower;
And with an anniversary of gloom,
Scathe still more desolate, the heart it made a tomb!

Ah! yet I see on this one day
The spectre mem'ries pass,
That clothe them in the festering clay
Of all that lovely was!
Proud Expectation too, stalks ghost-like by
With buried Hope—and looks the leering lie;
And Wish and Power again the warfare wage
Within the hollow heart they've rent and wrung:
Anon its fibres to a noble rage
Are strung;
And with a scorn for opiate-baptised "Fate"—
I hurl the oppressor back the price of wrong—in Hate!

Ah! had this day—while boyhood's brow
Unscarred with grief was mine—
O'er me but risen, as it will now,
For envied hundred hundreds shine
The birth time of the mind—which hence will date,
For happy *circumstance* gives happy *fate*,—
I had not then as now to mark the past
By notching sorrows—but by summing Bliss—
Acquirements—Friendships—Mem'ries made to last
And this
Would not have been to me a passover of pain,
But what to others 'tis—a festal back again!

T. A.

10th October.

ANACREONTIC.

O FILL the cup with rosy wine,
Crown it with the blushing flower;
Bring dark-eyed Chloe, maid divine,
To wile away the tedious hour!

Away with care, away with pain,
Away with every grief and sorrow;
Raise the cup, the nectar drain,
Heedless of the coming morrow.

Why should gnawing, loathsome care,
Why should saddening grief distress us,
When the wine, and Chloe fair,
And flowery chaplets wait to bless us?

Then fill the cup--and fill it high,
With beverage fit to be divine;
Raise the cup, and drain it dry—
Drain the cup of rosy wine!

O bring the minstrel and his lyre,
Let him all its sweetness prove;
Now, strike with all a poet's fire—
Now, gently melt our minds to love.

While some may float on life's rough stream,
Hurried by the angry brine;
Sunk in love's delicious dream,
Let *us* quaff the rosy wine.

Griefs or pains shall none distress us,
Nor approach black, hateful care;
Since flowery chaplets wait to bless us,
Sparkling wine, and Chloe fair!

J. P. M.

DEL TUO STELLATO SOGLIO.

IN ROSSINI'S MOSE IN EGITTO.

Up to the starry sky
Where yon bright planets burn;
O thou that heav'st the sigh,
Turn thee, O pilgrim turn!

Before our fathers were
In air's blue ocean shone—
Each star that glitters there,
Like scattered diamonds sown.

Those orbs their courses know,
Their paths were marked by thee;
And are man's griefs below
Griefs unobserved by thee?

Of every earthly pain
A mild endurance lend;
Some balm divine, O! deign
With every throb to blend.

Up to the starry sky,
Where yonder planets burn;
All ye that heave the sigh,
Turn ye, O! pilgrims turn.

C. B.

ON THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER.

Is it not noble 'mid the taint of gain,
To keep the soul without one sordid stain?
Doth it impair the column's massive strength,
That the rich fluting climbs its graceful length?
That barque the smoothest and the swiftest glides,
Where glossy colours gird its swelling sides;
The blade cuts keenest, and is strongest too,
Whose polish makes its temper still more true!

To place any profession in an honourable light, and to endeavour to direct the observing eye of the public to its general character, as well as to that of its individual members, is to increase the respectability of both. —What is despised by the crowd, will almost never be ultimately found, but to have become deserving of being so.

From the insular situation of this country, it must always, to a very considerable extent, depend for the supply of its necessaries and its luxuries, on an intercourse with foreign states.—Commerce must consequently be the occupation of a great body of our people; and as that class, from their dealings with other countries, will most probably be taken as the criterion of our manners, by the nations that surround us, the character of its members, throughout all gradations of rank, becomes a matter of national importance. The name of a British Merchant has been long held as synonymous with princely wealth, inflexible integrity, much information, and great liberality; and, in

so far as regards the higher classes of them, justly so. I have never learned that any of our mercantile neighbours have as yet produced a Gresham, who united the business-like precision of a London Merchant, with the learning, munificence, and liberality of a philosopher, and has left behind him a proud memorial of his solicitude, for the mental cultivation of those who intend to follow him in his trading career. But since the introduction of manufactures, on an extensive scale, into our country, and from the increased population and competition, to which the factitious stimulus of a long period of almost exclusive possession of trade has given rise, if the concurrent testimony of the old, experienced, and observing may be believed, our second rate merchants and traders, have, of late years, allowed their integrity and prudence too often to be called in question. A spirit of extravagant speculation has gone forth, and we are no longer satisfied with the gradual accumulation of wealth, in the lapse of years, and resulting from a lengthened perseverance in unremitting industry; but we, forsooth, must instantly acquire an immense addition to our property, or lose what we at present possess. Trade has well nigh become a game of chances, and the luckiest, and the most fearless, pocket the gains betwixt them. Those who began this system had nothing to lose, but every thing to win, and, by means of their dexterity, appropriated to their own use the capitals of others. That this was not the method of our forefathers, we do not need to be informed. Though distinguished for their skill in money making, if it was the primary, it was not the only object of their solicitude. They looked upon

themselves as practical philosophers, and were aware that to the energies of commerce, as well as to the effects of religion, are mankind indebted for the progress of civilization. What a truly amiable and delightful character, is the Sir Andrew Freeport of the Spectator's club! Accomplished in his manners, and possessed of a rich fund of information, he is represented, as being at once the companion of the wits of the age, and the first man upon 'Change! Dr Johnson declared, that the opulent British Merchant, possessed of leisure and a taste for the cultivation of polite letters, was the most enviable character in existence.

The taste for the elegant pursuits, and the relish for the exalted pleasures of literature and science, which mark the scholar and the gentleman, so far from being inconsistent with the character of the Merchant, blend harmoniously with it, and form a delightful whole. There is not a more venerable man in Britain, than Mr Roscoe of Liverpool. The esteem of a large portion of his countrymen is his; and the admiration of his fellow citizens, who almost adore him, at this moment gilds his advancing years with mild radiance. He has been unfortunate, but not till he placed himself above mere pity. Every one who heard his story, sympathised with him as with a father. Without the advantages of fortune or family, in early life, he advanced to wealth, strewing as he went, the flowers of literature in the thorny paths of traffic. His name stands high as an author.—It stands equally so as a merchant, and as a man. He has transformed the seat of mere commerce, into a gracefully combined emporium of wealth and of knowledge. The Royal Institu-

tion, and the Athenæum of Liverpool, will be his monuments; and his history, like that of his own Lorenzo, will be perpetually identified with the annals of his native place. *He* has chosen to devote his talents to history and the fine arts. The branches of human knowledge connected with his profession, as Statistics, Geography, and Political Economy, offer a still more attractive field for the practical man of business, to the cultivation of which, to appropriate his leisure. In the latter branch, Mr Ricardo and Mr Baring have brought their experience to bear on theory, in a manner at once the most able and beneficial. Literature then, next to Religion, if once it becomes a pervading influence in the minds of our vast body of merchants and traders, will be found to be the surest preservative against ruinous gambling and dishonest fraud; and the best instructor in equanimity of principle, and purity of purpose. It may not be in the power of all, to imitate the munificent Angerstein in his patronage of the fine arts, or Hope and Baring in their charities; but while we have before us, even in our own city, in the persons of a Finlay, a Ewing, and a Smith, the illustrious example of merchant citizens, who, though immersed in the details of business, yet cultivate with success, the elegant and abstract accomplishments of the age, and at once distinguish themselves as orators and politicians, friends of liberty, promoters of education, and protectors of the poor,—we shall find it difficult to deny, that much may yet be done by literature, to raise the universal tone of

THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER.

T. A.

FOR AN ALBUM, 1821.

All that mere pen and ink can do,
Here pen and ink have done for you;
Here Saxon fingers seem to press
The page with formal prettiness;
Here slender spiry Norman see
In lightly pencill'd tracery,
While these fine flowing forms bespeak
Greek to the core—Corinthian Greek!
Since in this "Liber Veritatis,"
Something that not quite out of date is,
Ourselves, fit penalty to pay,
Must either sing, it seems, or say:
First say we, then, of certain eyes,
That whosoever sees them, sighs;
Of certain lips, alas for men!
That he who hears them, sighs again;
All this we say, and we suppose
That we could sing it if we chose.
With necks towards each other bent
Like pigeons twain on monument,
Each fair compatriot sits at work,
Silent as sedentary Turk;
The pretty busts alternate swell,
Meanwhile, of either demoiselle,
Assures us that no marble rare,
But simple flesh and blood is there!
Ah! should some gentler wanderer soon
Take lodgings here at Yverdun,
Some Werter-looking solitaire

With lots of precious time to spare;
Take evening walks with you, as I do,
Or sit, imprudent! long beside you;
Why then, unless *his* heart be hard,
Or yours, my cherub, "prenez garde!"
O lamp of love, in days that were
Of youth and hope my morning star,
As life's grey twilight deepens, be
A vesper planet still to me;
And let me in the coming night
Still watch thee, as some beacon light
Is watched by those that leave the shore,
Till gathering shades permit no more.
And deem ye love can never change?
And deem ye lost allegiance strange?
A truth that never can be true,
The allegiance *yours*, the object *you*:
And yet you know the sated bee
Deems e'en the rose "toujours perdrix,"
Turns from the pouting flower and frets it,
With some vain tulip now coquettes it;
Or to an eglantine turns traitor—
Of all that bloom's the spoliator!
At least you see things in nature.
One sees young ladies now and then
Look blue on elder gentlemen;
And yet would Heaven in mercy send
Some steady two-and-forty friend,
(I speak, you know I do, apart
From selfish views—your good at heart)
They make much *safer* husbands, and
Are very *fond*, I understand.
We recommend you not to sigh,
Because, by possibility
Some vain impertinent Philander
May choose, in spite of common candour,
To place a wrong interpretation

On every lengthened respiration,
And deem the breath hath played among
The mystic chords to passion strung,
Ready to tell to earth and air
The nascent loves that nestle there.
So music on Æolian strings,
Deep slumbering lies, till Zephyr brings
Forth from the hollow harp a tone
That issues from *that* harp alone,
A richly swelling liquid wave
Of sound that never Plectrum gave.
Oh! bless your stars, my dears, that you,
To nature's best intentions true,
May get two husbands—*one* a-piece:
Had you been born in modern Greece,
Where we have been, (we did not go
To *profit*—but the fact is so)
Your two sweet selves with several more,
From half a dozen to half a score,
Would there divide, (Gods, how they wrong ye!)
One consequential Lord among ye!
Of course they're often killed with kindness,
But Turks are famous for supineness;
Some few, whose notions are extensive,
Keep fifty wives—which is expensive—
And when a lady's date is out,
At twenty-two, or thereabout,
She must retire, I'm bound to mention,
From active duties, on a pension.
Your Turk dislikes the autumnal hue
In females; I have known a few
Good Christians that dislike it too.
I don't think I should like a haram,
For 'tropest trop;' 'tis best to *share 'em.*
I like the usual course of doings,
The forest walks, the moonlight wooings,
The very pouts, the very tear

That loves in smiles to disappear,
Making the eye more soft and clear;
On which account my thoughts ne'er ran on a
Design of house-keeping—at Yannona.
Yet, though my sentiments decided
That love, like power, is best divided,
E'en I, that am so circumspect,
So studious of the "quite correct,"
Admire *you both*—now quite sincerely—
Admire—you understand me clearly;
From the first rays of orient light
By yon pure snows reflected bright,
Till all those western glories blaze,
On which we turn so oft to gaze,
Till the pale evening star prevail,
And Jura's shadows dusk the vale.

C. B.

SKETCHES OF THE BHEELS, AND NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY DR HOWISON,

(Author of "Foreign Scenes, and Travelling Recreations," &c. &c.)

Two years ago, while travelling alone and without attendants through a part of Malwa that has seldom been visited by Europeans, I enjoyed an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the character, manners, and mode of life of the Bheels. I was agreeably disappointed in finding these people to be the very reverse of what common report had led me to expect. Instead of being plundered, impeded, or annoyed by them, I was treated with the most refined hospitality; and though my person and property were completely in their power, I could scarcely induce them to accept of any renumeration for the services which they rendered me. The rude exterior of the Bheels, the wildness of their country, and their reputation as irreclaimable robbers, made this conduct appear doubly generous and attractive in my eyes: and on leaving their territories, I regretted that my sojourn in them had been so short, and that I had not associated more extensively and intimately with their inhabitants.

A very slight acquaintance with the persons and habits of the Bheels, enabled me to discover a strong resemblance between the North American Indians and them, which became more vivid and striking when my information respecting the latter was increased by actual intercourse. The forest is the home of the Indian in the same manner as the jungle forms that of the Bheel. The Indian is patient under fatigue and privation, and capable of enduring for a long time the extremities of both; and the Bheel has these qualities in a nearly equal degree. The Indian depends for subsistence upon his arms, whether these be the musket or the bow and arrow, and always carries them about his person; and the Bheel resembles him in this respect also. The Indian loves a roving life, and erects a temporary habitation in whatever spot suits his fancy; the Bheel seldom remains long in one place, and his hut is as expeditiously reared as the wigwam of the other. The Indian is fond of smoking, and is indolently inclined except when excited to exertion; the Bheel devotes many hours daily to his hookah, and equally enjoys the languor of inaction when circumstances admit of its indulgence. I do not feel myself able to bring the respective moral qualities of the parties into equally close comparison; but I believe that the Indian and the Bheel approximate very much in this particular likewise, though probably the former has the more exalted dispositions of the two. The unbounded hospitality, the strict regard to truth, and the high sense of honour, which characterize the North American Indians, may also exist in an inferior degree among the Bheels—at least I can give my tes-

timony that they possess the first and last of these virtues, which were shown in the kindness with which I was treated by them, and the supplies which were afforded me in time of difficulty, and in the manner which my property was respected when I had no means of defending it from invasion.

The natives of India generally speaking are remarkable for their disregard of truth, but this grand defect in their character is evidently owing to education, and not to any national depravity of disposition. If a people agree in considering strict veracity not to be a virtue of any importance, no one will have either interest or pleasure in practising it. Among the aborigines of America, on the other hand, falsehood of every kind is held in detestation, and the individual who utters a deliberate untruth or breaks a promise, is as much contemned by his countrymen as an Asiatic is despised by his own grade when he forfeits caste.

Where a high sense of honour is involved, the North American Indian is punctilious to a degree that is almost unknown among civilized people. Rochefoucault says that real valour is shown when a man does without a witness what he would wish to be able to do were the whole world observing him. A genuine and refined sense of honour is proved in a similar way. I will mention an Indian custom in illustration of this aphorism. When a hunter in the course of a journey kills more game than he has any occasion for at the time, he erects a platform upon poles four or five feet high, and places the carcass of the deer upon it, which is in this manner protected from the depredations of

the wolves and other carnivorous animals.—On the supporters of this wooden structure, he carves conspicuously the mark or hieroglyphic of his own tribe, and proceeds on his way. Such is the honour of the Indians that should an individual of a different race happen to pass the spot, he will not take away the smallest portion of the game, even when suffering the extreme of hunger and without the prospect of obtaining a supply of food, but will conscientiously leave it untouched for the use of the people of the same nation as he who killed and deposited it; though there may neither be a certainty nor a probability that any of them ever will approach the place, or know what their countryman has done for their benefit and convenience.

But I must return to the Bheels, whose predatory mode of life is unfavourable to the exercise of so much self-denial, and describe the resemblance which their style of encampment bears to that adopted by the North American Indians. This I had an opportunity of observing one dark night, while detained in the middle of the jungle by the breaking of the wheel of the bullock cart which formed my conveyance. Large trees grew close together on each side of the road, and the brushwood below them was so thick that I could not at first discover either the Bheels or their habitations, though the ruddy glow of a large fire proved that both existed in my neighbourhood. At length a cleared spot in the jungle presented itself, and going there, I found a party of men, young and old, assembled round some blazing splinters. On explaining to them the cause of my intrusion, which seemed to occa-

sion no small surprise, several individuals arose and went towards the cart, while the others invited me to be seated amongst them on the ground—Seeing several hookahs in circulation, I recollected that I had some cigars in my palanquin, and having procured these, distributed them among the party, and found that they were received with great satisfaction. My acquaintance with these children of nature soon became complete and extensive, and we passed the time in conversation while the cart was repairing. Some of them had never before seen a European, and their questions were more numerous and complicated than my confined knowledge of their language enabled me to answer in a satisfactory manner. They minutely inspected every article in my palanquin, and saw that I had money there; but so far from attempting to steal any thing, no one even requested that the smallest trifle should be given to him. Most of the party wore cutlasses, and had their bows and arrows slung from their shoulders, and a few carried large matchlocks; but all of them exhibited that freedom of deportment and independence of manner which are characteristic of uncivilized life in most countries.

On the repairs of the cart being completed, I again took my seat in my palanquin, though the Bheels remonstrated against my continuing my journey in such a dark night and through so thick a jungle, and proposed that I should remain with them till morning. Seeing that I was determined upon proceeding, four or five of them went a little way into the forest, and soon returned, bringing a quantity of the dry bark of a particular tree tied up in bundles. Having kindled

these, they used them for torches, and attended me nearly two miles, guiding the bullocks in a track which without the aid of artificial light their driver would have been unable to distinguish.—On our reaching a more open country and a better road, the kind Bheels took leave and returned to their companions.

The scene above described strongly reminded me of some of a similar kind which I had witnessed in the neighbourhood of Lake Erie in North America. The forests there indeed far surpass in beauty and grandeur the thickest and loftiest jungles of Asia; and at night the stars shine forth more brilliantly than in any tropical sky whatever; but the Bheels, as already remarked, sufficiently resemble the Indians to excite the imagination of him who has enjoyed an opportunity of contemplating the two races in their natural and unsophisticated condition. While in the society of the Bheels and seated by their fire, I could not help recalling the times when I had, under similar circumstances, enjoyed the shelter of an Indian wigwam in the forests of Canada. There, surrounded and overshadowed by magnificent trees; reclining on a spot of ground which probably had never before been trodden upon or even seen by any civilized being, and which bore on its surface the fallen leaves of many hundred Autumns, I felt the difference between contemplating nature in her inmost recesses and primeval freshness, and observing her in regions where her features had been altered and disfigured by the activity and the necessities of civilized man.

The general character of the North American Indians corresponds well with the external one exhibited

by their country. The vast extent of the lakes, the loftiness and unascertained age of the forests, the grandeur of the rivers and cataracts, and the gigantic scale upon which every inanimate object has been formed, produce sublime and solemn impressions which permanently affect the minds and dispositions of all who are exposed to their influence. A lively light hearted people would seem quite out of place in the wilds of Canada, and were they to remain there long they would lose their vivacity, even supposing it to be altogether constitutional in its kind. But the silent, reserved, and meditative Indian, is in perfect keeping with the scene; and whether he is tracking his way in winter upon the untrodden surface of the snow, or watching alone for deer by moonlight in the vicinity of a salt-marsh, or building his solitary wigwam beneath some shadowing tree, or smoking his tomahawk pipe in a circle of friends, he possesses an interest, a dignity, and an attractiveness which are found united in no other.

A popular objection to the character of the North American Indian has been founded upon his apparent indifference to bloodshed; and the Bheel is amenable to the same charge; but it is a vulgar idea to suppose that this treat is in either instance connected with cruelty of disposition. The Bheel in his plundering excursions never kills any one, except when a regard for personal safety forces him to do so, and renders the act justifiable in his own eyes; and the Indian employs the tomahawk and scalping knife only in war and in the retaliation of injuries. However, it must be admitted, that a familiarity with scenes of violent death makes both parties insensible to the criminality that

attends the wanton sacrifice of human life. A striking illustration of this came within my knowledge while in Canada, and as the story is in other respects interesting, I will make no apology for now relating it.

The chief of a tribe of Indians residing on the banks of the river Saskatchawine died without leaving any children or relations to succeed to his rank and dignities. It therefore became a matter of discussion and contest which of the warriors should be elected to replace him. There were of course many candidates for the honour, but the majority of votes were divided between two young men, both of whom possessed all those qualities which the Indians consider essential in those who aspire to situations of responsibility and command. The conflicting opinions ran so high, that it was at length determined that the claims of the two youths should be deliberated upon in council, and that he who appeared most worthy in the opinion of the assembled tribe should be elected chief without further delay.

The public meeting took place at night under the shade of a clump of ancient trees and around a large fire. To give greater solemnity to the occasion, and to propitiate the shades of the dead, the Indians suspended the bones of several of their ancestors from the branches overhead, and as these swung to and fro in the wind, the assembled crowd fancied that they heard supernatural voices issuing from the recesses of the forest, and directing them in the choice which they were about to make.

One of the party had just concluded a long oration on the subject in debate, when the general attention

was attracted by the appearance of a stranger who had suddenly issued from the surrounding woods. The style of his dress was such as Indians usually wear, with the exception of its being somewhat richer and more fantastically arranged. He did not wait to be interrogated respecting the cause of his intrusion, but boldly stepped into the middle of the circle, and thus addressed its astonished members — "Cease your deliberations. Their purport is as idle as the moanings of the wind among the leafless forests in Autumn. I am he whom you seek — The Great Spirit has decreed me to be your chief —Three nights have I slept upon my father's grave, and three times has he told me in a dream to hasten to the banks of the Saskatchawine, and place myself at the head of a powerful nation who are without a leader and doubtful where to find one. I have travelled five days without mortal guidance, and now find myself amongst you — Do not imagine that I am imposing upon you. Surely you cannot believe that I would venture to speak as I have done, were not I confident that I am acting under the influence of divine inspiration, and that the Great Spirit will enable me to support the claims I have advanced by giving manifest tokens of his power, to the ruin and wo of those who may dispute my pretensions."

The boldness with which this address was delivered, the dignified figure of the speaker, and the extraordinary nature of his assertions, combined to produce no small confusion in the assembly. But the first impression having subsided, the tribe unanimously rejected the idea of elevating him to the dignity of chief,

and that honour was conferred upon one of the young men already mentioned. The stranger assumed an air of haughty indifference, and told the successful candidate and his adherents that the intentions of the Great Spirit respecting himself would soon be accomplished, notwithstanding the disregard with which they had treated the heavenly mandates that had just been declared to them.

Next morning the stranger, whose name was Aharontaga, again appeared among the Indians, and gave notice that he intended forthwith to consult the Great Spirit, and to ask for the means of publicly proving that he was delegated by heaven to be placed at the head of their tribe. His auditors willingly assisted him in erecting a conjuring house, which is merely a hut consisting of a number of poles tied together at the top, and diverging from each other till they reach the ground so as to form a pyramid. Deer skins are thrown over them, and the candidate for divine inspiration seats himself inside, and affects to wait till the Deity manifests himself either by words or by some other mode of communication.

Aharontaga remained in the conjuring house nearly an hour, and on coming out declared to the Indians, that it had been revealed to him that the person whom they had recently elected for their chief should die the following morning. This prophecy seemed so unlikely to be fulfilled that it was scarcely listened to, though the friends of the chief did not fail to warn him to guard against any attack that might be made by Aharontaga.

The remainder of the day and the succeeding night

passed quietly; but at an early hour next morning, the Indians were alarmed by the cries of one of the chief's wives who exclaimed that her husband lay in the agonies of death. His adherents on entering his lodge found this to be true, but they could not discover the cause of his illness, either by questioning himself or his neighbours, and he expired in the course of two hours, to the astonishment and dismay of every one.

Aharontaga received the intelligence of his decease with the utmost composure, and merely inquired if the tribe were now inclined to elect himself for their chief. — But the Indians were not yet disposed to gratify him in this way, and the young man who had formerly been a favoured candidate was placed at their head by unanimous consent. Aharontaga lost no time in reacting the conjuring scene; and the result was that his rival died as suddenly and unaccountably as his predecessor had done. Terror, rather than respect, now induced the tribe to acknowledge the stranger as the person destined by heaven to be their leader, and he was elevated to that rank without delay.

However, an old man named Askatay, continued to oppose him even subsequent to his election, and to predict his early downfall. Aharontaga fearful that this individual might form a party against him, determined not only to prevent the possibility of this, but also to make an example which would terrify all the discontented into submission. He accordingly declared that the Great Spirit had intimated to him that Askatay had only one day to live.

On the night of the day on which this prophecy was uttered, Askatay saw some one creep cautiously into

his tent, and deposit something in the vessel out of which he was accustomed to eat. Suspecting the intruder to be Aharontaga, he feigned sleep; and next morning, on examining the wooden bowl, he found a small quantity of white powder on its sides, which he carefully collected, and then burnt the vessel. Next day every one was astonished to find him alive and in good health, and their confidence in the reality of the supernatural powers of their chief was much diminished, particularly on being told by Askatay that Aharontaga would certainly die the following morning.—At the predicted time a report of his illness was spread through the camp, and the Indians hastened to his lodge, accompanied by Askatay, who informed them that he had detected their chief putting poison in his food, and had retaliated, by preserving the drug and secretly transferring it to Aharontaga's morning repast.

Aharontaga finding that death was inevitable, confessed that he had obtained a quantity of arsenic from an European fur trader who had made him acquainted with its properties. By administering some of the drug to his two predecessors, he had caused their death without appearing to have had any hand in effecting it, and had thus secured to himself the credit of possessing supernatural powers. He expired after making this declaration, and Askatay was chosen to succeed him without a dissentient voice.

ODE TO CRAIGDARROCH WATER.

Sweet native vale! amid whose calm repose
Once set my days as joyful as they rose;
When like the dawn arrayed in orient light,
Life's cloudless morning shone before my sight;—
When all was bliss, without one shade of ill,
And all was hope that bliss would crown me still.

To those delightful days, so long gone by,
How oft from darker now I turn my eye,
And bid the sunshine on thy hills descend,
The gorgeous rainbows o'er thy valley bend;
The shadows chase each other o'er thy lea,
Which were my playthings while I dwelt in thee!

For me, no more the blackbird's evening song
From hazle copse is poured thy vale along;
Nor cuckoo's herald voice announcing spring,
Nor coo of dove, nor whirr of woodcock's wing,—
Nor do thy nuts on bending hazle tree,
Or thy green wild sloes, ripen more for me.

Yet in my absence Nature still supplies
Thy wonted charms to ravish other eyes;
Even as the flowerets on our graves that grow,
Bloom for the living, not for those below.
Still does thy stream in bright meanders run,
With many a troutling flashing in the sun;
Still do thy maids, amid the fragrant hay,
With tales of love beguile the summer day;
Thy swains still labour in the cultured field,
Or court the balmy health thy mountains yield;
And still the sun awakes to smile on thee,
And sinks to glorious rest beyond Craigknee.

Bloom on, sweet vale—and flow, Craigdarroch stream,
And yet of other bards be oft the theme;
But ah! when cold the hand that in thy praise
First waked the lyre, and wreathed thee with his bays,
Where once he lived, shall there another rise
To mark thy beauties with such partial eyes?

Shall all my dreams of youth to him be known,
And all those cherished joys were mine alone,
Whose bright reflection yet my memory fills,
Sweet as the moonlight sleeping on thy hills!
No! though his lyre should more divinely sound,
And more of nature in his verse be found,
There still are feelings mingled with this strain,
Which, dead with me, can ne'er be felt again.

STANZAS.

As when the sun's first rays of light
Proclaim returning day,
The brilliant gems that graced the night,
In azure melt away.

'Tis thus, dear maid, whene'er I view,
As now, those orbs divine,
All other eyes, though brilliant too,
Seem dim to me but thine!

R. H. I. C.

GLOAMING.

O SAFT are the breezes of gloaming grey,
When over the living and dead they play;
And sweet are the sounds that the echo brings
From the lonely dell, on its laden wings;—
The shrilly cry of the lone curlew,
And the peepweep high in the heavens sae blue,
And lulling the voice of the maber bee,
As it cradles itself on the daisied lee,
To repose where all around is still,
Save the rustling leaves and the tinkling rill,
With heaven above us expanding to sight,
And mellowed by tints of the far coming night.
O gloaming is sweet when around us all
Is hush'd, save the voice of the waterfall—
When over the East, from its sapphire throne
The evening star looks palely down,
And deep in the waters that gurgle below
The moon's soft busses of silver flow;
When round us no longer the wild birds sing,
But repose on earth their drooping wing,
Their voices all hush'd in the greenwood fair,
And the bat alone seen whirling there;
When echo is left in her dreamless hall,
To answer the raven's mournful call,
And the howlet's hoot, most sad of all.—
Then hast thou of voices a fairer throng
Than the robin or laverock's choicest song;
Away to the greenwood their bliss to share,
For honeyed lips are pouting there.

In the gloam met 'neath the trysting tree—
Away to the greenwood, away with me.
Now sweet to the God who hath bless'd this scene,
Fair moon with thy locks of silver sheen!
Who hath lent that dome its thousand dyes—
The borrow'd light of angels' eyes;
Who hath spread this halo of glory around,
And still'd on earth each mournful sound:
O sweet to the Maker of earth and heaven,
Should the prayer arise and the song be given

LINES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S PRAYER BOOK.

I ASK thee not in that calm hour
When thou dost ope this holy tome,
To own that I had e'er the power
To call thy wandering fancies home;
Nor would I wish thee to forget,
Even when all thoughts of earth grow dim,
The tones that thrilled when first we met—
Deep as devotion's holiest hymn!

It is enough—enough for me,
To think that when thy knee is bent,
Thine eye perchance may turn and see
These traces of a sad content;
For since 'twere almost heaven to kneel,
Then like thee meekly, at thy side,
It is a bliss, even thus I feel,
To be with thoughts of it allied!

T. A.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

Well may I say with Lord Byron, "I stood in Venice on the bridge of Sighs," for of a surety it was a "bridge of sighs" to me. I had very foolishly ventured out on the night of the Carnival (during which, as every body knows, people employ themselves in pelting their friends with sugar plums), without a mask to protect my face, or any other covering on my person than my usual light dress, and as might be expected had undergone more penance than a host of Carthusians, for at that period the missiles employed were much weightier than they are in these degenerate days. I was lamenting my unhappy situation, in a part of the bridge, retired as I thought from all intrusion, when a tremendous shower of plums came rattling about my ears. On looking up, I had the consolation of perceiving that my assailant was one of the sex, albeit her weapons flew with no little force. I at once recognized in her a damsel, who had haunted me throughout the whole evening, and persecuted me most bitterly, by first wounding me and then saluting me by name, as if perfectly familiar with me. Like "her frolic Grace, Fitz Fulke," she was arrayed in a nun's habit, the hood of which effectually concealed and protected her countenance. There was, however, very little of the nun in her conduct, for the wildest school boy could not have enjoyed himself

more. After her last salutatiou, she spoke to me out of the carriage window, using the same words which had before tantalized me, "Oh! Monsieur, J'espere que vous vous portez tres bien." Such was my rage and agony at the moment that I had almost responded, "Au diable avec vous. mademoiselle," but ere the words rose to my lips the carriage rolled on, though I could distinctly hear above the noise of the wheels, her provoking and almost outrageous laugh.

Hurrying down to the water side, I by great good fortune found a gondolier unoccupied, and having instantly hired it, in a few moments more we were sweeping away among the islands and under the bridges of Venice, the boatmen chanting the verses of Tasso* not very melodiously, 'tis true, but "right lustilie." It was about ten o'clock, when the gondolier drew up opposite my lodgings, on entering which, I found my travelling companion Major A—pretty much in the same situation with myself. After mutually relating our adventures, and quaffing a few glasses of true Cogniac, we found our courage wax so mighty, and our souls so emulous of renown, that we resolved to equip ourselves for a second expedition into the streets of Venice, and accordingly having procured a couple of very stout masks, donned two huge great coats, and hired two sturdy porters to accompany us with buckets of sugar plums, forth we sallied. For some time victory attended our banners; no foe dared to face us,

* I believe there are but few vestiges of this practice at present, though in the year to which our story refers nothing was more common.

the people in the streets fled in all directions, those on the balconies retired within their houses, and we had already pictured ourselves as figuring away in the newspapers. "We could relate," says the Gazette, "many valorous acts performed both by 'ladye fair and gallant knight,' but all must yield the palm of victory to two young Englishmen, Major A. and Mr H.— For coolness and determination in their perilous wanderings, for courage never to submit or yield, for undaunted endurance of their wounds, and for skill in aiming their sugar-plums, we have seldom if ever seen their equals." This, with many other paragraphs, entitling us "the gods of war, the riders of the whirlwind and directors of the storm, the conquerors in the strife of the on-rushing sugar-plums," we had pictured in our imagination, when a well-directed and well sustained fire from a balcony in the second story of a house held by an English family, made us tremble for our laurels. Our assailants consisted of a father and mother, five sons all "stout and able bodied young men," with seven or eight buxom daughters, who discharged their plums with force that would have done honour to a park of artillery. For some time we met their attack with dauntless valour, but they being above, we below, and besides they being "a hundred on poor *two* of us," we at last found our position untenable, and retreated amid peals of laughter and showers of plums from our conquerors. This laughing was more than we could endure, and we resolved if possible to have our revenge.

Opposite to the residence of these English people, stood a house which showed no signs of the Carnival,

though its balcony afforded an admirable position. To a side door of this mansion we directed our steps, and succeeded in gaining admission by means of bribing the old woman who was left to keep the place during the absence of its owners. Having taken with us our two assistants, and provided a number of torches, we all on a sudden entered the balcony. The unexpected glare of light from this new quarter, for one moment paralysed the occupants of the opposite mansion, but ere we had got all things duly disposed for the engagement, they gave us such a tremendous volley, that we began to repent our audacity. Crash went our windows, for we had not had time to give them the usual defences, and up came the old woman, whom we pacified with great difficulty by assuring her we would repair the damage. This, however, was but a prelude, a beginning to the work of destruction. The major and I fought most valiantly for some time, and the victory seemed doubtful; but at last a ball penetrated through a hole in the major's mask, which was cut for the purpose of vision, and struck his eye with so much force, that the gallant soldier actually yelled through pain. In yelling he opened his mouth so wide, that his military mustachios getting entangled with the lips of his mask, the mask was rent asunder from ear to ear, thus affording a practicable breach for the enemy. Misfortunes it is said never come alone, and truly we found it so, for at the same moment, a shot struck the nose of my mask with such force, that the tip of it was fairly carried away, and my proboscis revealed. A shout of laughter from the opposite party accompanied this catastrophe, and (horrible to relate), I could

plainly distinguish the cachinnation of my evil genius, the merry nun.

Mortal man could endure no longer, and I hastily cried to the major, "Alas! my gallant friend, the field is lost; we must retire if we wish to save our faces. We have done enough for our honour, our country will think well of us, you will gain a Colonelcy, I a paragraph in the newspapers. Let us fly." Thrice did the major attempt to address me, and thrice he failed; at length, while convulsive sobs agitated his manly heart, he uttered these broken accents: "My dear friend—ah! never again—no, not for a fortnight, —this accursed black eye—shall I appear in the ball-room. Wo is me!" said the unhappy man, giving vent to his emotion, "woe is me! what will the Countess d' E—— do without her *cavalier servente!* miserable wretch that I am! I shall not hear the Florence opera singer; nor sport my new regimentals." He may have added more for ought I know, but a new volley, like the second message from the gods to Æneas, compelled me to seek my safety in flight.

Leaving the balcony, I stepped into the apartment contiguous, and there met the old woman of the house, who, doubtless struck with sorrow at seeing so much valour in distress, offered to lend me an engine, which was very efficacious on such occasions. I gladly accepted her proposal, in which she brought forth a huge wooden tube very much resembling a cannon in shape, only that it was worked by a steel spring in place of gunpowder; it was, in short, a boy's pop-gun on a large scale. I immediately imparted to the major our acquisition, who was even more delighted than myself,

seeming to lose all recollection of his black eye, in the desire of revenge. Our field piece was brought forth, and being placed point blank against the enemy, we busied ourselves in getting it into proper order. No sooner had we poured into it a few pounds of plums, and the major touched the spring, than away flew our shot with amazing force; the first charge was truly awful, and such was the effect produced, that in five rounds, the parents, the daughters, and three of the sons retreated in manifest confusion. Still the contest was maintained by three remaining branches of the family and the little nun, who in truth behaved more gallantly than her masculine companions. Even her bravery, however, was insufficient, and after a few rounds more, they were compelled to request an armistice, which we of course granted.

The father then stepped forward and gave us a very kind invitation to supper, which I accepted at once, through a wish to see the little nun who had persecuted me so relentlessly. I found, however, some difficulty in persuading the major to accompany me; for he being quite a "squire of dames," was horrified at the idea of entering into the presence of ladies, wearing on his person such *ocular* demonstration of the late fray, and he would not consent until I had assured him that his eye would scarcely be noticed, and if noticed would only throw around him additional charms by giving him an odour, not of sanctity but of gallantry.

Having put our apparel into more seemly order, and paid our hostess, we then crossed the street, and on being admitted into the mansion, we were ushered in-

to a splendidly furnished apartment, in which we found assembled the heroes and heroines of the late contest. After the parents had made themselves known to us, as Mr and Mrs Neville, and we had performed the same ceremony, the sons and daughters of the family were introduced to us; all of them, but especially the latter, remarkably genteel and good-looking.

After duly paying my devoirs, I looked round for my fair foe, the nun, and was somewhat disappointed on finding that she was not present; she entered, however, soon after, arrayed with the greatest simplicity, though not in the habit of a convent. On being introduced to her, I instantly recognized in her Maria D'Ercella, a lady with whom I had danced and flirted, some evenings before, at a gala, given by the Marchese De Giovano. Her face, which even a Circassian would have pronounced pre-eminently beautiful, assumed a look of the most winning archness, as she greeted me with the old words "Oh! Monsieur H. J'espere que vous vous portez tres bien." I replied, congratulating her on the change which had taken place in her appearance, since the gloom of a convent would ill suit her disposition, and was no fit place for so much beauty. Scarcely were these words uttered, when the joyous smile which had before played on her countenance, gave way to the deepest gloom, nor was her confusion any way lessened by her being introduced to major A.— It was evident from the colour which rose to her cheeks, and the joyous embarrassment displayed on his part, that there was no need of any introduction between the two. In order to explain the cause of her emotion, it will be necessary to give the reader

that information concerning Maria which I obtained during the course of the evening. She was born in Spain, and being left an orphan at a very early age, was committed to the care of an uncle who resided in England, and who behaved to her with the greatest generosity, and had educated her at an English boarding school, where she became acquainted with the Nevilles, whose visitant she had been for several months, in consequence of her uncle's death, who had been carried off so suddenly, that he was unable to make his will, and had left her pennyless. Her sole remaining guardian was an old aunt, Abbess of a convent about twenty miles distant from Venice, who had commanded her to take the veil, which Maria, having no place of refuge, intended to do, albeit she hated the life of a nun most fervently. Though her education had been conducted on the most liberal scale, she was totally ignorant of the Italian, and as her aunt, with the damsels under her care, knew nothing of English, and had but an imperfect knowledge of the French, her prospect was still more melancholy. The time appointed for her commencing her noviciate was now fast approaching, and she was enjoying with all her soul the last days of her existence, for such they might truly be called.

After spending a delightful evening, our party broke up, and we returned to our lodgings, internally vowing to be frequent visitants, in reply to the kind invitation we had received. The major, during our walk, told me that he had met with Miss D'Ercella in England, and had there imbibed for her an attachment, which he had some reason to hope was not unrequited, but

being called away to join his regiment, he had never since met with her, till that evening, though he had never forgot her. He then stated his determination, now that his fortune was ample, and he was unshackled by parents, or guardians, to solicit her hand. I know not whether I was more pleased, or grieved, at hearing this avowal: on the one hand, were the rescuing a lovely girl, from her "living tomb," and the happiness which would accrue to both parties; on the other, the many obstacles that opposed their union. All these I laid before my friend, told him the situation in which Maria was placed, and the impossibility of their union, should the old Abbess refuse her consent, since the laws of Venice were remarkably strict on that head. The major was thunderstruck, but resolved to persevere, and made such good use of his time, that after a few interviews, Maria confessed, that were she at her own disposal, her hand would never be bestowed on another; and not long after, she consented to his using every effort, for removing the impediments to their union. Delighted with his success in that quarter, he deemed that all other obstacles would fade away with equal rapidity, never doubting, but that the Lady Abbess would bestow her consent.

But on inquiring into the old dame's character, we found that she was much too bigoted a churchwoman, ever to allow Maria's desertion of her high calling. That scheme, therefore, was abandoned, for the much more rational one of an elopement. Having got every thing concocted for this event, with wonderful skill, we submitted our plan, and the mode of its execution,

to the lady's inspection; but she at once rejected our advice, declaring that she would rather waste away her life in the gloom of a convent, than ever commit an act of ingratitude, so black, as eloping from her present home would be; since, should we succeed in escaping, the wrath of the Venetian magistrates would be directed against the Nevilles, as "art and part," in saving a young lady from spending her life in the confinement of a prison-house. Distressed as we both were on hearing this, it was plain enough that the high-minded girl was right in her purpose, and that it was necessary things should at present take their course. June rolled along, and Maria commenced her noviciate, which her aunt, who had got some hint of her attachment, was anxious to render as short as possible. We received from her intimation of this, and of her resolution, not to comply with her aunt's request, before the time usually given, and also that she must necessarily take the veil, unless we could devise some plan of escape, before the legal period of her noviciate had elapsed. The major and I, however, had not been idle, in the mean time, but had devised a scheme which bid fair to be crowned with success, if a favourable gale should rise, which might waft us to the shores of England. This gale at last arrived, and after we had sent word to the master of the vessel which we had hired, to hold himself in readiness for departure, at a moment's warning, we flung ourselves into a light carriage, and putting four good horses to their mettle, were very soon in the neighbourhood of the convent which contained Maria. Alighting in a solitary part of the road, we assumed

the disguises we had brought with us. The major was dressed in the garb of a common peasant, but the least practised eye would have easily told from his gallant bearing and gentlemanly figure, that he was not what he wished to seem. I however, cut a much better figure, for having rather a reverend look, with a head partly bald, and my few locks prematurely gray, I might be easily mistaken for a holy priest, when I had assumed the dress of that order, with a long staff, and a capacious wallet; and attached to my chin, a flowing, and very venerable beard, of the same colour with my hair.

We then parted, he bending his steps to a small hut, which stood at no great distance, and I mine to the gate of the convent, at which having knocked, I gained admission, after telling the porter or rather porteress, that my name was Father Rabordo, and that I was proceeding to Venice, where I was appointed Chaplain to the French Consul, and that having lost my way, I stood in need of shelter for the night. The air of truth, with which I uttered these words, and my reverend demeanour, produced such an effect, that after a short conference with her superior, the attendant returned, and with a lowly obeisance which I returned by a Benedicite, admitted me.

The people, indeed, must have been struck by my venerable appearance, for the Lady Abbess herself shortly after came to bid me welcome; and after offering such refreshment as the convent afforded, entered into a conversation with me, in the course of which, I so gained her good opinion, by compliments to her sanctity, and a plentiful use of holy expressions, that

she laid open to me the present state of their affairs, and among other things, lamented most feelingly the obstinaey of a damsel who had lately entered within their walls, and refused to take the veil.

"Holy Lady," said I, "what may be the name of the maiden, who thus errs against the light."

"Maria D'Ereilla, a niece of mine, Father."

"Laus Deo! Laus Leo!" ejaculated I, with great fervour. "I ever thought she was destined to unite herself thus closely to our hallowed ehureh. 'Tis even as my spirit prophesied."

"You have been aequainted with her then?"

"Even so; I met her, in the heaven-deserted realm of England, where it has been my misfortune to sojourn long, in order to further the interests of our holy religion. Oft have I advised her to enter into the bonds of wedloek."

"That were a meet office, methinks," said the Abbess, 'for a reverend father like thee. Wouldst thou hurry the anointed ehild of heaven to her soul's destruction?"

"Lady, you do me wrong; your thoughts are even as those of the ehildren of darkness: far be it from me to think of that union into whieh our holy order, eœlum laudatur, forbiddeth me to enter; I mean those mystie bonds, whieh unite the sons and daughters of our faith to heaven."

"Peeeavi, peeeavi, da veniam," and the Abbess knelt before me, while I with a solemn voice pronounced a Benedieite, and gave her absolution. Had it not beeu for the conseiousness of the evil which would acerue both to Maria and the Major, I should certainly have laughed outright, at the ludierous situation in which

I was placed. There was I, a young and by no means a very grave Englishman, wearing the character of a hoary priest, and pronouncing a benediction on the grey head of a woman old enough to be my grandmother; I did however restrain myself, and found my gravity well recompensed, by a great increase of confidence on the part of my hostess.

Our conversation then became more general, and I related to her all the common church news of the day, (a good deal of which, by the bye, was extempore invention, for I was sadly deficient in chit-chat of that nature,) concerning elevations and appointments, &c. &c. At last we rambled on to England, and with many a deep groan she lamented the heresy of the people, as I related to her the events of my late journey, which I had taken for the purpose of building up the scattered churches and edifying the souls of the faithful. From this topic we naturally passed to Maria, with whom I requested an interview, in which I would persuade her to take the veil. My request was complied with, and I was delighting myself with the apparent success of our scheme, when the Abbess returned and informed me that the refractory daughter refused to hold any conference with me. This was a dreadful blow to my hopes; nor were they much raised by the Abbess requesting that I would deliver to the nuns a short discourse. Seeing however that our affairs were desperate, and warranted desperate measures, and knowing that Maria was the only person in the convent, who understood English, I complied with the request of the Abbess, at the same time intreating her to excuse my broken

Italian, and mentioning that I would address to Maria an exhortation in the English language, with which she was most familiar.

Having entered the little chapel of the convent and taken my station on the steps of the altar, I gave out a psalm, the singing of which, though exquisitely beautiful, attracted but little of my attention, for I was occupied in attempting to discover the form of Maria among the sable-clad nuns who stood before me. At length I recognised her, although clad in the uncouth garments of the convent: her head was slightly bent in the attitude of worship, though she evidently took no part in the service, and her whole demeanour was that of one who had resigned herself to despair. When the chant was over, I delivered them a sermon curiously compounded of Latin, French, and Italian phrases; I regret that it has now faded from my recollection, since it would doubtless have afforded great amusement to the reader, to peruse the first discourse of a layman, delivered in such peculiar circumstances. I only remember that it was on Chastity, and seemed to afford peculiar edification to the hearers, if I might judge from the benignant looks with which I was subsequently favoured. In conclusion, I informed the Abbess, that I would address a few words in English to our dear daughter now in her noviciate, and for that purpose requested that she would stand up so that I might know to whom I was to address myself.

Maria had evidently not listened to the sermon, but she caught the final words; and immediately rising, partly cast aside the hood which shaded her coun-

tenance and gazed full on the preacher. It was plain that she did not recognise me in my disguise.

But when I addressed her in my native tongue, the sudden start, and the joy that beamed in her eye, told me that she was no longer ignorant of the preacher. I do not remember the whole of my exhortation to her, though it is somewhat more deeply imprinted on my memory than the discourse on chastity. I mixed up a variety of the Latin expressions commonly used by the priesthood as a sop for Cerberus, or, in other words, to prevent the Lady Abbess from suspecting that I was touching on any other topic than the holiness of a nun's life. My sermon was something as follows:—"Dearly beloved daughter,—laus Deo—Major H—— pray don't start so, or this old hag and her accursed fry will find us out—and I have got all things prepared for carrying you off—Sancta Maria! —from the convent; the wind is fair, and provided we can manage to deceive hanc sanctissimam fœminam, hasque castissimas virgines, you and the Major will be very soon in England. But be sure to do every thing as I bid you; I have not now time to explain our scheme, but if you give your consent, it will be accomplished, cum Dei auxilio, so pray stand up and tell me boldly, whether you will or will not submit yourself to my guidance, which, in cœli nomine, I beseech you to do. I will tell the Lady Abbess that you are signifying your consent to take the veil, alias, mundum improbum deserere et intactam virginitatem vestram servare. Stand forth, amata filia, and signify your intention." The novice gently raised her eyes towards me, after a short pause, and answered, "Holy father, I will."

"Cœlo gratias reddamus," I breathed forth most fervently, and turning to the Lady Abbess, I informed her in Italian, that our dear daughter had now resolved to become the bride of heaven. "Cœlo gratias reddamus," said the old dame, echoing my words, and straightway she ran to Maria, and embracing her most tenderly, congratulated her on the holy resolution to which she had come. Then turning to me, she thanked me for the service I had done to the Catholic faith, herself, and Maria, and warmly pressed me to stay and witness the ceremony of taking the veil. I promised to do so, should no other engagement take me away before the time appointed.

We then adjourned to the large hall of the convent, where the evening meal was already spread forth. "I lament," said the Lady Abbess to me, "that we have no other fare to offer you than our common diet, but doubtless one so holy as yourself will not feel any great privation in supping on the scanty food of a convent, rather than the costly creature comforts which pamper the appetites of the worldly-minded."

"Holy Lady," I replied, "the commonest vegetables and a little water are the fare which most delight me. It would ill become me to be dissatisfied with the meanest repast; but this evening I have vowed a fast, in order to benefit the soul of the lady who has, by the aid of the Virgin Mary, been induced to join your convent; and I have also laid on her a similar penance."

This, I saw, at once raised me much higher in the opinion of the Lady Abbess, who had begun to entertain some doubts as to my character during my ser-

mon to Maria, and also from the very sudden effect it had produced. She was naturally a shrewd woman, and thought that some parts of my discourse were delivered in a tone too familiar; indeed, had it not been for the interspersion of Latin phrases, (of which language she, like many other female dignitaries, had a tolerably correct knowledge), she would, in all probability, have taxed me with imposture. This fasting had, however, quite restored me to her good graces, and a peculiarly benignant smile sat upon her countenance as she remarked, that after I had made such a vow, she could not, of course, press me to partake; nevertheless, she hoped that I would honour their repast by my presence. It was part of my scheme to do so, and therefore I readily consented, and was placed at the top of the table, immediately before the only dish which decked the board, and which it was my office to portion out to those who had not made a similar vow with myself.

Before we had taken our seats, I exclaimed, with a solemn voice, "Let every knee be bent, every eye be shut, and every heart be open;" and when my mandate was complied with, pronounced a long-winded grace, during the course of which, I contrived to throw into the dish before me a powerful opiate. When the grace was over, and the nuns had taken their seats, I stirred round their mess, which was in a large tureen, and somewhat resembled soup, though considerably thicker; and gave to each as large a quantity as the plate would hold. Very fortunately, the dinner of that day had been poorer than usual, and this, added to the pleasing taste which my

addition to their feast had infused, (for I had prepared the opiate with that intent,) made the nuns eat right heartily, and I had the pleasure of seeing them all, save the fasting Maria, far advanced in the first stage of that singular intoxication which opium produces.

After I had returned thanks for the mercies we had received, the nuns departed to their cells with a lowly reverence to the father who had delivered them such an excellent discourse, and I was conducted to the little room which was to form my apartment, and which, as the Abbess kindly told me, was contiguous to that of Maria. Of this information I availed myself, by commencing a correspondence with my neighbour, which the thinness of the partition rendered both easy and safe. I then told her not to close her eyes in slumber as she valued her own interest, and was about to communicate the whole of our scheme, when the shrill voice of the Lady Abbess was heard in the gallery, sternly inquiring who disturbed the repose of their visitor; supposing, of course, that the sound issued from some of the nuns. I calmed her wrath by replying, that it was my voice which had waxed rather loud through my zeal in repeating an "Ave Maria." Too much impressed with reverence for me to doubt my word, and, indeed, too sleepy to make farther inquiry, she retired to her repose, and I had soon the satisfaction of knowing, from the deep tones of the chorus which resounded through the gallery, that all, save the fair maiden for whose sake I had entered the walls of this dungeon, and myself, were wrapped in slumber.

About two o'clock in the morning, a loud knock was heard at the convent-gate, which, being frequently repeated, at last brought one of the nuns, who inquired very sleepily, who was disturbing them at that unseasonable hour. The person outside replied, that a man in the village was just about to die, and having heard that a priest had arrived the evening before, they had taken the liberty of sending for him, to administer extreme unction. After summoning her superior and relating to her the case, the two together came and informed me of the message, with a yawn between every word. I of course replied, that I would straightway attend the dying man, and having received all things necessary for performing the ceremony, I entreated the Lady Abbess to return to her repose, as my stay might be somewhat long, and promised, that if the keys of the convent were entrusted to me, I would carefully lock the doors on my return. She had either such a confidence in my integrity, or was so very sleepy, that without a moment's hesitation she placed the whole bunch in my hands, and after ordering her inferior to guide me to the gate, again sought her pallet.

Delighted with the success of my scheme, I hurried forth, and was met outside the convent by the major, who had remained, ever since we parted, in a state of the most deplorable distress. I, however, cheered him up by relating our prosperity, and we remained conversing a sufficient length of time, to allow all the nuns to resume their slumbers. We then ordered out the post-chaise, and having got every thing in readiness, and having taken particular care to oil the

keys, we both returned to the convent-gate. This we opened with very little noise, and found ourselves so far in safety, for no living being seemed to notice our approach. The most difficult part of our adventure was yet to come; for the cells of the nuns were so close together, that a very little noise in the room of one, was heard by all around. Trusting, however, to the opiate, we stealthily advanced, and having with some difficulty hit upon the right room, applied our key to the lock of Maria's door; it soon opened, and in a moment more, with an exclamation of joy on both sides, the two lovers were enclosed in an ardent embrace. "Are you mad," said I, "the people will hear you: we have not a moment to spare, so fly for your lives." The noise we had made was however too great, for as we rapidly passed along the gallery, a door was opened (none but the novices being fastened under lock and key,) and the head of one of the nuns was thrust forth. No sooner did she perceive the three figures, than she raised a scream so loud that the convent rung with it, and the whole train in another instant, poured forth with the Lady Abbess at their head. "Run for it," said the Major, and we fairly took to our heels, but were so closely followed, that we had not time to lock the convent gate on our pursuers, and consequently, speed was our only chance. They could not overtake us, however, and we reached the carriage followed by the shrieks of all the damsels. The postillions had very fortunately remained in their places, and the major's man-servant had got the door open, so that in an instant we flung Maria inside, and following ourselves, without waiting to

shut the door or put up the steps, away we set. After the swiftest ride I had almost ever taken, we arrived in Venice, and on hurrying to the quay were soon embarked on board the vessel, and after a very quick passage, were once again on the shores of old England. I need not detail the events that followed, suffice it to say, that not long after, the following notice appeared in the papers: "On Monday last, by special license, at the house of Sir Robert F——, Major A—— of the — hussars, to Maria, only daughter of the late Giovanno D'Ercilla, Esq. Immediately after the marriage, the happy couple departed to spend their honeymoon at Major A——'s delightful villa, in —— Hampshire. Major A——, and the groom's man, Mr H—— are the two gentlemen who made such a distinguished figure at Venice, during '*The Carnival.*'"

B. B.

NOW AND HATH BEEN.

I SAT within the holy fane,
Whose fretted roof and pillar'd aisles,
Now damp with many a weather stain,
Looked brightly back a queen's best smiles.

'Tis true no Mary now was there,
Too rich in beauty for her peace;
Yet was the holy place still fair,
As star-lit skies when moonbeams cease.

True all was changed—the priest's deep chaunt
And organ's peal were heard no more,
Once pictured walls were bare and gaunt,
No knee was bowed on marble floor.

Yet if Imagination sighed,
As Comfort shivered 'mid the scene,
Calm Reason viewed with silent pride—
At once the *Now* and the *Hath Been*.

For if no queen bent humbly there,
At least *one* Mary gave the place
The whisper of a sinless prayer,
The aspect of a taintless grace.

If round her thronged no fawning train,
Yet there were friends as fond—as true—
Themselves would bear to save her pain;—
At least of one—the last—I knew!

If from the altar's drap'ried front
Nor chaunt nor incense slowly rose;
If from the sculptured marble font
No holy drops now washed our woes,

Yet—better far—the words of truth
From forth the pulpit simply came;
And that can touch the lips of youth
With all Isaiah's sacred flame.

If mitred abbot in his stall
No second self-approving heard;
Yet B——— even would not recall,
Had he been there, one uttered word.

What though along the fretted roof
I missed the organ's pealing voice;
In yon low note was there no proof
That faith in song may speak its joys?

In that low trembling one that fell
From lips of infancy or age;
Was there not what might passion quell,
Or almost wilder hopes assuage?

Bare let the walls within remain,
As that without the storm that braves,
At least they've lost one hateful stain,
If many a grace—they hold no slaves!

I care not for a marble floor
Where silk wrapped knees on cushions kneel
To me the clod itself were more,
If they who *stand* upon it *feel*.

'Twas thus in Stirling's holy shrine,
The Past and Present by me swept;
There lofty thoughts I own were mine,
—Yet it was strange—I went and wept!

T. A.

ODE OF SAPPHO PARODIED.

TO THE EARL OF . . . . .

BY THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

Drunk as a dragon sure is he,
The youth who dines or sups with thee;
Who hears and sees thee full of fun,
Loudly laugh and quaintly pun..
'Twas this first made me love my dose,
And raised such pimples on my nose;
For while I filled to every toast,
My cares were gone, my senses lost:
I felt the claret and champaigne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
My toast fell faltering from my tongue;
I scarcely heard the catch I sung;
I felt my gorge with sickness rise;
The candles danced before my eyes;
My sight grew dim—the room turned round—
I tumbled senseless on the ground.

ISABEL.

A Scotsman gazed on American scenery, in a dell of the Allegany chain, till the evening damp began to moisten his cloak, and the insects that slept through the day, to chirp over their wonted monotony, in the tangled brake. The shadows too were getting longer and less dense, and the cheerful songs of the merry warblers were hushed in the groves.

A narrow track, so little and so irregularly beaten as to give rise to a problem whether man or beast had formed it, was all that he could discover as a clue, to emerge from the copse, in which he had unconsciously buried himself. He thought of sleeping on the ground, (for itw as summer) but he remembered the reptiles of the climate, and he almost persuaded himself, he heard them wrestling with the roots of the brushwood. A few such propositions, as to the disposal of his person, arose in his mind, but were as quickly rejected. At length he determined to pursue the narrow pathway, and for once, cast himself on the capricious generosity of fortune. He quickly, at least as quickly as the foot-catching briars would allow him, followed on the track. He now left the puzzling wild wood, and found himself close on the border of one of those morasses, so frequent in the vale of the Mississippi, the buzzing beetle, that hums to the sunshine, was

with Sol retiring from his labours. The king of day himself, had spread the mellow softness of a summer evening on the western sky, 'gainst which the rugged Allegany was boldly relieved. On every side was wood—the wide expanse of dense green which met his eye, was only broken by the lighter tint and lower herbage of the broad morass, and now and then, a jutting crag from the mountain's brow. Silence too, dull, heavy silence, reigned almost alone, save the murmurings of the evening breeze, among the forest boughs, the snake rustling through the bushes, and the alligator nestling in the reeds of the swamp, all was still. Here he stood at the swamp edge, nor knew which way to turn. After several attempts to cross the slough, he returned, wearied and disheartened, to the pathway he had left. Its track he followed by the glimmering twilight, till he found the evening shades so quickly gathering on him, that he began to look around for the most comfortable and most safe abode for the night.

The night he spent on the highest of the many small mounds that surrounded him. With his mantle wrapt closely round him, he sat down upon the cold bare sod, and leaning his back upon the thick trunk of an aged oak, sunk fast asleep. Morning early awoke him, and he pursued his path; rugged it was and ill to follow, he felt disheartened and sorrowful, not for his situation, he had now no friend to mourn him, and he heeded not death. His had once been happy days on the blue hills of Scotland. In the night's rest he had but awoke from the creatures of memory were presented to his eye, he saw his home—the green sward

he was wont to gambol on when his was heedless childhood—scenes, too, of riper years were there, and her who formed their chiefest; and he had in the bygone night gazed as he once did on a sail fast fading from his sight. That bark bore to the land where he now was a lonely wanderer all that on earth he delighted in—the idol of his youthful soul. He heard that she had reached the land in safety, but he never heard more. 'Twas these sad recollections that now fevered his anxious soul. She might in such a place as this have lost her way, and become the prey of the wolf, or the viper, or have sunk overpowered upon the dew-cold evening sod. Thus musing, he proceeded on his way, and now he found himself gradually rising; he was quickly on a considerable rising ground, whence he saw in the vale beneath a few scattered hamlets, to the nearest of these he turned himself. While descending to the vale, he marked a spot sheltered by nature, and, if his eye misgave not, so little seen around, had beautified the little retirement. It was a small plot of fine green verdure, sheltered by the sand rocks to the south. The lotus, the wild lily, and many such wild flowers, decked the turf. At the head of the little oblong jutted forth a rock beautifully variegated and mantled with green creeping herbs; these, too, seemed trained as 'twere mournfully to hang down like funereal garlands towards the earth. *Like* funereal garlands—so like they were, as to be really them; and as the traveller paced up the verdant nook, he marked beneath them a rude moss-covered stone, evidently the sad token that there some lonely wanderer had taken up his last abode.

He thought he could trace characters rudely graven —with his staff he scraped off the moss and read— merciful heaven! how could he? Isabel!—The maid he loved—the maid he lost—the maid he sought—for whom alone he lived. Still might he be deceived, this might be another; he seeks the nearest cottage, tells them his story, and begs to know what maid it is whose last remains inhabit the sequestered shade upon the hill. The tale they tell is short. She, with two brothers, had arrived from Scotland, and settled on the banks of a tributary of the Ohio; a happy trio; all went as they would wish for one short year. Then came the Indians. The brothers, with the other youths of the valley, advanced to meet the savages. The Indian is defeated, but what did that signify to Isabel, she lost both her brothers: better she deemed had she perished with them 'mong the whooping multitude, than thus be left alone, a stranger in a strange land. Her lamentation was not wailing; she lifted not her voice and wept; 'twas a grief too great for tears; stunned, helpless, forlorn, her reason awoke not from the slumber into which it fell; but nightly did she sit on the cold mountain brow where her brothers' bones were sleeping. Now she would sing their dirge, and again address them as if then before her, and ask them why they had so long delayed their coming.

Oft, too, would she call on her Charles, he who loved her in her native valleys; and having called him to her, she begins all so mournfully, to tell her tale, that none could hold the tear; and she would stop her narrative and tell him, she too, soon, would

press the narrow grave, and he must come and watch her lonely corpse.

In every brake, through every fell, she wandered—the swamps she crossed, and autumn forest leaves too waded in, as if nor alligator nor slimy serpent lurked beneath. 'Twould even seem the brutes knew her sad story, for she would in the dens, sad solitary dens of basest reptiles, harmless sit, and still unhurt; the wolf too passed her by, all seemed to feel for her crushed spirit, or to conceive but a creature like themselves—at enmity with man.

One evening she came more sad than usual to a hamlet which she was wont to visit. She sat her down, told her sad tale, adding, 'twas finished now.

She asked a couch, and she was laid upon it. With a strange calmness, that seemed much like sense, she told them of the sheltered spot where she wished much to sleep. She said, too, that her Charles she knew would come and guard her silent sleeping form.

She started convulsively upon the bed, and mildly said that she was thirsty; they brought her water, but she said, no!—the thirst she felt would soon be quenched at the pure fountain of eternal life that flowed in the far better land. She raised and mildly fixed her eye to heaven, and was no more.

Her eye closed not, and as it heavenly looked to heaven, it seemed a thing still living; but the hue of death was on her cheek, and his chill numbness on her limbs. As she desired, they laid her where she wished, and rudely graved her name on the ill-formed stone. The husbandman, as he told her sad story to the traveller, wept often; but the stranger's eye

was tearless, his look spoke the calm, sad, mighty wo, that is not told by shrieks and sobs, but like a thunder bolt, shivers to atoms what it strikes. He left the cottage when he heard the tale, yet strange, he spoke not. No more was known till two mornings after, when the children went to deck fair Isabel's tomb with the last flowers of summer, they found the stranger cold and stiff upon the tombstone. In his hand he held a paper with this inscription, "I am Charles, lay me by my love." The herdsmen round wept at this new part of Isabel's sad story. They laid her lover by her side—they rest there in peace.

And many a winter evening the little domestic circles in the valley beguile with the mournful tale of Isabel and her lover. And many an innocent young tear is shed for those who now are happy in far other realms.

J. H.

"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY."

"She walks in beauty," but the eye
That erst in brightest lustre shone,
Is clouded as the northern sky,
Ere yet the storm is gone.
Her flowing locks of raven hair
Right well deserve a maiden's care,
Yet all dishevelled are they flung,
Like golden chords "at random strung."
Can none reveal the lady's grief?
Or give her saddened heart relief?
Her pallid brow and languid cheek,
Tell more than tongue may lightly speak.

Why is the lady's step so slow?
Once tripped she lighter than gazelle,
Which bounds more swift than torrents flow
O'er every forest dell.
When through her father's wide domain
She gaily led the virgin train,
O'er gentle hill and wooded plain,
Herself the brightest of the band
That sported on the verdant land;
And long would gaze the passer by
On that fair creature's glorious eye.

But now, alas! her bleeding heart
May burst with wild emotion,
And through her bosom madness dart
Like tempest o'er the ocean.
The tale in sooth were long to trace,
How sorrow and misfortune blighted,
With withering hand her early years,

And from her eyelid drew the tears,
Which o'er her cheek in torrents race,
And stain with grief that angel face;
For friendship wronged—affection slighted.

No longer at the sun-set hour
She gaily seeks her shady bower,
To "strike the light guitar," or chant
The verses of the long Romaunt,
More sweet than Persian nightingale,
Which o'er the gardens of the rose, *
Breathes forth at eve its lonely tale,
When all around have sought repose,
Save where beneath the myrtle tree,
With hand on heart and bended knee,
The lovers bow so soft and low,
Of Ζωη μοῦ σας αγαπῶ
In spite of all a maiden's fears,
Is told to no unwilling ears.

* * * * * *

But hark the rush of barbed steed!
The fiery eye,—the "hoof of speed,"—
The drops that from the courser pour—
His reeking sides all bathed in gore,
Proclaim the rider's soul of fire
Is little used to brook delay;
And much I ween 'twould chafe his ire
Should stranger's question stop his way.—
And yet along the winding shore
His charger's steps are heard no more;
Right suddenly they died away
Like northern meteor's trembling ray.

The rider hath leaped from his gallant steed,
And lowly kneels to that lady fair,

* "The gardens of Gul."

In her flashing eye may the gazer read
How wild is the passion that wantons there.
Full well the kneeling warrior knew
What gave her cheek that crimson hue—
What gave her eye that withering look
Which scarce the stoutest heart could brook;
What gave her words that tone of scorn
More deep than ever lips have borne;
"And think ye that my father's child,
With placid gaze and accents mild,
Will greet the wretch who basely round
This bleeding heart's affection wound;
And then before my eye-sight stood,
All spotted with my father's blood,
While down our mansion's marbled floor,
In torrents ran my kindred gore.

"Kneel not to me,--thou know'st full well,
That could a woman bear the shield,
The hand by which my father fell
Should grasp in death the battle field';
Or else the daughter's form should be
In cold obstruction's apathy,
And though it gave the heart no pain,
'Twould add another murder's stain."

Wilder and wilder waxed her eye,
As when the crash of the storm is nigh;
Yet higher and higher beats her heart,
With pangs that ne'er but in death depart.

* * * * * * *

A wail is heard around the bed
Where sleeps the young and lovely dead;
And funeral anthems wildly swell
For her who loved, alas! too well.

J. B.

ON BEING ASKED, "WHAT WAS MOST LOVELY IN NATURE?"

'Tis that expression which I meet,
Beaming so fondly and so sweet!
The lustre of her fine blue eye,
(Now, painter, now, thy pencil try;
And poet, tune thy noblest lay,)
Oft when all joyful and all gay—
When, with a smile, her dimpled cheek
Is deck'd—so beautiful—so meek—
I mark a something in her glance,
Might even a demon's soul entrance.
From her soft eye there comes a dart
That wins the soul and kills the heart.
By Jove! nor lyre, nor pencil's power,
Can tell her beauty in that hour.
'Tis not like maiden's luscious gaze,
That wakes the Eastern poets' lays;
'Tis not that artful soulless play
Of lip that steals young hearts away.
'Tis just my own sweet lady's smile,
Graced by her eye's all artless wile—
That eye, beside whose sparkling hue,
"The ocean wave has less of blue,"
I've seen the moon, with silvery light,
Gladden the sullen noon of night;
And, turning to the spangled sky,
Have watched the lovely thing on high,

I've seen the graceful lily flower;
'Dorning its stem in vernal bower;
And gazed on violet's purple hue,
Sparkling to morn thro' pearly dew.
On such I loved, and love to look;
But *then*, as each fond glance I took,
Methought I ne'er could gaze on aught
With earthly loveliness so fraught,
And little dreamt my sight would be,
Rose of England! blest by thee.
Painter, cease thy skill to tire
Hand that sweep'st the hallowed lyre,
Vainly thou the song wouldst raise,
None can give due meed of praise.

"CUPIDON."

THE BONFIRE.

> Why flames the far summit, why shoot to the blast,
> Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast!
>
> CAMPBELL.

THOUGH the reader may be much inclined to dispute the truth of what I am now about to relate, yet I would intreat him to cast from his mind all preconceived prejudice, and to give the subject a candid and serious consideration. None are more ready than ourselves to admit, that in ordinary cases supernatural visitations are quite out of the question; but where such a work as the Athenæum is announced, no wonder that even the shades below should cast a longing look on this our world. But the reader will hardly understand, as yet, to what I am alluding. Let him then "lend me his *eyes*."

On the night of the 27th of March, 1830, the persons who perambulated the streets contiguous to the Clyde, between the old Bridge and the Jail, might have seen three gentlemen, wrapped up in great coats and cloaks, with fire proof hats, wending their way towards the Green, followed at some distance by two carts heavily laden. Though no signs of actual discord were evident, yet it was plain that something was oppressing the spirits of the whole party, if the beholder might judge from the deep sighs which oc-

casionally escaped them, and the solemn tread of their footsteps. So far as the imperfect light allowed any one to judge, the oldest of the three was a man between 20 and 30 years of age; the upper part of his brow displayed a considerable love for abstract sciences, very much like that of one, who would write on political economy and statistics, but we regret to state that in his eye, ("Oh! what a falling off was there,") there was strongly marked the heinous sin of poetry, and his mouth manifestly spoke of epigrams and contradictions. His companions were a tall young man, whose long, and naturally curled locks, not confined beneath his hat, floated in wild confusion over a countenance which spoke the deepest melancholy. Altogether, he had rather a foreign air and *tournure*, though certainly not a Frenchman, for he was as solemn as if he had been all his life meditating on "Legends of the Covenant." The third of the party was a little snub-nosed, inquisitive looking gentleman, with nothing particular to distinguish him above ordinary mortals.

As the hour was late, they found, on arriving at the Turnpike house, that the gate was shut. With some difficulty they aroused the keeper, and got him to open up the entrance into the Glasgow Green, through which the two carts, following them, straightway passed. As soon as they found themselves free from the streets of the city, they broke silence, and from the conversation that passed, it was evident that these three gentlemen were none other than—the Editors of the Athenæum!!!

"What odd figures we cut," said the snub-nosed gen-

tleman, "muffled up in these coats! Why," (turning to the melancholy Editor,) "we might go on *an intrigue*, or a serenade, as safely as some of those Persian ladies you write about. By the bye, you seem to know more than you ought about those ladies; I hope it was all theory, not practice."

"Of a verity, it was so," said the Persian, heaving a deep sigh, "I may reply, in the words of those capital 'Lines for an Album.'

——I did not go
To profit—but the fact is so.

By the bye, Hannibal Moriens," (the snub-nosed gentleman, it appears, was the author of those lines,) who is "C. B."

"Hush! Hush! don't speak so loud; he's the Great Unknown, but bend down your ear, and I will whisper his name,"—here nothing was distinctly heard for some time, but no sooner did the Persian clearly understand what his brother Editor was saying, than, with an eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," he looked up to the starry sky, and exclaimed,

"O thou sun that shinest in unclouded splendour over those lovely lands which these my companions have never beheld, I thank thee for such a contributor!" More he was about to add, but the senior Editor, (alias, the Political Economist, the Commercial-Character-man, &c.) who had been profoundly musing for some time, tossing his arms on high, and kindling his soul into fervour, burst forth on gaining a glimpse of the distant Cathkins,

"O for a home amidst the hills."

"No more of that Hal, an thou lovest me," said Hannibal Moriens.

"Tasteless blockhead," muttered the incensed Economist, as he turned aside into another path.

At length they stopped at the head of the Green, and after causing the carters to deposit their burdens, sent off the two men with their vehicles.—"Now for it," exclaimed the snub-nosed gentleman, as with all the joy of a hangman about to perform the duties of his office, his eye rolled over whole volumes of manuscript copies, which, as it appeared, were rejected contributions to the Athenæum. Hastily drawing forth a tinder-box, he struck a light, and applying it to some straw, a flame was soon kindled. On this he was heaping without the slightest pity, the loose leaves which were lying about, and which contained for the most part small poems, when the Persian with a deep groan, exclaimed, "Oh! how sad is my heart this night to see such destruction, and by such unworthy hands! Many of these, I know by personal experience, are poems of uncommon merit. What days of toil have they cost, what a belabouring of brains! and worse and worse, what nights 'of sealess, waveless, sailless, shoreless wo,' will their writers experience, on hearing that such a paltry writer as this Hannibal Moriens" (this was said in a whisper), "hath committed their productions to the flames. Natheless some of them shall tell to earth and heaven the wrongs they have experienced."

"Thou art *right*," said the Political Economist, "O *writer* of the 'Legends of the Covenant;' be thou the *righter* of our injured contributors, and I will aid thee," here his voice sunk, but he muttered something about

" spoiling the sport of that impudent puppy who had dared to speak contemptuously of his poems."

Both then seized different sheets, and stretching forth their right arms, with true poetical fire read line for line somewhat as follows:

Pol. Econ.	The morn awakes on thousand hills—
Persian	The girl I love is bright and fair—
P. E.	And lightens up the joyous rills—
Per.	Divinely floats her golden hair—
P. E.	And nature's forest minstrels rise—
Per.	On hended knee it would be sweet—
P. E.	To warble in the lofty skies.
Per.	To breathe my ardour at her feet.

Here the snub-nosed gentleman, who had been gazing alternately on his brother editors, gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which broke off the duet, and turned on him the angry glances of his companions. " What does the fellow mean?" said the Political Economist, " half his nonsensical poems are infinitely inferior to this which we have rejected. Never was a more glorious description of nature."

" Never was a more tender commencement to a love song," said the Persian.

" Never was sublime poetry more sublimely read," said the P. E.

" Never were amatory verses more soothingly enunciated," said the Per.

" His 'Turkish Song of Victory' was nothing to this," said the one: " He never tried love verses," said the other, " and if he had, they would have been miserable compared with those I have just read." " Order, order, gentlemen!" said the unfortunate Editor, who was then attacked; " albeit that self-praise is no recommendation, yet being thus maltreated, I will

venture to say, that my 'Turkish Song of Victory' is about the truest poetry which the volume will contain; nay, you need not knit your brows so, either of you; for I will appeal to any impartial judge: only think of its magnificence:

> Now God be praised! here ends the war.
> Our foes no more——"

Here the gentleman, with eyes raised to heaven, and arms swinging about like the sails of a windmill, was about to recite the whole passage, when his co-partners, echoing his last words, exclaimed, "No more, no more!"—Thus baffled, he told them merely to read on a few lines farther, and they would see that in both the pieces they had selected, the beginning was merely a gaudy opening to great nonsense.—"We shall see that," said both; and were about to recommence their singular duet when Hannibal Moriens requested them to read in order, and accordingly the Political Economist read as follows:

> Or stoop to earth to gain some food
> With which to rear their little brood;
> Some barley for the sitting mother,
> Or wheat for sister and for brother.

"Well, I allow," said the reader, "that in this instance I have been mistaken in what I propounded, but if our brother Editor will favour us with the love song, I have very little doubt but that he at least will prove correct." The Persian, however, who had taken a private glimpse, observed it was not worth their while, and attempted to precipitate it into the flames, but the manuscript was arrested in its pas-

sage by the snub-nosed gentleman, who, commencing where his copartner had stopped, read—

> And while I thus was stooping low,
> O how I'd gaze on every toe!
> And what a rapt admiring eye
> Then I would bend on her shoe-tye!

"Capital! capital!" said Hannibal Moriens, "the 'Turkish Song of Victory,' was nothing to this; nor 'Disappointment,' nor a 'Sonnet to Wordsworth,' nor a——

"Well well," exclaimed the Political Economist, "no man is infallible, even that illustrious writer Mr Ricardo has been accused of fallacy."

"Ha!" said the Persian with a startling groan, "I can recollect just such a mistake; for one night I had to attend a beautiful lady of Franguestan—not Circassia,—you know—but some gardens near."

"O yes, we all know about it very well," said the snub-nosed Editor, "but you see, as the Great Unknown has it, we have not, 'such lots of precious time to spare,' so let us make haste, and sacrifice to our 'chaste mistress the moon,' the remnants of this lumber."

With that he seized a host of papers, and brandishing them on high, as if to give an additional zest to his pleasure, he precipitated the luckless manuscripts into the devouring flames. He continued his toil for some time with unabated zeal, and was making sad devastation among the contributions, when his associates, who had been gazing for some time with anguished eyes, again interrupted him, declaring, that they were well convinced that some compositions of merit sufficient to entitle them to a place in the Athenæum, were now about to be burnt.

"O yes," said the executioner, "I don't pretend to dispute that, but you know that there is even a choice among beauties; just as our brother Editor will tell us he used to select the most beautiful rose for —— hem! hem! you know whom I mean, the Persian lady Zantoomara."

"Doubtless," said Commercial Character, "but the question is, have we selected the best? Now, for instance, here is a tale which I hold in my hand, called 'The Abbey,' which appears a genuine instance of true pathos: indeed, I know not whether that, or the smoke from these burning papers, has made me shed tears."

"I allow," said Hannibal Moriens, "that that tale is one well deserving a place, and a place it should have had, but it came sadly too late, when we had filled up our volume: it was with sincere regret that I excluded it, for the author is a very clever fellow, and a particular friend of my own, and the writer of some capital verses in the Athenæum."

"Then we will allow that to be unavoidable," said the Political Economist; "but here are some verses which I am sure might have been inserted, and which would have done great credit to our volume."

"Read away then, and let us hear them," shouted the two other editors. But, alas! another event happened, which totally precluded either the reading or hearing of verses for some time; for out of the very middle of the flame arose first, a tall figure with a most unearthly look, a long beard, (which was a little singed) flowing robes, a fierce eye; in short, all that man can imagine of the horrible or tremendous. No

sooner was he fairly placed on earth, than another followed him, resembling him in garb, and also in the stern cast of his countenance. Then another and another, quick they came; so fast, indeed, that the eye could not follow them: and when at last the earth seemed to have yielded up the whole band, they arranged themselves behind him who had first ascended.

For some time the spirits and the editors gazed on each other in silence, neither seeming wishful to commence the conference. Commercial Character stood puffing out his cheeks, and looking awful. The Persian raised his fire-proof hat, and twined around his fingers the curling locks of his hair. The snub-nosed editor kept shutting his eyes, and then opening them for a moment to take a peep, while in his dexter hand he brandished a tale, called, "The Fatal Nuptials," which, however, the presence of the spirits prevented him from committing to the flames. The Political Economist, having screwed up his courage to the speaking point, at length broke silence: "In the name of Arimanius and Behemoth, of the Temperance Societies, alias Rechabites,* and of the 'Literary and Commercial;' in the name of Statistics and of the Athenæum, I charge ye to declare your errand!"

"I charge ye in the name of Zantoomara," said the Persian.

"I charge ye, in nomine Sanctæ Mariæ," whimpered

* A friend of mine proposes to call the Temperance Societies by this name on the authority of Scripture; Jeremiah xxxv. chap. v. 1—8.

Hannibal Moriens, who, by the bye, was strongly suspected of being a Catholic.

"Knaves," said the leader of the spirits, "we have come to know what right and title ye have to profane the name of the Athenæum, that ancient temple of learning—the mother of arts and sciences,—by affixing its ever adorable cognomen to your paltry publication?"

"Spirits, we seek to know what right and title ye have thus to question us?" said undaunted Commercial Character.

"Learn then, that we are the philosophers who figured in that renowned seat of learning."

"Are ye so in truth?" said all the three, as they humbly knelt before the sages.

"Well, though the youths may want talent sufficient for their high emprize, yet they are at least gentlemanly in thus honouring us," said the leader, considerably mollified by the obeisance.

"Pray, what may be your name?" said the inquisitive gentleman, (alias "Hannibal Moriens") addressing the spokesman of the spirits.

"Youth, I am none other than—Aristotle."

"Ever-to-be-adored sage! Renowned inventor of the Syllogism! Light of all past ages!" shouted the three editors.

"Well, but youths," said Aristotle, "we come not here to listen to flattery, but to try you for your misdemeanour, and terrible will be our vengeance should we find you guilty."

The unfortunate gentlemen stood aghast on hearing these words, and were giving themselves up to silent despair, when the Persian whispered, "I have it, I

have it, by the nightingale that warbles 'o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom;'" and straightway drew from his ample pouch the first sheet of the Athenæum, and selecting a passage on the "Character of Aristotle as a Critic," he handed it to the founder of the Peripatetics. It was delightful to behold the mollifying influence of this notion; his beard and mustachios no longer "curled with ire;" then a joyous gleaming of the eye was visible, and as he returned the sheet, he said to his companions while a joyous smile played on his countenance, "Ah, my dear sages, I perceive that the Athenæum is worthy of its illustrious name. Pray, youth," turning to Hannibal Moriens, "put down my name for five copies—Vale," and with that he vanished in a cloud of smoke. His companions followed his example; each, as he retired, subscribing for one or more copies, and making an obeisance, which the Editors returned with the profoundest courtesy.

No sooner were all departed, than the Editors shook each other most lustily by the hand, and became exceedingly complaisant, each exalting the contributions of his brother Editor, as works of genius, surpassing every thing previously penned. When their rhapsody was over, they resumed the work of destruction; not meditating as before, but working steadily, and in spite of the vast piles of manuscript before them, they had nearly finished their task when the Persian exclaimed, "Stop a moment, and let us have a respite from toil. I declare that this blazing fire, and our hard work, has made me warmer than ever I was in Bombay, and besides, I want to have a look at this article; it seems a curious production."

"Is it headed Conundrums?" asked Hannibal Moriens.

"Yes, and here is one as a specimen—number sixth. 'If one of the previous Lord Rectors of the University were taken to the West Indies, and there sold by auction as a slave, what would the auctioneer say?'—Solution, Buy a broom (Brougham). Truly exquisite!"

"Read the last," said the snub-nosed gentleman, "that's by far the best."

"How do the above Conundrums resemble two swine of the male species?"—Solution, 'They are great bores (boars).' "Very true indeed; the author must be a young man of great sense."

Their toil was then resumed, and in a few minutes more, the last folio of manuscript sent up a glorious flame, and then sunk for ever.

"Thus passes the life of man," said the Political Economist, as they turned to depart, "if he gain renown, it shoots up to the skies with one generation, and the next forgets him; but this spot ought to be dear to all who love the muses, and especially to us; we ought to erect a tombstone to contain the ashes."

"Of a verity," said the Persian, "this place hath more charms in my eyes, than ever the fairy Gullistan had for the Persian Anacreon Sadi."

"I propose," said Hannibal Moriens, "that we yearly make a pilgrimage hither, at dead of night, to do honour to the manes of the rejected contributions to

THE ATHENÆUM.

W. H.