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L. Thomson del.

J. Brown sculp.

'We hast thou murdered!' he said.
'but I shall be revenged in all thy
life to come.'

THE
LITERARY CORONAL



*Then shall have
A gift more pure than the fair-bosomed flower
Of broken heart.*

Page 308

Glasgow

PUBLISHED BY
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1828.



THE
LITERARY CORONAL,
FOR 1828.

" There was one dapper little gentleman in bright coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another. The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like 'baboon's blood,' to make the medley 'slab and good.' "—*Washington Irving.*

Glasgow:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD GRIFFIN & CO.

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Advertisement.

WHILE the success of the previous Volumes of the LITERARY CORONAL demonstrates the estimation in which they have been held, it obviates the necessity of conciliating the public favour towards the present one, and leaves the Editor but the agreeable duty of expressing his heartfelt gratitude for the approbation bestowed upon his labours.

The Literary Coronal preceded even the very first of the race of the Annuals, now so numerous, and whose splendid embellishments give them so much extrinsic attraction.—Devoted to the same class of Literature, but seeking to win “golden opinions” more by the variety and extent of its intrinsic merits, than by associating these with the captivations of the graphic art, the Coronal has pursued an unobtrusive course, yet calculated to obtain a permanent regard ; and in the consummation of this aim has been successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of its Editor. To maintain its reputation, the Volume now presented, offers the same careful and varied selection from a most ample store of materials, a few graceful contributions of literary friends, and many pleasing specimens of transatlantic writing, some of them communicated expressly for this work by the authors themselves. To these are united superior typographic

execution and graphic embellishment; so that while it has nothing to fear when compared with the preceding Volumes, it has, intrinsically, little to dread from the rivalry of its gayer, but vastly more expensive competitors.

Greenock, December 18, 1827.

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THE Literary Coronal.

THE ITALIAN WANDERER.

The captain of an English merchant-vessel was walking at a hurried pace along the Cours, the principal street at Marseilles, intent upon transacting the last commercial business which detained him in that city. His brig lying in the harbour, with all her crew on board;—the wind was favourable. He stopped an instant at the door of an hotel, to bid farewell to a friend,—when a little boy seized the skirt of his coat, and, with almost extravagant volubility, accompanied by very significant gestures, shewed that he had some favour of a peculiar nature to ask from the good tempered seaman. The boy was, evidently, not a beggar; but the impatient Captain thrust a few small coin into his hand, and increased the rapidity of his movement. Still his little friend was at his heels;—and pursued him with unceasing perseverance, till they both stopped at the door of the merchant whom the Englishman sought. Fairly run to earth, he was obliged to grant a moment's attention to the importunate child;—but even his patience was fruitless. The boy spoke only his native Italian, with the exception of a few of the very commonest words of French;—the Captain's acquaintance with languages was upon a level with that of many other honest voyagers, who would scorn to permit their own dear English to be corrupted by the slightest diuse. Still the boy was inexorably persevering;—and the Captain, to save time, was

obliged to take him to his friend the merchant, who was proud of his talents as an interpreter, and delighted to carry on his correspondence with London, Hamburgh, and Leghorn, in the languages of their respective countries.

The mystery was speedily solved. The little Italian had followed the English Captain from the quay, where he had watched him giving the last orders to his men. He wanted to go to England.

"Psha! the silly boy, what can he do in England? Does he mean to carry images, or exhibit monkeys?"

"He wants to find his father."

The poor child rapidly told his story. His father had been compelled, by the distractions of Italy, having taken an active part in the ill judged Neapolitan insurrection, to fly from his native shores. He had left Julian, his only child, with a sister residing at Palermo. His relative was dead;—he had no one to protect him;—he had, perhaps, money enough to pay his passage to England;—he was determined to seek his father.

"But what will the poor boy do, when he gets to London? He will starve."

The doubt was communicated;—but the anxious Julian exultingly produced twenty ducats, with which he proposed to pay his passage, and to maintain himself after his arrival.

The Englishman laughed; but the gesticulations of the boy were irresistible. The merchant made interest to procure for him a passport, without delay. A handsome poodle, which the sailor had not before observed, was leaping upon the boy, who seemed anxious to communicate to the dog a decision which had caused him so much gladness.

"He does not mean to take that confounded cur with him?"—said the sailor.

The interpreter remonstrated;—but the boy was firm.—His dog had wandered with him along the coast; had shared with him his scanty food, and his leafy bed. He could not part with his dog;—it was his dear father's favourite.

The last appeal subdued the Captain ;—and Julian, with his dog, was soon under weigh.

The young adventurer performed his voyage without any great perils. He found himself, after six weeks, in the streets of London, with his twenty ducats still in his pocket,—for the good natured Captain gave him his passage ;—but he was without the slightest knowledge of any human being in the wide city ; without the least clue to his father's address, for he had forgotten how the letters to his aunt were dated ;—and without any chance of procuring a subsistence when his little money was expended. But his object was to find his father ;—and to that purpose he devoted himself with such an enthusiasm as nothing but deep affection can supply. He wandered up and down the crowded streets ;—he lingered about the doors of hotels and coffee-houses ;—he even ventured to pronounce the name of the Marquis de — ; but all in vain. The wilderness of London was ever shifting its appearances, though ever the same. He was lost in wonder and perplexity ;—but he did not despair.

At the end of three months, the unfortunate Julian was without a shilling. He had met with boys of Italy ; but they were low and profligate vagabonds, and they drove him from their company, as much as he shunned them. He perceived that there were irregular modes of obtaining subsistence in London. He went into the parks, and attracted the attention of the idlers there with his faithful dog. Numberless were the tricks that Pedro could execute : and they were of infinite use to poor Julian in his extremity.

The little wanderer soon became comparatively rich. He observed that the English were fond of street-music. One evening, he ventured to sing, in a bye-court, a song of Italy. The attempt succeeded. His means thus increased. He was invited to join an itinerant party that compelled a subsistence out of the musical barbarism of England. For some months, he led a vagabond life with his companions ;—but Julian was a boy of real taste, and he despised their filthy

and pilfering habits. He hated also the hurdy-gurdy, upon which he learnt to play;—but he was instructed that the English are fond of that delicious instrument, and it became the constant companion of his wanderings.

Two years had passed in this wretched state of existence. Julian was growing beyond childhood;—he was ashamed of his occupation,—but he could not starve; and the thought that he might meet his father supported him.

The wandering pair, Julian and his dog Pedro, had, one day, been exhibiting their choicest performances at the door of a cottage. The master sung his merriest airs, and the dog balanced a stick with wonderful agility. They were invited within the walls—for the children had possession of the premises. Julian was weary, and had sat down, while four happy urchins were delighting themselves with the tricks of poor Pedro. Very uproarious was the joy; when in an instant, the little company was alarmed by the voice of the gentleman up stairs—the lodger in the one bed-room.

With a step of authority, the interrupter of mirth descended. He was a thin, pale personage, in very shabby black; and his domicile was established at this humble cottage, in a suburb of London, as he had the honour to teach Italian, at four guineas per annum each, to six delightful pupils, at "Brunswick House Establishment for Young Ladies." He reproved the children in very broken English. Julian discovered a countryman;—the sagacious poodle recognized a nearer acquaintance. In an instant, the dog ceased his tricks, and was at the feet of the pale gentleman in black.—Julian blushed—then grew white—then stared—then rose from his seat—and at the moment when the well-known voice exclaimed to the faithful dog, "Poverino! Poverino!" the boy sighed out, "Mio Padre!" and was in his father's arms!

The Marquis de ——— has trebled the number of his pupils, and is very contented with an income of seventy pounds per annum. Julian has cultivated his musical taste; and

it is not unlikely that, in the ensuing winter, he may obtain an engagement in the orchestra of one of the minor theatres.

THE THREE ADVICES.

An Irish Moral Tale.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ. F.R.S.

There once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the Island to the other. At that time, a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate;—and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants: he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way, within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home; notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment,

"No reason in life, sir," said John;—"you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely.—The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages.—But you shall have your choice,—will you take what I offer, on my word?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and therefore, after slight consideration, told him, that he agreed to take, as his wages, whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First, I would teach you this—'Never to take a bye road, when you have the highway.'

"Secondly,—'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

"And thirdly,—'Remember, that honesty is the best policy.'

"These are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are, in value, far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself, until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson, that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas.—His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars, who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place.—While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again.—John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was.—“He is the landlord,” said the servant; “and Heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife.”

“What,” said John, with surprise—“is that young woman the landlord's wife?—I see, I must not remain in this house to-night;” and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door, before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary

and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and, on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars, if possible; and so returned to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away.—But the Judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population:—and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering

down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and told him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick—*ma bohil*, (my boy)—find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up—but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the half-penny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise: but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master;

that my little boy picked up by the road side ; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

" Let me see it," said the servant.—" Aye, it's all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter ;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting ; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it ; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time ; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin-door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honour had got the purse he lost.

" Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, " I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it ; for, if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

" Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honour last night, after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honour—and telling her it was all right?"

" Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire.

" Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?"

" I can't tell his name, rightly," said John, " because I don't know it ; but never trust Nance's eyes again, if she can't point him out to your honour, if so your honour is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed—"Oh, go!—go—what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying—"There," said she, sobbing, as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he firmly, "right is right; and I'll see the end of it."—So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and, as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in;" and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately, he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words,—"*which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?*"—but there was no answer.—"Well, I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "there he is," said she, if all the world were to the fore—*clergyman*—*magistrate*—*judge*—*jury* and all—there he is, and I'm ready to take my bible-oath to him;—there he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair.—Here are ten guineas for you,—go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month, John Carson was settled in a nice new-lated house, which the squire had furnished, and made ready for him. What with his wages—the reward he got from the judge,—and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his death-bed, he gave his children the very Three Advices which his master had given him on parting:—

Never to take a bye-road, when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in the house, where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember, that Honesty is the best policy.

APOLOGUE.

Original.

A dreary desert of sand separated the home of Hazem, from that of his Zuleika. The time was fast approaching when this would cease to be the case; and although he traversed the well known track upon the wings of love, and for the last time as a suitor, yet he thought it never had seemed so long.

The nuptial day dawned, in the hall of the bride. The viands, the flower-wreaths, and the variegated lamps were prepared. The bride-maidens were decorated; the bustle of preparation was over, and Zuleika retired to her favourite bower, to await her lover's arrival.

At length he came. He led her into the apartment prepared for the feast. Every thing was magnificent and splendid. The roof of the hall rivalled the rainbow; the floor was pure gold; and the walls were of diamond. The scarfs of her attendants were changed into wings,—they did not seem beings of this world. They placed the wreath of flowers upon her head, and it became a coronet of stars.

The radiant banners were unfurled; the loud timbrels were sounded; the tambour, the trumpet, and the gong, united in the exhilarating strain. The camels were adorned with ribbons, and laden with treasure: the procession was formed, and Zuleika left the home of her father for that of her husband.

Alas! how often are we lifted up, but to be thrown down!—how often doth pleasure elate us, but to make us feel pain the more exquisite! During the first day of their journey they enjoyed the greatest degree of happiness that can be enjoyed on earth. Before the dawning of the second, their caravan was attacked by a party of wandering Moors. More than one of them fell beneath the sabre of Hazem. He fought for his Zuleika, and he forfeited not his title to the brave. But what mortal arm can contend with an host!—The lion may be slain by the ants of the mole-hill, and the proud eagle yields to the congregating swallow. Hazem was overpowered. Zuleika saw him fall; she bathed his face with her tears, and he died in her arms! She implored his murderers to kill her also: “Yes, my Hazem,” she said, “where thou goest, I will go!” One of the banditti, either more kind or more cruel than the rest, plunged his dagger into her bosom—she shrieked!—She awoke, and found herself in the arms of her lover!

The strong perfumes which scented her bower had overcome her, and she fell asleep. Hazem arrived, and went to the place of her repose. He gazed on her with rapture, for he thought she never looked more beautiful. “Yes, my Hazem,” he heard her say, “where thou goest, I will go!”

"She dreams of me!" he exclaimed, and kissed her. She opened her eyes, and found that it was the rosy lips of her Hazem which pressed her swelling bosom.

Reader! Is thy affection set upon the vanities of this world?—be warned, for they are as fleeting as were those of the vision. Doth grief oppress thee? and art thou a christian?—be comforted. He who chasteneth, loveth thee;—death will awaken thee to joy, and thou wilt find, like Zuleika, that thy misery is a dream.

DESTRUCTION OF THE KENT EAST-INDIAMAN.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing.

There is a something in the misfortunes which happen at sea that awakens in our bosoms a more than ordinary sympathy with the sufferers. The loneliness of the ocean is, even in idea, fearful to the mind, and the complete separation of those who are on its paths from the rest of mankind makes us follow them in our sympathies as if they had once been sharers of our home. This feeling is of course deepened when any of the objects of our pity have been actually known to us, or have once lived in our own neighbourhood. How many a village tale of war or shipwreck has been handed down from generation to generation, because some one whose name is in the parish register happened to be present! How often has the circle round the winter hearth in the most inland county of the kingdom listened tremblingly to the howling blast, because the son or the husband of some one in the town was passing over the deep!

It happened that the writer of this article was residing, in the beginning of 1825, in a small and rural village, of which he was the curate. Among the simple inhabitants of a country parish there will now and then be found a family, whose long residence in the place and established character for so-

hriety have given them a certain rank among their neighbours, of which few know the importance but those skilled in village politics. Such, however, was the family of the parish-clerk, who was himself a fine specimen of the English peasant, when his head has become hoary with honest and successful industry.

The old age of this happy-hearted man was green with the blossoms of a second spring. He had saved out of his small gains enough to keep him from the fear of want, and he used to boast that, through a long life and with a large family to bring up, he had never once been chargeable to his wealthier neighbours. He had three sons and a daughter living. Of the former, two were at home and the third in the army. It was after this absent child that the old man's heart was continually yearning. He would have resigned all his little wealth to bring him home, and yet he had that sort of pride which would have prevented his expressing a wish for his discharge, had it been offered.

From all, indeed, that the writer could learn of this young man, he was highly deserving of his father's love. By a little scholarship and a good deal of attention to discipline he had in a short time been made a serjeant; and there was a prospect, if he should be sent on foreign service, of his acquiring further promotion. This at length occurred; and his regiment was one of those whose detachments were on board the Kent, when the catastrophe took place which exposed so many to destruction.

It happened that tidings of the burning of the Kent arrived on a Sunday: the old man listened to them with a firm brow and a swelling heart; and the only alteration in his appearance during the service was a slight bowing of his head, as if he bore a burden for which his strength was unequal. It was a considerable time before it was known who had perished and who had been saved; and week after week did the robust frame of the anxious parent become more and more feeble, and his gray hairs almost visibly heavier with sorrow.

There was not a soul in the little parish that did not respect the old clerk, or, rude as were their expressions, did not commiserate his misfortune.

It was on a bright evening, when the disconsolate father, seated in his arm-chair and endeavouring to enjoy the setting sun, was conversing with some old men of the village who were gathered round him, that the writer met not far from the cottage a group of villagers running and shouting as if in truth mad with joy. They were all too breathless to answer his inquiries: and as he looked across the fields several other persons were seen hurrying on in the same joyous manner.—His curiosity was soon satisfied, by finding that the son of the old clerk was the object which had roused the village, and that he was now hastening on to the embrace of his parents.

It was not many days after this that every particular respecting the burning of the Kent was known through the country for ten miles round; and such was the delight with which the clerk's son was listened to, that the daughter of an opulent farmer had much to do to secure him for herself, though her father offered him his discharge and a snug farm next his own. At last, however, she succeeded; and should any one wish to hear again the awful story of the Kent and her crew, let him go down to the parish of S——, and the clerk's son will tell him, how on the wildest track of the wild ocean the fire-spirit overtook them; how in the helplessness of despair they heard the signal of their distress reverberating among the mountainous waves; how, as the waters were let in, the vessel grew steady amid the up-rushing flames; and how, when the Cambria came in sight, and her boats were heaved into the ruddy glare of the burning ship, hope grew fierce in its doubtfulness; till at last they stood on the deck of the friendly vessel, and, looking back on their short but fearful track, they saw the majestic bark, which had passed over the waters like a conqueror, become a mighty pillar of fire in the vast desert of the ocean.

BALLAD.

BY MISS LAWRENCE.

(*From "London in the Olden Time."*)

I cannot tell ye, in sooth, from where
That maiden came with her golden hair
And her snowy brow ; but I say to ye,
She was fairer than aught in Christentye.
I cannot tell ye that maiden's name,
I cannot tell ye from whence she came ;
But, from her kirtle's gold broiderie,
I should say she was damsel of high degree.
And onward she glides in the still moonlight,
Seeking the tower of her captive knight :
She standeth beneath, and she lifteth her veil,
And her voice sounds sweet as the nightingale.
" Rise up, Sir Guy ! arise at my call :
I have left my bower and my castle hall ;
For goodly tydings I bring to thee—
Ere morning I'll die or set thee free."
" Alas !" quoth Sir Guy, " thou fair ladye,
If sorrow or harm should chance to thee,
How shall I again take lance in hand,
How shall I again see merry England ?"
" O fear not for me, thou gentle knight :
The spell must be won ere morning's light :
'Tis a mighty spell ; but my knight I'll win
From the chains of the haughty Sarrasin."
Sore mourn'd Sir Guy as that maiden went :
Alas ! he was close in donjon pent,
Else had he followed her stedfastly,
That she might not for him be in jeopardy.
'Tis the mystic eve of St. John, I ween :
On Jordan's bank is that maiden seen :
And a golden cross on her breast she weareth,
And a chalice of gold in her hand she beareth.

For spirits and demons are fitting about,
And goblins grim-shaped, an horrible rout;
While Hecate and Lady Benzoria prepare
To mount with Hera, the queen of the air.
For she who shall first dip her hand in the stream,
When the full moon at midnight sheddeth her beam,
Shall govern all spirits till the shadows flee,
And whatever she wisheth shall granted be.
I would ye had seen how that maiden stood,
Lefty of brow, and fearless of mood,
Looking to Heaven with many a prayer
To shield her from fiends of the midnight air.
The hour's at hand—the moon's at her height—
Up, maiden! nor fear thee nor goblin nor sprite;
Thou art sained with water and rites divine;
On thy bosom thou bearest the holy sign!
There is shriek—there is shout—there is death-like cry;
But the maiden hath rushed all reckless by;
She stands in the stream 'mid goblins fell,
An angel girl round by the fiends of hell.
Joy to thee, maiden, the spell is won!
Haste with thy cup, ere the morning sun
Shall gleam o'er the mountains: the water thou holdest
Will govern all fiends, and appal the boldest.
Joy to thee, maiden! look not behind;
Heed not the shouts that are borne on the wind
Mount yon goblin-steed—he dareth not harm thee:
While thou bearest that cup there shall nought alarm thee.
The steed fleeth swiftly: the bolts of the keep
Start back, for the warders are locked in sleep:
Sir Guy springeth forth—his chains have unbound,
As that mystic water is sprinkled around.
And onward, and onward, aye, onward they fly,
O'er hill, vale, and flood, while the moon rides high:
And still holds the maiden the cross to her breast,
And still is that chalice with firm hand prest.

Haste, haste ye ! speed on, while the moon is yet bright,
 Your steed must vanish at dawn of light :
 Still, still grasp the chalice, nor heed the fierce rout
 Of goblins who follow with yell and with shout.
 The gale of the morning breathes fresh and chill :
 There's a streak of faint light upon Hermon's hill—
 One bound—they have crossed the rushing river ;
 The steed and the fiends are vanished for ever.
 O joy to thee, maiden ; look up, and see,
 The towers of Acre are smiling on thee :
 Our holiest sign in the sunbeam is glowing,
 And the red-cross banner above thee flowing.
 And joy to thee, maiden ! look down and behold
 What gleameth so bright in thy chalice of gold ;
 There is topaz, and ruby, and every gem
 That can garnish a soldan's diadem.
 Yes, joy to thee, maiden ! thy task is done ;
 Yes, joy to thee, maiden ! thy knight is won ;
 And that fearful adventure achieved by thee
 Shall be sung in each hall throughout Christentye.

HUMAN LIFE.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

What is this mystery of human life ?
 In rude or civilized society,
 Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
 To that which is to come, by the same stages ;
 With infinite diversity of fortune
 To each distinct adventurer by the way !

Life is the transmigration of a soul
 Through various bodies, various states of being ;
 New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each ;
 In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.

Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving on ward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of three score years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again ;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The Child ;—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched old ;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses !
—The Boy, the Girl ;—when all was joy, hope, promise ;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass ?
—The Youth, the Maiden ;—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring :
—The Woman ;—in her offspring multiplied ;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders :
—The Man ;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,

Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children :
—Then the gray Elder ;—leaning on his staff,
And bow'd beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with more subtilty benumbs the frame,)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother ;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office ;
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is He ?

American Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG AT THE GRAVE OF HER LOVER.

Aye, flowers may glow
In new-born beauty, and the rosy spring
To deck the earth its sparkling wreaths may bring,
But where art Thou ?

The early bloom
Of flowers in freshest infancy I wreathe,
Their transient life of fragrancy to breathe
Upon thy tomb.

And I have sought
The lowly violet that in shade appears,
Shrinking from view like young love's tender fears,
With sweetness fraught ;

And rosebuds too,
Crimson as young Aurora's blush, or white
As woman's cheek when touched by sorrow's blight,
O'er thee I strew.

And flowers that close
Their buds beneath the sun, but pure and pale
Ope their sweet blossoms 'neath the dewy veil
That evening throws.

The fragrant leaves
Of the white lily too, with these I twine
The drooping lily, that seems born to shine
Where true love grieves.

But what doth this
Half withered bud amid my fragrant wreath?
Already its young charms have faded 'neath
The sun's warm kiss;

Ah! this shall lie
Upon my bosom—it is fit to strew
Such blighted flowers o'er her who only knew
To love and die.

There will be none
To deck thy grave with flowers, and chant for thee
These snatches of remembered melody,
When I am gone.

But thou shalt have
A gift more pure than the fair buds I fling—
A broken heart!—my latest offering
Upon thy grave.

IANTHE.

THE BRIDAL

The Lady sate in sadness, her fair lid
Shrouding her eye's dark beauty, while soft hands
Were wreathing her thick tresses, and amid
The glossy ringlets twining costly bands:
Of orient pearl; but oft a deep-drawn sigh
Heaved the rich robe that folded o'er her breast,
And, when she raised her head, within her eye
Sparkled a tear which would not be repress.
She glanced towards the mirror, and a smile
Crossed her sweet lip—it was a woman's feeling
Of mingled pride and pleasure, even while
The hight of sorrow o'er her heart was stealing.
Yet as she gazed, she thought of bypast hours,
When she was wont, within the orange bowers,
To sit beneath the moonlight, and the arm
Of one she loved was folded round her form,
While to his throbbing breast she oft would cling,
And playfully her loosened tresses fling
(Light fetters) o'er his neck; then with bright cheek
Smile when he strove his tenderness to speak.
Another change came o'er her face—she turned
And raised a crystal cup that near her stood,
Upon her cheek a deeper crimson burned,
And to her eye there rushed a fearful flood
Of wild emotion: eagerly she quaffed,
With trembling lip, the strangely blended draught,
And then in low and faltering accents cried—
“Am I not now a gay and happy bride?”

* * * * *

She stood before the altar, her pale brow
Upraised toward the holy cross; the sun
Shed thro' the painted window a deep glow

Upon her cheek, and he who thus had won
Her hand without her heart was at her side ;
The holy priest too—but as less allied
To earth than heaven she stood—when called to speak
The sad response, her voice had grown so weak
She scarce could utter it, her fragile form,
Shook with convulsed emotion, but the arm
Of her stern sire supported her—her head
Fell helpless on his breast, and she was wed.
The bridegroom pressed his lip to her pale face,
She shrunk from him as loathing his embrace,
Then starting up with fearful calmness said—
“ Father I promised—have I not obeyed ?
“ But there is yet another vow unpaid—
“ For I am the betrothed of Death, and lo !
“ The bridegroom waits his promised bride e’en now ;
“ Our nuptial torch shall be the glow-worm’s light,
“ Our bridal-bed the grave.—Oh ! it is sweet
“ To think that there no grief can throw its blight
“ O’er young affection,—aye—e’en I can greet
“ The marriage cup when drugged with aconite.”
She trembled, would have fallen, but again
Her father’s arm was her support, her breath
Grew fainter and her breast heaved as in pain ;
Faintly she murmured—“ Let my bridal wreath
“ Lie on my bier ; he deems me faithless—now
“ Let him bend o’er this cold and stony brow,
“ And learn how well I loved !”—one fleeting spot
Of crimson tinged her cheek, and—she was not !

IANTHE.

REVERSES.

A Tale of the Past Season.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent.— I was alone ; my heart beat lightly ; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning ; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase ; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney ; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of “Judy O’Flannegan ;”—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles ; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expence of them ; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements ; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter

of darkness and economy ; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *cœx soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fire-side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish “my unhoused, free condition.” Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence ; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness : True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed ; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-coloured ground,—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued,—“There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself ! What on earth have I to wish for more ? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton ; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to

be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested.—"And you, too, my old Neptune, arn't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too?"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; "He never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nose-gays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked L.80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr.

Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my L.80,000, and L.500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quix from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him L.500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to

himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!”

“Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me.—Sir,—sir,—I’m ruined, and I’m going to be married!”

“A most unfortunate event.—But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business.—My situation——”

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

“I’ll go to John Fraser,” I exclaimed; “he’s always sensible, always right, always kind. He’ll feel for me, at all events: He’ll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency.”

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—“Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop.—I want to congratulate you.”

“Congratulate me!—Upon what?”

“On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann’s, Soho;—of course you’re he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers.”

"Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure:—And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a "professed Exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them.—"It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapt at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapt and rapt again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home?—No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way?—No, sir; the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go?—Why, in a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking!—Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square!—How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.' "

"Merciful God! and can such cold hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true *Humé* and *Rochefoucault* principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, per-

haps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes;—I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?"—"Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental;—but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamp'd upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks;—and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"—I started up and paced my apart-

ment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting Hell to tempt me: but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, “Perhaps I may want them.”

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place: On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes.—I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored.—“Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell,” said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; “it’s mortal cold, and there’s rain getting out there to the windward.”—But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet.—When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant pas-

sion. "Fool!—Idiot that I was to trust them!—Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again.—Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My

purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and—in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once rescued there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame.—Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master.—I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit-street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read,—

“Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas’s Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton’s—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a happier home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

“MARIA.”

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly dispatched. In five minutes after

the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopt suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses, too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? Beat whom?"

"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*."

"Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life."

"And—and—the money?"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you,

and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—the friends all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour,—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet,—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's Reverses.

THE BISCUIT.

(From the Military Sketch Book.)

"Would disarm
The spectre Death, had he the substantial power to harm.

Byron.

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days—and with empty stomachs. The commissary

of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been despatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply: but whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist for five days; for nothing was to be bought: if we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment in supplies of rations, managed their little stock of provision so economically, that it lasted nearly three days; and some were so gastronomically ingenious and heroic, as to have extended it to four. But, on the other hand, the greatest number were men of great appetite and little prudence, who saw and tasted the end of their rations on the second day after possession. Indeed, the active life in which all were then engaged, left few without that piquant relish for their food, which the rich citizen in the midst of his luxury might gladly exchange half his wealth for: the greatest of them all, in taste as well as purse, can never enjoy his epulation with so enviable a zest, as those campaigners did their coarse dry beef, and flinty biscuit.

As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the necessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their Voltigeurs.* The rifles

* Troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches, and half gaiters. None of the men were more than five feet three inches high.

would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the Voltigeurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our pickets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast) scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner, the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could not steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again—particularly if any of our cavalry were near; for they never liked close quarters with the British dragoons, owing, no doubt, to the superior strength and power of our horses: this is as regards mere skirmishing. The French dragoons, when so situated as to be able to ride close to ours without danger of "cut and thrust," would skirmish for hours—they would retire, load, advance, fire, and off again; but they very prudently disliked the steel.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for from this house they used to sally upon our pickets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than about fifty in number, made a considerable resistance: they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house: from this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in double-quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; but all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation, and many a forced

Hibernian joke was passed from a suffering heart to lighten a comrade's cares. There was no upbraiding, for all were sufferers alike; and, with the exception of a few pardonable curses on the commissary, there was no symptom of turbulence—all was manly patience.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a wood to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give farther directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down:—let me speak to the captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for (in my opinion) he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady well-conducted soldier: his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat—or rather between the shoulder and the throat: the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer.

"Sir," said the unhappy man, gazing upon his captain with such a look as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer.—God bless you!—You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards, that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you!"—Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the captain nor any one around could conceal their kindred sensation. All wept silently.

The poor sufferer resumed :—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible :—I am not many hours for this world." The captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, captain—have I not, Sir?"

"You have, Tom, you have—and nobly done it," replied the captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say."—Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him.—"I have only one thing to say, captain;" said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. I have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread;—take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it, Sir, and God be with you—God Almighty be with you!"

The poor, good natured creature was totally exhausted, as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after, on the spot. The captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after.

He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The captain himself read a prayer over his grave,

and pronounced a short, but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but keep the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe, that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him, that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket.—Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth. It is for his countrymen at home that he starves—it is for them he dies.

THE PUNISHMENT.

(From the same.)

"Parade, Sir!—Parade, Sir!—There's a parade this morning, Sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment;—"Yes," said I, "a punishment parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!" muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy: and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the relish they had for a punishment parade. The faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious: the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences, by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and the making away with some of their necessities.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant com-

manded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "strip."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "cat" in order to free the "tails" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, Sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."*

"You'll volunteer, will you, Sir?"

"Yes; sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect." Then turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate cor-

* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

poral's situation; for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his real feelings: the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory.— But no alternative was left; the man had been a corporal, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was, in his eyes, an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent: so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle; thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose more immediate command he was; and in general, this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

It is not flogging that should be abolished in the army, but the cruel and capricious opinions which move the lash.—Humanity and sound judgment are the best restrictions upon this species of punishment; and when they are more frequently brought into action than they have formerly been, there will be but few dissentient opinions upon military discipline.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa with the other culprit.

"No, Sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below: the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until twenty-five were called by the ser-

geant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his twenty-five. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office: this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part. I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows, he never moved a muscle; but about the twenty-fifth, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second twenty-five, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The colonel directed a look at the drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "halt, sir! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the adjutant, he said, "send that fellow away to drill: tell the drum-major to give him two hours additional practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question

or two, proceeded formally to the colonel, and stated something in a low voice; upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the colonel addressed him thus: "Your punishment, sir, is at an end; you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) "I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always, previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

May this be remembered by every commanding officer, when the cat is cutting the back of the soldier! May they reflect that both the back and the heart have feeling; and that the tear of repentance is oftener brought from the culprit's eyes by kindness than by the lash.

THE FORSAKEN.

A TALE OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

Amid the numberless memorials which the fair and stately city of Florence contains of its ancient feuds, the fierce and cruel struggles of its nobles for power, and the private and

personal quarrels whence sprang its most furious civil wars,—one lowly grave-stone, lost amid the surrounding splendours of art, exists, though seldom noticed by the traveller, putting forth its silent and disregarded claim to the attention lavished upon monuments unpossessed of half the interest attached to this frail tablet. The unsculptured marble covers the ashes of one whose sorrows and whose wrongs first kindled the flame of deadly warfare between the Ghibelline and the Guelph factions, which rendered the chief of the Tuscan states a scene of hatred and dissension. While all Italy was distracted by the contest between the Emperor and the Pope, Florence, though joining the league against the former, was blessed with comparative tranquillity; the supporters of either party lived within the walls at peace with each other:—but an insult offered to the daughter of a noble family, plunged the whole population into strife and bloodshed.—The mouldering grave of Altea Uberti, half hidden in the long rank grass which overshadows it—blackened under the influence of time—with its scarcely legible inscription, yet inspires mingled feelings of tenderness and melancholy to those who derive a pensive pleasure in dwelling upon the recollection of the storied dead. Once the fairest and the proudest beauty of Florence, all eyes paid homage to the charms of its loveliest daughter; every lip was loud in its tribute of admiration; and many fond and faithful hearts were laid in lowly offering at her feet. The young, the gay, and the gallant, crowded in Altea's train, standing behind the stone lattice-work of the richly carved balcony. The troop of cavaliers who daily passed along on their route to the tilt-yard, made a longer pause, and bent with more courteous reverence before the front of the Uberti palace than they deigned to bestow upon any other of the splendid residences of the Florentine nobility; though many were the dark eyes, and many the fair forms which the crowded windows boasted: and conscious of her beauty, vain of the flattering distinctions which she continually received, and buoy-

ant with youthful hope, the happiest auguries of the future destiny of one so favoured by nature and by fortune blessed her waking dreams. Sought in marriage by the noblest families of the city, Altea exercised the privilege accorded to beauty, and became somewhat fastidious in her choice; but if she vacillated between the merits of the chief of the Cornari, or the heir of Delle Torre, she hesitated no longer when Guido Buondelmonti professed himself her admirer. Gay and graceful in the dance, ever the victor in the lists and at the ring, and bearing on his brows a wreath won in bloody strife upon the plains of Lombardy, he was exalted by general acclamation above all his youthful contemporaries, and, like Altea, became the idol of one sex and the envy of the other. How gaily and how rapidly flew the hours, when, seated side by side, the lovers whispered tender tales into each other's raptured ears, striking the minstrel string in praise of those charms and accomplishments which formed the universal theme. All radiant with smiles, happiness beamed round the angelic countenance of Altea, like a halo; the half-starved beggar in the streets blessed the glad beauty as she passed along, his sunk eye beaming with an unwonted ray at the sight of so much happy loveliness. The whole city rejoiced in her felicity; for if some taint of earth had marred the brightness of her perfections before she had learned to live for the sole purpose of pleasing one treasured object, the excess of her affection for Buondelmonti had purified her character from its dross; she grew meek and gentle, cultivating each feminine grace with all the ardour prompted by a pure attachment: the charms too proudly displayed to attract the wondering multitude, were now only prized as the chain which bound her lover.

The sun-lit eyes of Altea were suddenly overclouded; the rosy lip lost its joyous smile; and tears coursed each other down those pale cheeks, so lately dimpled with delight.—Buondelmonti, the spoiled child of fortune, no longer checked his caracoling steed at the gate of the Uberti palace, but fas-

minated by the charms of some new beauty, rode on, tossing his white plume on high, and laughing scornfully as he passed the residence of the woman he had abandoned. Altos's tears fell not unheeded : she possessed kinsmen who surveyed her altered countenance with looks in which pity contended with anger. The unhappy girl read the feelings which those around her strove to repress in her presence ; and drying her eyes, and struggling to obtain the command of features convulsed with internal agony, appeared again at the open lattice ;—but she could not deceive the penetrating eyes of those who hung upon every look, by the outward show of tranquillity ; and her brothers prepared to avenge the injury which she had sustained : they watched for the white palfrey of the perjured lover, as he rode through the city, unarmed and in his gala dress, to the bridal feast, and rushing from behind the portal where they had so often stood to welcome him as their guest, they dragged their enemy from his horse, and plunging their daggers in his body, deluged the pavement with his life-blood. Altos, from the balcony above, saw the commencement of the savage scene : she rushed to the street too late to prevent the outrage ; but her fate was linked with that of Buondelmonti,—and throwing herself upon his yet warm corse, she breathed out the last sigh of a broken heart, and lived not to witness the calamities which her kinsmen's weapons entailed upon Florence. The Guelph faction took up arms to avenge the murder of Buondelmonti : the Ghibellines, headed by the Uberti, retaliated by fresh aggressions ; and, during the space of three and thirty years, the relentless strife continued in the massacre of both parties. The Ghibellines at length prevailing, drove the opposite faction from the city ; but were in turn expelled by the triumphant Guelphs, and were never afterwards able to regain their ancient power and influence.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

(*From Hood's "Whims and Oddities."*)

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,
How there was one in pity might exceed
The Sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sat
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within harm's length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Ben Ali chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear:
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his profit.

Beer will grow mothery, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,
Buoy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name

Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;
 He made so certain ere his chicken came :—
 But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth !

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
 A little daughter to this world of sine,—
 Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :
 Twins ! female twins !—it was enough to stun
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins
 To hear their father stamp, and curse, and swear,
 Pulling his beard because he had no hair.

In vain their stag eyed mother strove to slack
 The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew :
 He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack
 Wherein a woman might be poked—a few
 Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
 At this sad order ; but their slaveships knew
 When any dared demur, his sword so bending
 Cut of the " head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
 A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
 The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
 Were struck at his *Head-quarters* by the score—
 Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
 But jerted with it, and his wit cut sore ;
 So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
 He often did his doren *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
 Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
 In vain from her stag-eyes " the big round tears
 Courted one another down her innocent nose ;"

In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous case, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
Was doom'd to have a winding sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter !
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,—
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light ;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on the grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comh'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
Her aquiline nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seem'd, near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light ;

The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
 To listen to the air—and through the night
 There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
 Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity :

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
 The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave :
 The Mussulman coming to fish in this water,
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
 This greyish bath cloak is her funeral pall ;
 And, stranger, O stranger ! this song that you hear
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all !

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
 She's a corpse, the poor body ! and lies in this basin,
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.



DESCRIPTION OF AN ISLAND GRADUALLY FORMED BY CORAL INSECTS.

(From the "*Pelican Island*," by J. Montgomery.)

—Curious observation caught the clew
 To this live labyrinth,—where every one,
 By instinct taught, perform'd its little task ;
 —To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
 From its own essence exquisitely modell'd ;
 There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,

Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs ; then breed and die
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion !
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearyable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing tow'rs the day.
Each wrought alone, yet altogether wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them ;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed :
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant, by their petrific touch ;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

Atom by atom thus the burthen grew,
Even like an infant in the womb, till Time
Deliver'd ocean of that monstrous birth,
—A coral island, stretching east and west,
In God's own language to its parent saying,
“ Thus far, nor farther, shalt thou go ; and here
Shall thy proud waves be stay'd.”—A point at first

It peer'd above those waves ; a point so small,
I just perceived it, fix'd where all was floating ;
And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film
Expanded like a sky above the speck ;
That speck became a hand-breadth ; day and night
It spread, accumulated, and ere long
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea ;
Bare at low water, and as still as death,
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,
'Twas like a resurrection of the dead :
From graves innumerable, punctures fine
In the close coral, capillary swarms
Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,
Cover'd the bald-pate reef ; then all was life,
And indefatigable industry ;
The artizans were twisting to and fro,
In idle-seeming convolutions ; yet
They never vanished with the ebbing surge,
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer
On layer, was added to the growing mass.
Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood height,
And mock'd the billows when they leapt upon it,
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.
Steep were the flanks, sharp precipices,
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,
Form'd harbours, safe at once and perilous,—
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

* * * * *

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,

What are the works of intellectual man ?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres ;
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
Fancies through every maze of beauty shewn ;
Pride, gratitude, affection turned to marble,
In honour of the living or the dead ;
What are they ?—fine wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime !
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth.
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy ;
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity,—though where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath.
Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal ;
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

THE PARENT PELICANS.

(From the same.)

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.
There, in sweet thralldom, unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out,
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by the kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirred by anger to defend them.
Her mate himself the softening power confessed,
Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,
And ranged the sky and fished the stream for her.
Or, when o'erwearied Nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throb'd against his heart,
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resign'd,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from his seat
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,
Answered by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own music.
Then, settling down, like loam upon the wave,
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,

The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,
—Nor dreams the halcyon of serenest days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
—Dreams more delicious than reality.

MY GODFATHER'S MANŒUVERING.

(*From "Our Village," by Miss Mitford.*)

I have said that my dear godfather was a great matchmaker. One of his exploits in this way, which occurred during my second visit to him and Mrs. Evelyn, I am now about to relate. Amongst the many distant cousins to whom I was introduced in that northern region, was a young kinswoman of the name of Hervey—Lucy Hervey—an orphan heiress of considerable fortune, who lived in the same town and the same street with my godfather, under the protection of a lady who had been the governess of her childhood, and continued with her as the friend of her youth. Sooth to say, their friendship was of that tender and sentimental sort at which the world, the wicked world, is so naughty as to laugh.—Miss Reid and Miss Hervey were names quite as inseparable as goose and apple-sauce, or tongue and chicken. They regularly made their appearance together, and there would have appeared I know not what of impropriety in speaking of either singly; it would have looked like a tearing asunder of the "double cherry," respecting which, in their case, even the "seeming parted" would have been held too disjunctive a phrase, so tender and inseparable was their union; al-

though, as far as resemblance went, no simile could be more inapplicable. Never were two people more unlike in mind and person. Lucy Hervey was a pretty little woman of six-and-twenty ; but from a delicate complexion, looking much younger. Perhaps the total absence of strong expression, the mildness and simplicity of her countenance, and the artlessness and docility of her manner, might conduce to the mistake. She was a sweet gentle creature, generous and affectionate, and not wanting in sense ; although her entire reliance on her friend's judgment, and constant habit of obedience to her wishes, rendered the use of it somewhat rare. Miss Reid was a tall awkward woman, raw-boned, lank, and huge, just what one fancies a man would be in petticoats ; with a face that, except the beard, (certainly she had no beard,) might have favoured the supposition ; so brown and bony and stern and ill-favoured was her unfortunate visage. In one point she was lucky. There was no guessing at her age, certainly not within ten years, nor within twenty. She looked old : but with that figure, those features, and that complexion, she must have looked old at eighteen. To guess her age was impossible. Her voice was deep and dictatorial ; her manner rough and assuming ; and her conversation unmercifully sensible and oracular—"full of wise saws and modern instances." For the rest, in spite of her inauspicious exterior, she was a good sort of disagreeable woman ; charitable and kind in her way ; genuinely fond of Lucy Hervey, whom she petted and scolded and coaxed, and managed just as a nurse manages a child ; and tolerably well liked of all her acquaintance—except Mr. Evelyn, who had been at war with her for the last nine years, on the subject of his fair cousin's marriage ; and had, at last, come to regard her pretty much as a prime-minister may look on an opposition leader,—as a regular opponent, an obstacle to be put down, or swept away. I verily believe that he hated her as much as his kindly nature could hate any body. To be sure, it was no slight grievance to have so fair a subject for his matrimo-

nial speculations, a kinswoman too, just under his very eye, and to find all his plans thwarted by that inexorable *gouvernante*—more especially, as, without her aid, it was morally certain that the pretty Lucy would never have had the heart to say *no* to any body. Ever since Miss Hervey was seventeen, my godpapa had been scheming for her advantage. It was quite melancholy to hear him count up the husbands she might have had,—beginning with the duke's son, her partner at her first race-ball,—and ending with the young newly-arrived physician, his last protege. "Now," he said, "she might die an old maid; he had done with her." And there did actually appear to be a cessation of all his matrimonial plans in that quarter. Miss Reid herself laid aside her mistrust of him; and a truce, if not a peace, was tacitly concluded between these sturdy antagonists. Mr. Evelyn seemed to have given up the game—a strange thing for him to do whilst he had a pawn left! But so it was.—His adversary had the board all to herself; and was in as good humour as a winning player generally is. Miss Reid was never remembered so amiable.

We saw them almost every day, as the fashion is amongst neighbours in small towns, and used to ride and walk together continually—although Lucy, whose health was delicate, frequently declined accompanying us on our more distant excursions. Our usual beau, besides the dear godpapa, was a Mr. Morris, the curate of the parish—an uncouth, gawky, lengthy man, with an astonishing Westmoreland dialect, and a most portentous laugh. Really his ha! ha! was quite a shock to the nerves—a sort of oral shower-bath; so sudden and so startling was the explosion. In loudness, it resembled half a dozen ordinary laughs "rolled into one;" and as the gentleman was of a facetious disposition, and chorused his own good things, as well as those of other people, with this awful cachinnation, it was no joking matter. But he was so excellent a person, so cordial, so jovial, so simple-hearted, and so content with a lot none of the most

prosperous, that one could not help liking him, laugh and all. He was a widower, with one only son, a Cambridge scholar, of whom he was deservedly proud. Edward Morris, besides his academical honours (I think he had been senior wrangler of his year,) was a very fine young man, with an intelligent countenance, but exceedingly shy, silent, and abstracted.—I could not help thinking the poor youth was in love; but his father and Mr. Evelyn laid the whole blame on the mathematics. He would sit sometimes for an hour together, immersed, as they said, in his calculations, with his eyes fixed on Lucy Hervey, as if her sweet face had been the problem he was solving. But your mathematicians are privileged people; and so apparently my fair cousin thought; for she took no notice, unless by blushing a shade the deeper. It was worth while to look at Lucy Hervey, when Edward Morris was gazing on her in his absent fits; her cheeks were as red as a rose. How these blushes came to escape the notice of Miss Reid, I cannot tell,—unless she might happen to have her own attention engrossed by Edward's father. For certain, that original paid her, in his odd way, great attention; was her constant beau in our walking-parties; sate by her side at dinner; and manœuvered to get her for his partner at whist. She had the benefit of his best bon-mots, and his loudest laughs; and she seemed to me not to dislike that portentous sound, so much as might have been expected from a lady of her peculiarity. I ventured to hint my observations to Mr. Evelyn; who chuckled, laid his forefinger against his nose, rubbed his hands, and called me a simpleton.

Affairs were in this position, when one night just at going to bed, my good godfather, with a little air of mystery, (no uncommon preparation to his most trifling plans,) made an appointment to walk with me before breakfast, as far as a pet-farm, about a mile out of the town, the superintendence of which was one of his greatest amusements. Early the next morning, the housemaid, who usually attended me,

made her appearance, and told me that her master was waiting for me, that I must make haste, and that he desired I would be smart, as he expected a party to breakfast at the farm. This sort of injunction is seldom thrown away on a damsel of eighteen; accordingly, I adjusted, with all despatch, a new blue silk pelisse, and sallied forth into the corridor, which I heard him pacing as impatiently as might be. There, to my no small consternation, instead of the usual gallant compliments of the most gallant of godfathers, I was received with very disapproving glances, told that I looked like an old woman in that dowdy-coloured pelisse, and conjured to exchange it for a white gown. Half affronted, I nevertheless obeyed; doffed the pelisse, and donned the white gown, as ordered: and being greeted this time with a bright smile and a chuck under the chin, we set out in high good humour on our expedition. Instead, however, of proceeding straight to the farm, Mr. Evelyn made a slight deviation from our course, turning down the market-place, and into the warehouse of a certain Mrs. Bennet, milliner and mantuamaker, a dashing, over-dressed dame, who presided over the fashions for ten miles round, and marshalled a compter full of caps and bonnets at one side of the shop, whilst her husband, an obsequious, civil, bowing tradesman, dealt out gloves and stockings at the other. A little dark parlour behind was common to both. Into this den was I ushered; and Mrs. Bennet, with many apologies, began, at a signal from my godfather, to divest me of all my superfluous blueness, silk handkerchief, sash, and wrist-ribands, (for with the constancy which is born of opposition, I had, in relinquishing my obnoxious pelisse, clung firmly to the obnoxious colour,) replacing them by white satio ribands and a beautiful white shawl; and, finally, exchanging my straw bonnet for one of white silk, with a deep lace veil—that piece of delicate finery which all women delight in. Whilst I was now admiring the richness of the genuine Brussels point, and now looking at myself in a little glass which Mrs. Bennet was holding to

my face for the better display of her millinery—the bonnet, to do her justice, was pretty and becoming,—during this engrossing contemplation, her smooth, silky husband crept behind me with the stealthy pace of a cat, and relying, as it seems, on my pre-occupation, actually drew my York-tan gloves from my astonished hands, and substituted a pair of his own best white kid. This operation being completed, my godpapa, putting his forefinger to his lip in token of secrecy, hurried me, with a look of great triumph, from the shop. He walked at a rapid pace; and, between quick motion and amazement, I was too much out of breath to utter a word, till we had passed the old Gothic castle at the end of the town, and crossed the long bridge that spans its wide and winding river. I then rained questions on my dear old friend, who chuckled and nodded, and vented two or three half laughs, but vouchsafed nothing tending to a reply.

At length we came to a spot where the road turned suddenly to the left, (the way to the farm,) whilst, right before us, rose a knoll, on which stood the church, a large, heavy, massive building, almost a cathedral, finely relieved by the range of woody hills which shut in the landscape. A turning gate, with a tall, straight cypress on either side, led into the churchyard, and through this gate Mr. Evelyn passed.—The church-door was a little ajar, and through the crevice was seen peeping the long red nose of the old clerk, a Bar-dolphian personage, to whom my godfather, who loved to oblige people in their own way, sometimes did the questionable service of clearing off his score at the Greyhound. His red nose and a skirt of his shabby black coat peeped through the porch; whilst behind one of the hutresses, glimmered, for an instant, the white drapery of a female figure. I did not need these indications to convince me that a wedding was the object in view,—that had been certain from the first cashiering of my blue ribands; but I was still at a loss as to the parties, and felt quite relieved by Mr. Evelyn's question, —“Pray, my dear, were you ever a bride’s-maid?”—since,

in the extremity of my perplexity, I had had something like an apprehension that an unknown beau might appear at the call of this mighty manager, and I be destined to play the part of bride myself. Comforted to find that I was only to enact the confidente, I had now leisure to be exceedingly curious as to my prima donna. My curiosity was speedily gratified.

On entering the church we had found only a neighbouring clergyman, not Mr. Morris, at the altar : and, looking round at the opening of another door, I perceived the worthy curate in a jetty clerical suit, bristling with newness, leading Miss Reid, beflounced and bescarfed, and bevelled and beplumed, and all in a flutter of bridal finery, in great state, up the aisle. Mr. Evelyn advanced to meet them, took the lady's fair hand from Mr. Morris, and led her along with all the grace of an old courtier. I fell into the procession at the proper place : the amiable pair were duly married, and I thought my office over. I was never more mistaken in my life. In the midst of the customary confusion of kissing and wishing joy, and writing and signing registers and certificates, —which form so important and disagreeable a part of that disagreeable and important ceremony,—Mr. Evelyn had vanished ; and just as the bride was inquiring for him, with the intention of leaving the church, he re-appeared, through the very same side-door which had admitted the first happy couple, leading Lucy Hervey, and followed by Edward Morris. The father evidently expected them ; the new step-mother as evidently did not. Never did a thief, taken in the manner, seem more astonished than that sage gouvernante ! Lucy, on her part, blushed and hung back, and looked shier and prettier than ever ; the old clerk grinned ; the clergyman, who had shewn some symptoms of astonishment at the first wedding, now smiled to Mr. Evelyn, as if this accounted and made amends for it : whilst the dear godpapa himself chuckled and nodded, and rubbed his hands, and chucked both bride and bride's-maid under the chin, and

seemed ready to cut capers for joy. Again the book was opened at the page of destiny ; again I held the milk-white glove, and after nine years of unsuccessful manœuvering, my cousin Lucy was married. It was, undoubtedly, the most triumphant event of the good old man's life ; and I don't believe that either couple ever saw cause to regret the dexterity in the art of match-making which produced their double union. They have been as happy as people usually are in this work-a-day world, especially the young mathematician and his pretty wife, and their wedding day is still remembered in W. ; for besides his munificence to singer, ringer, sexton, and clerk, Mr. Evelyn roasted two sheep on the occasion, gave away ten bride-cakes, and made the whole town tipsy.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

(*From "Death's Doings."*)

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

it, he quickly transformed Miss Penny into Lady Wunderlich.

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

“ I recollect Tom ” (says the writer of this narrative) “ at school ; a fine spirited boy ; a little wilful, perhaps, and too timid in the play-ground, if a shower threatened, or the wind blew from the north-east. But then, although all the boys quizzed him, yet, they pitied him ; for his mamma sent every morning to inquire after his health. Mr. Bolus, the

apothecary, saw him regularly twice a-week, when he was well, and twice a day if labouring under the slightest symptoms of indisposition; and frequently, when the boys on a half-holiday, were at cricket on the common, a servant would ride over from the pavillion, to see whether Tom had cast his jacket; or if the air happened to be chilly, whether his neck were encompassed with one of the numerous bandanas her ladyship had sent for that purpose in his trunk. Tom was not devoid of ability, but Doctor Bumpem was ordered not to overstrain his mind; for being a delicate boy, an only child, and the heir to a large fortune, learning was quite a secondary concern; health was every thing, and to secure that all other considerations were to yield. Tom was, nevertheless, a mild, good-natured, friendly, boy; and, although he was frequently laughed at, as much on account of his mother's weaknesses as his own, yet he was universally liked.—But, as he did little in the way of classical literature, he quitted Bumpem's with the character of being a good-natured, idle, soft-headed boy; whom the doctor said it would be useless to send to Eton or to Harrow; and, therefore, in order to fit him for Oxford, in which University his fortune, in her ladyship's opinion, rendered it necessary to sojourn, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, near Cheltenham. This arrangement was formed by Lady Wunderlich, in order that Tom, whilst his head was stored with classics by his tutor, should have the health of his body confirmed by the constant use of the waters; to superintend which, her ladyship took a house in that modern Sinope.

From this time I lost sight of Tom for nearly ten years, during three of which I have been informed he had lived in Exeter College, Oxford, where he kept a couple of horses and a servant; that four years after leaving the University, he had travelled to Italy, attended by Dr. Bolus—for the quondam apothecary had procured an Aberdeen diploma, at her ladyship's request, in order to confer dignity on himself, and to add to that of his patron, in the eyes of foreigners.—

The doctor was chosen for this important office, because he had been acquainted with Tom's constitution from his infancy; and not less on account of his knowledge of that of her ladyship, who was to be the companion of her son and the doctor; for the latter of whom, it was scandalously reported, she had more than ordinary attachment. How Tom passed through this journey, and what harvest of knowledge he reaped from travel, I could never learn; although I have heard him declaim against the Continent generally for its want of comfort and of medical talent; and once descant feelingly on the insupportable heat of Naples and the infernal scorching sirocco which he felt at Nice. Tom, however, having become of age when on his travels, her ladyship and the doctor contrived to wheedle him out of twenty thousand pounds; and having united their destinies, Mr. and Mrs. Bolus remained behind at Naples; whilst their son returned to England with a young Scotch physician, who was glad of an opportunity of being franked home. Tom had arrived ten days only, when I happened to meet him in Hyde Park.

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

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

It was nine o'clock in the evening, when I entered Tom's lodgings. He was seated before a large fire, in an elbow-chair, rolled in a cbintz dressing-gown, with his night-cap on, and his feet pushed into a pair of red morocco slippers lined with fur. On a small table near him, lay his watch, six apothecary's phials, full of medicine, one of which, by the label, was to be taken every fourth hour, and a pill-box containing half a dozen pills. On the same table, also, was a pair of scales, in which I perceived he had been weighing two ounces of biscuit; and a graduated pint measure, which contained one ounce and a half of distilled water. Tom rose and shook me warmly by the hand as I entered the room;

but his eye had lost the animation it displayed when we first recognised one another in the Park; and he was more emaciated than I had anticipated I should find him. "I am truly grieved to see you in this plight my dear friend!" said I, glancing my eye upon the garniture of the little table; "what are your complaints?" "Ah!" replied he, forcing a faint smile, "there's the rub!—were my complaints but known, there would be no difficulty in curing them. At least, so says Dr. Frogfoot, who, however, assures me that it is a gastric affection; and that the uneasy state of my head is merely symptomatic, depending on the connexion between the par vagrum, the symptomatic nerve, and the great semilunar ganglion." I saw I had hit upon a wrong key. "My learning, my dear Tom," said I, "does not enable me to follow you into the depths of physic which these terms imply."—"I know nothing of them either," replied he, "I only give you the doctor's words." He, however, with the greatest politeness changed the matter of our discourse, which gradually became extremely animated; and taking me kindly by the hand, as I rose to depart, he acknowledged that my visit had done him an essential service; that the pain in his eye, which he was apprehensive was an incipient cataract, had completely left him; and he earnestly begged that I would repeat my visits every evening, whilst I remained in town.

I entered Tom's apartment on the following day, at one o'clock, and in less than two minutes the doctor was announced. He was a tall, spare man, of much gravity of demeanor, rather advanced in years, with a thin sharp visage, an ample forehead, deeply sunk eyes, hollow cheeks, and a hanging of the nether lip, as Shakspeare would express himself, which gave a marked peculiarity of expression to his countenance. He made a slight inclination with his head as he entered the room; and, having seated himself close to my friend, inquired in a soft under-tone of voice, how he felt himself; whilst, at the same time, he took out his watch, and

placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient. Tom said nothing until this ceremony was over, after which he put out his tongue, then drew a deep inspiration, and immediately commenced a voluble detail of all his symptoms and feelings since the doctor's last visit, not forgetting an exact account of the ingesta, and the quality and aspect, to the nicest shade of colour, of the egesta. He had had pains in his legs, arms, head, and heart; he was sure his complaint was retrocedent gout; he was alarmed this morning with straitness in the swallow, indicative of *dysphagia*; his perspirations were sometimes so great, that he conceived he must be the first victim to a return of the *sudor Anglicus*; and concluded by seriously inquiring whether phlegmasia dolens ever attacked the arm, as his right arm was so much swelled in the morning, that he was certain it could not have entered the sleeve of his coat, if the swelling had not greatly fallen. I heard, with amazement, Tom's knowledge of diseases, and their names; the doctor listened to him with patience, and at the end of each sentence ejaculated the word "Aye!" He then made a few remarks; told him that he must be galvanized again on the following day; wrote on a sheet of paper, "*Pergat in usu medicamentorum*," took his fee, said "good day," in his soft, low voice, with a gentle smile on his features; and, again gently inclining his head, left the room.

"This is really too much," said Tom, as the door closed upon Frogfoot; "that is the tenth fee which I have given the Doctor, without receiving any more satisfaction than you have heard to-day, or one new prescription. As for his galvanism—my skin is excoriated with the heat of it where the brushes are placed; and I am certain that if that hot stream is passed through my spine and liver much longer, I shall be burnt to a cinder. I will write him, this instant, to discontinue his attendance; and procure some other advice. Do you know any good physician, my dear Dick?" As I was convinced that this hasty determination of poor Wunderlich afforded me an excellent opportunity to try the effects of change of air, scene, and social intercourse, in diverting his

mind from his corporeal ailments, in which I could not help thinking that fancy had a considerable share, I told him that I knew an excellent physician, who lived near me in the country, and who I was satisfied could cure him. He caught at the information. "But," continued I, you must go with me into Worcestershire; the air of the Malvern hills, the pure water, the skill of the doctor, and my own good nursing, will do wonders for you. I shall be here, to-morrow, with my travelling carriage, at twelve: so have every thing in readiness—I will take no refusal." He looked seriously at me, for a few seconds; and then said, "I thank you greatly; but I cannot stand the fatigue of such a journey."—"Nonsense, Tom! trust that to me. Be ready at twelve:" and I abruptly left the house before he had time to utter a negative. "A pretty scrape I have got into," thought I, as I walked down Regent-street, "to volunteer myself as the keeper of an hypochondriac on the verge of insanity!—yet—he is my friend; and I am rescuing a drowning man, which is the duty of every passenger who sees his danger, be he friend or foe."

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

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

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

When he had finished his inquiries and written his prescription, he politely addressed himself to me;—spoke of the news of the town; inquired if I had read the last *Edinburgh Review*, made many just and critical remarks upon its merits, and those of its rival, the *Quarterly*; and entering a little into the characters of some of the leading members of both parties in Parliament, displayed powers for conversation truly enviable. As he rose to take his leave, he again pressed his patient's hand between both of his hands; promised to see him in the evening, and left the room with the same light springy step with which he had entered it.

"Ah! my dear Dick!" said Tom, looking after the doctor, "If I had met with that worthy man two years ago, how much misery I should have escaped. Would you believe it, I had, besides Bolus, three different physicians at

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

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

minutes my friend was ready to see me, and I entered his bed-room.

Alas ! what a change!—a young man, not twenty-six, metamorphosed to an old, infirm valid of seventy ; his skin yellow and shrivelled, his cheeks sunk, and his wan eyes almost lost within their bony sockets. He could not rise to welcome me ; but stretched out his skinny hand, and with a hoarse yet scarcely audible voice, said, “ God bless you my dear Dick ! This is indeed a visit of true friendship.” I took hold of his hand and sat down by him, for my heart was too full to speak. He perceived the state of my feelings ; and as he feebly returned the pressure of my hand, a hectic smile passed over his countenance, to check a tear which stood in the corner of his eye. “ Ah, Dick !” said he, “ this is a severe trial. After finding that all the regular faculty had mistaken my case, and having at length found a remedy for it, to be unable to avail myself of the blessing.” Here he paused to fetch his breath, for the least effort exhausted him ; and although he was up, yet he had scarcely strength to support himself in the chair. I ventured to inquire of what remedy he spoke. “ It is,” said he, shuddering as he uttered the words, “ a live spider ; and I have the most implicit faith in the prescription ; but I cannot overcome my aversion to the insect. I see a spider in every article of food I swallow ; and it, consequently, does not remain a moment on my stomach. Two nights ago I dreamt that I saw a spider, with a body the size and exact resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton. It crawled up to my mouth, which it was about to enter ; and—” Here he was again forced to pause to draw breath ; a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his fleshless hand was bedewed with an icy moisture. He heaved a deep sigh, and looked me full in the face ; and, then, as if recollecting himself, he continued his detail. “ This spider haunts me day and night, so constantly, that I have a perfect consciousness of its existence ; and I am also aware that it is the identical one which I must

swallow." At this idea he became so much convulsed, that I called aloud for John, and ordered him instantly to fetch a doctor. My poor friend seemed insensible to the sound of my voice and the order I had given. I felt that he was making an ineffectual effort to push back his chair, and I saw that his eye was following, as it were, something on the ground. "Do you not see there," said he, pointing with the finger of his right hand, which he could scarcely raise from his knee—"there!" "I see nothing, my dear Wunderlich!—it is your imagination which is thus distorted by your disease." He drew himself up with horror: "No! no!" he feebly exclaimed, "it is not fancy!—see, it has crawled up my leg! there—there—it is on my heart—I feel it;" and he sunk into his chair. I thought he had fainted; but in a few seconds, he gave a convulsive sob; which was succeeded by another at an equal distance of time; these were then followed by a hissing, expiratory sound; his limbs became powerless, and he would have fallen on the floor, if I had not supported him in the chair. The doctor entered the room; but it was only to confirm my apprehensions. The force of the delusion had overwhelmed his nervous system; and, in this doing, Death, in his triumph over mortality, had demonstrated that life may be expelled from her fortress by a phantom of the imagination.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

Since all of bright promise here is earliest in decay,
I marvel not, sweet babe, that thou so soon wert snatched
away;
For never did a lovelier form delight a parent's eye,
Nor ever seemed a thing of earth more fitted for the sky.

The rose just budding on thy cheek—thy clear and polished brow—

Thy faultless symmetry of form—of these I think not now ;
The language of thy sunny smile I would not now recall,
Which told that all were dear to thee—and made thee dear
to all !

I knew not how I loved thee then, while on thine opening bloom

I gazed without a fear of change, or presage of the tomb ;—
It was not till the spoiler came, till Death had aimed his dart,
I learned what bonds of love had linked my daughter to my
heart.

Yes—she was dearest to my soul, when pale and cold she lay,
Close clasped to her fond mother's breast, and breathing life
away ;—

Her infant loveliness and grace had charmed mine eyes be-
fore,

But in the patience of her death I felt I loved her more.

For 'twas but by the murmur'd moan—the short convulsive
sigh—

The pressure of the damp chill grasp—the dim and tearful
eye :—

'Twas but by these we guessed how strong was Nature's strife
within ;

How she who could not share the crime had seared the curse
of sin !

She died—we laid her in her shroud—and strewed fresh
flowerets there,

Meet emblems of a flower so late more fragrant and more
fair ;—

This soothed our woes :—we looked again on our departed
one,

And wept afresh—and strove, in vain, to say “Thy will be
done !”

For in the brief and hurried glance—though dimmed by
gushing tears—

Came o'er our spirits, like a dream, the forms of future years !
We thought what charms of womanhood, fair infant, had
been thine !—

Alas ! we could not look to heaven, and see thee now divine.

Years since have rolled, and Time hath lent its balm to Na-
ture's smart,

But none hath filled thy first fond place within thy father's
heart—

O, if thy form of health and life were blotted from my breast,
I never, never could forget the image of thy rest !

But hush—who would not tread the path which thou, sweet
babe, hast trod,

To reach the home where thou art now—the bosom of thy
God ?

Who would not bear what we have borne, to whom, like us,
’twas given

Awhile to love a spotless child—then give a saint to Heaven ?

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

Whisper, thou tree, thou lonely tree,

One, where a thousand stood !

Well might proud tales be told by thee,

Last of the solemn wood.

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green ?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen !

“ I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where now men reap the corn ;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

“ With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

“ I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high ;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

“ The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling at vesper hours.

“ And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter songs of yore.

“ And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring,
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,
Once lov'd by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old ;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead :
I would that where they slumber now
My latest leaves were shed !"

Oh ! thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,
That mournest for the past,
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear ;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin wall
A happy summer glow,
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze
That stir thy leaf, dark tree !
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the gloomy past with thee?

American Poetry.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

By Nathaniel Willis, of Yale College, Connecticut.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if 'twere wrong to blast them not,
They so degrade, so shame their birth,
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing ;
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious apparelling ;
That sky, sea, air, should live and glow
With light and love and holiness,
And yet men never feel or know
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down, and light
Like floods of gold poured on the sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above—
And then, when men would soar, if ever,
To the high homes of thought and soul—
When life's degrading ties should sever,
And the free spirit spurn control—
Then have I seen, (oh how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel,
That truth is in the words I speak,)
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
Away to their unhallow'd mirth,

As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share,
And glorious heavens were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.—

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I found unworthiness of thought,
And when I deem'd I just had caught
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rosy lips look'd eloquent—
Oh, I have turn'd and wept, to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind.—

I was in one of those high halls,
Where genius breathes in sculptur'd stone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
On pencil'd beauty.—They were gone
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
Had wrought such power—but they spoke
To me in every feature still,
And fresh lips breath'd, and dark eyes woke,
And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly
To life and motion. I had knelt
And wept with Mary at the tree
Where Jesus suffered—I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the stern buffet of the Jew,—
I had seen the God of glory bow,
And bleed for sins he never knew,—
And I had wept. I thought that all
Must feel like me—and when there came
A stranger, bright and beautiful,
With step of grace, and eye of flame,

And tone and look most sweetly blent
 To make her presence eloquent,
 Oh then I look'd for tears. We stood
 Before the scene of Calvary,—
 I saw the piercing spear, the blood—
 The gall—the wreath of agony—
 I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
 "Father forgive them"—all was there,
 I turn'd in bitterness of soul
 And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
 Her feelings would refuse control;
 For woman's heart, I knew, was fraught
 With gushing sympathies. She gaz'd
 A moment on it carelessly,
 And coldly curl'd her lip, and prais'd
 The high priest's garment! Could it be
 That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!

 Oh, what is woman—what her smile—
 Her lips of love—her eyes of light—
 What is she, if her lips revile
 The lowly Jesus? Love may write
 His name upon her marble brow,
 And linger in her curls of jet—
 The light spring flower may scarcely bow
 Beneath her step, and yet—and yet—
 Without that meeker grace, she'll be
 A lighter thing than vanity.

 MIDNIGHT.

The moon is riding high in the blue heavens,
 And like a delicate drapery the clouds
 Hang o'er the vast expanse;—the air is calm,
 No voice, no sound is heard, save the soft note

Far distant of a solitary lute ;
 All things are hushed in that tranquillity
 Which speaks e'en to the worn and aching heart,
 And bids its sorrows rest. Night's gentle sigh
 Is breathed so sweetly, it might almost seem
 The echo of an angel's harp :—how bright
 Is this fair world,—there's not a leaf that falls
 Within the forest, not a flower that springs
 Beneath our footsteps, not a twinkling star
 That gems the brow of night, but gives the heart
 A lesson it should ne'er forget, of peace
 And innocence. Surely this world was made
 For pure angelic habitants,—the breath
 Of heaven, that passes o'er the spangled earth
 And fills with fragrance every flower, was meant
 To fan the golden hair of such as those
 Who throng around th' Eternal throne, with harps
 Of thrilling melody. Earth is too fair
 To be the scene of turbulence, the abode
 Of pain and misery :—Oh, why will man
 Transform this gentle paradise of sweets,
 To a dark waste of sorrow and of sin?

IANTHE.

ACTED CHARADE.

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

SCENE—A SPLENDID LIBRARY.

Mr. Maynard enters, speaking to a Servant.—Not at home to any one, excepting Colonel Falkland and Mr. Ellis.—This fallure of Bland's great house, however deplorable in itself, at least bids fair to put an end to my troubles as a guardian. Ever since Mary Conway has been under my care, she has

been besieged by as many suitors as Penelope. We shall see whether the poor destitute girl will prove as attractive as the rich heiress. Falkland is an ardent lover, Ellis a modest one ; Falkland is enormously rich, Ellis comparatively poor ; but whether either—

Enter Colonel Falkland.—My dear Colonel, good morning ! —I took the liberty of sending for you.

Col. Falk. Most proud and happy to obey your summons. I believe that I am before my time ; but where the heart is, you know Mr. Maynard—how is the fair Mary Conway ? I hope she caught no cold in the Park yesterday ?

Mr. May. None that I have heard.

Col. Falk. And that she has recovered the fatigue of Tuesday's ball ?

Mr. May. She does not complain.

Col. Falk. But there is a delicacy, a fragility in her loveliness, that mingles fear of her health with admiration of her beauty.

Mr. May. She is a pretty girl, and a good girl ; a very good girl, considering that, in her quality of an heiress, she has been spoilt by the adulation of every one that has approached her ever since she was born.

Col. Falk. Oh, my dear sir, you know not how often I wish that Miss Conway were not an heiress, that I might have an opportunity of proving to her and to you the sincerity and disinterestedness of my passion.

Mr. May. I am glad to hear you say so.

Col. Falk. I may hope, then, for your approbation and your influence with your fair ward ? You know my fortune and family ?

Mr. May. Both are unexceptionable.

Col. Falk. The estate which I inherited from my father is large and unencumbered ; that which will devolve to me from the maternal side is still more considerable. I am the last of my race, Mr. Maynard ; and my mother and aunt are, as you may imagine, very desirous to see me settled. They

for her dear sake I wish that I were richer, but that never shall I wish that she were rich for mine. Tell her that if a fortune adequate to the comforts, and elegancies, though not to the splendours, of life, a pleasant country house, a welcoming family, and an adoring husband, can make her happy, I lay them at her feet. Tell her—

Mr. May. My dear fellow, you had far better tell her yourself. I have no doubt but she will accept your disinterested offers, and I shall heartily advise her to do so; but you must make up your mind to a little disappointment.

Mr. Ellis. How? what? How can I be disappointed, so that Miss Conway consents to be mine?

Mr. May. Disappointment is not quite the word. But you will have to encounter a little derangement of your generous schemes. When you take my pretty ward, you must e'en take the burden of her riches along with her.

Col. Falk. She is not ruined then?

Mr. May. No, sir. Mr. Conway did at one time place a considerable sum in the firm of Messrs. Bland; but finding the senior partner to be, as you observed, Colonel, a notorious speculator, he prudently withdrew it.

Col. Falk. And this was a mere stratagem?

Mr. May. Why really, sir, I was willing to prove the sincerity of your professions, before confiding to you such a treasure as Mary Conway, and I think that the result has fully justified the experiment. But for your comfort, I don't think she would have had you, even if you had happened to have behaved better. My young friend here had made himself a lodgment in her heart, of which his present conduct proves him to be fully worthy. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning.—Come, Ellis; Mary's in the music-room.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE SPECTRE BRIDE.

(From "*German Stories*," translated by R. Gillies.)

The son of a very rich nobleman, whom I shall now designate only by his Christian name Felippo, had, during his residence at Leghorn—which town he had visited on account of some inheritance that devolved on him—paid his addresses to a beautiful young girl, obtained the consent of her relations, and being for the present under the necessity of revisiting Venice, he promised that he would, in a very short time, come again to Leghorn, in order to celebrate a marriage with his beloved Clara. Their attachment seemed mutual; and their parting was even frightfully solemn. After they had exhausted the power of words in reciprocal protestations and vows, Felippo invoked the avenging powers of darkness to bring destruction on his own head if he should be unfaithful, and wished that his intended bride should not even find rest in the grave if he deserted her, but follow him still to claim his love, and extort it from him in another world. When these words were uttered, Clara's parents were seated at table with the lovers. They recollected their own early life, and did not attempt to stop these romantic effusions, which at last were carried so far, that the young people both wounded themselves in the left arm, and mingled their blood in a glass of white champagne. "Inseparable as these red drops have now become, shall our souls and our fates be for ever!" cried Felippo. He drank half the wine, and gave the rest to Clara, who pledged him without hesitation.

On his return to Venice, a young beauty had just made her appearance there; who had hitherto been educated at a distant convent, but now suddenly emerged like an angel from the clouds, and excited the admiration of the whole city.—Felippo's parents, who had heard of Clara, but looked on his adventure with her as only one of those love affairs which

may be made up one day and forgotten on the next, introduced their son to this young stranger. Camilla, for this was her name, was distinguished not only for her beauty, but for her wealth and high birth. Representations were made to Felippo, what influence he might gain in the state by means of an alliance with her. The licentious gaiety of the carnival, which now drew on, favoured his addresses; and in a short time the recollection of his engagement at Leghorn was almost banished from his mind, and finally he became the accepted lover of Camilla.

The day of their marriage arrived, which was, however, put off by the sudden illness of the clergyman; and the day was devoted to solemn festival and betrothing.

Already, at an early hour in the morning, the gondoliers, in their gayest apparel, were in waiting; and a brilliant party, with bands of music, all rejoicing in confident expectations, set out on their voyage to the bride's country house. At the dinner banquet, which was protracted till late in the evening, rings were, as usual, interchanged between the lovers; but no sooner had that taken place, than a most horrible piercing shriek was heard by the whole party with astonishment—by the bridegroom, with a cold shuddering through every limb. Every one started up and ran to the windows, for the voice seemed to come from without; but, though the twilight still rendered objects visible, it was impossible to discover any cause for this extraordinary alarm.

Soon after this unaccountable disturbance, I happened to request of the bride, who sat opposite to me, that I might be allowed to look again at her marriage-ring, which was of very beautiful workmanship; she nodded assent, but, to her great consternation, it was no longer on her finger. Search was diligently made—all rose to give their assistance for that purpose, but in vain; the ring was irretrievably gone! The hour, meanwhile, drew near at which the evening amusements were to commence. The masked ball was to be preceded by a very brilliant display of fireworks on the river,—

The party arrayed themselves, in the first place, in their fancy dresses, and entered their gondolas. But the silence that prevailed among them all was, on such an occasion, most extraordinary; they could not possibly recover their spirits. The fireworks were admirable, yet, notwithstanding their success, only a feeble "bravo" was heard now and then among the spectators. The ball, too, was one of the most brilliant that I have ever witnessed. The dresses were magnificent, and so loaded with diamonds, that the light of the countless wax candles was reflected through the room a thousand fold. The bride, however, excelled every one in this display, and her father delighted himself with the conviction that no one could compete with his beloved and only daughter. As if to be more thoroughly convinced on this point, he went through the room looking at the ornaments worn by the other masks, till, all at once, he was struck with the utmost astonishment on discovering that jewels of the very identical fashion and lustre were worn by two ladies, his daughter and a stranger at the same time! He confessed to me afterwards, that he was weak enough to feel his pride hurt at this occurrence. His only consolation was to reflect, that however rich these jewels were, they would be surpassed out of all measure by a wreath of diamonds and rubies which was to be worn by Camilla at the supper-table.

When the supper-party had at length assembled, and the old gentlemen made his remarks as before, the strange lady, to his utter consternation, made her appearance with a wreath precisely like that of his daughter's. His curiosity now got the better almost of his politeness, and as she still wore her mask, he could not help addressing himself to her with the words, "Fair lady, might I venture so great a liberty as to ask your name?" The incognita, however, shook her head with a mournful, abstracted air, and did not answer him one word. At the same time, the house-steward came and wished to know whether the party had been increased in number, as the covers appointed for the dinner-table were now

found insufficient. His master answered in the negative, and, in a tone of much irritation, insisted that the servants must have made some blunder. The steward, on the contrary, maintained that he was perfectly correct. Another cover was laid accordingly, and, on counting the guests, it was found that there was one more than the number that had been invited. As he had a little while before, in consequence of some careless expressions, rendered himself obnoxious to interferences of the police-officers, he thought this addition to his party must have been caused by them. Being perfectly satisfied that nothing would at present take place in his house on which the police could make any remarks, he determined, in his own mind, to avoid any disturbance of the present festivity. It would be better, he thought, to represent to the government afterwards the insult they had inflicted on him; therefore, while most of his guests had thrown off their masks, he deferred his intended proposal that they should *all* do so till the close of the entertainment. Universal admiration was excited by the extraordinary luxury displayed at this final banquet. In the variety and excellence of his wines, our host surpassed all that had been hitherto known at Venice, and yet he was not satisfied. He lamented especially that a misfortune had happened to his red champagne, so that he could not produce a single glass of that liquor.

At this time the party seemed well disposed to make up, as fast as possible, for that want of joviality and high spirits they had betrayed through the preceding entertainments.—Only in my neighbourhood (I mean where I sat at table) it fell out very differently. We had only one unanimous feeling, that of curiosity, which completely triumphed over every other. I was placed near the lady who wore jewels exactly resembling those of the bride, and observed that, besides never touching food or wine, she did not vouchsafe to return a single word when spoken to by the other guests; but, meanwhile, kept her looks constantly fixed on Felippo and

his bride, who sat together. Her presence and strange conduct could not possibly remain unobserved, and the remarks that were, by degrees, spread about from one guest to another, once more damped the spirit of conviviality which, for a short time, had been revived. There arose a whispering all round the table, and the prevailing opinion was, that an unfortunate attachment to the bridegroom must be the cause of the incognita's eccentric manners. However this might be, those who were nearest her at the supper-table left their places on the first opportunity offered for a change, and sought elsewhere for a more agreeable situation. Afterwards, however, many of the party assembled round for the sole purpose of discovering who she really was, expecting that after all she would unmask, and prove to be a well known friend—but in vain! At last, when white champagne was handed round, the bridegroom also drew near, taking the chair next but one to the silent lady; and now, indeed, she seemed to be more animated;—at least she turned round towards her new neighbour when he addressed her, which she had never done to any one else, and even offered her glass as if she wished him to drink out of it. It was visible, however, that by her attentions Felippo had been excessively agitated. He held up the glass in his left hand trembling like an aspen leaf, pointed to it, and said, “How comes it that the wine is red? I thought we had no red champagne!” “Red,” said the bride’s father, who had drawn near, with his curiosity stretched to the utmost; “what can you mean?” “Look only at the lady’s glass,” answered Felippo. “Well,—it is filled with white wine, like all the rest,” said the old gentleman; and he called the bystanders to witness, who, with one voice, declared the wine to be white. Felippo would not drink it, however; and when the silent lady turned round on him a second time, he trembled even more than before, in so much that he quitted his place at table, took his host aside, and when they had conversed for some time privately, the latter, having taken his resolution, addressed himself in a

loud voice to the company : " For reasons," said he, " which are afterwards to be explained, I must request, as a particular favour, that *all* my worthy friends now present will, for a moment, take off their masks." As in these words he only expressed a general wish, his request was complied with in an instant,—every countenance was uncovered, that of the silent lady excepted, on whom the looks of the whole party were turned with an expression of disappointment and suspicion. " You are the only mask left among us," said her host after a long pause ; " dare I not hope that you will indulge me so far ?" She persisted, however, in the same coldness of manner, and remained incognita. This vexed the old gentleman so much the more, as he discovered, among the rest, without exception, *all* the friends that he had invited ; so that this lady was, without any doubt, the individual who had been added unexpectedly to the number. At the same time, he did not venture to force a removal of her disguise, as the extraordinary value of her jewels took away all his suspicions that a spy of the police had intruded himself, and he would not run the risk of offending a person who was evidently of high rank. She might, perhaps, be some acquaintance who had arrived suddenly at Venice—heard of his brilliant entertainment, and, as a harmless jest, resolved to make one at the masquerade without being discovered. Meanwhile, it was thought right, at all events, to make some inquiries among the servants ; but, notwithstanding the great number of strange lacqueys and female attendants that were at the villa, none could be found who would acknowledge this lady for their mistress ; nor could any one of his own household recollect when or how she arrived ; and their ignorance was the more unaccountable, as the lady must have retired to her toilet in order to put on the beautiful wreath with which she appeared at the supper-table.

The mysterious whispering which had for some time supplied the place of all lively conversation, now became more remarkable, when the lady suddenly rose from her place,

waved her hand, and nodding to the bridegroom, then retreated towards the door. The bride, however, would not suffer him to follow,—for she had long observed the attention with which the incognita had regarded him. Nor had it escaped Camilla's notice, that he had been frightfully agitated when he was offered the glass of wine; and she began to fear that some mad attachment to Felippo had been the cause of this extraordinary scene. In spite of all her objections, however, she could not prevent her father from following the unknown; and when she had got beyond the door, he redoubled his pace in order to keep up with her.—But at that moment, the same horrible shriek which had been heard during the dinner banquet was repeated with an effect tenfold more frightful amid the stillness of the night; and when our host had got beyond the outer gateway, not a trace was to be found of the mysterious visitor. The people in attendance there knew nothing of her; and though the banks of the river were crowded with gondoliers, not one could acknowledge even to have seen her. These events had such an effect on the whole company, that only one desire now seemed to prevail among them, that of returning to their own homes as fast as possible; and the old gentleman was forced to order the gondolas to be in readiness at a much earlier hour than he had intended. They departed, accordingly, in a mood very different from that in which they had arrived in the morning.

On the following morning I found Felippo and his bride again in their usual spirits. He now began to think, as she did, that the incognita was some unfortunate person "crazed with hopeless love;" and as to the frightful cry that had twice alarmed the party, it might have been only an absurd trick of some intoxicated gondolier. It was not so easy to account for the lady's arrival and departure without being observed; but this, too, might be explained by the bustle that prevailed, and inattention of the porters. As to the disappearance of the wedding-ring, it could only be supposed that some

one among the servants had slight-of-hand and dishonesty enough to conjure it into his own pocket, from whence, of course, it would not be recovered. In short, they seemed resolved to overlook all difficulties and objections that might have been made to these explanations, and were only distressed that the priest, who should have come to pronounce a blessing on their contract, was now declared to be at the point of death ; and, on account of the old friendship subsisting between him and my friend's family, they could not properly think of the final ceremonies being performed within the very week after his decease.

On the day of the clergyman's funeral, however, a fearful check was given to Felippo's levity and high spirits. A letter arrived from Clara's mother, informing him that her unhappy daughter had, in her grief and disappointment, died for the sake of her faithless lover ; moreover, that she had declared in her last moments that she would not rest in her grave till she had compelled him to fulfil his promises. This alone made such an impression on Felippo, that the wretched mother's added maledictions were quite superfluous. He found also, that the mysterious shriek, which had been heard when the rings were exchanged, had been uttered precisely at the hour and minute of the poor girl's death. He was forced also to believe, however unwillingly, that the unknown lady had been his forsaken Clara's ghost ; and this thought deprived him at times of all self-possession. Henceforward he always carried the letter about with him, and sometimes drew it unconsciously from his pocket, and stared at its agonizing pages. Even Camilla's presence could not always prevent this ; and as she of course ascribed his agitation to the paper which he thus impolitely and silently perused, she availed herself of an opportunity when he had let it drop on the floor, and seemed quite lost in thought, to examine, without ceremony, what had caused him such distress. Felippo did not awake from his reverie till she had perused the letter, and was folding it up with her countenance dead-

ly pale, so that she must have fully understood her own painful situation. He then threw himself at her feet, in a mood of the sincerest anguish and repentance, conjuring her to tell him what he now ought to do. "Only let your affection for me be more constant than it was for this poor unfortunate," said Camilla; and he vowed this from his inmost heart. But his disquietude constantly increased; and when the day of their marriage at last arrived, became almost quite overpowering. When, according to the old fashion of the Venetians, he went in the twilight before day-break to the residence of his bride, he could not help believing, all the way, that Clara's ghost was walking by his side. Indeed, no loving couple were ever accompanied to the altar by such fearful omens as those which now took place. At the request of Camilla's parents, I was there in attendance as a witness, and have never since forgotten the horrors of that morning. We were advancing in profound silence towards the church della Salute, but already in the streets, Felippo whispered to me several times, that I should keep away that strange woman, as he feared that she had some design against his bride. "What strange woman?" said I, in astonishment. "Not so loud—for God's sake be cautious!" answered he; "you see, no doubt, how she is always endeavouring to force herself betwixt me and Camilla." "More phantasies, my good friend," said I; "there is no one here but our own party." "God grant that my eyes had deceived me!" he replied; "only don't let her go with us into the church!" added he, when we arrived at the door. "Certainly not," said I; and to the great astonishment of the bride's parents, I made gestures as if I were ordering some one away.

In the church we found Felippo's father, on whom his son looked as if he were taking leave of him for ever. Camilla sobbed aloud, and when the bridegroom called out,—*"So, then, this strange woman has come in with us after all,"*—it was thought doubtful whether, under such circumstances, the marriage could be performed. Camilla, however, said in her

changeless affection, "Nay, nay, since he is in this unhappy state, he has more need of my care and constant presence." Now they drew near to the altar, where a gust of wind suddenly extinguished the candles. The priest was angry that the sacristan had not closed the windows; but Felippo exclaimed, "The windows indeed! do you not see who stands here, and who just now carefully and designedly extinguished the lights?" Every one looked confounded; but Felippo went on hastily, breaking away from his bride. "Do you not see, too, who is just forcing me away from Camilla?"—At these words, the bride sank fainting into her mother's arms, and the clergyman declared that, under such impressions as these, it was absolutely impossible for him to proceed with the ceremony. The relations on both sides looked on Felippo's situation as an attack of sudden madness; but it was not long before they changed this opinion, for he now fainted as Camilla had done. Convulsions followed, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a few moments their concern for him was at an end. Notwithstanding every effort made to assist him, he expired.

THE RESCUE:

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer."

The hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily embroidered banners, which waved in the wind streaming from the crannies in windows which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of time.—Minstrel harps rang throughout the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands—haunches of the

red deer, bustards, cranes, quarters of mutton, pasties, the grinning heads of wild boars,—and flanked with flaggons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sate King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast the jovial glee of the wassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been intrusted. “Up, gallants,” exclaimed the martial monarch, “don your harness and ride as lightly as you may to the relief of the Countess of Clare; she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleagured by a rabble of unnurtured Welch savages, who, lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them,) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis and my good sword, were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprise?—What, all silent? are ye knights? are ye men? do I reign over christian warriors, valiant captains who have sworn to protect beauty in distress; or are ye like the graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?” “My ranks are wonderous scant,” returned Milo Fitzwalter, “I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none; but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse and away. Beshrew me, were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I’d do my best to rescue her in this extremity.” “Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter,” replied the king, “and wilt prosper: the Saint’s benison be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil con-

found, leave me too much work, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair Countess, in a flask of the right Bourdeaux : and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed ; for by my Halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welch churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne's paladins." Fitzwalter made no answer, but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his squires and men at arms, rested not either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the Countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible ; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, they cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the hiting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls ; whence, with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the Welch host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle.—Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions ; the corpses of the unburied dead lay strewed upon the pavement ; the heroic Countess and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to

deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel.—Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welchmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of all the implements of war; and with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and lady's bower throughout Christendom.

LAODAMIA.

By W. Wordsworth, Esq.

With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould?

It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a God leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the Vision with thy voice:
'This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed
This precious boon,—and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;

And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain :
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

" Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best !
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

" But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Were kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave ;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips are fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

" No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this :
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride !"
Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcsæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

" This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

" Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.

Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—”

“ Ah, wherefore ?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestia, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?
Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth ’mid youthful peers.

“ The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman’s breast,

“ But if thou go’st, I follow—” “ Peace !” he said—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered :
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;
In his deportment, shape, and mein, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spoke of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;

Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—“*Ill,*” said he,
“The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight
While tears were thy best pastime,—day and night :

“And while my youthful years, before my eyes,
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained :
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“The wished-for wind was given : I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—flowers :
My new planned cities, and unfinished towers.

“But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
Behold they tremble !—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die !—
In soul I swept the indignity away :

Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“ Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object.—Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
Round the dear shade she would have clung—’tis vain :
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift, tow’rd the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved ;
She who thus perished not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason’s spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather flowers,
Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,

As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
 And ever when such stature they had gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ;
 A constant interchange of growth and blight.

 THE OLD HAT.

(*From "Moods and Tenses."*)

I had a hat—it was not all a hat,
 Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
 It on, and people wondered as I passed.
 Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
 And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
 But still my hat, although so fashionless
 In complement extern, had that within
 Surpassing show—my head continued warm ;
 Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
 The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
 That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
 With both their eyes (they stared with one before)—
 The wonder now was two-fold—and it seemed
 Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
 Be worn by one who might—but let that pass !
 I had my reasons, which might be revealed
 But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
 Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.

Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn brown,
And frosty winter came,—and went, and came,
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls,
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could inscone
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said ;
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will !—
The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone !
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those who knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes ; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered ;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright ;—
Yea dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,

Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
One thought prevailed all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length, the circling months went round :
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy, coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger, men, and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless—
And at last, not least of rescued blessings, love,
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A brand new beaver of the Andre mould ;
And then the laugh was mine, for then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a bet.

THE NUMIDIANS,

A Tale of the Moorish Wars in Granada.

During the progress of the building of Santa Fe, Lara had the chief command of the troops employed to protect the works. In this service he was indefatigable. Not content with continually watching for, and providing against any sortie of the Moors during the day, he was in the habit of making extensive excursions by night, to prevent surprise.

On one of these occasions, being accompanied by an hundred horse, he had wandered somewhat farther than usual. The night was fine and clear—and, the moon of that delicious climate being at the full, it is scarcely an hyperbole to say that it was as light as day. To this extreme brightness, the deep stillness and silence of the hour formed a remarkable contrast. He was beyond the sound of the call of the centinels, posted near the rising walls;—all was bright and still. Of a sudden, the sound of a horse's feet, passing along at speed, broke the one; and, immediately afterwards, the horse itself, and his rider, were betrayed by the other.—The horse was milk white—his long mane floated upon the nightwind, which was roused, almost created, by the velocity of his motion;—his make, though somewhat slight, was muscular, as well as beautiful—unchecked by curb, unfettered by harness or by housing, he bounded forward with the freedom of the desert, but without its wildness—for his master's voice was at once bit, and spur, and bridle-rein—it urged him to speed, it checked him short in a moment. Of the first of these the Spanish commander had proof almost at the moment he met his eye—of the second he was convinced very soon afterwards, for upon ordering twelve of his men forward to take the rider prisoner—extending, at the same time, the rest of his troop into a circle to surround him—the stranger with one word stopped his horse, and calmly awaited the approach of his assailants.

Lara had already recognized him as one of the famous Numidians who had come from the deserts of Africa to the aid of Boabdil. On his head he wore a black turban—on his body a short white tunic, crossed by a shining chain of silver, which bore his large and massive scymetar. His legs and arms were completely naked, with the exception of the golden bracelets with which they were adorned. In his left hand he held his buckler—in his right three javelins.

He stopped short, as we have said, and firmly awaited the attack of the twelve men who were detached against him.—

As they drew within reach, he threw his three darts. Each unseated a horseman, and rolled him in the dust. One word to his horse, and he was off with the speed of light—while the remaining nine troopers followed dispersedly.—The Numidian, however, found his progress barred: for Lara had already drawn the circle round him. He wheeled his gallant courser—avoided his pursuers—returned at full speed to the spot of the conflict—stooped without checking that speed, as he passed one of his victims—drew the javelin from his breast—and with it overthrew another of his pursuers, who now had again approached him.

Meanwhile, Lara had beheld the conduct of the Numidian with extreme admiration. His bravery, his extreme skill in the management both of his weapons and his horse, had been displayed before one equally capable of estimating the excellence of all warlike exercises, and candid and generous in acknowledging it, although in the person of an enemy.—Lara advanced towards the stranger; and, ordering his men to keep their ranks,—who, stung with the loss of their comrades, were on the point of charging;—he thus addressed him:

“Brave African, it is enough. Do not prolong a fruitless resistance. Yield your arms to me. I can scarce restrain my soldiers—leave me the gratification of preserving so brave a life.”

“Life!” answered the Numidian, “Life is a boon only to the happy—to the wretched it is a burthen. Rather than become a captive, I will lose it by thy hand!”

So saying, he drew his scymetar, and urged his horse upon the Spaniard. Lara threw down his lance, drew his sword, and met him midway. In courage and in skill it would be difficult to find two men more nearly matched; but the Castilian was sheathed in steel, while the Numidian had no defensive arms, except a light buckler, which he wore upon his left arm. His javelins, in the use of which he had shown such fatal skill—and which, at ordinary times, served as a

counterbalance to the long lances and coats of mail of the Christians—his javelins had all been cast. Had they been sent from the quiver of Azrael, the aim could not have been surer or more deadly. Each had borne death upon its wing; and one might boast of a double victim. But now the African had only his scymetar and shield; his bare arms and legs—his light tunic—his linen turban—would seem to be unequally matched against the casque, and corselet, and gauntlets, and cuisses of the steel-clad Spaniard. But in activity, both of horse and rider, the Numidian and his barb had vastly the advantage. There seemed, too, an unanimity, a community almost, of spirit between them, which was equally surprising and extraordinary. The horse seconded his master in every manœuvre both of attack and defence. He leaped into the air to give his descending blow more force—he sprang on one side to avoid that of his antagonist. The fable of the Centaur might almost be said to have been realized in them. Nor was the skill of the African inferior to the intelligence and activity of his gallant steed. His long scymetar swept through the air with a force, and descended in quick repeated blows with a weight which rendered the armour of the Spaniard the safe-guard of his life. In defence, too, he was equally adroit. His solitary buckler was always under Lara's blow, wherever it might fall. It served at once for helmet and cuirass—for gauntlet and for greave; but its strength was unequal to its master's skill. The mighty stroke of the redoubted Lara, delivered with his whole strength, at last cut into two the buckler which received its force; clove the shoulder of the Numidian, and threw him to the earth. His gallant horse, on seeing his master fall, uttered that piercing cry which, from its rare occurrence, as well as its thrilling and unearthly tone, is perhaps the most appalling of all the sounds with which nature has gifted the animal creation. But this noble beast, not contented with thus lamenting his master, strove still to defend him. He covered his fallen body—and, standing upon

his hind feet, reared into the air, and opposed, with his fore, the approach of Lara. As he turned, so did the horse: his threatening feet formed a rampart over his rider's body. At length, seeing the whole Castilian troop draw in, the horse (which almost seemed to share his master's hatred of captivity) fled with the speed of the wind across the plain, and disappeared in the distance.

Lara, in the meantime, approached his prisoner; raised him from the earth—examined his wound, which he found had only penetrated the flesh,—and used towards him all those courtesies and amenities which were so familiar and so becoming in a brave and accomplished knight like this celebrated Spaniard. He mounted his prisoner on one of the horses of his troop, and set forward towards the entrenchments.

Lara and the Numidian thus become mutually known, the latter disclosed to Lara his parentage and subsequent history. He was chief of a tribe of Numidians, and, shortly after his marriage with the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring prince, went to assist his Moorish brethren in the wars in Granada. His wife, the beautiful and heroic Zora, between whom and himself there existed an affection equally deep and enthusiastic, prayed for and obtained permission to accompany him; but, shortly after her arrival at Boabdil's court, her pure and delicate feelings were shocked with its licentiousness, and her husband, equally shocked at the same cause, procured for her, during the war, an asylum in Carthame, a remote fortified town in possession of the Moors, whither, on his faithful steed, he every night, like a second Leander, proceeded to visit and console her. But at last, touched with her beauty, the Governor of Carthame became her enamoured tormentor, and Ishmael, informed of this by his faithful Zora, determined on dreadful vengeance. For this purpose he had armed himself, and set out on the night in question at his usual hour of visit;—but was intercepted and overthrown by Lara in the manner above described.—

Lara, on hearing this, determined to implore his release from Ferdinand, and for that purpose waited upon his sovereign; but, being detained at a council longer than he had expected, a mournful event occurred, which rendered his solicitation in behalf of Ishmael unnecessary.

Zora had been anxiously awaiting the approach of Ishmael; and, from the causes with which the reader is acquainted, had awaited it in vain. Hour after hour, she thought every sound must be his footstep, till, as day dawned upon her, hope had almost sickened into despair. She imagined to herself every misadventure which might have happened to him on his way from Granada; and, at last, with that impatience of inactivity which suspense always brings with it, she determined to go forth and seek him; she hoped to meet him on his way. She procured the war-dress of an Abencerrage; and active and courageous, as her husband had represented her to be, she mounted on a courser, and, affecting to be charged with a commission from the governor, she passed out from the city without suspicion. She took the road towards Granada, and had not advanced far before she met an object which seemed to verify all her worst forebodings. It was the well known horse of her husband; which, with his mane blood-bedabbled, and his air wild and terror-stricken, was rapidly approaching those towers to which his master had so often guided him. Zora recognized him at once; her heart sank within her at the sight; but she determined to know the extent of her misfortune. Placing herself, therefore, immediately across the path of the horse, as he drew near to her, she called to him by his name, in the tone in which she had so often caressed him. In despite of her dress, the faithful animal recognised her voice at once. He stopped short; and, approaching her, rubbed his head gently against her knees. She patted his neck, and called upon the name of her husband aloud—"Ishmael! Ishmael!"—The horse seemed to understand her meaning—for he neighed and tossed his head into the air, as though in grief

and lamentation. Zora took her resolution in an instant.—She leaped upon his back, and throwing the reins loose upon his neck, the unwearied animal struck, at a rapid pace, into the direction from whence he had come.

A moderate time brought her to the spot where the fight had taken place the night before, and where her husband had sunk under the blows of Lara. The bodies of the four Spaniards whom Ishmael had overthrown lay upon the ground. Zora perceived by the javelins that the blows had been dealt by him. But not far from them she recognised his buckler, cloven in two, and, as well as the sand on which it lay, stained with his blood. She flung herself upon the ground, impregnated with that blood, and gave vent to the most passionate grief. Suddenly a groan struck upon her ear; and turning around, she perceived that it proceeded from one of the Spaniards, in whom some life was still left. She ran towards him, raised him, assisted him, questioned him. The wounded soldier, grateful for her care, collected the few Arabic words of which he was master, to inform her that it was a single Numidian, who, attacked upon his road, had pierced him and his companions, but that Lara had avenged them. The buckler was cloven, the blood was shed, by the hand of Lara.

Zora gathered from this, that Ishmael had been slain by the Spanish leader. She asked from the wounded soldier the direction of the camp: he pointed it out, and she set off at speed to reach it, promising to send the wounded man his comrades' help. Even in her own distress, woman observes and remembers the distress of others; even when, as in this case, she dares face the dangers of war, she does all that in her lies to mitigate its horrors.

Having reached the Spanish outposts, she desired to speak to the officer of the guard. He appeared:—"Tell your commander," she exclaimed—"tell Lara, that the governor of Carthame awaits him here, with his sword in his hand—that he will fight with him, hand to hand, within his own lines.

If he is not the most dastardly of men, he will not shrink from my challenge."

The officer was struck with extreme surprise; but such was the respect of the Castilians for all who claimed the rights of the lists, that he complied with the stranger's request, and sent one of his men to Lara's quarters with the message. Meanwhile, the supposed governor of Carthame refused even to dismount. She remained motionless, awaiting Lara's coming.

After some delay, during which she fulfilled her promise to the wounded man, she saw her antagonist approach. He was seated upon a noble horse, clad in casque and coat of mail, and was armed only with a sword. The day had now considerably advanced: it was twilight when the warriors met. They seemed animated by mutual enmity; without uttering one word they urged their coursers on each other, and struck a desperate blow, respectively, as they crossed.—Both were wounded.—On the return of their charge, the same thing again occurred; both struck, both were wounded. But such dilatory conflict seemed unfitted to their impatience. They sprang from their horses, and attacked each other hand to hand. The struggle was fierce and desperate. The inferior strength of Zora was compensated for by the loss of blood of her opponent, who seemed to have suffered more severely in the wounds which had been interchanged on horseback. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker, till at last she observed an opening in the fastenings of his armour, near the left shoulder, and hitting the spot with perfect accuracy of aim, her sword pierced him to the hilt. She drew it forth instantly, and again perforated him, as he fell. "Die, wretch," she exclaimed; "die barbarian—and know that thou fallest by a woman's hand! It is Zora, the wife of Ishmael, who thus avenges Ishmael's death!"

As she spoke these words, the dying man, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow in her bones, exclaimed—"Zora!—and is it by your hand I die!—and it is against your life that my blows have been aimed!"

She shuddered at the sound, throw herself upon him, freed him from his casque, and the last light of the evening fell upon the face of Ishmael, already clammy with the dews of death!

Yes, it was her Ishmael whom she had slain; it was that husband whose death she came to avenge—whose death she had inflicted with her own hand! The soldier who had gone in from the outpost to Lara's tent, had found he was still at the council. In awaiting his return, he conversed with the Numidian chief, and mentioned the purport of his errand.—The name of the governor of Carthame struck like a trumpet-sound upon the ear of Ishmael. "Great Allah, I thank thee! thou hast delivered him into my hands!" he exclaimed. He entreated—he implored the soldier to let him go in Lara's place. He promised to answer for every thing to him; he loaded the man with his golden ornaments; the soldier yielded to the united influence of his entreaties and gifts.—Ishmael clothed himself in Lara's arms. They were new to him. He was stiff and weak from his former wound, which the corslet also galled. But he heeded nothing save to be revenged on Osman. The result we know.

Zora was stupified at this sight.—"Alas!" said her husband, "this is a sad farewell for thee and me, Zora!—but rather would I die thus by thy hand, with the knowledge of thy all-sacrificing love, than live sultan of the whole world without thee.—Live, Zora, live!—You would have died for my sake; live for it.—Comfort for my father—no one can, like you—Bless you, Zora!"—His voice had been growing fainter and fainter; it ceased—he was no more!

As he ceased speaking, Zora bent herself upon him—she strained him to her heart in a close embrace—she pressed her lips to his in a long-drawn kiss—her last breath was drawn with it.

TALE OF THE HAUNTED WELL.

(From the Noctes Ambrosianæ in Blackwood's Magazine.)

North.—To look on you James, an ordinary observer would think that you had never had any serious trials in this life—that doric laugh of thine, my dear Shepherd—

Shepherd.—I hate and despise ordinary observers; and thank God that they can ken naething o' me or my character. The pitifu' creturs aye admire a man wi' a lang nose, hollow cheeks, black een, swarthy cheeks, and creeshy hair; and tauk to ane anither about his interesting melancholy, and severe misfortunes; and hoo he had his heart weel nigh broken by the death o' twa wives, and the loss o' a third evangelical Miss, wha eloped after her wadding-claes had been taen aff at the haberdasher's, wi' a play actor wha had ance been a gentleman; that is, attached to the commissawriat depairtment o' the army in the Peninsula, a dealer in adulterated flour and mule-flesh sausages.

North.—Interesting emigrants to Van Diemen's Land.

Shepherd.—A man wi' buck-teeth, and a cockit nose, like me, they'll no alloo to be a martyr to melancholy; but because they see and hear me laughin' as in Peter's Letters, scoot the idea o' my giein' way to grief, and aft-times thinkin' the sweet light o' heaven's blessed sunshine darkened by a black veil that flings a correspondin' shadow ower the seemingly disconsolate yerth.

North.—Most of the good poets of my acquaintance have light-coloured hair.

Shepherd.—Mine in my youth was o' a bricht yellow.

North.—And a fine animal you were, James, I am told, as you walked up the trans o' the kirk, with your mane flying over your shoulders, confined within graceful liberty by a blue riband, the love-gift of some bonny May, that won'd amang the braes, and had yielded you the parting kiss, just as the cottage clock told that another week was past, and

you heard the innocent creature's heart beating in the hush o' the Sabbath morn.

Shepherd.—Whisht, whisht!

North.—But we have forgotten the Tale of the Haunted Well.

Shepherd.—It's nae Tale—for there's naething that cou'd be ca'd an incident in a' that I cou'd say about that well! O! sir—she was only twa months mair than fifteen—and though she had haply reached her full stature, and was somewhat taller than the maist o' our forest lasses, yet you saw at ance that she was still but a bairn. Her breast, white, and warm, and saft, and fragrant as the lily, whose leaves in the driest weather you'll never find without an ink'lin o' heaven's dew, no perhaps what you wou'd ca' a dew-drap, but a balmy freshness, that ever breathes o' delight in being alive beneath fair skies, and on this fair planet, the greenest sure by far o' the Seven that dance around the Sun!

North.—Too poetical, James, for real feeling.

Shepherd.—Wha that ever saw—wha that ever touched that breast, would not hae been made a poet by the momentary bliss! Yet, as God is my judge, her mother's hand husked not that maiden's bosom wi' mair holy love than did I place within it, mony and mony a time, the yellow prim-roses and the blue violets, baith o' them wi' but single leaves, as you ken, among the braes, but baith alike bonnier far—oh—bonnier, bonnier far when sometimes scarcely to be seen at all atween the movings o' her breast, than when she and I pu'd them frae among the moss and tufts o' lang grass, whisperin' saft and dreamlike thochts, as the hill-breezes went by on a sudden, and then a' was again as loun as death.

North.—My dear Theocritus—

Shepherd.—Whisht. I was a hantle sulder than her—and as she had nae brither—I was a brither to her—neither had she a father or mitber, and ance on a day, when I said to her that she wad find baith in me, wha loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the pulr britherless, sisterless, pa-

restless orphan, had her face a' in ae single instant as drenched in tears, as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a spate frae the far-off hills.

North.—Her soul, James, is now in Heaven!

Shepherd.—The simmer afore she died, she didna use to come o' her ain accord, and without being asked in aneath my plaid, when a skirring shower gald by—I had to wise her in within its faulds—and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast—and when I spak to her, half in earnest half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to lauch,—sae muckle as to greet! As sure as God's in heaven, the fair orphan wept.

North.—One so happy and so innocent might well shed tears.

Shepherd.—There, beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that wad noo be aneuch for years!

North.—For us, and men like us, James, there is on earth no such thing as happiness. Enough that we have known it.

Shepherd.—I should fear noo to face sic happiness as used to be there, beside that well—sic happiness woud noo turn my brain—but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returnin', for that voice went wavering awa' up to heaven from this mute earth, and on the night when it was heard not, and never more to be heard, in the psalm, in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this world, this life was disenchanted for ever, and the place that held her grave a Paradise no more!

North.—A fitter place of burial for such an one is not on the earth's surface, than that lone hill kirk-yard, where she hath for years been sleeping. The birch shrub in the south corner will now be quite a stately tree.

Shepherd.—I visit the place sae regularly every May-day in

the morning, every Midsummer-day, the longest day in the year, that is the twenty-second o' June, in the gloaming, that I see little or nae alteration on the spat, or onything that belongs to it. But nae doubt, we are baith grown aulder the-gither ; it in that solitary region, visited by few or none—except when there is a burial—and me sometimes at Mount-Benger, and sometimes in here at Embro', enjoyin' mysel' at Ambrose's—for, after a', the world's no a bad world, although Mary Morison be dead—dead and buried thirty years ago, and that's a lang portion o' a man's life, which is, scripturally speakin', something about threescore and ten.

THE SEPARATION.

(*From the Novel of "Elizabeth de Bruce."*)

From the chill and pale gray dawn, and long before the faint shadowy light could have enabled any other eye to discern distant objects, had Elizabeth de Bruce, kneeling at her high casement, watched the fords of the Oran, and every partial glimpse of the road which the breakings of the ground or the opening of the trees permitted her to see—to see *him* return home after he had left her, and again, a weeping interval spent, to see him depart "for ever ;"—as her sad heart whispered and sunk into deeper sadness ;—for who ever parted, for the first time, from the object of devoted and passionate and engrossing affection, without feeling that it must indeed be—for ever ! And to her Wolfe Grahame was the engrossing object of every affection, loved as they alone can love, who in life have but one interest, one hope, and in the fulness of that, desire and wish for none other.

A solitary and unclaimed, but nevertheless, a fair and a

happy child,—a solitary, unregarded, but, till now, a light-hearted and happy girl, the past life of Elizabeth de Bruce had been one long midsummer night's dream. She had grown up in solitude and freedom, her young imagination in the clouds, but her heart on the dear green earth, finding in the thousand forms of loveliness and delight scattered in her lonely path, objects to excite her natural sensibility, and in the recollection that all-neglected as her existence had been, she was not the less a de Bruce, enough to nourish in her mind the self-respect and graceful pride of true nobility: till Wolfe Grahame came, and a brighter heaven and a yet greener earth unfolded, and the pride of birth was forgotten in the dearer pride of affection; for to be his was happier than even her fondest, brightest dreams, and now—she was his.

Elizabeth had seen her lover cross the fords. They had already parted. She "turned her eye and wept;" and when she again looked up there was no where to be seen that figure which her vision could have singled out on the instant among tens of thousands. His companions were slowly crossing the moor. Chiding the inadvertence which had thus lost sight of him while he might still be seen, and with love's own superstition, shrinking from this disastrous omen, she was still kneeling at her casement, carelessly wrapped in a long white dressing-gown, the redundance of her beautiful hair sweeping the floor, her brow resting on her hands, chill, pale, and trembling, and in the attitude of heart-struck abandonment, when her ear, ever painfully true of late to the slightest sound, caught the springy step, the light breathings,—and, starting with an exclamation of transport, the marble statue was on the instant touched into life—warmed into a bright and glowing form.—"He was come again! She would hear his voice! Hear him bless her, and bid her be of better cheer; and promise to think of her every hour of the day." She would again hang on that lip, to touch which she would have travelled barefoot to Palestine.

"My Elizabeth! how is this! Cold, trembling, half-dressed. I must chide you for this."

"Trembling, but not cold," replied Elizabeth. "But do then—stay and chide me." And in tones yet softer, she whispered—"How kind was this return! I shall part with you now with courage so much firmer,—if it must be?—Nay, do not shake your head. I will not talk so idly again. But you look so grave. O! surely you are come to warn me of new evil. Tell it out then—I have courage for it all.—They cannot unmarry me!"

"I trust not," said Grahame, smiling and caressing her. "Folly only—pure folly—brought be back, Elizabeth."

"Ah, rather dear, dear wisdom!" whispered Elizabeth.

A fond but silent embrace was interchanged, and then followed much anxious domestic discourse, with unavailing regrets, passionate adieus, and fond and melancholy anticipations all intermixed.

"Should any emergency arise, my love, from the state of my uncle's affairs, or from our union, you may rely for all aid or counsel on our friend Gideon, safely and with propriety. He may not quite understand you, but he loves you, and me for your sake. How many good hearts have you drawn to me in giving me your own, Elizabeth! He is an honest and an honourable man, though not exactly after the fashion of this world's honour; more shame for it, perhaps. And yet, Elizabeth, how in this hour it wrings my heart to confide to another, even to worthy Gideon, the dear privilege of watching over your happiness!"

"Fear not for me," whispered Elizabeth. "Fear not for me, while this generous wish is yours. The love which makes me weak makes me strong also. Ills and trials may await us both; but happiness—mine—is safe—anchored here—in the keeping of honour and affection;" and she rested her head, as if in token of confidence, on the bosom of her lover. But again the woman prevailed. "Yet, O dearest, dearest! if I should live to find you changed—estranged. Let me not

think of it. Nay, you shall not smile at my woman's fears to-day. Kneel with me rather here—where we have a thousand times in fondness met and vowed affection never-ending, and pray to our God to restore us to each other with truth unimpaired; love undiminished."

They breathed this silent prayer on the altar of each other's lips.

"I can bear to part with you now," whispered Elizabeth. "Nay to send you hence. Go then, dearest and only friend of your poor Elizabeth; and let us emulate each other in proving that though the ties that bind us may have been rashly formed, they were not made to be repented of."

Pale, very pale, and shivering, but outwardly calm, with a long silent embrace she glided out of the arms that clasped her, sunk down and hid her face where she had before knelt. And they had parted! how again to meet in a world, whose direst curse is wavering fidelity, or change, or coldness of heart!

American Poetry.

THE MOTHER.

Hers was no brilliant beauty—a pale tint,
As if a rose-leaf there had left its print,
Was on her cheek—her brow was high and fair,
Crossed by light waving bands of chestnut hair—
Her eyes were cast down on the lovely boy,
Beside whose couch she kneeled—but such calm joy,
Such beautiful tranquillity as dwelt
Upon her features, none has ever felt

Save a fond mother—her tall graceful form
Was bending o'er him, and one small white arm
Supported his fair head, while her hand prest
Her bosom, as she feared lest he might start
To feel the quickened pulses of her heart.
Yet still she drew him nearer to her breast
Almost unconsciously—At length he woke—
And the soft sounds that from his sweet lips broke,
Were like the gentle murmurings of a brook
Along its pebbly channel—but her look
Told joy that lay too deep for smiles or tears.
'Twas a strange happiness, where hopes and fears
Were wildly blended—yet 'twas happiness—
For well she knew that nought on earth could bless
A woman's heart, like the deep, deathless love
A mother feels—all other joys may prove
But vanity and sin ; this, this alone,
With perfect peace and purity is fraught.
On the fair tablet of a mother's thought
There is no stain of passion—this is one
Sole trace of that pure joy man's knowledge cost,
Sole remnant of the heaven our parents lost.

When man first from his paradise was driven,
Woman's sweet wiles and witcheries were given
To cheer him on thro' life's dull wilderness ;
But what was left her erring heart to bless ?
She once had loved him, as a being sent
From Heaven in God's own image, yet he went
Even for her sake astray—she loved not less,
But her high adoration now was o'er,
An earthly passion, sinless now no more,
Absorbed her heart, and every word or sigh
Wrung from his soul thrilled her with agony ;
Yet she endured his stern reproach, unmoved
And patient, for she felt how much she loved.

Then to repay her sufferings and atone
For man's unkindness, seeds of joy were sown
Within her heart, a mother's love was given,
And this repaid her for the loss of Heaven.

O! but to watch the infant as he lies
Pillowed upon his mother's breast—his eyes
Fixed on her face, as if his only light
On earth beamed from that face with fondness bright ;
Or to gaze on him sleeping—while his cheek
Moves with her heart's glad throbbings, that bespeak
Feeling too full for words—to see him break
The silken chains of slumber and awake
All light and beauty, while he lisps her name,
" Mother!" although his childish lips can frame
No other sound.—O! who, with joy like this,
Could ask from heaven a dearer, deeper bliss?

Again I saw the mother bending o'er
The pillow of her babe, but joy no more
Was pictured on her face; her sunken cheek,
Her faltering accents, tremulous and weak,
Told a sad tale—she had hung o'er that couch
For many a weary night, and every touch
Of his thin wasted hand seemed to impart
A thrilling sense of pain to her young heart,
Yet deemed she not that death could now destroy
So bright a blossom as her darling boy.
She feared not that—she felt she could not bring
Aught to relieve him—this to her was death—
And ever as she felt his feverish breath
Pass o'er her brow, the deadly withering
Of early hope, that young hearts only know,
First taught her all a youthful mother's woe.
Oft would she check the bursting sob of pain,
When she had marked the evening planets wane,

And thought that though another day had past,
Another came as mournful as the last.
And oftentimes the bright big tear, unhid,
Would gather slowly 'neath her long-fringed lid,
As rain-drops mark the coming storm, whose shock
Shall blast the wild-flower and its sheltering rock
In the same ruin—but each coming day
She saw him wasting.—One eve as he lay
Within her arms—the moonbeam shining bright,
Gave to his pallid face a ghastly light—
She gazed on him, she bent to hear his breath—
His heart throbb'd faintly—then—she gazed on Death !

IANTHE.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Pale melancholy star ! who shed'st thy beams
So mildly on my brow, pure as the tear
A pitying angel sheds o'er earthly sorrow.
I love to sit by thy sweet light, and yield
My heart to its strange musings, wayward dreams
Of things inscrutable, and soaring thoughts,
That would aspire to dwell in yon high sphere.
I love to think that thou art a bright world
Where bliss and beauty dwell—where never sin
Has entered, to destroy the brightest joys
Of its pure holy habitants. 'Tis sweet
To fancy such a quiet, peaceful home,
All innocence, and purity, and love.
There the first sire still dwells, with all his race ;
From his loved eldest born, to the sweet babe
Of yesterday. There gentle maids are seen,
Fair as the sun, with all that tenderness,

So sweet in woman, and soft eyes that beam
Pure ardent love, but free from passion's stain.
There all have high communion with their God,
And tho' the fruit of knowledge is not pluck'd,
Yet doth its fragrance breathe on all around.
Oh! what can knowledge give to recompense
The happy ignorance it cost? Man lost
His heaven to gain it. What was his reward?

Sweet Star! can those in thy bright sphere behold
Our fallen world?—do they not weep to see
Our blighting sorrow? and do they not veil
Their brows in shame, to see heaven's choicest gifts
Profaned by maddening passions?
Surely this world is now as beautiful
As 'twas in earliest prime;—the earth still blooms
With flowers and brilliant verdure,—the dark trees
Are thick with foliage, and the mountains tower
In proud sublimity: the waters glide
All smoothly o'er the flower-enamelled mead,
Or dash o'er broken cliffs, flinging their spray
In high fantastic whirls. Surely 'tis fair
As it could be before the wasting flood
Had whelmed it. Go ye forth and gaze upon
The face of nature: all is peaceful there;
And yet a strange, sad feeling strikes the heart.
Soon man will tread there too—cities will rise
Where now the wild bird sings: thousands will dwell
Where all is loneliness; but will it be
More beautiful? No! where the wild flowers spring;
Where nought but the bird's note is heard, we may
Find friends in every leaf. Each simple flower
Speaks to the heart, and fills it with the sweet,
Soft tenderness of childhood; but vain man
Makes it a peopled wilderness. The blight
Of disappointment and distrust is found,

Wherever man has made his troubled home ;
And the most fearful desert is the spot
Where he best loves to dwell.
Oh ! let me hope while gazing on thy light,
Sweet Star ! that yet a peaceful home is left,
For those sad spirits who have found this world
All sin and sorrow—haply in thy sphere
I yet may dwell, when cleansed from all the stains
Of passions that too darkly dwell within
This throbbing heart. Oh ! had I early died,
I might have been a pure and sinless child
In some sweet planet ; and my only toil
To light my censer by the sun's bright rays,
And fling its fire forever towards the throne
Of the Eternal One ! Now I am doomed
To painful suffering. All my hours of joy
Were long since spent, and nought is left me now
But a wild waste of sorrow ! Be it so !

IANTHE.

To ———.*By the late Mr. Walter of Boston.*

That eye of light ! that eye of light !
So wildly—deeply—darkly bright !
The soul of love was mirror'd there
In voiceless beauty shining fair !
In all its matchless living splendour,
Too softly rich—too sadly tender—
That eye of light.

Its beam flash'd o'er my spirit's dream,
And warm'd my cold heart's frozen stream !

Its ray of love then turn'd away,
Dim, lustreless,—it would not stay—
And left the spirit doubly dark,
When heavenward turn'd its radiant spark.

Ah ! could I gaze once more upon
That eye of light as then it shone,
And read its deep mysterious spell,
Which only there could brightly dwell—
The harbinger of wild despair—
The eternal thought that circled there.

But no—but no—it may not be !
That glorious eye shone not for me :
But still the mem'ry of its power
Hangs lovely o'er the pensive hour :
And, O ! what more of heaven can shine
Than once to feel that ray divine !
That eye of light ! that eye of light !

LOVE'S VIGIL.

The stars look on the deep to-night,
No cloud or haze to dim their ray,
And the summer air, with its balmy breath,
Is rippling the waters of the bay.

But Ellen sees no beauty there—
In stars above—or stream below—
Nor heeds the freshness of the breeze,
That wantons fondly round her brow.

Sadly she gazes on the deep :
Why comes he not ? Upon the bay
The heavens are clear—the breeze is fair—
Why speeds his bark not on her way ?

But hark—what means that distant horn ?
The wood-crown'd hills, in silence sleeping,
Have caught the sound, and sent the note
Where Love, untiring, watch is keeping.

Full well the signal Ellen knows,
And now amid the whirling spray
She sees his fleet bark breast the billow,
Bounding merrily on her way.

Fresh on her sails the light winds play,
Speeding her onward to the shore,
And now she's gliding in the cove
Where oft that sail has glanced before.

She's in the haven of her rest,
Cleaving the waters with her prow ;
The sails are furl'd—the Vigil's o'er—
And Ellen's with her lover now.

THE PREDICTION.

(*From " Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful."*)

In a village on the coast of Wales there lived a man of a dark and gloomy spirit named Rhys Meredith, who, by the utterance of certain predictions, had made himself be regarded with fear and reverence by the people. There was, however, one

individual who stood out against him, and that was Ruth Tudor, a maiden of surpassing beauty, who had learned to laugh at his prophecies, and was disposed to subvert his influence. Accordingly, by her continued expressions of ridicule and contempt, he was soon in danger of being abandoned by all. But Rhys was not thus to be deprived of his prophetic character, for, having given out new predictions in plainer words and sterner tones than usual, and the event proving true, he was soon reinstated in his former supremacy. All this success was not, however, sufficiently satisfactory to the vindictive mind of Rhys; he must humble the proud spirit of her who had dared to oppose him. He did not wait long to gratify his revenge, for Ruth, having gone with a party of her friends to tease and deride the conjuror, he seized the opportunity thus afforded him, and with awful solemnity declared, in the presence of her friends, that she was doomed to be a murderer.

At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately inveighed against and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood: but when she found that none laughed with her,—that men looked on her with suspicious eyes, women shrunk from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps; and while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert that evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only she was seen to smile; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern; it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful, as her perfect features assumed an expression which might have belonged to the angel of vengeance or death.

But though the belief that she was doomed to perpetrate a dreadful crime weighed heavy on her mind, there were

moments when she so far got the mastery over her conviction, as to find alleviation of her misery by devising modes of averting her fate. In one of these she gave her hand to a wooer from a distant part of the country, hoping to find relief by removal from the suspicious gaze of her former friends and acquaintances. She had not remained many years in her new place of residence, when she had the misfortune to lose her husband. Poverty now pressed hard upon her, and being pushed by the importunate demands of a relentless creditor for arrears of rent, she fled with her child, rather than, by encountering his brutal treatment, be tempted to rush upon her fate. Having returned to her native village, although shunned or dreaded by all, she there contrived to make out a miserable subsistence. One night, while sitting late, meditating over her misfortunes, and the awful doom which awaited her, she received a very unexpected visit from him who had been the cause of all her miseries. He had, it seems, urged by his necessities, robbed the steward of the estate on which they lived, and had come to the object of his malice to entreat her protection from the search of justice. "Ruth," said he, "thou art poor and forsaken, but thou art faithful and kind, and wilt not betray me. Conceal me till the pursuit be past, and I will give thee one-half my wealth, and return with the other to gladden my wife and son." She grasped at the offer, and hid him in the cave in her neighbourhood, fondly thinking that riches would save her from the crime to which she feared poverty might drive her, and that kindness to him who had predicted her fate might, if he had the power, induce him to avert it. The time at length arrived in which all search after him being over, it was agreed that Ruth should provide him with the means of making his retreat. At midnight, accordingly, she brought him a fleet horse; but Rhys having now the means of escape in his power, showed no inclination to observe the engagement into which he had entered, for, in answer to her

demand for one-half his money, he pretended that he had hid it some miles off.

It was to no avail that Ruth humbled herself to entreaties : Meredith answered not ; and while she was yet speaking, cast side-long glances towards the gate where the horse was waiting for his service, and seemed meditating whether he should not dart from Ruth, and escape her entreaties and demands by dint of speed. Her stern eye detected his purpose ; and indignant at his baseness, and her own degradation, she sprung suddenly towards him, made a desperate clutch at the leather bag, (which she had observed concealed in his breast,) and tore it from the grasp of the deceiver. Meredith made an attempt to recover it, and a fierce struggle ensued, which drove them both back towards the yawning mouth of the cave from which he had just ascended to the world. On its very verge,—on its very extreme edge, the demon which had so long ruled his spirit now instigated him to mischief, and abandoned him to his natural brutality : he struck the unhappy Ruth a revengeful and tremendous blow. At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightning through her soul ; he was to her no longer what he had been ; he was a robber, ruffian, liar, one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he—" Villain !" she cried, " thou—thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer ! art thou—art thou destined to be the victim ? " She flung him from her with terrific force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into darkness.

It was an awful feeling, the next that passed over the soul of Ruth Tudor, as she stood alone in the pale, sorrowful looking moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the purse, on the chasm, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow, and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning as Rhys had left it, and served to shew her the wretch extended helplessly beneath the chasm.—

Though his body was crushed, his bones splintered, and his blood was on the cavern's sides, he was yet living, and raised his head to look upon her, as she darkened the narrow entrance in her passage: he glared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke like a fiend in pain. "Me hast thou murdered!" he said, "but I shall be revenged in all thy life to come. Deem not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed to which thou art fated is done; in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee; thou art yet again to do a deed of blood!" "Liar!" shrieked the infuriated victim.—"Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer!" "Liar!"—"Thou art—and of—thine only child!" She rushed on him, but he was dead.

Her state of mind after the commission of this crime was dreadful, and produced occasional fits of madness. To proceed, however, with our narration,—Ruth, in order to avoid suspicion, gave out that she had been left wealth by a relation, and meant to spend the remainder of her life in the manner she had long wished. Accordingly, leaving her daughter in the village, she retired to a cottage upon a lonely heath, where she could enjoy, without notice or interruption, communion with her own dark imaginings. There she was daily visited by her daughter and a young man of the village, who having observed that his presence seemed to render the society of her daughter more agreeable, was her constant companion. On one of these visits, the attachment of this young couple being discovered to Ruth, she joyfully consented to their union.

The time appointed for the marriage of Rachel Tudor with Evan Edwards had long past, and winter had set in with unusual sternness, even on that stormy coast, when, during a land tempest, on a dark November afternoon, a stranger to the country, journeying on foot, lost his way, in endeavouring to find a short route to his destination. Night descended upon him as he walked, and the snow-storm came down with unusual violence, as if to try the temper of his mind; a mind

cultivated and enlightened, though cased in a frame accustomed to hardships, and veiled by a plain, nay, almost rustic exterior. The thunder rolled loudly above him, and the wind blowing tremendously, raised the new-fallen snow from the earth, which, mingling with the showers as they fell, bewildered and blinded the traveller. At length, however, the brilliant and beautiful gleam showed him something that looked like a white-washed cottage. Full of hope of a shelter from the storm, and lit on by the magnificent torch of heaven, the stranger trod cheerily forward, and in less than half an hour arrived at his bescon, the white cottage. On entering, he found himself in a cottage of a more respectable interior than, from its outward appearance, he had been led to expect: but he had little leisure or inclination for the survey of its effects, for his senses and imagination were immediately and entirely occupied by the scene which presented itself on his entrance. In the centre of the room into which he had been so readily admitted, stood, on its tressels, an open coffin; lights were at its head and foot, and on each side sat many persons of both sexes, who appeared to be engaged in the customary ceremony of watching the corpse previous to its interment in the morning. There were many who appeared to the stranger to be watchers, but there were but two who, in his eye, bore the appearance of mourners, and they had faces of grief which spoke too plainly of the anguish that was mining within: one, at the foot of the coffin, was a pale youth, just blooming into manhood, who covered his dewy eyes with trembling fingers, that ill concealed the tears which trickled down his wan cheeks beneath; the other—but why should we again describe that still unbowed and lofty form? The awful marble brow upon which the stranger gazed was that of Ruth Tudor.

The interest the stranger took in all he saw about him increased the longer he continued to gaze upon it. Unable at length to resist the influence of his curiosity, he walked towards the coffin, with the intention of contemplating its in-

habitant; but Ruth, having caught a glimpse of him as he leaned in sorrow over the coffin, sprang up from her seat, and darting at him a terrible glance of recognition, pointed down to the corpse, and then, with a hollow burst of frantic laughter, shouted—"Behold, thou liar!"

The stranger was relieved from the astonishment excited by this extraordinary address, by some one leading him aside, and telling him of the madness of the unhappy Ruth. In answer to the interrogations of the person who had given him this information, he said, that his father, in consequence of difficulties and distress, had fled from his wife and family; that being informed he was concealed in that neighbourhood, he had set out in search of him, and had that morning found his remains in a cavern by the shore. After this explanation, he was conducted to the place of rest assigned him. His dreams were a motley compound of all the terrific spectacles he had that day witnessed; and in terror and alarm, he awoke, under the idea that the confined body had arisen, and was calling aloud to him to arise and save her. Having got up, in a state of great agitation, he looked through a gaping aperture in the floor of his room, and observed Ruth gazing earnestly on the lower end of the room, on something beyond his sight.

His attention was next fixed upon the corpse, and he thought he had never seen any living thing so lovely; and so calm was the aspect of her last repose, that Meredith thought it more resembled a temporary suspension of the faculties, than the eternal stupor of death: her features were pale, but not distorted, and there was none of the livid hue of death in her beautiful mouth and lips; but the flowers in her hand gave strong demonstration of the presence of the power before whose potency their little strength was fading; drooping as with a mortal sickness, they bowed their heads in submission, as, one by one, they dropped from her pale and perishing fingers. Owen gazed till he thought he saw the grasp of her hand relax, and a convulsive

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smile pass over her cold and rigid features ; he looked again ; the eyelids shook and vibrated like the string of some fine-strung instrument ; the hair rose, and the head-cloth moved : he started up ashamed : " Does the madness of this woman affect all who would sleep beneath her roof ? " said he " What is this that disturbs me—or am I yet in a dream ? Hark ! what is that ? " It was the voice of Ruth ; she had risen from her seat, and was standing near the coffin, apparently addressing some one who stood at the lower end of the room : " To what purpose is thy coming now ? " said she, in a low and melancholy voice ; " and at what dost thou laugh and gibe ? lo ! you ; she is here, and the sin you know of cannot be ; how can I take the life which another hath already withdrawn ? Go, go, hence to thy cave of night, for this is no place of safety for thee." Her thoughts now took another turn, she seemed to hide one from the pursuit of others. " Lie still, be still ! " she whispered ; " put out thy light ! so, so ; they pass by, and mark thee not ; thou art safe ; good-night, good-night ! now will I home to sleep."—And she seated herself in her chair, as if composing her senses to rest.

Owen was again bewildered in the chaos of thought, but for this time he determined to subdue his imagination, and, throwing himself on his bed, again gave himself up to sleep ; but the images of his former dreams still haunted him, and their hideous phantoms were more powerfully renewed : again he heard the solemn Psalm of Death, but unsung by mortals ; it was pealed through earth up to the high heaven, by myriads of the viewless and the mighty. Again he heard the execrations of millions for some unremembered sin, and the wrath and hatred of a world was rushing upon him.—" Come forth ! come forth ! " was the cry ; and amid yells and howls, they were darting upon him, when the pale form of the beautiful dead arose between them, and shielded him from their malice ; but he heard her say aloud, " Is it for this that thou wilt not save me ? Arise, arise, and help ! "—

He sprang up as he was commanded, sleeping or waking he never knew; but he started from his bed to look down into the chamber, as he heard the voice of Ruth in terrific denunciation. He looked; she was standing uttering yells of madness and rage, and close to her stood a well known form of appalling recollection—his father, as he had seen him last.—He arose and darted to the door. "I am mad," said he, "I am surely mad, or this is still a continuation of my dream!" He looked again; Ruth was still there, but alone. But though no visible form stood by the maniac, some fiend had entered her soul, and mastered her mighty spirit; she had armed herself with an axe, and exclaiming, "Liar, liar, hence!" was pursuing some imaginary foe to the darker side of the cottage. Owen strove hard to trace her motions; but as she had retreated under the space occupied by his bed, he could no longer see her, and his eyes involuntarily fastened themselves on the coffin: there a new horror met them; the dead corpse had risen, and with wild and glaring eyes was watching the scene before her. Owen distrusted his senses, till he heard the terrific voice of Ruth, as she marked the miracle he had witnessed. "The fiend, the robber!" she yelled, "it is he who hath entered the pure body of my child. child. Back to thy cave of blood, thou lost one!—back to thine own dark hell!" Owen flew to the door—it was too late—he heard the shriek—the blow: he fell into the room, but only in time to hear the second blow, and ere the cleft hand of the unhappy Rachel fell back upon its bloody pillow; his terrible cries brought in the sleepers from the barn, headed by the wretched Evan, and for a time the thunders of heaven were drowned by the clamorous grief of man. No one dared to approach the miserable Ruth, who now, in utter frenzy, strode about the room, brandishing, with diabolical grandeur, the bloody axe, and singing a wild song of triumph and joy. All fell back as she approached, and shrunk from the infernal majesty of her terrific form; and the thunders of heaven rolling above their heads, and

the flashing of the furies of eternity in their eyes, were less terrible than the savage glare of the maniac: suddenly the house rocked to its foundation; its inmates were blinded for a moment, and sunk, felled by a stunning blow, to the earth; slowly each man recovered and arose, wondering he was yet alive; all were unhurt save one. Ruth Tudor was on the earth, her blackened limbs prostrate beneath the coffin of her child, and her dead cheek resting on the rent and bloody axe,—it had been the destroyer of both.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

(From "Tor Hill," by Horace Smith, Esq.)

The simple-hearted Lady Fitzmaurice, in order to attract her stern and mysterious husband, Sir Lionel, from the allurements of a mistress, who had been said to enchant him by her performance on the guitar, determined to learn the instrument herself, for the purpose of affording that solace to her husband in his own house, the want of which she was willing to believe had been the sole cause of his alienation, although a band of minstrels formed part of his regular establishment. In secret, and with incredible perseverance, did she prosecute a purpose rendered doubly irksome and laborious, by its being so utterly repugnant to all her previous habits. Even in the difficulties of her undertaking she found a pleasure, taking it for granted that Sir Lionel would proportionately appreciate her exertions, and feeding upon the delightful hope of calling him back to her with voice and instrument, as surely as the skilful falconer reclaims a scattering hawk by his whoop and lure. Never, since her union with Sir Lionel, had she experienced so much happiness as while she was labouring under this delusion, which kept her in an enthusiasm of anticipation. Every day some small pro-

gress was made ; and every night she laid her head upon her pillow in the soothing, the delicious persuasion, that she had accomplished something towards the recovery of her husband's affections. During this welcome infatuation her countenance discarded that expression of meek melancholy by which it was generally marked, and assumed a more cheerful mein ; while her long absences at her secret lessons, and the brisk mysteriousness of her manner when she returned, convinced Beatrice, the only one who took the trouble to note her demeanour, that she was wrapt up in some concealed project, although she was utterly unable to surmise its import.

At length the little train, by which she was to rekindle the torch of love, became perfected for explosion. By uninterrupted practice she had enabled herself to extort two or three tunes from the instrument, and, enveloping it in a cloth, she unexpectedly made her appearance in her husband's private apartment. Luckily he was in a more gracious mood than ordinary, or she would probably have been chidden for the intrusion ; as it was, he suffered her to seat herself beside him without observation, although he could not help noticing, with a look of smothering wonderment, the unusual expression of triumph that sat upon her features. After mildly lamenting how little she had seen him lately, since he was either closeted with his agents, or a wanderer from the Tor House in search of recreation, (such was the only guarded allusion that she made to her rival,) she continued—" Well-a-day ! Sir Lionel, my dear Sir Lionel, what would I not give to hear you sometimes sing to me as was your wont before we married. Sooth now, I would willingly wager a tester, that an you were good enough to try, you might carol me the pleasant ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar Maid. Ah, Sir Lionel, do you remember—"

" Twit ! madam," interrupted her husband, who hated all allusion to his singing, since she would not see that it was solely done with the interested motive of obtaining her

money; "you may spare your speech, for I remember it all—the miller's cottage—the little garden—the pattering water—the blackbird in the maple tree—and the posies of eglantine and tansies. Gadamercy! I had a leaky memory else, for the same question is ever on your lips."

"Alas! because the scene is so deeply stamped upon my heart, and for ever floating before my eyes; but by my hollidame! I would mention it no more if I ween'd it might anger you; nor will you take it in dudgeon against me, I hope, if I have prepared for you here a little surprise, meant in good sooth to do you pleasure and contentment." She laid her hand as she spoke upon the concealed guitar, which she contemplated with a pleased and significant look.

"Psha!" cried Sir Lionel peevishly, "what gossip's mummery is this? This is not the first of April, and if it were, you might better bestow your foolery upon the wenches at the spinning-wheel, for I am no chapman for such empty jibes."

"By my sooth, and on my soul, it is no jibe," said Lady Fitzmaurice, striking her hand upon the instrument, as to give earnestness to her asseveration.

"Nay, then, prythee make an end of your foolery; if it be a puppet, keep it for your maid Marian and the morris-dancers; if it be the haunch of a fat buck, away with it to the yeomen of the broach, and if a tod of fine wool, to the spindle with it, and let the wenches set their wheels a-twirling."

"Truly, Sir Lionel, I have no such silly gear, but that which hath cost me more labour and pains than I would care to bestow for any earthly thing, unless it were to do solace to my husband. By my hollidame, you shall not any longer need to roam for the tinkling of cunning wives, nor for the trolling of a song, for I have that in my hand which shall make the Tor House as pleasant a bower, as if it held a merry mistress with a throat more tuneful than the laverock's." So saying, she began to unfold the cloth with a

mysterious smile, and seating herself in a stiff constrained attitude, after trying the strings, and hemming two or three times, she sung, in an untutored, though not unmelodious voice, some stanzas which had probably been selected rather for the moral they contained against roaming, than for their poetical merit.

“ My mother’s maids when they do sit and spin,
They sing sometimes a song of the field-mouse,
Who, because her livelihood was thin,
Would needs go seek her townish sister’s house.”

Her awkward mode of handling the instrument, somewhat like the first attempt of a school-girl; her occasional mistakes, after which she very deliberately began again; the plodding earnestness with which she marked the time with her feet, as a substitute for her defective ear; and the verses she had chosen for her *coup d’essai*, would have presented a ludicrous combination to a stranger; though the exhibition must have assumed a touching, and almost a pathetic character, to one who knew her affectionate motives, and the assiduous hope with which she had studied her lesson.— Even Sir Lionel, whose conscious penetration soon gave him a clue to the whole plot, was not altogether unmoved by this new proof of her unalterable attachment, and by the humility which, instead of reproaching, thus endeavoured to reclaim him. Taunting and contemptuous as he usually was, he could not bear to sneer away the triumphant satisfaction at her achievement which irradiated her whole countenance; but still wishing to escape the second verse with which she threatened him, he laid his hand upon her arm, and pressing it gently, exclaimed—“ Why, what a silly wretch, thou art, overfond! Hast thou taken all this pains to do solace to thy husband? Gadamercey, Madge! my good and gentle Madge! he has not deserved it of thee.” He again pressed her arm as he concluded, gazing upon her at the same time with a kind and not ungratified expression.

These were the first endearments, the first softened tones,

the first friendly looks she had for a long time received ; and imagining that she beheld in these the perfect success of her hopes, her affectionate heart instantly overflowed with a passion of joy. The guitar slipped from her unconscious grasp, her face became suffused with a flush of triumph ; the tears gushed from her eyes, and clasping her hands together as she fell on her knees, she exclaimed in a sobbing voice—“ Oh, Sir Lionel ! my husband, my dear husband : I would do this and ten times more ; I would even kneel to you and be your humblest slave, if you would only love me as was once your wont, and not deem that a wanton can doat upon you with half so fond and faithful a heart as your wife. Oh, if I could once win you from these perilous errors——”

“ Twit ! twit ! good Madge,” interrupted Sir Lionel, who already repented the momentary emotion he had betrayed, and the scene to which it had given rise—“ up from your knees, I prythee ; and no more of this, for it ever irks me to see a whimpering wife ; and I must away, for I have urgent doings this morning that must be quickly sped.”

“ Well-a-day, Sir Lionel ; was I crying ? Troth I knew it not. I will dry up my tears if they anger you ; but may it please you my dear husband, not to leave me till you have heard the rest, and the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, which it liked you once to sing yourself. By Holy Mary ! it has cost me sore labour and many a weary hour to learn it.

“ My present business brooks no delay, and this hearing must be, therefore, for another morning,” said Sir Lionel ; who had not the smallest intention of ever listening to more of her minstrelsy, though he was anxious to escape from its present infliction without silencing her by any harsh or peremptory command. Lady Fitzmaurice was too much gratified by what she had achieved to oppose her husband’s wishes, and taking up her guitar, which she pressed with transport to her heart, as if it had been the happy means of restoring to her all Sir Lionel’s affection, she hurried, with a swelling bosom,

to her own apartment, to weep with joy, and practise new lessons, and con over a fresh ballad.

She had accomplished wonders in exciting even an evanescent compunction in the mind of her husband, but she wanted tact and management to improve the trifling advantage she had gained. Considering him pledged to hear her some other morning, although he had only talked of it to get rid of her, she beleaguered him about the house, and popping unawares upon him with her guitar, intercepted his escape, and incontinently struck up—

“ I read that once in Africa,
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign.”

But the momentary forbearance with which Sir Lionel had once listened to her was not destined to return. Irrate at being thus way-laid and pestered, he quickly lost patience and commanded her never again to offend him with her unwelcome strains, on pain of his heaviest displeasure. Ever obedient to his will she threw aside her instrument, forgot presently the skill which it had cost her so much patient drudgery to acquire, and finding that she had accomplished nothing towards the recovery of his affections, while his visits to her rival were as frequent as ever, she sunk into a deeper dejection than before, although no syllable of reproach ever escaped her lips.

THE CHRONOLOGER.

(From the European Magazine.)

Poor Dick Robinson ! So he is dead at last ? And you do not remember the day exactly on which he departed this mortal life ? Well, it is evident, that if he has dropped his mantle, it has not fallen upon you.

A fig for your dates, say the punsters; but such was never Dick's creed. They were his food—the very aliment he lived on. Various are the ways by which men fancy to achieve fame. One gentleman makes a vow of catching the ball on the ivory spike six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six times, and accomplishes the noble feat: another spits through his teeth; a third protrudes a wig of whisker on either cheek; a fourth wears a black silk shirt, with pink gauze frills; and so on, ad infinitum. Mental feats are altogether as varied. One learned man spends twenty-five years over three or four square yards of scratches on a pyramid, and at the end of the time, finds that he can decypher three words and a quarter, of the meaning of which he is ignorant. A pair of literati fiercely contest for a whole life, the proper position of a dochmius in a verse, which, if it were arranged in the most correct manner conceivable, would not be worthy any thing after all. Another gathers tulips; a fourth collects unreadable and unread books. My poor friend had none of these penchants, nor indeed had he any affectations about him at all; but he too had his strong point.

Men about the turf know the racing calendar for years after years, and will give you the history and genealogy of any given horse at a moment's notice:—Squintum got by Chariatan, own brother to the great humbug, &c. &c. ad infinitum. All people, *comme il faut*, are bound to know the peerage. I have an acquaintance, a fat parson, who was never within fifty yards of lordly company in his life, who yet has made it his regular and constant study for many years. Mention in his company Lady Amelia Hubbledeshuff, and he starts at once: "Oh—yes—Lady Amelia, third daughter of the fourth Earl of Mundungus, married to Jonathan Hubbledeshuff, Esq. of Hubbledeshuff Hall, in Bucks, by whom she has issue five children—first, John, a cornet in the Guards; second, Mary, married to the Rev. Zachary Fogrum, rector of Gobble-cum-Gaster, in Durham," &c. &c. Now the good man would not know the face of one of those people with

whose history he was thus minutely acquainted. All his knowledge came from Debrett ; and I still recollect the look of horror which came over his countenance, when the eternal blunders of that valuable work were disclosed to the rude gaze of the public. It was striking at the root of all his information, giving a mortal blow to his importance. In the army, a steady Major, a man who has seen much service over innumerable rounds of beef and bottles of port, is minutely acquainted with the Army List—and a dry-baked Lieutenant in the navy, floundering in a seaport town, has no bad notion of the contents of that quarterly publication of Mr. John Murray, which he—the aforesaid Lieutenant—prizes far above Mr. Murray's other Quarterly—to say nothing of his Journal of Science.

All these are good in their way, but Dick was an encyclopædia of dates of all kinds. He was not confined to this branch or that; he was chronological throughout. But, as

“What can we talk on, but on what we know?”

and as Dick, to my certain knowledge, had not read a book since his schoolmaster dismissed him from his ferula, (on the 28th of June, 1790, as I often heard him say, precisely at two o'clock,) and as his affairs lay only in the precincts of a provincial town, his recollections—reminiscences as Yates and old Michael Kelly would call them—did not aspire to regulating the periods of the four great monarchies. Of the Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, and Romans, he knew nothing and cared less. When Charlemagne lived and died was nothing to him. The date of the Conquest disturbed not his brains ; and but for the toast, he would not have known that the “glorious revolution” had happened in 1688. Keeping neither racers nor the company of men of the turf, the sporting records were no part of his concerns ; and as for the affairs of the Peerage, they came not in his way. The star of the Duke was as much out of his sphere as the dog-star, and accordingly as seldom tormented his cogitations. But in the events of his own circle—in the actual adventures of the

town—who was superior? In them he was without a rival. The adventures of its mayors and sheriffs, the dinners of its corporation, the arrival of bishops, the incumbency of its clergy, the succession of its churchwardens, the building and pulling down of its houses, the paving and lighting of its streets, the various accidents that during his time had happened in it; the robberies, burglaries, larcenies, and their consequences, assizes, and hangings; the births, deaths and marriages; the marching in and out of regiments—all these and many more particulars that I do not immediately recollect, were engraved upon the tablets of Dick's brain, and imparted by his tongue with great freedom and volubility.—Had a short-hand writer been present at one of Dick's evening lectures, he would have drawn up a history of the last thirty years of the city of —, which, for minuteness of detail, and accuracy of chronology in all its departments—ecclesiastical, civil, political, judicial, convivial, military—would put to shame the most elaborate of the histories which we owe to the unwearied industry of a Lysons or a Nichols.

He had nothing to do, and, as the town was a busy one, he was almost the only man in that predicament—certainly the only one who exclusively devoted his time to acquiring a perfect knowledge of all the *res gestæ* of the place. At all the great events there going on, he was a regular spectator.—Every day during the assizes he was an earnest man in the court, and the last in leaving it. At executions he bad, of late years, an acknowledged place nigh the hangman, with whom he was always intimated acquainted. He was sure to hear the first sermon of a new clergyman, and would not miss the installation of a dignitary for the world. He was free of the corporation, and though never so high as to aspire to either the head or foot of the table at their feasts, never failed to have the carving of a side dish. When a new regiment marched in, he went to meet them some three miles before they came to the town, and soon found a communicative serjeant, from whom, by the persuasive rhetoric

of a pot of ale, he sucked the entire news of the regiment. Did a theatrical company make its appearance in —, he was sure to be in the house on their first night; and, as he had for thirty years kept up an acquaintance with every company that visited the place, it was odd if three nights had elapsed before he had a mutton chop with the London star annually imported.

From this course of study, for such it really was, Dick had scraped together a bulk of minute facts, which would fill a folio. But the number was nothing to the exactness. I think I have him before me now—his eye a little cocked, and his tongue somewhat tripping over his third glass of brandy and water, in high tide of anecdote. On these occasions the army was his favourite topic, and he descanted over his old acquaintance, who were very miscellaneous, with a pleasurable regret. "I remember," he would say, "one Saturday evening, the 11th of July, 1794, Tom Spriggs—he is since dead—poor Tom died upon the 14th of October, 1811—and I, went walking down the — road, when, just by the Crown and Sceptre Tavern, now pulled down—pulled down on the 4th of June, 1801—we heard a band. So Tom and I went to it, and it was the 50th marching in—the black cuffs you know. Of all the tunes on the face of the earth, the tune they were playing was the British Grenadiers. The drum-major was a remarkable looking man, with one of the reddest noses you ever knew—a fellow who was fond of his glass, which got him into a scrape here, for on the 7th of August the same year, he beat John Wilson the gauger on the street, for which he was very near being laid up for three months; but that Wilson, who was a very good natured fellow, made it up, on condition that he gave a guinea to the hospital.—Well; Tom and I joined the regiment, and we walked in with them. It was as hot an evening as ever you felt—I don't think I ever remember any hotter, except the 9th of June, 1809, which was the devil itself. I spoke to the Lieutenant of the Grenadiers, one James Thomson—but no rela-

tion to the Thomson's of the West; and he and I fell into chat, which ended with our asking him to join us that evening in a bottle. Faith he was a pleasant fellow—not more than three-and-twenty then. Seven years afterwards he came back here, and took a fancy to Jenny Davies, daughter of old Davies, of the Lodge—a snug old fellow, who died on the 18th September, 1808, and they were married by old Doctor Grundy, on the 8th of August, 1801. What became of her I never heard; but he left the army shortly after, and is, I believe, alive still—for the guard of the Highflyer coach told me he met him at Hatchett's on the 29th of February, 1824, when he was going," &c. &c.

Such was poor Dick's conversation in unbroken strain.—If the subject happened to be hanging, how minute, how exact and interminable would be every anecdote. In a word, this was his current on all occasions. It was a pleasure to see him correcting blunders, sometimes made purposely, sometimes per hazard. If you said "Christopher Snob was mayor here in 1789;"—"No," Dick would say, "1788. I knew the man; he always wore snuff-coloured breeches, and silver buckles in his shoes." "I think (another would remark) Tom Buck is in the 54th. He must be in it now these fifteen years." "Right, sir, (Dick would say,) as to the regiment, he is in the 54th; but his commission bearing date the 17th of May, 1811, his fifteenth year wants nearly nine months of being out." "Old Dr. Dorcy, (a third would remark,) is getting very old: he has been rector here for thirty-five years." "Almost," would be Dick's reply, "on the 14th of next month, exactly."—"Pray, sir, (another would enquire,) did you ever see Mr. Kemble?" "See him!" would be the answer; "saw him play here on the 3d of October, 1799, in Hamlet, when he broke his sword. I took a welsh rabbit with him, after the play, at poor Doll Jones's—who died, poor woman! last January—the first Friday of the year—leaving, however, something snug after her."

Yet sometimes Dick would become suspicious, and if he

Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Treenomens threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes;—and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek,—and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad per-

son, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her ; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight.—“ Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o’ the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost ! ” and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman run in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells, or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight ? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave ; and shall not the agony of a mother’s passion—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God !

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hand strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend ? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. “ The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom ? ” Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles’ wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and

were cowed. Yelling they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. O! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry,—“It lives—it lives—it lives!” and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! “O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name’s sake! Oh Thou, who diest to save sinners, have mercy upon me!” Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where all this while was Mark Stewart the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. “And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother,” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in

despair. A voice whispered, "God." She looked round expecting to see an angel—but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object—watched its fall ; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. Here, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She bound her baby to her neck—and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude on their knees! and, hush, the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen band seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremendous sobbing

voice was close beside her, and lo ! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet ! " Wild heights," thought she, " do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths, for oh ! even in the brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother's love !" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger ; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and

congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here—there—anywhere—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

“Fall back, and give her fresh air,” said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. “Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms,” cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. “There’s no a single scratch about the pair innocent, for the Eagle you see maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the ghawl. Blin’, blin’ maun they be who see not the finger o’ God in this thing!”

Hannah started up from her swoon—and looking wildly round, cried, “Ob! the Bird—the Bird!—the Eagle—the Eagle!—The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?” A neighbour put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, “Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I’m wauken—or if a’ this be the wark o’ a fever, and the delirium o’ a dream?”

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old—and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and of shame—yes—“the child of misery, baptized in tears!”—She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burthen. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she

feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven!—And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for oh! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head—and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment—no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow—one, who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense and modesty—and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian Faith!

Never—never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child.—Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. In her breast—on her knee—in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming

tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greensward like a corpse.

The rumour of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forest, by a way-faring man.—Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted: hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse.—What a worm he felt himself to be, and vain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. “Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God?—The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder—I call on you to seize your prisoner.”

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction—and that soon softened, in sight of her who, alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad

as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his unaccompanied misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all revered, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days—and ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale so much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard anything very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the Kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

THE THREE JEWELS.

(*From Hood's National Tales.*)

There are many examples, in ancient and modern story, of lovers who have worn various disguises to obtain their mistresses, the great Jupiter himself setting the example by his notable transformations. Since those heroic days, Love has often diverted himself in Italy as a shepherd with his pastoral crook ; and I propose to tell you how, in more recent times, he has appeared amongst us in various other shapes. But, in the first place, I must introduce to you a handsome youth

of Bergamo, named Torrello, who was enamoured of Fiorenza, the daughter of gentlefolks in the same neighbourhood. His enemies never objected any thing against Torrello, except his want of means to support his gentlemanly pretensions, and some extravagances and follies, which belong generally to youth, and are often the mere foils of a generous nature. The parents of Fiorenza, however, being somewhat austere, perceived graver offences in his flights, and forbade him, under grievous penalties, to keep company with his mistress.

Love, notwithstanding, is the parent of more inventions than necessity; and Torrello, being a lively-witted fellow, and withal deeply inspired by love, soon found out a way to be as often as he would in presence of his lady. Seeing that he could not transform himself, like Jupiter, into a shower of gold for her sake, he put on the more humble seeming of a gardener, and so got employed in the pleasure-ground of her parents. I leave you to guess, then, how the flowers prospered under his care, since they were to form bouquets for Fiorenza, who was seldom afterwards to be seen without some pretty blossoms in her bosom. She took many lessons besides of the gardener, in his gentle craft, and her fondness growing for the employment, her time was almost all spent naturally amongst her plants, and to the infinite cultivation of her heart's-ease, which had never before attained such a growth. She learned also of Torrello a pretty language of hieroglyphics, which he had gathered from the girls in the Greek islands, so that they could hold secret colloquies together by exchanges of flowers; and Fiorenza became more eloquent by this kind of speech than in her own language, which she had never found competent to her dearest confessions.

Conceive how abundantly happy they were in such employments, surrounded by the lovely gifts of nature, their pleasant occupation being the primeval recreation of human kind before the fall, and love especially being with them, that can convert a wilderness into a garden of sweets.

The mother of Fiorenza chiding her sometimes for the neglect of her embroidery, she would answer in this manner : —“ Oh, my dear mother ! what is there in the labours of art at all comparable with these ? Why should I task myself with a tedious needle to stitch out poor tame formal emblems of these beautiful flowers and plants, when thus the living blooms spring up naturally under my hands ? I confess I never could account for the fondness of young women for that unwholesome chamber-work, for the sake of a piece of inanimate tapestry, which hath neither freshness nor fragrance, whereas this breezy air, with the odour of the plants and shrubs, inspirits my very heart. I assure you, it is like a work of magic to see how they are charmed to spring up by the hands of our skilful gardener, who is so civil and kind as to teach me all the secrets of his art.”

By such expressions her mother was quieted ; but her father was not so easily pacified ; for it happened that, whilst the roses flourished everywhere, the household herbs, by the neglect of Torrello and his assistants, went entirely to decay, so that at last, though there was a nosegay in every chamber, there was seldom a salad for the table. The master taking notice of the neglect, and the foolish Torrello in reply showing a beautiful flowery arbour, which he had busied himself in erecting, he was abruptly discharged on the spot, and driven out, like Adam, from his paradise of flowers.

The mother, being afterwards informed of this transaction, said, “ In truth, it was well done of you, for the fellow was very forward, and I think Fiorenza did herself some disparagement in making so much of him. For example, a small fee of a crown or two would have paid him handsomely for his lessons to her, without giving him one of her jewels, which I fear the knave will be insolent enough to wear and make a boast of.”

And truly Torrello never parted with this gift, which, as if it had been some magical talisman, transformed him quickly into a master falconer, on the estate of the parent of

Fiorenza; and thus he rode side by side with her whenever she went out fowling. That healthful exercise soon restored her cheerfulness, which, toward the autumn, on the withering of her flowers, had been touched with melancholy; and she pursued her new pastime with as much eagerness as before. She rode always beside the falconer, as constant as a tassel-gentle to his lure, whilst Torrello often forgot to recall his birds from their flights. His giddiness and inadvertence at last occasioning his dismissal, the falcon was taken from his finger, which Fiorenza recompensed with a fresh jewel, to console him for his disgrace.

After this event, there being neither gardening nor fowling to amuse her, the languid girl fell into a worse melancholy than before, that quite disconcerted her parents. After a consultation, therefore, between themselves, they sent for a noted physician from Turin, in spite of the opposition of Fiorenza, who understood her own ailment sufficiently to know that it was desperate to his remedies. In the mean time his visits raised the anxiety of Torrello to such a pitch, that, after loitering some days about the mansion, he contrived to waylay the doctor on his return, and learned from him the mysterious nature of the patient's disease. The doctor confessing his despair of her cure, "be of good cheer," replied Torrello, "I know well her complaint, and without any miracle will enable you to restore her in a way that will redound very greatly to your credit. You tell me that she will neither eat nor drink, and cannot sleep if she would, but pines miserably away, with a despondency which must end either in madness or her dissolution; whereas I promise you she shall not only feed heartily, and sleep soundly, but dance and sing as merrily as you can desire."

Torrello then related, confidentially, the history of their mutual love, and earnestly begged, that the physician would devise some means of getting him admitted to the presence of his mistress. The doctor, being a good-hearted man, was much moved by the entreaties of Torrello, and consented to

use his ability. "However," said he, "I can think of no way but one, which would displease you—and that is, that you should personate my pupil, and attend upon her with my medicines."

The joyful Torrello assured the doctor, that no falsely-imagined pride should over-master the vehemence of his love; and according putting on an apron, with the requisite habit, he repaired on his errand to the languishing Fiorenza. She recovered very speedily at his presence, and was altogether well again, on finding that thus a new mode was provided for their interviews. The physician thereupon was gratified with a handsome present by her parents, who allowed the assistant likewise to continue his visits until he had earned another jewel of Fiorenza. Prudence at last telling them that they must abandon this stratagem, they prepared for a fresh separation; but, taking leave of each other upon a time too tenderly, they were observed by the father, and, whilst Torrello was indignantly thrust out at the door, Fiorenza was commanded, with a stern rebuke, to retire to her own chamber.

The old lady thereupon asking her angry husband concerning the cause of the uproar, he told her that he had caught the doctor's man on his knees to Fiorenza.—"A plague on him!" said he, "'tis the trick of all his tribe, with the pretence of feeling women's pulses to steal away their hands. I marvel how meanly the jade will bestow her favour next; it will be a baser varlet, I doubt, than a gardener, or a falconer."—"The falconer!" said the mother; "you spoke just now of the doctor's man."—"Ay," quoth he, "but I saw her exchange looks, too, with the falconer; my heart misgives me, that we shall undergo much disgrace and trouble on account of such a self-willed and froward child."—"Alas!" quoth the mother, "it is the way of young women; when they are crossed in the man of their liking, they grow desperate and careless of their behaviour. It is pity, methinks, we did not let her have Torrello, who, with all his faults, was a

youth of gentle birth, and not likely to disgrace us by his manners; but it would bring me down to my grave, to have the girl debase herself with any of these common and low bred people."

Her husband agreeing in these sentiments, they concerted how to have Torrello recalled, which the lady undertook to manage, so as to make the most of their parental indulgence to Fiorenza. Accordingly, after a proper lecture on her indiscretions, she dictated a dutiful letter to her lover, who came very joyful in his own character as a gentleman; and a time was appointed for the wedding. When the day arrived, and the company were all assembled, the mother, who was very lynx-sighted, espied, on the person of Torrello, the three trinkets, namely, a ring, a clasp, and a buckle, which had belonged to her daughter: however, before she could put any questions, he took Fiorenza by the hand, and spoke as follows:

"I know what a history you are going to tell me of the indiscretion of Fiorenza, and that the several jewels you regard so suspiciously were bestowed by her on a gardener, a falconer, and a doctor's man. Those three knaves being all as careless and improvident as myself, the gifts are come, as you perceive, into my own possession; notwithstanding, lest any should impeach, therefore, the constancy of this excellent lady, let them know that I will maintain her honour in behalf of myself, as well as of those other three, in token of which I have put on their several jewels."

The parents being enlightened by this discourse, and explaining it to their friends, the young people were married, to the general satisfaction, and Fiorenza confessed herself thrice happy with the gardener, the falconer, and the doctor's man.

THE TERMAGANT CURED.

Related by Sir John Malcolm.

Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage ; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper. Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace. Some of Sadik Beg's friend's rejoiced in his good fortune ; as they saw, in the connexion he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman : but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event!" "Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends." "Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek, with a smile. "I really am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense," said his friend ; "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united ? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet

companion. Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom. Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife." "But how has this miraculous change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hoosinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were any thing but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since." "Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—"a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a cimeter. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dismembered members of the cat; but before he could effect this, a blow upon

the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor. The tattle and scandal of the day spread from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity—and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff; "take that, you paltry wretch; you should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding day."

MADRIGAL, A. D. 1550.

Original.

Lo! my love, the light of morn
Rays with red the eastern sky,
And the dew-bespangled thorn
Glow in the delicious dye :
Rise, my Mary, for thy cheek
Far outshines yon rosy streak.

List, my love, it is the lark,
Singing to the early day ;
Thus rejoicing when the dark,
Cheerless night, hath past away :
But the music of thy tongue
Far exceeds his sweetest song.

Softly comes the morning air,
Laden with the sighs of flowers ;
Stealing o'er the meadows fair,
Scented shrubs and blooming bowers :
But, between those lips of thine,
Breathes a gale that's more divine.

Lovely is the rising light,
Sweet the song the lark doth sing,
Sweet the zephyr's balmy flight—
Redolent of early Spring :
Love, arise, my joy to fill,
Thou art fairer, sweeter still.

S.

HARRY DE VAUX.

Original.

Speak low, if 'tis love that you breathe in mine ear—
Let me hear thy sweet voice, but let none other hear ;
For many there be who full gladly would go
To tell of thy wooing, my Harry De Vaux.

My mother would weep, and my sisters would sigh,
And my father would chide me with tears in his eye ;
And my brethren would swear thou wert traitor and foe,
If they knew that I loved thee, my Harry De Vaux.

They tell me, my love, I shall ne'er be a bride,
That I must wed heaven, and none else beside ;
And my heart only bleeds when I think it is so,
Because I must part from my Harry De Vaux.

Dear Ellen, love Ellen, O talk not to me
Of parting, for part shall I never from thee ;
And fear not for danger from friend or from foe,
For I am thy true-love, thy Harry De Vaux.

Though thy mother should weep and thy sisters should sigh,
Though thy father should chide thee with tears in his eye,
Though thy brethren should swear I were traitor and foe,
Yet thou shalt be bride to young Harry De Vaux.

This night, when the moon is abroad in the sky,
To meet thee beside the sweet stream I will fly ;
Then away and away to the greenwood we'll go—
Fair Ellen the bride, and her Harry De Vaux.

S.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Original.

A soothing influence ever breathes around
The dwellings of the dead. Here, on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot,
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O ! when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound,
Or wild desires—a fair deceiving train—
Wreath'd in their flowery fetters—me enslave ;
Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
Full on my naked head—O ! then again
May these still peaceful accents of the grave
Arise like slumbering music on my soul !

S.

BALLAD.*By Miss Landon.*

“ O go not forth to night, my child,
O go not forth to night ;
The rain beats down, the wind is wild,
And not a star has light.”

" The rain it will but wash my plume,
The wind but wave it dry ;
And for such quest as mine, mirk gloom
Is welcome in the sky.

" And little will the warder know
What step is gliding near ;
One only eye will watch below,
One only ear will hear.

" A hundred men keep watch and ward,
But what is that to me ?
And when hath ever love been barred
From where he wills to be ?

" Go, mother, with thy maiden band,
And make the chamber bright ;
The loveliest lady in the land
Will be thy guest to-night."

He flung him on his raven steed—
He spurr'd it o'er the plain ;
The bird, the arrow, have such speed ;—
His mother called in vain.

" His sword is sharp, his steed is fleet,—
St. Marie be his guide ;
And I'll go make a welcome meet
For his young stranger-bride."

And soon the waxen tapers threw
Their fragrance on the air,
And flowers of every morning hue
Yielded their sweet lives there.

Around the walls an eastern loom
Had hung its purple fold—
A hundred lamps lit up the room,
And every lamp was gold.

A horn is heard, the drawbridge falls—
"O! welcome! 'tis my son!"
A cry of joy rang through the halls—
"And his fair bride is won."

But that fair face is very pale,
Too pale to suit a bride:
Ah, blood is on her silvery vell—
That blood flows from her side.

Upon the silken couch he laid
The maiden's drooping head;
The flowers before the bride to fade,
Were scattered o'er the dead.

He knelt by her the livelong night,
And only once spoke he—
"Oh, when the shaft was on its flight,
Why did it not pierce me?"

He built a chapel where she slept,
For prayer and holy strain:
One midnight by the grave he wept,
He never saw again.

Without a name, without a crest,
He sought the Holy Land:
St. Marie, give his soul good rest—
He died there sword in hand.

American Poetry.

SONG OF THE STARS.

(From the United States Literary Gazette.)

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie ;
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole, .
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“ For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play !
Away, on our joyous path, away !

“ Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass ! . . .
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !

And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance and the young woods lean.

" And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews,
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

" Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years,
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

IS THIS A TIME TO BE CLOUDY AND SAD?

By W. Bryant.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky,
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that breechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
 Ay look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.*

The war of waters! from the headlong height,
 Cleaves the way-worn precipice.—*Byron.*

There is perhaps no portion of the human race whose character has been depicted in darker colours than the Abori-

This interesting story is taken from an American Work, lately published, and altogether unknown in this country, entitled "National Tales," and from this circumstance may, as the phrase goes, be deemed "as good as manuscript."—*Editor.*

gines of our country. Many there have been who have assisted in rendering them detestable to their white-brethren, while there have been but few who were philanthropic enough to oppose the current of common opinion, and who dared to show to the world that the Indian is not that perfect brute which many suppose him to be, but that he possesses many virtues, and that some of the noblest feelings which inspire the heart of civilized beings, find a home in his breast. It is in him we see man in his original state; in him alone we find a being whose mind is unaffected by the refinement of society; who has had no other model which he could imitate, and no teacher whose instructions he might follow, except "dame nature." As man is liable to err, as he is the slave of passion, the Indian, not having been enabled by education to avoid the one, or to controul the other, may, when under the dominion of violent impulses, pass those bounds to which civilized man confines himself. He may, when blinded by revenge, murder the innocent; but he has often sufficient magnanimity to spare the life of his enemy. If he never forgives an injury, he never forgets a benefit. There is, in fine, no race of men so violent in their hatred, or so firm in their attachments, as the Indians. In support of this assertion, many traditions might be adduced, but we will only subjoin the following tale, which we heard some years since; it has lost none of its interest through its age:

Nay! Time itself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust; nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
wrought. *Byron.*

Among the inhabitants of a small village which formerly stood on the banks of the Mississippi, near the Falls of St. Anthony, resided a woman by the name Marguerite. A few months before the period at which our narrative commences, her husband died, leaving her the mother of two children, the oldest of whom was scarcely five years of age. It was with difficulty she procured, by her industry, sufficient food

for the support of herself and orphans; and often, when overcome by the toil and heat of the day, she would sit down before her hut, and amuse herself by contemplating the beauties of the surrounding scenery. It was at that season of the year when all nature is arrayed in her most brilliant robes, that Marguerite sat at the door of her rustic habitation, watching the stream of the mighty river, as it rolled along in sullen majesty. At a few hundred yards distance from her, it poured its waters down in one solid mass over the Falls of St. Anthony. In the centre of these is a small island covered with shrubs and trees, which, though for ages exposed to the violence of the current, and often on the point of being carried away by its impetuosity, still remains undisturbed in its primitive form. The scenery around these falls is strikingly romantic. The noble stream of the Mississippi is enclosed on each side by bluffs or highlands, whose tops are covered with "the noble cedar, and the stately pine." It is to these bluffs that the river is indebted for much of its beauty. The eye is never tired of beholding them: at one time they are seen rising to a vast height, forming themselves, as it were, into castles, or battlements, wrought by the hand of nature, and which she seems to have intended that man should endeavour to imitate; at another, sloping gently, and forming rich and luxuriant valleys. The river, as it flows by these, reflects from its glittering surface the various other objects which adorn its banks—hills and valleys covered with the brightest gems of nature—the crowded forests and prairies waving gently with the breeze.

The sun was now merging behind the bluff; the sky was clear, and the bright orb of day, as it descended, seemed as if it sought to add more lustre to the beauty of the surrounding scene, and painted every object with its brilliant colours;—while the falls appeared like a rolling stream of molten gold, the forest prairies resembled solid masses of fire. No sound was heard but the roar of the cataract, rendered somewhat less distinct by the distance, and the chattering of the prairie

hen. Marguerite sat for a long time in silence, and absorbed meditation, beholding the bright vision before her, until at length she thought that she perceived the figure of an Indian on one of the distant bluffs. The appearance of these persons was always beheld with terror, and especially at this time, as they were the enemies of the inhabitants of the village. After watching him for a few moments, she was convinced by his movements that his design was hostile, and that he was a spy belonging to a neighbouring nation. She hastened to inform the inhabitants of the discovery, and added, that there was no doubt he was the forerunner of a party who intended to attack the village. Immediately all who were capable of defending the place were in arms.—Scarcely had midnight arrived, the period at which it was supposed by the Indians the village would be buried in sleep, when their war-whoop and yellings were heard. The villagers were in a moment collected, and opposed the foe so successfully, that after a short, but severe contest, they were driven back, with the loss of many warriors in killed and wounded.

Marguerite had not been a silent observer of the bloody scene. Immediately after its close, she intended to seek the spot where the battle had raged hottest, and endeavour to preserve the lives of those who might have been only wounded, and who, by timely assistance, might still be preserved. But as she was on the point of closing the door of her hut, she heard near her the groans of a suffering mortal. The sound at once started her—she paused—again a sigh was audible.—“Some ill-fated being lies now in agony at a short distance from me,” thought Marguerite; again the groans were heard and seemed still more piteous. “He is at my very door,” she cried, “and must be relieved.” As the sound appeared to come from the rear of her hut, she hastened in that direction, and there beheld an Indian bathed in gore. By his dress and mein, it was evident that he was a youthful warrior.—He seemed to have arrived at that period of life when youth

is beginning to throw off its mild beauties, and the sterner features of manhood are just about to be formed; he possessed a high expansive forehead, indicating nobleness and generosity, an aquiline nose, and a mouth, which, while it disclosed the ferocity of his race, breathed forth mildness and gentleness of soul. A beautiful jet-black skin of the buffalo was thrown around his muscular and elegantly formed limbs. When he heard the footsteps of Marguerite, he raised himself on his right arm, and passing his left hand across his brow, he looked so stedfastly on the object before him, that it seemed as if he sought to discover her intentions. Marguerite gazed on him for a few moments with astonishment and pity, and then approaching him slowly, she said, "The blow of thine enemy's sword hath laid thee low, and destroyed your strength; stranger, fear no evil from me."—The Indian viewed her for some time with a suspicious glance; then suddenly replied, as he passed his hand across his forehead, which had been laid open by the blow of a sword, "He who made this deadly mark, hath truly taken away my strength, and I am now your prisoner; still I fear nothing from you, for from your eye is reflected the benign ray of pity; yet even if thou would'st, I feel as if you could not save that life which is now so fast fleeting." He was about to proceed, when he fell back, overcome by fatigue and pain. Marguerite raised him again, and shortly he revived. "I thank thee," he continued, for your kindness; I have not deserved it from thee." "Nay," replied Marguerite, "speak not thus, but raise yourself, and enter my hut." She assisted in raising him on his feet, and permitting him to lean on her arm, they gained the interior of her habitation. Here she placed him in a bed, and having bathed his wounds, and given him a refreshing draught, she retired, and in a few moments the warrior fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke, his pain was almost entirely gone, and with a little assistance he was enabled to rise from his bed.—In a few days he was so far recovered, that he informed

Marguerite it was his determination to leave her immediately, and return to his tribe. She entreated him to remain for a few days longer, until his strength should be better recruited; but Telumah (such was the name of the warrior) was deaf to her entreaties; and as soon as evening approached, he began to prepare for the journey. During the period after he had thought of departing, he appeared wholly overcome with grief; as the moment when he was to set out approached, his agony increased; and as a tear now and then rolled down his manly cheek, a sigh broke forth, and he cast his eyes first towards Marguerite, and then on her children, who now stood beside him. Jacques, the youngest, when he saw the large drops trickling down the cheeks of the Indian, began also to weep; and, as he looked him in the face, said, "Telumah! why do you cry?" The Indian was startled by the question; he made no reply, but taking each of the children by the hand, he advanced towards Marguerite, and thus addressed her:—"Farewell, my mother, for thou hast been one to me; farewell! we part, perhaps forever; but I shall never, while the blood flows through these veins, forget thy kindness to me;—you did receive me, thine enemy, into your hut, and thou hast been the means of preserving my life;—my gratitude shall never grow cold, but shall be a flame which shall forever burn, to be extinguished only by death. Farewell! darling children! the offspring of a generous mother;—Telumah loves you as he does your parent; and his constant prayer to Maneto shall be, that he will protect and defend, from every misfortune, the benevolent mother, and her lovely babes." He paused; he was unable to proceed, as his utterance was choked by the fulness of his grateful heart. With his eyes bathed in tears, after having kissed the children, and pressed the hand of Marguerite to his lips, in an instant he was out of sight. Marguerite and her children continued for some time overwhelmed with grief at the departure of the grateful chief.

Telumah, in a short time, arrived at the wigwams of his

fellow warriors. They were convened in council, and deliberating whether it would be better to remain at rest, or again attack the village, and by its destruction, revenge the death of those warriors who had fallen in the late battle.—Telumab repaired in haste to the council, and was welcomed by all with joy. At his entrance, Kirnassa, the Grand Sachem, a man who had detested the whites from the first moment they landed on the banks of the Mississippi, and whose disposition towards them had never changed, was addressing the assembly, in a manner calculated to inflame their minds against the inhabitants of the village. "What!" he cried, "shall our warriors sleep unrevenged! shall their shades walk through our tribe, pointing at us with the finger of scorn! must they lament the degeneracy of their sons?—No! fellow-warriors, this shall not be: let us imitate their glorious example; let us not fear death; for although he may come clothed in his most frightful forms, he possesses no terrors for the brave: let us depart instantly for the homes of our enemies, and swear never to return until we have sacrificed every white man, to appease the wrath of our fallen chiefs."

When Kirnassa finished this address, the air resounded with the shouts of all present, except Telumab, who now arose, and in a short, but eloquent harangue, endeavoured to dissuade the tribe from the undertaking proposed by the Grand Sachem. He pointed out to them the difficulties attendant on such an expedition, the superior power of their enemies, and recalled to their recollections the losses they had suffered in their last attack; but he spoke in vain:—the mind of his hearers had been so prejudiced by the speech of Kirnassa, that it was almost impossible to make them listen to the voice of reason. After a few moments spent in deliberation, it was determined by the assembly that they should, on the following night, again attack the village.

Accordingly, the Indians set out for the village at the time fixed, and arrived within a mile of it, a short while before

midnight. Here they halted, in order to settle their plan of attack. Telumah, at this time, and during the whole of the march, was silent and thoughtful; he appeared as if he anticipated some dreadful calamity; but when it was resolved by his fellow-warriors, after they halted, to set fire to the village, he was distracted, on account of the danger which threatened those who were so dear to his heart—"And must, then, Marguerite and her children perish in the flames? Shall the tomahawk, perhaps of my own brother, destroy the life of my preserver? Shall she and her offspring be massacred, while I, who owe my life to them, am so near at hand? No! I will rescue them. As soon as the village is fired, I will hasten to their hut, and endeavour to save those who saved my life. Should I be laid low by the sword of the enemy, before I can reach her habitation, I shall fall in a glorious cause; I shall perish while seeking to repay the noblest of all debts—the debt of gratitude."

It was thus Telumah meditated, when his thoughts were disturbed by hearing the orders of the Grand Sachem again to advance. The approach to the village was cautious, and in perfect silence. Before any of the villagers were aware of it, one of the huts was in flames, and the Indians engaged in the work of death. In a few moments, the inhabitants were in arms; but as the attack had been so sudden and well planned, it was impossible to resist it. Every quarter was now a scene of murder and desolation, and resounded with the cries of hundreds. The child was torn from the mother's arms, and slain before her eyes; and when, in distraction, she endeavoured to rescue her offspring from the grasp of the savage, the tomahawk of the monster laid her weltering in her blood, by the side of her child. The wife was sacrificed as she clung in agony to her dying husband—and the son, as he knelt and dropped a filial tear over the body of a murdered parent.

Through such a scene of misery, Telumah hastened towards the hut of Marguerite, the inmates of which, as yet,

had not been aroused by the noise of the conflict. Telumah's heart glowed with the anticipation of the rescue of his preserver; but what were his feelings, or who can describe his pain, when he beheld one of his brethen approaching her hut. With fearful anxiety, he permitted him to proceed, until he was on the point of opening the door, when, in distraction, he flew towards him, and, with his utmost strength, drew him backwards. "Hold!" cried Telumah, "thou shalt not enter there." "Who is it," replied the savage, "that attempts to bar my entrance?" "'Tis Telumah," retorted the chief. "Telumah!" reiterated the Indian, in astonishment; "Art thou a traitor to our cause? Have we not sworn to sacrifice every white, and dost thou dare to break that oath?" "I have not," replied Telumah, "sworn to murder the innocent; my soul disdains to commit such a deed." "If it be thus with you," the Indian cried, "I shall have my full share of vengeance, even if thou, Telumah, with the strength of the Buffalo, should strive to oppose me." Having said this, he rushed forward: but Telumah seizing him, dashed him to the ground, as he exclaimed, "never! while Telumah breathes." "Traitor! traitor!" answered the savage, as he sprang on his feet, and hurled his tomahawk at the chief, "receive thy reward." Fortune appeared in this instance to be the companion of justice, and the deadly weapon touched not Telumah, who now, in a paroxysm of rage, placed an arrow in his bow, and in a moment pierced the heart of his fellow-warrior, who fell lifeless to the ground.

Marguerite, who had been awakened by the noise of this moment, rushed out of her hut, and beheld Telumah,— "And must we then perish in these flames, Telumah?" she cried, in a voice of despair. "Nay!" he replied; "you shall not—haste—away, or in one moment you may be undone." "My children!" ejaculated Marguerite. "Ah! sweet babes," cried Telumah, as he burst into the hut, and returned bearing one in each arm, "they shall still live. Come, Marguerite, follow me to the outside of the village. You shall not

perish here; and while my arm can draw the string of this bow, or raise the glittering blade of the tomahawk, no mortal shall molest thee. Fear nothing, but follow me." In haste he departed, followed by Marguerite, who with difficulty could keep pace with him, and in a short time they arrived at the extremity of the village. Here Telumah determined to remain until the return of his fellow-warriors.

The village was now entirely wrapt in flames—volumes of fire rolled in sublime, but horrid grandeur, before the eyes of Telumah—clouds of dense smoke enveloped now and then the whole extent of the place, and covered it from his sight. In an instant, the fire, renewing its strength, again burst forth, dispelling the darkness, and illuminating the surrounding country. The scene was terrific, yet beautiful. The reflection of the blaze on the distant bluffs and forests, and on the waters of the Mississippi, which at this moment resembled those golden lakes we so often read of in fairy legends; the cries of despair and lamentation, mingled with the yellings of the savages, and the distant roar of the falls, were heard for a long time in awful concert, until the flames abating, the surrounding objects became gradually obscure, till at length they were entirely veiled in darkness. Such was the end of this ill-fated village. Those inhabitants, who but a few days before had so successfully opposed their enemies, were now laid lifeless by these same enemies; that spot, which but a few short hours before had been a scene of happiness, where every heart beat high with hope, and every eye glistened with joy, was now one of desolation and carnage—the dwellings which once were the homes of happy mortals, now resounded with the solemn notes of the owl, and the night-hawk.

Having accomplished their design, the Indians began to return homewards. It was now that Telumah's mind suffered all the agonies of suspense. Every echo of the distant tramp of the approaching warriors, or of their horrid war-whoop, pierced the soul of the unhappy chief, for he knew

not but that the very moment Marguerite and her children should be seen by them, that moment might be their last. — At length the Indians, shouting and huzzaing, approached the spot where Telumah and Marguerite stood. They retired a little, and the warriors halted, and forming themselves in a single line, stood as if awaiting the further orders of the Sachem. Telumah, at this instant, taking each of the children by the hand, and desiring Marguerite to follow him, advanced quickly in the front of the whole line. At the appearance of the whites under the protection of one of their tribe, all were amazed, and the air was filled with their cries of "Telumah! traitor! traitor! massacre him." Telumah remained unmoved. At length the noise was hushed, and he thus spoke: "Hear me, my fellow warriors! behold that woman, who not long since preserved my life, and whom, in return, I have this night rescued from destruction. As she has been my preserver, and my friend, I have sworn to protect her." "And we have sworn to murder every white!" exclaimed Kirnassa, "and our oaths shall not be broken." As he spoke, his eyes were inflamed with rage, and darting forward, he sprung towards Marguerite. But Telumah, releasing the children from his hold, placed himself between the enraged Indian and his preserver; then laying his hand on his breast, he said, "Hold! pierce this breast before you attempt to harm this helpless creature; for I swear, and let Maneto be my witness, that if you, Kirnassa, or any of your warriors, shall dare to injure her, my tomahawk shall revenge her wrongs." Kirnassa stood awe-struck with the boldness of Telumah; but recovering himself suddenly, and turning round, he cried, pointing to Telumah, "Seize the traitor!" He had no sooner uttered these words, than Telumah was surrounded by the Indians, and torn from Marguerite, who, with her children, were also made prisoners. On a signal from the Sachem, all the party set out for their homes. Marguerite, overcome with fatigue and grief, often requested them to permit her to stop for a few mo-

ments, that she might rest herself; they paid no regard to her entreaties, but hurried her onwards to their wigwams, where, as soon as they arrived, she sank down, entirely worn out by the journey.

Immediately a council was convened, at which it was determined that Telumah, with Marguerite and her children, should be put to death on the following morning, and that in the mean time they should be separated and confined. The noble chief received the intelligence of his own sentence without betraying a single fear; but when he was informed that Marguerite and her children were also to be put to death, his eyes were fixed in wild astonishment—every limb quivered—and while a sigh seemed hursting from his heart, with a loud convulsive laugh he fell to the ground. A friend, who was near, could not refrain from tears as he raised him from the earth. In a few moments he revived, and exclaimed, “they shall not die! leave me, I pray thee, my friend—but stay one moment. Can you inform me where they are confined?” His friend replied in the affirmative, and, pointing to the door of their prison, hastily departed, in order to avoid giving suspicion to his tribe.

Night again arrived. Guards were placed before the huts where the prisoners were confined, and in a few hours the Indians were buried in sleep. Telumah could not rest, but continued walking to and fro, endeavouring to form some plan for his escape. At length he resolved on making an effort to burst the door of his hut, and rescue Marguerite.—He approached, and was about to apply all his strength to the door, when on giving it a slight push, it flew open, the Indians having neglected to bolt it before they retired to rest. Telumah left the hut slowly, and cautiously, and to his great joy beheld the guards (who had been overcome by the fatigue of the march) in a profound sleep. He passed them in silence, and entering the hut where Marguerite was confined—she was pale and almost lifeless, stretched on the ground with a child on each side. Telumah, greatly agitated, threw him-

self at her feet. When she beheld him, tears began to flow, while Telumah said, "Why weeps my mother? Do not yield thus to misfortune, for hope softly whispers in my ear, that we may yet escape. Come then! fly instantly with me; death stares us in the face, and why should we thus loiter?" Marguerite, who had for the whole time appeared lifeless, now with difficulty raised herself, and thus addressed Telumah:—"Grateful Telumah! the moment has come when we must part forever; I feel the hand of death upon me; but before I go, I have one request to make. If you are not destroyed 'ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I beseech you to protect my children—let them find in you a father. If you should escape, hasten to my brother, who resides at the village on this side of the falls, and leave them with him. This is my last request"—"Which Telumah promises to obey," exclaimed the chief. Marguerite, taking the children in her arms, thus continued: "Farewell, my children. Let me take my parting look, for it is the last time I shall ever behold you. Darling babies—let me receive one parting token of affection—let me kiss those lips. Now, Telumah, these children are thine; and whenever you shall behold them, remember the dying request of Marguerite. Farewell!"—She placed the children in the arms of Telumah, and fell backwards a lifeless corpse.

The noble warrior burst into tears, and after weeping for some time over the body of Marguerite, he was about to depart with the children, when Jacques exclaimed, with that enchanting innocence peculiar to childhood, "Stop, Telumah! is'nt mother coming, or is she sleeping?" "Yes, my child," he replied, "she sleeps; therefore speak not, lest you disturb her." The child was silent. Telumah cast one mournful look towards the body of Marguerite, and in an instant darted out of the hut, intending, as he knew where the canoes of the Indians were lying, to seek the shore of the Mississippi, and descend to the home of the children's uncle. He passed through the Indians without disturbing

them, and silently, and quickly advanced towards the river. As he proceeded, a storm appeared to be coming on. Suddenly the yellings of the Indians met his ear. He knew at once, by the sound, that his escape had been discovered, and that he was pursued. He redoubled his speed, but burthened with the children, his pace was not so rapid as it might have been. As, however, he had considerably the start of his pursuers, he was in hopes that he should gain the bank of the river before them. The sound now became more and more audible, and in horrid concert with the thunder, which "rolled in the celestial vaults above." Telumah pursued his way, determined, if he should be overtaken, to defend himself and the children, while a spark of life remained.

The storm now raged with the utmost fury—the thunder roared—the rain descended in torrents—and the lightning shone with sublime grandeur, illuminating "the darkness of the scenery." Telumah now began to fear he had lost the path leading to the river, and while he was seeking to regain it, the yellings of the savages were heard at a short distance. Conceiving it now impossible to escape, he turned in the direction from which the sound appeared to come, when a flash of lightning disclosed to his view an Indian approaching with great rapidity. On perceiving him, Telumah at once resolved to remain where he was, and endeavour to destroy him; but when he gazed on the children which he now held in his arms, and thought on the request of their mother, he again advanced. Despair added wings to his flight, and in a few moments he heard the murmuring of the stream.—Hope now inspired him; but while he was rejoicing at his good fortune, an arrow suddenly whistled by him. From this he knew he was discovered, and that his pursuers were at hand. Still he advanced; the Mississippi was soon visible, and with one bound he was on its shore. The storm was now at its height: the river rolled with tremendous velocity, and the falls roared "with horrid minstrelsy." Telumah was afraid to trust himself and the children to the fury of the

elements; but his fears vanished when he was startled by the cry of " 'Tis he;—'tis the traitor." It was the voice of Kirnassa. On hearing it, Telumah ran towards one of the canoes, in which he placed the children, and was on the point of launching it, when his pursuer sprung on the bank, and seizing Telumah by the buffalo skin, which hung from his shoulders, drew him forcibly backwards. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, "thou art not yet free;" and raising his tomahawk with a revengeful aspect, he continued, "you, Telumah, and those whom you protect, shall never escape from my hands." "Never, do you say," replied Telumah, "they shall live;" and rushing on Kirnassa, before he was aware of an attack, he with one blow from his tomahawk laid him lifeless on the shore.

Telumah now launched the canoe into the water, and sprung on board.—He had scarcely left the shore when it was crowded with his pursuers. On perceiving him, they were inflamed with rage, and with one voice exclaimed, "the traitor must not be allowed to escape;" then launching their canoes, they pursued him down the stream.

At the moment Telumah and his pursuers had left the shore, their minds were so fixed, the one on his escape, and the others on the pursuit, that neither of them thought of the falls and rapids, at a short distance below. It was not long, however, until both were made sensible of their danger, by the roaring of the waters. Telumah, when once aware of this, resolved on endeavouring to discover the eddy running to the island, in the centre of the falls. This was his last resource; and as he was well acquainted with this part of the river, he was almost certain, if he reached the island, that he would be seen by the villagers on this side of the falls, and still be preserved. While he was thus meditating, his canoe began to descend the river with the velocity of lightning.—Telumah's heart beat with joy; he knew, by the force with which his bark was hurried along, that he was in the eddy leading to the wished-for spot.

The storm now abated, and the moon shone forth with all her brilliancy, disclosing to the view of the miserable Indians, Telumah approaching the island, and themselves within a few yards of the awful precipice. It was then that they sent forth the cry of despair—that every soul burned with rage. They made a last and desperate struggle to reach the island, but in vain. In a few moments they were dashed down the falls.

Next morning, Telumah was discovered on the island by the inhabitants of the village, who, with difficulty, rescued him from his perilous situation. Having poured forth his thanks to his preservers, and ascertained that it was the spot where the uncle of the children resided, he immediately hastened to him; and, as he placed the orphans in his arms, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "Marguerite, your last request is obeyed!"

THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

(*From Kennedy's "Fitful Fancies."*)

'Twas once my hap by Leman's lake to roam,
And on its shore to note a rural dome,
Such as is only painted in romance,
And rarely seen but 'mong the hills of France :
With purple clusters the tenacious vine
Did lovingly around the lattice twine ;
The trellised porch, which hid the antique door,
Was jessamin'd and honeysuckled o'er ;
In front a sheet of living crystal gave
Heaven's changeless children, mirrored in its wave ;
The stalwart mountains leagu'd to bulwark in
One little Eden from a world of sin.

Imagination seized it for its own,
Its roof, I thought, must be Contentment's throne,
And most devoutly deemed that round its hearth
Were ranged all virtues ever known on earth.

Alas! for the young vision! chance conveyed
My step to where my fancy oft had strayed,
And never did I disappointment bear
More unrelieved by circumstance, than there;
A sottish husband, and a slattern wife,
Waged in my paradise perpetual strife;
And cradle-music, dear domestic sound!
With kindred lays profaned the sainted ground.

Even thus the Thespian Circe's outward guise
Of happiness, her secret mood belies,
Though laughing loves around her light lip play,
A ravening vulture eats her heart away;
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast
But one, to her more near than all the rest:
As throned on high, the peerless queen of night
Cheers distant worlds with showers of grateful light;
Yet while her silver treasure copious flows,
Shares not herself the blessing she bestows.

GERTRUDE.

By Mrs. Hemans.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonising moments,

with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published, some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled "*Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death,*"

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair ;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy beaven above ;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

" And bid me not depart," she cried,
" My Rudolp! say not so !
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace ! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear
When death is on thy brow ?
The world !—what means it ?—*mine is here*—
I will not leave thee now !

" I have been with thee in thine bower
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this !
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on !
We have the blessed Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."—

And were not these high words to flow
From Woman's breaking heart ?
—Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part :

But oh ! with such a freezing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love ! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak !

The winds rose high—but with them rose
Her voice, that he might hear ;—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near :
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch, upon the lute chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses press'd,
As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

O ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had her meed—one smile in Death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !

PARENTAL SOLILOQUIES.

SCENE I.

No. —, Berkley Square.

The Marquis of Gormantown's dressing-room.

Hour—half-past eleven at night.

The Marquis, *solus* (in a purple silk douillette—slippers—his neckcloth thrown aside—holding with both hands his left leg crossed over his right knee, eyeing stedfastly an expiring fire, and after a sigh saying)—

Let me think—it is now six years since poor dear Lady G. left me the sole charge of my three girls, and here they are still, and as far as I can see, little hope of their getting off. No man in decent circumstances has thought about them even! and as to the other ragamuffins whom they are pleased to encourage, I count them for nothing; I have done my best to understand their dispositions, and to ascertain their capacities—have had Velluti for Margaret—Prout three times a week all last spring for Georgiana, and two courses of Foccolo for Anne—Never grudge them a box at the Opera—am the last to propose coming away from the halls—in short, I have discharged every duty of a father, and yet cannot get my children off my hands!

First, there is Margaret—an excellent girl, but people don't seem to find out her value. What can be sweeter than her voice, prettier than her figure, more enlivening than her hearty unrestrained laugh; yet there she is, still helping to crowd the family coach, still coming upon me for L.150 annually of my small income, pinched enough as it is; and I begin to despair now, for she has got into her head a wild sort of romance about Charles Barradalle, that reckless young fellow, who goes on drinking and doing all that is most unmartial, without giving a spark of thought to Maggy; well, she is a good girl though, and I wish I could see her at the head of a good establishment—(After looking round to see if

the newspaper is on the table, rings the bell)—I cannot think why they will not leave the newspaper alone.

(Enter Sampson.)

Lord G. Sampson, I request you will not be in such a hurry to take away the *Courier*—bring it here. (Sampson goes out—while he is absent, Lord G. continues in the same position, occasionally patting the calf of his leg.)

(Re-enter Sampson with the newspaper.)

Sampa. The *Currier* was in Lady Margaret's room, my lord. (Exit Sampson.)

Lord G. What can the girl want with the *Courier*! She was not at dinner to-day, and her sisters said she had a bad head-ache. I should hardly have thought poring over the cramped type of a newspaper the best cure—(After putting on his spectacles, casts his eyes over the paper) Whew! what have we here! (reads) "Married—Friday—special licence—St. George's—the Hon. Charles Borradaile, of the Scots Greys, to Miss Fortinbras, only daughter of the rich jeweller of that name." Well, this explains poor Madge's loss of appetite—(After a short pause) On the whole I am very glad of it. Now she will see the ill effects of attaching herself to a young scapegrace like that—a penniless fellow too! Much luck I wish him with his rich bride—what a service of plate the fellow will have out of the shop? I hope now she will have the good sense to look out for some suitable partner for herself. I think Castlemaine would not be sorry to take her—he is an oldish chap, to be sure. I remember his coming to Westminster just before I left it; but then I understand his property is in admirable order, and altogether I think he would make her a capital husband. I'll ask him to dine here next Saturday. (Here Lord G. changes his position, by putting down his left leg, and leans back in his chair.) As to Georgy, I never could make any thing of her; she is far too high-flown for me—talks of marrying no one to whom she is not sincerely devoted—a parcel of stuff. I can tell her she won't get me to join in her devotion!—

(Lord G. gets up, and takes two or three turns in his room, and then resumes the position described in the opening of the scene, excepting that his right leg is now crossed over his left.) I always thought Anne a sensible girl; and though she is the least well-looking of the three, I think she will make the best match for herself after all. She doesn't study political economy for nothing, I suspect. I have long thought she has some little plot of her own for catching young Brinkemann; I heard her the other night overpowering him with metaphysics—he listening in profound *incomprehension* of what she said, and in equally profound admiration of her learning; for I hear he is determined to have an *intellectual* wife;—well it is perhaps going rather far into the city for a husband; but still, when his father wound up his accounts the other day, I hear £900,000 in the three per cents. was one of the items of his balance, and that will buy out most of our pedigrees. I am sure Anne is a sensible girl;—well, I see the fire is out, and I may as well go to bed.—(The Marquis walks into his bed-room, puts out the candle, and gets into bed.)

SCENE II.

No. —, Harley Street.

Lady M'Taggart's Drawing-room.

(Lady M'Taggart having ordered the carriage to come round, is waiting in seeming patience, ready dressed to go out.)

Lady M'T.—If they are so long, upon my word I am sure my dear little Augustus will think I am going to cheat him to-day. I long to see the lovely boy. What a sweet little dear it is! I haven't set eyes on him for a fortnight.—Amongst all the boys at Mr Clarentini's, I don't see one that comes near him in point of looks. To be sure, he is rather short of his age, but then the dear child has so much natural elegance about him, such charming quickness of manner too, never at a loss for an answer, ay and a pretty sharp one too; but then, to be sure, we do give him every possible ad-

vantage in the way of education. Quite the very highest people send their children to Monsieur Clarentini's: there is young Lord Granton, and the Duchess of Greenwich's three boys, and the little Fitz-Orvilles. Oh! I am sure that is the way to bring up a boy well, and to teach him to be familiar with high company. Sir Alexander wanted to have him sent to a day-school in the Regent's Park! but I wouldn't hear any thing of the sort; nobody does that, I understand: No! no! I know better what is the right thing than all that. Besides I couldn't think of doing otherwise, after what passed last spring at Lady Merionville's, when that dear Duchess, in her sweet familiar way, said, "Now, Lady M'Taggart, mind you send your boy to Clarentini's, it is the only place."—Poor Sir Alick doesn't understand those things; but I will say for him, he has too much good sense to think of doubting my judgment in them.

Well! (looking at an enormous plum-cake upon the table, carefully packed up in white paper, and directed to Master M'Taggart, at Mr. Clarentini's school, Fulham, with Mrs. Carraway's kind respects) my housekeeper is a thoughtful soul. She is so attentive to that dear child. What should I do without her! I must not forget what she reminded me of about Augustus's flannel waistcoats, that he must have them cut by degrees, and not leave them off all at once.—How the dear boy will enjoy his cake! to be sure, Madame Clarentini told me that he ate all the last I took him himself, and was not very well afterwards; and then that odious young Rumbold teased him so about it! I wish that boy would leave, and then dear Gussy wouldn't be mauled and pulled about so as he is. Big boys are always so boisterous! I begged him always to complain to Madame, whenever any of them plagued him. Well! I wish the carriage would come, for I want to leave my name with Lady Trentham in my way.—(Here the carriage is announced.)

SCENE III.

Wilmington Vicarage.

Archdeacon Pottinger's Library.

(The Archdeacon in a gouty chair, his legs wrapped up in flannel.)

Archdeacon P.—Well, I suppose in a few days my two boys will be home from Cambridge for Christmas. I expect to hear from their tutor this morning. As to Pelham, I suppose we shall only have a short glimpse of him, for he must go back at degree-time. Ah, he is a steady fellow, I have no anxiety about him; ay, and a clever one too; he is sure to do well; and then he is to succeed me here—L.1200 a-year is a pretty snug thing to begin the world with. Not just yet, I hope though. Ah! what a deuce of a twinge that was!—(Here the equilibrium of the Archdeacon's Christian endurance is so completely disturbed, that he communicates his agitation to the writing table, so as to overturn the inkstand, and to spill the ink upon the John Bull newspaper.)—But then his younger brother William Pitt, I don't feel so easy about; he has no great turn for mathematics, and there is no getting on at Cambridge without them. To be sure, the bishop has promised me that small living of Ashdown for him; but that will be but L.400 a-year, when the tithes are forced up to the utmost. I made some favour of giving my vote to the Solicitor-general at the last election, and they say he is a likely man enough to be Chancellor! Well, I shall make no bones of asking for something, if he is.—(The Archdeacon's servant brings in the letter.)—Ay—there is the Cambridge post-mark, I see. Now for some tidings of the young academicians.—(Reads.)

—— Coll. Cam.

Dear and Rev. Sir,—It is with great regret that I communicate to you that yesterday Mr. Pottinger jun. met with an accident which is likely to confine him to his room for some weeks. Having imprudently ventured in one of those dan-

gerous vehicles called tandems, he was overturned near Barnwell, in consequence of the foremost horse having taken the alarm at some object in the road and refused to obey the control of the reins: Mr. Pottinger jun. was precipitated to the ground with considerable force, and sustained a severe shock in the shoulder, but dislocation did not take place. I am afraid that it will not be possible to give Mr. Pottinger sen. an *exeat*, as the time for going into the senate-house so nearly approaches; he is by no means master of his Euclid, and is so backward in his algebra, that I fear he will have great difficulty in obtaining his degree.

I am, dear Sir, with much respect, your faithful servant,

THEOPOLIS CAPPERSON, senior tutor.

P.S. I shall shortly trouble you with the quarterly college bills of the two Mr. Pottingers. I think it right to mention that Mr. Pottinger sen. has in the course of the last term drawn upon me for L.50, over and above the regular allowance which you wished him to receive.—(The Archdeacon drops the letter, being seized with a violent paroxysm of the gout.)

SCENE IV.

The corner house of Russell Square.

Door opens into —— Street.

Mrs. Serjeant Frampton's bed-room.—(A rushlight burning, and Mrs. Serjeant F. sola, sitting up in her bed.)

Mrs. Serjeant F.—Heigho! it does not signify, but I cannot get to sleep! Ever since the Serjeant has been on the circuit, I have been in constant anxiety about our Alicia—I am sure she will be off some of these days with young Collinson! What a thing it is to have only one child: I half think sometimes that it would be better to have none at all:—to think of the trouble this dear child has given us first and last! For the three first years after she was born I didn't feel sure that she wouldn't turn out to have a decided

squint—and even now I think she has a kind of a cast—nothing disagreeable though—and then the Serjeant took it into his head that she would stutter!—and now after all the pains that we have taken, and all the care with which we have watched her, she wants to throw herself away upon this idle fellow! He is only just called to the bar, and of course can't make any thing for years to come; besides, I hear he never did any thing whilst he was a pupil; for he was in Mr. James Field's chambers, and I made Mrs. Field ask her husband about him—and he says he didn't learn a word of pleading with him—and the Serjeant tells me no young man can get on at the bar who is not a good pleader. Let me try and remember where it was that Alicia first became acquainted with him—(a pause—Mrs. Serjeant F. nods as if drowsy)—I think it was at the Solicitor-general's—or was it that day that we dined with the Chaff. Wax?—(another pause—Mrs. Serjeant F. nods again)—or, perhaps, at Mrs. Prothonotary Long's?—(Mrs. Serjeant F. imperfectly drawling out the last name, drops into a gentle sleep.)

SCENE V.

No. —, Old Broad-Street.

Messrs. Gosmauchick, Furbish, and Co.'s Counting-house.

Mr. Alderman Gosmauchick's Private Room.

Quarter past ten A.M.

Mr. Ald. Gosm.—(looking at his watch)—I cannot think what makes Furbish so much behind his time this morning. I begged him to be punctual too; for I am in such a hurry to strike our bargain about my *Heleonora* and his *Halgernon*—they'll make a pretty pair, for he is a steady lad that, and a stylish-looking young fellow too.

Well! I'm sure a man has no slight job in 'and that 'as seven children to look after and to think about—not but what I can come down pretty 'ansomely for all of them, but still I likes to do the thing genteel—why—there was Sir

Christopher Blossom married his eldest girl last year to Lord Happleby—why, the wedding was well enough, to be sure, but the thing wasn't done elegant, to my mind—now my notion is, the morning that Eleonora is to be turned off to slip a draft for L.10,000 between two slices of bread and butter, and lay it in her plate at breakfast—this I mean to be extra, and after that, I think Furbish can't say I 'ave'nt acted 'ansome by him.

I suppose we must ask the 'Obbies to the wedding—(Here the alderman is interrupted by the entrance of his partner Mr. Furbish, with a large roll of papers indorsed—Draught of Marriage Settlement of Algernon Furbish, Esq. with Miss Eleonora Gosmauchick.)

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN OF TOLEDO.

(*From the Spanish of Prince Don Juan Manuel.*)

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the Alcazar, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your Reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I

have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will shew you the room which has been prepared for you ; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate.—"No, no," said Don Illan, when the soup and a humper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present ; and when we have discussed the Olla, the capon, and a bottle of Yepes, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—"Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you ; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful

science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship." "Good Sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain."—"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if you do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours." "My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir," said Don Julian. "But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely co-

vered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on Magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the book-cases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—“Hear, then,” said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, “we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume.”

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets.—“This,” said Don Julian, “is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——” The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. “Be not alarmed,” said Don Julian; “it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me.” Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. “Good Heavens!” exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; “my great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his Lordship’s dictation. But here is another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the Electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour.”—“Well,” said Don Julian, “all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will

soon wear the mitre. In the mean time I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear Sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion."—"My worthy friend Don Julian," replied the Archbishop elect, "my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese: I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me."—"Just as you please, my Lord," said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his

arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand,* and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see: the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom.—Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome.—The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my Lord," he said; "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son"—"No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome?—The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or com-

* Catholic bishops wear a consecrated ring, which is kissed, with a bending of the knee, by those who approach them.

prehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door: you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy Father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By Saint Peter!" ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—You my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicegerent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very

poor, Holy Father," said he : " trusting to your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey."—" Away, I say," answered the Pope ; " if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—" But, Father," rejoined Don Julian, " my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—" Heaven forbid," said the Pope, " that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—" Well then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, " if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagua. " Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, " to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

STORY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * In a few minutes I had the honour of being enrolled a private in the 79th Highlanders; and before my arrival at Cork was fully equipped in the garb of the warlike Celts.

I need not detain you with an account of my dull and uninteresting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable fight of Waterloo. With the occurrences of that day you are all well acquainted, and my friends here have often enough listened to the narration of my own "hair-breadth escapes." Though the feeling is natural, I have been too fond of pointing at the only bright spot in the blank of a nameless existence. The night before the battle I was backwards and forwards, a solitary sentinel, at one of our outposts. There was a weight in the midnight atmosphere that spread an unwonted gloom over my soul: and the thoughts of a widowed, deserted, and heart-broken mother assumed the place that high-wrought romance was wont to occupy. There was a silence throughout the whole of our army, which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy, as they passed the night in carousing around the watch-fires. I should not, perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it, but not the silence of sleep. The stern and sullen sound with which the word and countersign were exchanged—the low but deep tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given, the sigh of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resembled the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded—were all still more audible than the distant clang of the armourer, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and showed that all around was watchfulness and anxiety.

About the middle of the night I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited and turned out of doors. The youth had some reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate; but her want of education, and entire unacquaintance with those polished manners and little elegancies of life

to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and artlessness had at first thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons ; and being ordered to the Continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London.—Chance brought us together at Belgium, and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which, that night, he accosted me.—He felt a presentiment, he said, that he should not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to entrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, or rather redoubled, all his fondness for her, and portrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her, while the tears ran down his cheeks ; and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavoured to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest ; flung his arms round my neck ; wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day—when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them in that tremendous charge the flower of Napoleon's cavalry. Far a-head even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron ; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe, hid all from my view. When the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prus-

sians, who continued the pursuit during the entire of the night, I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment, in whose ranks I had that day the honour of standing. The moon was wading through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I commenced my search for my friend.

Although I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterwards began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction, survived the terrible encounter.—I was about to retire, when the heads of slain, in a ploughed field on which the moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice. Literally piled on each other were the bodies of five cuirassiers; and lying beneath his horse was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment on finding, by a nearer inspection, that his head was supported, and his cheek entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation—in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moonbeam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers, and inspiring its dreams! and who knows but perhaps they were. The conviction now flashed on my mind, that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters we afterwards found on the person of the former, proved that I was right in my conjecture. Driven aside by the gales of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is the true heart in woman. “She loves—and loves forever.” This faithful wife had followed him through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea—through the crowded city, and bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit quitting its worn out tenement of clay, winged its way with his, to Him who

gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned this hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant—this dear child of my adoption—in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

ODE TO CARRICK CASTLE.

Original.

The ruins of this ancient edifice (the *Ardensohr* of Sir Walter Scott) are still conspicuous amidst the rude and romantic scenery of Loch Goll. At an early period it would appear to have been a seat of royalty; its origin and history, however, are involved in the obscurity of the past.—The Castle with the circumjacent territory is now the property of the Earl of Dunmore; the founder of whose family was the remote, if not the immediate cause of its destruction by the "Atholmen" in 1685. The house of Carrick derived its descent from the distinguished family of Ardkinglas, hereditary sheriffs of Argyle; and the ancient proprietors were successively honoured with the command and dignity of "Captains of Carrick." The last Captain of Carrick, one of the original officers of the 43d Regiment, was killed at Fontenoy in 1745, and is thus characterized by General Stewart in his admirable *Sketches of the Highlanders*. "Captain John Campbell Carrick was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day. Possessing very agreeable manners, and bravery tempered by gaiety, he was regarded by the people as one of those who retained the chivalrous spirit of their ancestors. A poet, a soldier and a gentleman;—no less gallant among the ladies than he was brave among men, he was the object of general admiration; and the last generation of

Highlanders, among whom he was best known, took pleasure in cherishing his memory, and repeating anecdotes concerning him."

Tow'r of the deep romantic shore,
Home of a race gone by !
The converse of thy spirit hoar
Is with the ocean's hollow roar,
The howling of the sky !

But now thy courts are gray and green,
Where pomp and passion rose ;
The reptile and the owl are seen,
Where revelry and joy had been—
Resentment and repose.

Tow'r of the mighty ! deign to tell
The history of thy day ;
What race within thee rose and fell,
The wassail and the war unveil ;
Thy glory and decay !

Did not thy festive taper shine
Where now the moonlight lies ;
The joyous sound of mirth and wine,
The melody of song divine,
Beneath thy roof arise ?

And where the weed and nettle spread,
And chilly night wind sighs,
The dance hath Beauty sparkling led,
And taught, amid the many tread,
The language of the eyes.

And where is heard the sea-bird's scream
Awoke the battle cry ;—

Thy feats of glory but a gleam,
Thy banner and thy bow a dream,
Thy pride hath passed by !

And where are now thy fair and young,
The boast of chivalry ?
The proud, the noble, and the strong,
The minstrel's harp, the poet's tongue,
That led the revelry ?

Their fame was but a passing breath,
Their memory unknown ;—
They slumber in the dust of death,
Their tombs are on the silent heath—
And thou a Ruin lone !

J. M'G.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

A year hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's cureless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed ;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget ?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee ;

And thoughts in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free ;
It longs to leave a world unblest—
To flee away and be at rest.

Rest ! how, alas ! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream ?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseeem
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what of mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste ?—'tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

It was no charm of face or mien
That link'd my heart to thee ;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain ;—thy form is fled,
But this can ev'n recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art ;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart :
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah ! would it ne'er depart !
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a liveller thought of thee.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear ;
I seem, when all is hush'd around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear :
Oh ! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply :
The waking—how severe !
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness !

A year hath past—another year
Its wonted round may run ;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one ;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside ?

Yet, dearest ! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may yet befall ;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven !

FANNY'S FAIRINGS.

By Miss Mitford.

A happy boy was Thomas Stokes, the blacksmith's son, of Upton Lea, last May morning ; he was to go to B—— fair with his eldest brother William and his cousin Fanny, and he never closed his eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure he should enjoy on the morrow. "Thomas," for shortness called "Tom," was a lively, merry boy of nine years old, rising ten, as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life ; so that his sleeplessness, as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant ho ! ho ! (his usual exclamation when highly pleased), and the perpetual course of broad smiles in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin's case, since it was also her first fair ;—for Fanny, a pretty dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and, till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt, had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell : but why William, a young blacksmith of one-and-twenty, to whom fairs were almost as familiar as horse-shoes,—why he should lose his sleep on the occasion, is less easy to discover ; perhaps from sympathy. Through Tom's impatience the party were early astir : indeed, he had roused the whole house long before day-break, and betimes in the forenoon they set forth on their progress ; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say ho ! ho ! every minute, and much endangered the new hat that he was tossing in the air ; William and Fanny with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple : he, dressed in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well ; she, pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket

that she carried in her hand, which, even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower, proclaimed her town breeding; although that ignorance was such, that Tom declared that on her first arrival at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.—Their way led through pleasant footpaths, every bank covered with cowslips and blue-bells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn and the tasselled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly planted grain; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream. A mingled stream in good sooth it was,—a most motley procession! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribanded maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already; from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribands—to the “grave and reverend signior,” the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair, and his well-preserved wedding suit, who hobbled stoopingly on, charged with two great-grandchildren; a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpish boy of three dragging him back. Children were there of all conditions, from “mamma's darlings” in the coronet carriage—

the little lords and ladies to whom a fair was, as yet, only a "name of power"—down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother's back, to whom it was a familiar sight: no end to the children! no end to the grown people! no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed; gigs with one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, strings of horses, with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman with his poor box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people! no end to the din!—The turnpikeman opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May fair. And amongst the thousands assembled in the market-place at B——, it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on ornithology with which *chemin faisant* he had thought fit to favour Fanny—(children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds,)—had been rather thrown away on that fair daniel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm, and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off; when on the other, let go: poor Tom was evidently *de trop* in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents; in the clatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity, when William, having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation

of selecting a cricket-ball, persuaded Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom's attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper's to the jeweller's, and from the jeweller's to the pastry-cook's ; looking, the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him ! but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he fancied that the secret lay there ; and, on their rejoining him, having vainly offered to carry the basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained ; at which question Fanny blushed, and William laughed ; and on a repetition of the inquiry, answered with an arch smile,—“ Fanny's fairings.” Now as Fanny had before purchased toys, and cakes, and such like trifles for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to repress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impertinent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Bluebeard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders ; the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea at four o'clock. Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and gingerbread, than the gentlest reader would deem credible ; and he had seen well nigh all the sights of the fair : the tall man, and the short woman, and the calf with two heads ; had attended the in-door horsemanship and the out-door play ; the dancing dogs and two raree-shows ; and lastly, visited and admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance

with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boa-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunderbuss to the elephant, although he was not much inclined to boast of that exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity, as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had time to fire. Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless, he obeyed his brother's summons, and the little party set out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm-in-arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except ^ttheir own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On-tripped William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by, threw the whole group into confusion. No one was hurt; but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people.—As the cavalcade disappeared, the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge sat master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by examining her basket, smiling and ho! ho!ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold: first a roll of white satin riband—"ho! ho!" then a pair of white cambric gloves—"ho! ho!" again: then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—"ho! ho! Miss Fanny!" Last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—"ho! ho!" once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand—"so these are Fanny's fairings! ho! ho!—ho! ho!"

WILLIE MELDRUM AND HELEN ORMISTON.

A Tale of Scottish Life.

Last Saturday was just such a cloudless, windless, faultlessly monotonous sort of day as the 1st of September, as it affects the happiness of thousands of his Majesty's subjects, ought to be; such a day as disposed Dumble to fall asleep on his legs, and as would have made me infallibly follow his example, but for the incessant popping (resembling in more ways than one a regiment at field practice) which was kept up all around me, and but for my rencounter about a mile from home with the worthy minister of the parish, just returned from a six weeks' tour, of very unwonted recreation, in a distant part of the country.

Our meeting was a very joyful and cordial one; for among the many who, in our privileged land, feed with no hireling measure of zeal and tenderness the flocks whom they love as their own soul, Mr. Monteath even shone conspicuous. I never saw simplicity in lovelier union with energy than in his pure and primitive character. The innocence of the dove was in all his own intercourse with the world; the wisdom and vigilance of the serpent he kept for the concerns of his parishioners, to whom his word was law, and his counsel the voice of inspiration. He preached nothing that he did not practise, as far as consistent endeavours, and higher aid, can carry frail mortality. If his standard of virtue seemed awful in the pulpit, his example made it everywhere else easy and alluring: he taught his people "how to abound," by sharing his scanty stipend with all who needed it; and "how to suffer loss," by burying four promising children with the sorrow that is akin to hope.

His bland and delightful smile, at all times peculiarly winning, struck me on our present meeting as unusually irresistible; his pale, serene countenance, was enlivened with the excitement of travel, and the joy of return. "I am just re-

quitting," said he, "the courtesy of my friends of all ranks, in the coin they like best, viz. a round of friendly visits. Do let me persuade you, Mr. Francis, to be my companion, and close this day's visitation at the humble board of, I'll venture to say, the happiest couple in Scotland. I am engaged to christen the first-born of honest Willie Meldrum and his bonny Helen, and to dine, of course, after the ceremony.—Mrs. Monteath and the bairns will be there to meet me; and, as my friend, you'll be welcome as the flower in May."

After some slight scruples about intruding on this scene of domestic enjoyment, easily overruled by the hearty assurances of the divine, and my own natural relish for humble life, we marched towards the farm-house of Blinkbonnie; and during our short ride, the minister gave me, in a few words, the history of its inmates.

"I don't know, Mr. Francis, if you remember a bonny orphan lassie, called Helen Ormiston, whom my wife took, some years back, into the family, to assist her in the care of the bairns. Helen was come of no ungentle kin; but poverty had sat down heavily on her father and mother, and sunk them into an early grave; and it was a God-send to poor Helen to get service in a house where poverty would be held no reproach to her. If ye ever saw the creature, ye wadna easily forget her. Many bonnier, blither lasses are to be seen daily; but such a look of settled serenity and down-cast modesty, ye might go far to find. It quite won my wife's heart and mine, and more hearts than ours, as I shall tell you presently. As for the bairns, they just doated on Helen, and she on them; and my poor youngest, that is now with God, during her long long decline, was little, if ever, off her knee. No wonder then that Helen grew pale and thin, ate little, and slept less. I first set it down to anxiety, and, when the innocent bairn was released, to grief; and from these no doubt it partly arose. But when all was over, and when weeks had passed away—when even my poor wife dried her mother's tears, and I could say, 'God's will be done,' still

Helen grew paler and thinner, and refused to be comforted ; so I saw there was more in it than appeared, and I bade her open her heart to me ; and open it she did, with a flood of tears that would have melted a stone.

“ ‘ Sir,’ said she, ‘ I maun go away. I think it will kill me to leave you and Mrs. Monteath, and the dear bairns in the nursery, and wee Jeanie’s grave in the kirk-yard ; but stay I canna, and I will tell you why. It is months, ay, smaist years, since Willie Meldrum, auld Blinkbonnie’s son, fell in fancy wi’ me, and a sair sair heart I may say I have had ever sinesyne. His auld hard father, they tell me, swears (wi’ sic oaths as wad gar ye grew to hear them) that he will cut him off wi’ a shilling if ever he thinks of me ; and oh ! it wad be a pair return for the lad’s kindness to do him sic an ill turn ! So I maun awa out of the country, till the old man dies, or Willie taks a wife to his mind ; for I’ve seen ower muckle o’ poverty, Mr. Monteath, to be the cause o’t to ony man, though I whiles think it wad be naething to me, that’s sae weel used till’t mysell.’ ”

“ ‘ Helen,’ said I, ‘ when did Willie Meldrum find opportunities to gain your heart ? I never saw him in the house in my life.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, sir !’ said she, ‘ gin I could hae bidden in the house, he wad never hae seen me either ; but I was forced to walk out wi’ the bairns, and there was nae place sae quiet and out o’ the gate, but Willie was sure to find me out. If I gaed down the burn, Willie was aye fishing ; if I gaed up the loan, there was aye something to be dune about the kye. At the kirk-door, Willie was aye at hand to spier for your honour, and gie the bairns posies ; and after our sair distress, when I was little out for mony a day, I couldna slip out ae moonlight night, to sit a moment upon Jeanie’s grave, but Willie was there like a ghaist aside me, and made my very heart loup to my mouth !—’ ”

“ ‘ And do you return his good will, Helen ?’ said I gravely.

" 'Oh, sir,' said the poor thing, trembling, ' I dare na tell you a lie. I tried to be as proud, and as shy as a lassie should be to ane abune her degree, and that might do sae muckle better, puir fallow! I tried to look anither gate when I saw him, and mak' mysell deaf when he spoke o' his love; but oh! his words were sae true and kindly, that I doubt mine were nae aye sae short and saucy as they suld hae been. It's hard for a tocherless, fatherless lassie, to be cauldrie to the lad that wad tak' her to his heart and hame; but oh! it wad be harder still, if she was to requite him wi' a father's curse! It's ill eneuch to hae nae parents o' my ain, without makin' mischief wi' ither folk's. The auld man gets dourer and dourer ilka day, and the young ane dafter and dafter—sae ye maun just send me aff the country to some decent service, till Willie's a free man or a bridegroom.'

" 'My dear Helen,' said I, 'you are a good upright girl, and I will forward your honest intentions. If it be God's will that Willie and you come together, the hearts of men are in his hand. If otherwise, yours will never at least reproach you with bringing ruin on your lover's head.'

" 'So I sent Helen, Mr. Francis, to my brother's in the south country, where she proved as great a blessing, and as chief a favourite as she had been with us. I saw her some months afterwards; and though her bloom had not returned, she was tranquil and contented, as one who has cast her lot into the lap of heaven.

" 'Well, to make a long story short, Willie, though he was unreasonable enough, good, worthy lad as he is, to take in dudgeon Helen's going away, (though he might have guessed it was all for his good,) was too proud, or too constant, to say he would give her up, or bind himself never to marry her, as his father insisted. So the old man, one day, after a violent altercation, made his will, and left all his hard-won siller to a rich brother in Liverpool, who neither wanted nor deserved it. Willie, upon this quarrel, had left home very unhappy, and stayed away some time, and during his absence,

old Blinkbonnie was taken extremely ill. When he thought himself dying, he sent for me, (I had twice called in vain before,) and you may be sure I did my best, not to let him depart in so unchristian a frame towards his only child. I did not deny his right to advise his son in the choice of a wife; but I told him he might search the world before he found one more desirable than Helen, whose beauty and sense would secure his son's steadiness, and her frugality and sobriety double his substance. I told him how she had turned a deaf ear to all his son's proposals of a clandestine marriage, and made herself the sacrifice to his own unjust and groundless prejudices. Dying men are generally open to conviction; and I got a fresh will made in favour of his son, with a full consent to his marriage honourably inserted among its provisions. This he deposited with me, feeling no great confidence in the lawyer who had made his previous settlement, and desired me to produce it when he was gone.

"It so happened, that I was called away to a distance before his decease, and did not return till some days after the funeral. Willie had flown home on hearing of his father's danger, and had the comfort to find him completely softened, and to receive from his nearly speechless parent, many a silent demonstration of returned affection. It was, therefore, a doubly severe shock to him, on opening the first will, (the only one forthcoming in my absence,) to find himself cut off from everything, except the joint lease of the farm, and instead of five thousand pounds, not worth a shilling in the world. His first exclamation, I was told, was, 'it's hard to get baith scorn and skaith—to lose poor Helen and the gear baith. If I had lost it for her, they might hae ta'en it that liket!'

"About a week after, I came home and found on my table a letter from Helen. She had heard of Willie's misfortune, and in a way the most modest and engaging, expressed herself ready, if I thought it would still be acceptable, to share his poverty and toil with him through life. 'I am weel

used to work,' said she, 'and, but for you, wad hae been weel used to want. If Willie will let me bear a share o' his burden, I trust in God we may wrastle through thegither; and, to tell you the truth,' added she, with her usual honesty, 'I wad rather things were ordered as they are, than that Willie's wealth should shame my poverty.'

"I put this letter in one pocket, and his father's will in the other, and walked over to Blinkbonnie. Willie was working with the manly resolution of one who has no other resource. I told him I was glad to see him so little cast down.

" 'Sir,' said he, 'I'll no say but I am vexed that my father gaed to his grave wi' a grudge against me, the mair sae, as when he squeezed my hand on his death-bed I thought a' was forgotten. But siller is but world's gear, and I could thole the want o't, an it had nae been for Helen Ormiston, that I hoped to hae gotten to share it wi' me. She may sune do better now, wi' that bonny face and kind heart o' hers!'

" 'It is indeed a kind heart, Willie,' answered I; 'if ever I doubted it, this would have put me to shame.' So saying, I reached him the letter, and O that Helen could have seen the flush of grateful surprise that crossed his manly brow as he read it! It passed away, though, quickly, and he said, with a sigh, 'Very kind, Mr. Monteith, and very like herself; but I canna take advantage o' an auld gude will, now that I canna reward it as it deserves.'

" 'And what if ye could, Willie?' said I, 'as far, at least, as worldly wealth can requite true affection? There is your father's will, made when it pleased God to touch his heart, and you are as rich a man as you were when Helen Ormiston first refused to make you a beggar.'

"Willie was not insensible to this happy change in his prospects; but his kind heart was chiefly soothed by his father's altered feelings; and at the honourable mention o' Helen's name, he fairly began to grieve.

"The sequel is easily told; but I think the jaunt I made to Tweeddale with Willie, to bring back Helen Ormiston in triumph, was the proudest journey of my life.

"A year ago I married them at the Manse, amid much joy, but abundance of tears in the nursery. To-day, when, according to an old promise, I am to christen my name-son Charlie, I expect to be fairly deaved with the clamorous rejoicings of my young fry, who, I verily believe, have not slept this week for thinking of it. But," (pulling out his watch,) "it is near four o'clock! sad quality hour for Blink-bonnie! The hotch-potch will be turned into porridge, and the how-towdies burnt to sticks, if we don't make haste!"

I wish my dear reader, you could see the farm of Blink-bonnie, lying, as it does, on a gently sloping bank, sheltered from the north by a wooded crag, or knoll, flanked upon the east by a group of venerable ashes, enlivened and perfumed on the west by a gay luxuriant garden, and open on the south to such a sea-view, as none but dwellers on the Frith of Forth have any idea of. Last Saturday, it was the very beau ideal of rural comfort and serenity. The old trees were reposing, after a course of somewhat boisterous weather, in all the dignity and silence of years. The crows, their usual inhabitants, having gone on their Highland excursion, those fantastic interlopers, Helen's peacocks, (a present from the children at the Manse,) were already preparing for their *siesta* on the topmost boughs. Beneath the spreading branches the cows were dreaming delightfully, in sweet oblivion of the heats of noon. In an adjoining paddock, graceful foals, and awkward calves, indulged in their rival gambols; while shrieks of joy from behind the garden hedge, told these were not the only happy young things in creation.

We deposited our horses in a stable, to whose comforts they bore testimony by an approving neigh, and made our way by a narrow path, bordered with sweet-brier and woodbine, to the front of the house. Its tall, good-looking young master came hastily to meet us, and I would not have given

his blushing welcome, and the bashful scrape that accompanied it, for all the most elaborate courtesies of Chesterfield.

No sooner were our footsteps heard approaching, than out poured the minister's whole family from the little honey-suckled porch, with glowing faces and tangled hair, and frocks, probably white some hours before, but which now claimed affinity with every bush in the garden.

Mrs. Montesth gently joined in the chorus of reproaches to papa for being so late; but the look with which she was answered seemed to satisfy her, as it usually did, that he could not be in fault. We were then ushered into the parlour, whose substantial comforts, and exquisite consistency, spoke volumes in favour of its mistress. Opulence might be traced in the excellent quality of the homely furniture—in the liberal display of antique china, (particularly the choice and curious christening-bowl,)—but there was nothing incongruous, nothing out of keeping, nothing to make you for a moment mistake this first-rate farm-house parlour for a clumsy, ill-fancied drawing-room. A few pots of roses, a few shelves of books, bore testimony to Helen's taste and education; but there were neither exotics nor romances in the collection; and the piece of furniture evidently dearest in her eyes was the cradle, in which reposed, amid all the din of this joyous occasion, the yet unchristened hero of the day. It is time to speak of Helen herself, and she was just what, from her story, I knew she must be. The actors, in some striking dramas of human life, often disappoint us by their utter dissimilitude to the pictures of our mind's eye, but she was precisely the perfection of a gentle, modest, self-possessed Scottish lassie, the mind, in short, of Jeanie Deans, with the personal advantages of poor Effie. Her dress was, as suitable as anything else: her gown, white as snow, and her cap of the nicest materials, were neither of them on the pattern of my lady's; but they had a matronly grace of their own, worth a thousand second-hand fashions; and when

Helen, having awakened her first-born, delivered him, with sweet maternal solicitude, into the outstretched arms of the minister's proud and favoured youngest girl, I thought I never saw a picture worthier the pencil of Coreggio. It was completed, when, bending in all the graceful awkwardness of a novice over the group, Willie received his boy into his arms, and vowed before his pastor and his God to discharge a parent's duty, while a parent's transport sparkled in his eyes!

THE KANGAROOS: A FABLE.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

A pair of married kangaroos
(The case is oft a human one too,)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
A trade to put their eldest son to,
A little brisk and busy chap,
As all the little K.'s just then are—
About some two months off the lap,—
They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betray'd the hardships of the puzzle—
So much the flavour of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And kangaroos, we know, are quite
Dependent on their "rearing up."
The question, with its ins and outs,
Was intricate and full of doubts,
And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notions never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.

Howbeit they're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth ;
 Whoe'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
 Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks.
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
 It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
Debating for young hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
 And go through life (like them) uprightly.

Arms would not do at all ; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry ;
 And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
 For ever as a mere clodhopper.
He was not well cut out for preaching,
 At least in any striking style ;
 And as for being mercantile—
He was not formed for over-reaching.

The law—why there still fate ill-starred him,
And plainly from the bar debarr'd him :
A doctor—who would ever see him ?
 In music he could scarce engage ;
 And as for going on the stage
In tragic socks—I think I see him !

He would not make a rigging-mounter :
 A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter,
 For just suppose
 A lady chose .
 To ask him for a yard of ferret !

A gardener digging up his beds?
The puzzled parents shook their heads.
"A tailor would not do, because—"
They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some pariah post?—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?
In short, each anxious kangaroo
Discuss'd the matter through and through;
By day they seem'd to get no nearer,
 'Twas posing quite—
 And in the night

Of course they saw their way no clearer.
At last, thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows, if you please,
It came—no thought was ever brighter!
In weighing every why and whether,
They jump'd upon it both together—
"Let's make the imp a *short-hand writer*!"

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
 Would argue what their sons are fit for;
Some Would-be Critics that I know,
 Would be in trades they have more wit for.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.*

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams :
So in those isles of delight that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

* This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnaeus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

By Bernard Barton.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground ;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness ;—thunder in its deafening sound !

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sun-beams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies ;—

Thence, in a Summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around :—O ! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be cloth'd in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet, flowing silently serene ;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives ;—itself unseen !

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse ;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'er-shade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard :—its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own

More gaily now it sweeps
By the school-house, in the sunshine bright ;

And o'er the pebbles leapt,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allow'd to plead?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd :
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd !

SONG.

Farewell! bonny Scotland!
I see thy cragg'd steep
Supporting the mountains,
And bounding the deep.
O! to leave thee for ever,
And love thee so well!
Only they who thus leave thee
My sorrow can tell.

Be calm, O ye breezes!
Stay, stay thee my bark!
Let me look on the heather,
And hear the sweet lark;

Let me gaze on the broom-brace,
And view the white thorn,
They waken my mem'ry
To life's frolic morn.

Now evening emblazona
Each ripple and rill,
And pours her gold tinsel
O'er valley and hill;
Ah! see how she mingles
Stream, mountain, and dell!
O! farewell my country!
Dear Scotland, farewell!

THE TWO DROVERS.

From the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"It was the day after the Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased, to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles. The Highlanders in particular are masters of this difficult trade of driving, which seems to suit them as well as the trade of war. It affords exercise for all their habits of patient endurance and active ex-

ertion. At night, the drovers usually sleep along with their cattle, let the weather be what it will; and many of these hardy men do not once rest under a roof during a journey on foot from Lochaber to Lincolnshire.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not a Glunamis of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising spioigs (legs,) than did Robin Oig M'Combich, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is Young, or the Lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains.—He had an elasticity of step, which, in the course of a long march made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet, argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses.—The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth, set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather, a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

Many were the words of gratulation and good-luck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the doch-an-dorrach, or parting cup. All cried—'Good luck travel out with you and come home with you.—Give you luck in the Saxon market—brave notes in the leabhar-dhu, (black pocket-book,) and plenty of English gold in the sporrán (pouch of goat-skin.)'

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said, would have given her best brooch to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary 'hoo-hoo!' to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him.

'Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister.'

'Plague on her, for an auld Highland witch and spaewife,' said a farmer from the Carse of Stirling; she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle.'

'She canna do that,' said another sapient of the same profession—'Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them, without tying Saint Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broomstick.'

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know, that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be taken, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence.

'What auld-world fancy,' he said, 'has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed, last night.'

'And left me more siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom,' said the sibyl. 'But it is little that I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to the grandson of my father.' So let me walk the deasil round you, that you may go safe, out into the far foreign land, and come safe home.'

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and signing to those around that he only complied with the old

woman to soothe her humour. In the meantime, she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the deasil, walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, 'grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand.'

'Hush, for God's sake, aunt,' said Robin Oig; 'you will bring more trouble on yourself with this *Taishataragh* (second sight) than you will be able to get out of for many a day.'

The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, 'There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us——'

Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk, which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, 'Blood, blood—Saxon blood again. Robin Oig M'Combich, go not this day to England!'

'Prutt, trutt,' answered Robin Oig, 'that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference betwixt the blood of a black bullock and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme.—Give me my *skene dhu*, and let me go on my road. I should have been half way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go.'

'Never will I give it to you,' said the old woman—'never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon.'

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his

aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice.

'Well, then,' said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, 'you Lowlanders care nothing for these freaks. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it you, because it was my father's; but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, not in mine.—Will this do, Muhme?'

'It must,' said the old woman—'that is, if the Lowlander is mad enough to carry the knife.'

The strong westlandman laughed aloud.

'Goodwife,' said he, 'I am Hugh Morrison from Glenae, come of the manly Morrisons of auld lang syne, that never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they: they had their broad-swords, and I have this bit supple (showing a formidable cudgel)—for dirking ower the board, I leave that to John Highlandman.—Ye needna short, none of you Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife, if you are feared for the auld spaewife's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it.'

Robin was not particularly pleased with some part of Hugh Morrison's speech; but he had learned in his travels more patience than belonged to his Highland constitution originally, and he accepted the service of the descendant of the manly Morrisons, without finding fault with the rather depreciating manner in which it was offered.

Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him: he was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company. This chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honoured as our Highland driver of bullocks:—he was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling

match ; and although he might have been overmatched, perhaps, among the regular profession of the Fancy, yet as a chance customer, he was able to give a bellyful to any amateur of the pugilistic art. His mirth was readily excited ; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with everything about him : and such difficulties as he might occasionally encounter, were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without his defects : he was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome ; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision, because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

It is difficult to say how Henry Wakefield and Robin Oig first became intimates ; but it is certain a close acquaintance had taken place betwixt them, although they had apparently few common topics of conversation or of interest, so soon as their talk ceased to be of bullocks. Robin Oig, indeed, spoke the English language rather imperfectly upon any other topics but stots and kyloes, and Harry Wakefield could never bring his broad Yorkshire tongue to utter a single word of Gaelic. They contrived nevertheless to find a degree of pleasure in each other's company, which had for three years back induced them to join company and travel together, when the direction of their journey permitted. Each, indeed, found his advantage in this companionship ; for where could the Englishman have found a guide through the Western Highlands like Robin Oig M'Combich ? and when they were on what Harry called the right side of the Border, his patronage, which was extensive, and his purse, which was heavy, were at all times at the service of his Highland friend, and on many occasions his liberality did him genuine yeoman's service.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite

part of Cumberland, emphatically called *The Waste*.—Here the two drovers parted for a moment, to inquire for fields to rest their cattle in. Unfortunately Wakefield struck a bargain with the bailiff, while Robin made his with his master, for the same field, without either knowing what the other had done.

The Squire and Robin arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself.—Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there.—At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry and blear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the Squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen

into. But the Englishman continued indignant—'Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face.'

'I am ashamed to look no man in the face,' said Robin Oig, something moved; 'and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the Clachan down yonder.'

'Mayhap you may as well keep away,' said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Henry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the ale-house at which Robert Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other.

The party at the ale house were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject—and he was received by the company with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table, at which Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cambrian kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call for a pint of twopenny.

'We have no twopence ale,' answered Ralph Heskett, the landlord; 'but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou may'st find thine own liquor too—it's the wont of thy country, I wot.'

'Shame, goodman,' said the landlady, a blithe, hustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor—'Thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to be civil, man. Thou shouldst know, that if the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny.'

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flaggon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of 'Good markets,' to the party assembled.

'The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north,' said one of the farmers, 'and fewer Highland runts to eat up the English meadows.'

'Saul of my pody, put you are wrang there, my friend,' answered Robin, with composure; 'it is your fat Englishmen that eat up our Scots cattle, pair things.'

'I wish there was a summat to eat up their drovers,' said another; 'a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them.'

'Or an honest servant keep his master's favour, but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine,' said the bailiff.

'If these pe jokes,' said Robin Ogg, 'with the same composure, 'there is ower mony jokes upon one man.'

'It is no joke, but downright earnest,' said the hailiff: 'harkye, Mr. Robin Ogg, or whatever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you have behaved to our friend, Mr. Wakefield here, like a raff and a blackguard.'

'Nae douht, nae doubt,' answered Robin, with great composure; 'and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose

prains or behaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sneeving. If Mr. Harry Waakfelt kens where he is wranged, he kens where he may be righted.'

'He speaks truth,' said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin's late behaviour, and the revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose, and went towards Robin, who got up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand.

'That's right Harry—go it—serve him out,' resounded on all sides—'tip him the nailer—show him the mill.'

'Hold your peace all of you and be ——,' said Wakefield; and then addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance.—'Robin,' he said, 'thou hast used me ill enough this day; but if you mean, like a frank fellow, to shake hands, and take a tussel for love on the sod, why I'll forgie thee, man, and we shall be better friends than ever.'

'And would it not be petter to be good friends without more of the matter?' said Robin; 'we will be much petter friendships with our panes hale than proken.'

Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him.

'I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward.'

'Coward belongs to none of my name,' said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping command of his temper, 'It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you.'

'And that is true enough, too,' said the Englishman, struck by the appeal.

'Adzooks!' exclaimed the bailiff—'sure Harry Wakefield, the nattiest lad at Whitson Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white fea-

ther? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddies.’

‘I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine,’ said Wakefield, and then went on.—‘This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I’ll be —— if I hurt thee—I’ll put on the gloves gin you like. Come, stand forward like a man.’

‘To be peaten like a dog,’ said Robin; ‘is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I’ll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language.’

A general cry of ‘No, no—no law, no lawyer! a bellyful and be friends,’ was echoed by the bystanders.

‘But,’ continued Robin, ‘if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails.’

‘How would you fight then?’ said his antagonist: ‘though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow.’

‘I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first blood drawn—like a gentleman.’

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed had rather escaped from poor Robin’s swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment.

‘Gentleman, quotha!’ was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter: ‘a very pretty gentleman, God wot—Canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?’

‘No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle, and lend them two forks to be making shift with in the meantime.’

‘Tush, man,’ said another, ‘the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt.’

‘Best send post, said Mr. Fleecebumpkin, ‘to the Squire of Corby Castle, to come and stand second to the gentleman.’

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively griped beneath the folds of his plaid.

‘But it’s better not,’ he said in his own language. ‘A hundred curses on the swine-eaters, who know neither decency nor civility!’

‘Make room, the pack of you,’ he said, advancing to the door.

But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor, with as much ease as a boy bowls down a nine-pin.

‘A ring, a ring!’ was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *bank* clattered against each other. ‘Well done, Harry,’—‘Give it home, Harry.’—‘Take care of him now—he sees his own blood!’

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his coldness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose, of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest; and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr. Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach.

‘Let him alone,’ he said, ‘he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet.’

‘He has got all I mean to give him, though,’ said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; ‘and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr. Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting-to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him. Stand up, Robin, my man! all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country for your sake.’

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but being withheld on the one side by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness.

'Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man,' said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, 'shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever.'

'Friends!' exclaimed Robin Oig with strong emphasis—'friends!—Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt.'

'Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst and be —, for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussel, than that he is sorry for it.'

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his fore finger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution.—He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, 'although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him.' But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head by her peremptory interference. 'There should be no more fighting in her house,' she said: 'there had been too much already. And you, Mr. Wakefield, may live to learn,' she added, 'what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend.'

'Pshaw, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice.'

'Do not trust to that—you do not know the dour temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often.—I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scott.'

‘ And so is well seen on her daughter,’ said Ralph Heskett.

This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh customers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from different parts both of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all the remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away by possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M’Comhich.—‘ That I should have had no weapon,’ he said, ‘ and for the first time in my life ! —Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood!—My muhme’s word—when did her word fall to the ground ?’

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind.

‘ Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then !’

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country toward the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr. Ireby’s report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him, (like the hoard to the miser,) because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion, of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left

to him—nothing but revenge—and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the slehouse, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of the cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-rhime in the broad November moon-light, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor.

'May good betide us,' said the Southlander—'Is this you, Robin M'Combich, or your wraith?'

'It is Robin Oig M'Combich,' answered the Highlander, 'and it is not.—But never mind that, put ye giving me the skene-dbu.'

'What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you sold all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets.'

'I have not sold—I am not going north—May ye I will never go north again.—Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will be words between us.'

'Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised or I gie it back to you—it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking.'

'Prudd, trudd! let me have my weapon,' said Robin Oig impatiently.

'Hooly and fairly,' said his well meaning friend. 'I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking-doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Bordermen, are a' ae man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See, the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lustrutfer, and a wheen

mair grey plaids, are coming up behind; and if you are wranged, there is the hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith took up the feud.'

'To tell you the truth,' said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, 'I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off to-morrow morning.'

'Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk?—You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell.'

'I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gate that I am going,—so the dirk—the dirk!'

'There it is for you then, since less wunna serve. But think on what I was saying. Waes me, it will be sair news in the Braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Comhicb should have run an ill gate and ta'en on.'

'Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!' echoed poor Robin; 'put Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good marcats.—Ye wunna meet with Robin Oig again either at tryste or fair.'

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

'There is something wrang with the lad,' muttered the Morrison to himself; but we will maybe see better into it the morn's morning.'

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one, when Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hobnailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was trolling forth the old ditty,

'What though my name be Roger,
Who drives the plough and cart—'

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying in a high and stern voice, marked by the sharp Highland accent, 'Harry Waakfelt—if you be a man stand up!'

'What is the matter?—what is it?' the guests demanded of each other.

'It is only a —— Scotchman,' said Fleecebumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth to-day, who is now come to have his cauld kail bet again.'

'Harry Waakfelt,' repeated the same ominous summons, 'stand up, if you be a man!'

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion, which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrunk on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution.

'I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart man, that you don't know how to clench your hands.'

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive in the eyes of the Highlander.

''Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school-girl.'

'I can fight,' answered Robin O'ig sternly, but calmly, 'and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland Dunniewassal fights.'

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Harry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. The assassin

next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat, whilst dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence.

'It were very just to lay you beside him,' he said, 'but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk, with that of a brave man.'

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force, that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf fire.

'There,' he said, 'take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can.'

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robert Oig asked for a peace-officer, and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody.

'A bloody night's work you have made of it,' said the constable.

'Your own fault,' said the Highlander: 'had you kept his hands off me twa hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was twa minutes since.'

'It must be sorely answered,' said the peace-officer.

'Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too.'

Before he was carried from the fatal apartment, he desired to look at the dead body, which, raised from the floor, had been deposited upon the large table, (at the head of which Harry Wakefield had presided but a few minutes before, full of life, vigour, and animation,) until the surgeons should examine the mortal wound. The face of the corpse was decently covered with a napkin. To the surprise and horror of the bystanders, which displayed itself in a general *Ah!* drawn through clenched teeth and half-shut lips, Robin Oig removed the cloth, and gazed with a mournful but steady eye on the lifeless visage, which had been so lately animated, that the smile of good humoured confidence in his own strength, of conciliation at once, and contempt towards his enemy, still curled his lip. While those present expected

that the wound, which had so lately flooded the apartment with gore, would send forth fresh streams at the touch of the homicide, Robin Oig replaced the covering, with the brief exclamation—'He was a pretty man!'

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle. I was myself present, and as a young Scottish lawyer, or barrister at least, and being reputed a man of some quality, the politeness of the Sheriff of Cumberland offered me a place on the bench. The facts of the case were proved in the manner I have related them; and whatever might be at first the prejudice of the audience against a crime so un-English as that of assassination from revenge, yet when the rooted national prejudices of the prisoner had been explained, which made him consider himself as stained with indelible dishonour, when subjected to personal violence; when his previous patience, moderation, and endurance, were considered, the generosity of the English audience was inclined to regard his crime as the wayward aberration of a false idea of honour, rather than as flowing from a heart naturally savage, or perverted by habitual vice. I shall never forget the charge of the venerable Judge to the jury, although not at that time liable to be much affected either by that which was eloquent or pathetic.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, it was with some impatience that I heard my learned brother, who opened the case for the Crown, give an unfavourable turn to the prisoner's conduct on this occasion. He said the prisoner was afraid to encounter his antagonist in fair fight, or to submit to the laws of the ring; and that therefore, like a cowardly Italian, he had recourse to his fatal stiletto, to murder the man whom he dared not meet in manly encounter. I observed the prisoner shrink from this part of the accusation with the abhorrence natural to a brave man; and as I would wish to make my words impressive, when I point his real crime, I must secure his opinion of my impartiality, by rebutting every thing that seems to me a false accusation. There can be no doubt that

the prisoner is a man of resolution—too much resolution—I wish to heaven that he had less, or rather that he had had a better education to regulate it.'

The jury, according to his instructions, brought in a verdict of Guilty; and Robin Oig M'Combich, *alias* M'Gregor, was sentenced to death, and left for execution, which took place accordingly. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. 'I give a life for the life I took,' he said, 'and what can I do more?' "

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

By Mr. Henry Neele.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies.

The stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if indeed, it had not a repellant effect.—His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-

searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman ; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale, but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

" Pardon me, learned Sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, " but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears, and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

" You are right welcome, Sir," returned Agrippa ; " but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysterious of the occult sciences."

" Talkest thou of *long* years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features :—" thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms ! I was among the tombs to-day—the still, the solemn tombs : I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun ; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought ' it is better to slumber among those tombs than to be like him.' To-night he sank behind the hills, apparently to repose, but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon

the scene which the stranger described, but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter, were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

"But I trouble you, I trouble you;—to my purpose in making this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead, on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down its stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears, but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me—the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright and that step more stately than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me—except the grave, except the grave."

The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so,) that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visiter.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft

tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response, but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius.

"She was a virgin spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, "Many, many; more than I now have time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the stranger, and groaned bitterly: "wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary."

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger he exclaimed:

"Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visiter. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose, and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the fore ground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely."

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. "'Tis she! 'tis she, even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me! By heaven, she moves! she smiles!—Oh speak to me a single word! or only breath or sigh!—Alas! all's silent—dull and desolate as this heart!—Again that smile!—that smile, the remembrance of which a

Ere I was old !
Ere I was old ? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me youth's no longer here !
O youth, for years so merry and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a false conceit,
It cannot be that thou art gone !
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd,
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This dragging gait, this altered size ;
But spring tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes.
Life is but thought, so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still.

THE WRECKER.

A Cornish Legend.

Towards the close of the 16th century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, in order that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, might be induced to shape his course towards it. This atrocious expedient was often successful. The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late, by the foaming breakers that burst upon them from the shore ; and the vessel speedily became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves impunity in their plunder, often murdered those who escaped drowning, and then called their booty a " God-send."

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker, but the last was his favourite occupation; and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity, that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided him in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life, and sought to obtain an honourable subsistence as the mate of a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the most distant indications of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly expanding waves swept with low murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay with a wild and monotonous plashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon the ear. Not more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described by our great poet, than was the quiescent state of nature to the dark mind of Terloggan. In his impatience he cursed the protracted season of tranquillity, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial not only to the "gloomy temper of his soul," but to his interests. At length he saw, with a smile of savage satisfaction, the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with secret exultation the hollow murmuring of the winds, and beheld the blackening waves rising into fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud

blast of the contending elements rung out upon the ear like the death knell of a departed soul. "Now's thy time," ejaculated the old hag, his wife, "go thy ways out upon the cliffs, there's death in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to; and he soon observed a light at sea as if in answer to his signal.—His prey seemed already in his grasp. The light evidently approached nearer; and before an hour had elapsed, the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger distinctly heard. Signal-guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, "all hands on deck," and "about ship," were vociferated in wild despair. Every exertion was made to wear the vessel from the shore; but the redeeming moment was passed, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill were of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash, and a heart-rending, but fruitless, cry for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal-gun revealed for a moment a scene too terrible to be described. The stranded vessel, hurled repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; whilst the mingled shrieks of the drowning, blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries of an army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that being was Terloggan. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated, and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well-known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, (for the moon had broken from the clouds

by which she had before been concealed,) he stood awhile gazing upon the scene of desolation around him as if at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine. But to his surprise and momentary dismay there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard-earned booty, and who was even now loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition was a resolution no sooner formed than executed. Whilst he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corse upon the sands before him. Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to his hut. "What luck?" exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate, as he crossed the threshold of the door. "Never better," rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his hellish stratagem without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the finger of the stranger. "Give me the light, Meg," said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring than he recognised its form and certain marks upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony he quickly handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it must have been taken, and after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy, "Oh, my son! my poor son!" and fell senseless at the feet of her husband. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings until the fact could be ascertained. He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the murdered corse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had been complete. Overwhelmed by despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had ever before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards his mangled body was found among the

rocks, and interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. The chief incidents of his terrible story are still narrated in the neighbourhood which was the scene of its hero's manifold atrocities. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

THE STRANGE MAN.*

Qui vultur jecor intimum pererrat,
Et pecus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est quem lepidi vocant poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luctus.

Petronius Arbiter.

On board of one of the ships sent out by Walter Raleigh under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to make discoveries along the North American coast, was a passenger, of a singular and melancholy aspect, who, from the first moment of departure, was regarded by all the company with eyes of doubt and suspicion. There was a settled gloom upon his countenance, mingled with an expression that seemed sinister and malign, at the same time that it was timorous; and there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his deportment and gait which it was disagreeable for one who noted him to observe. He would sometimes start, when there was neither sound nor sight nor other cause of agitation. Sometimes he was seen, as darkness was descending over the waters, to conceal himself near the ship's stern, or among ropes and coils of cable; on which occasions he would start and turn

* From the *Atlantic Magazine*, a New-York periodical.

pale, as if detected in guilty musings, or would assume a savage aspect, as if he wished to destroy the intruder on his stolen privacy. The horrors of a guilty conscience seemed evidently to possess him. It seemed as if its workings had given him an unnatural appearance of premature age. The lines of his face and the furrows of his brow were deeply impressed; and a morbid imagination might almost trace, in the dusky red characters of the latter, the thunder-scars of the fallen angels. His hair, in some places, had turned completely gray. And yet, on the whole, he seemed not to have numbered more than forty years.

He entered the vessel, under the general invitation, unknown to any of the ship's company. A rumour was soon current, that his assumed name was fictitious, and that he had done some deed which rendered him odious among mankind. His crime was variously surmised, and, among other things, it was whispered that he had been an executioner.—There were in that ship many desperadoes, and many who were flying from justice at home, for crimes which in any country would have made them infamous. But no man inquired into or cared for his neighbour's character, though notoriously bad. This man alone, convicted by his peculiar and disagreeable physiognomy and manner, was the mark of aversion to all his fellow-voyagers. The awkward attempts which he made, during the first few days of their voyage, to form acquaintances, met with such unpromising reception, that he desisted, and became uniformly silent. The women passengers avoided his glance, or looked at him askance, with a mingled expression of curiosity and horror; and at night they stifled the cries of their children, by telling them that the Strange Man was coming. At meal-times, a solitary corner became his own by prescription, where his food was given and received in silence: and at night, he retired to a couch, from the vicinity of which the occupants of the adjacent dormitories had removed; as they said his motions, groans and cries, prevented them from sleeping. The sailors

regarded him with a superstitious dislike, as the Jonas of their vessel, and avoided, or coarsely repulsed him, when he drew near them at their work. He frequently overheard their comments on his situation, and their surmises as to the cause of his revolting appearance, and the disgust it excited; which were all, however various, alike disgraceful to him.

Thus, on the bosom of the ocean, and within the narrow prison of a ship, without friend or counsellor, or the power of vindicating himself, (for who can fight single-handed, with prejudice?) among hundreds of his fellow beings, men of like passions with himself, this wretched exile found himself the focal object of aversion, hatred, and disgust. He seemed to be in the situation of a guilty ghost; more tormented in its unnatural exposure to the living world, than in its congenial hell; or like some of the prodigies with which the superstitions of different ages have teemed; like one who had been bitten by a rabid wolf, or who, having had his own veins sucked by a visitant from the charnel house, had become himself possessed by the horrible appetite for blood. He was like the first born Cain, bearing an obvious but inexplicable mark, which was at once the stamp of his guilt and his protection from the death which he coveted; or like the Jew who insulted our divine Redeemer, as he passed on to his closing passion, branded with the indelible stigma, which men trembled at and fled from. But the first murderer, and the wandering Israelite had the world before them, with its solitudes and lurking places, where no human countenance could obtrude, with its expression of scorn, or fear, or detestation. This man was tied to his stake, with a tether whose shortness only allowed him to make idle and maddening efforts to hide himself from the many hundred eyes, that glanced distrustfully, and with loathing upon him. The Hindoo who has lost his caste, can mingle with others, who, however despised by millions around them, at least form a community and fellowship of misery. But this man

was alone ; and the hatred for all his persecutors, which he gave them back in return for their aversion, was silently consuming his heart.

There was, however, a young man, named Rogers, among the company, whose sympathy for the desolate state of this individual overcame the repugnance, which, in common with the others, he could not help feeling. He had, once or twice, made an effort, when none observed him, to break through the sphere of repulsion with which the lonely man had become invested. But the latter, supposing his object was derision or insult, avoided his looks and retreated from his advance. Rogers, however, had marked him, when he apparently thought himself secure from notice. He had observed that he wore a shirt of coarse hair, under his upper garments, and had seen him in the attitude of prayer, telling his beads. He naturally concluded, that the source of so much anguish was some dreadful and unforgiven crime, for which he was undergoing penance.

The weather, which had long been threatening in appearance, now indicated an approaching storm ; and the symptoms increased in terror and in certainty. A tremendous gale rendered it impossible for the ship to carry any canvas ; and night came on with tenfold darkness. The commander of this vessel, now separated from the others, was in the utmost perplexity ; and the ship was alternately rolling and driving under bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest.—At first a murmur, and soon a shout, was heard among the crew that the strange man should be brought forth and thrown overboard.

Roused by the clamour, and the sound of his name, reiterated amidst the uproar, the unfortunate being sprung from his troubled slumbers, and rushed upon deck. He trembled in every joint and fibre ; his hair rose in distinct bristles ; and his eyes, after wandering wildly, fixed in an intense gaze, that spoke of expected evil, dreadful and inevitable. It seemed as if he had been summoned to reveal to the assem-

bled universe, the secret that overburthened his heart, and to receive the forfeit of some unpardonable sin, among the hootings and cursings of mankind. No one approached him, who regarded his countenance by the fitful light of the lanterns; but those immediately before him shrunk backward, under the overpowering influence of preternatural terror.—Two stout seamen, however, sprang from behind, and were hurrying him rapidly towards the gangway. He was urge along so speedily, that he made no resistance until on the verge of destruction. The ship rolled downward on the side whence he was about to be precipitated; and a ruddy flash which streamed from a lantern held near the spot, fell upon the troubled waste beyond. They were on the summit of an immeasurable mountain wave; and the wretch looked downward and downward into infinite darkness; while stretching high above, before him, another advancing Alp of waters was impending over the gulf, which was to be to him the abyss of eternity. He uttered one long and shrill and piercing shriek; and clung, in the agony of his struggle, so firmly to his conductors, that they in vain endeavoured to shake him off; but when they had pushed him from his foothold, he adhered, with the tenacity of despair, to the gripe he had taken of each of them, and was thus suspended over the yawning shades below. One was advancing with a cutlass, to sever him from his tormentors and from life, when the vessel, shifting its position, threw all three backward. His grasp relaxed; he fell, as if exanimate, and rolled against the mast. The two men, having sprung again on their feet, were kicking him towards the opposite quarter; when Rogers, who had been standing near, interrupted them, and arrested the body of their intended victim in its progress.—The whole scene had past in a few moments; but in that brief interval the poor Jonas of the ship had past through all the bitterness of death. Rogers now remonstrated with the seamen, but to no purpose. In vain he represented that the man had an equal right with themselves, to the precarious

protection which the ship yet yielded them—that they might one day be called to account for it—and that, though they should escape from human tribunals, they must eventually, and might, perhaps, in a few moments, follow this now living being, who had never offended them, to the last common audit, to answer for their usurpation of the attribute of God.

His intercession would have been altogether ineffectual, had not the commander himself, at that moment appeared, and restored order, by directing the execution of some new manœuvre. While the attention of the men was thus diverted, Rogers dragged the insensible being down to his couch, and deposited him there in darkness and temporary safety.—He opened his eyes, which fixed, for a moment, on his deliverer; then, turning on his face, he enveloped himself in his covering, and lay coiled in the farthest corner of the recess which had been allotted him to sleep in.

The storm abated, and courage and confidence returned to the crew. On the day following the night of his jeopardy, the strange being crawled from his lurking place, unobserved, until he suddenly made his appearance in his usual place, at the hour of dining. His danger on the preceding night was not generally known; but the company looked at him with a creeping sensation of superstitious awe, when they saw that his hair had turned completely white. His lower jaw seemed to have dropped; and his head was bowed low over the trencher, from which, with trembling hands he took his allotted fare. Silence for some time prevailed in the cabin; and when the spell was passing away, the speakers addressed each other in an under tone, that sounded unnaturally to themselves, rebuked, as it was, by the fear that had fallen upon them. From a furtive glance which he threw towards him, Rogers thought that the object of so much terror recognized him as having been his preserver. He soon took an opportunity, unobserved, of beckoning to him, and the man followed him to a retired corner. Not without some emo-

tion, Rogers requested him to meet him, at midnight, on the quarter deck. "I will, sir," replied the man: "I believe I owe you my life. Would to God I had never incurred the debt. May I know the name of one, who, at any rate, meant to befriend me?" "Rogers." At this word the man recoiled. His limbs seemed seized with a sudden paralysis, and he was only sustained from sinking by a projecting timber. "I know you not," said Rogers: "you never did me any injury: I may do you some good. Remember your appointment." So saying, he left him.

Whether curiosity or humanity had most influence with the young man in seeking this interview, is a question which, probably, he did not ask himself. Whatever was the original motive, the former inducement was now exceedingly strong. He determined to gain from the stranger a confession of the cause of his situation; and though it could not possibly interest him, though it might involve him in a troublesome confidence, or stamp on his memory some disagreeable picture with which his imagination might be ever after haunted, though the supposed possession of the man's secret, or even a discovery of their private conference might render him obnoxious to the dislike of all his companions,—he still felt impatient until the hour should come which was to gratify his desire of penetrating this mystery. Such is the disease of the mind, however denominated, or by whatsoever cause excited, inseparably connected with the thirst for knowledge. Eve could not have disbelieved the warning which she heard from the lips of Omnipotence, that evil, however darkly apprehended as to its nature, must follow the breach of the divine prohibition; and yet she plucked and ate, and death came into the world.

The wind had lulled, but a universal darkness covered the face of the deep, as the appointed hour drew nigh. Save the watch and himself, all the inhabitants of the vessel were resting below from the fatigues and alarms of the previous night and day, as Rogers was slowly pacing the quarter deck.

The lights from the binnacle glimmered with wan and melancholy rays, deepening the infinity of gloom around. The ocean seemed moaning, as if after its recent tortures. There was no other sight nor sound, until a stifled groan fell on the ear of Rogers—a sob of deep agony, which the sufferer seemed vainly endeavouring to repress. He looked in the direction whence it came, and indistinctly discerned a figure advancing with irregular movements, and half crawling towards him. He began to experience an unaccountable nervous agitation. This man was probably insane; perhaps unnaturally visited by some demoniac possession. Credulity was rife with stories of the kind at that time. Why had he sought his intimacy? Why summoned him in private, at this untimely and ghostly hour? But the figure had reached him, and after a little timid observation, the strange being stood up and began to gaze earnestly on Rogers' countenance, as the dim light played fittingly across its features. There was nothing to terrify the subject of its scrutiny, either in the gaze, or in the appearance of the examiner. For the former soon changed from the expression of anxiety to that of humble entreaty; and the figure shook as with decrepitude. And, indeed, after a short time, he fell down on his knees, took hold of his young defender by the skirts, and looked up to him with an imploring eye. Rogers drew him from his abject situation to the stem of the vessel, and there bade him sit down beside him.

Silence succeeded for a few moments; when, with some hesitation, he addressed him. "I believe I did, indeed, preserve your life, last night. You say you cannot rejoice at your deliverance. I have felt compassion for you, because you are alone among so many. Confide in me, and I will extend my protection still farther. Whatever crime you may have committed, you are going to the deserts of a new world, where you may begin a new existence. The arm of retributive justice cannot reach you there; and the face of man cannot behold you, if you choose to fly into its solitudes.

I have a strong desire to learn your history, and promise, most solemnly, never to betray your trust, without your consent."

"I have committed no crime," replied the man, "for which I am amenable to human laws. In what I have performed, I have been told I did heaven service. But could I fly from man, nay, could I escape from the presence of God, beyond the uttermost parts of the earth or the depths of hell, I cannot fly from myself. I have prayed for madness; but I am not mad. I can reason, and, alas! too well remember. Here it is, printed on my brain, a picture of fire; and it burns, and will burn forever, unless the soul can be annihilated. I would not commit an offence, which I believe would consign me to perdition; or I would, long since, have laid down this tormenting load of life: yet how could I be happy in heaven, if memory is there, or if there I am to meet any of the countenances that are now looking upon me, though you cannot see them,—so sad, so horror-struck, so agonized! Have you not read how heathens, in old times, guilty of parricide, or other inexpiable offence, were followed over all the earth, and even to the thresholds of their temples, by terrible women, shaking unquenchable firebrands, with living serpents hissing and twisting around their heads? I am beset by many followers; but they do not threaten me, but look fixedly and sorrowfully upon me; and I seem sinking down and down beneath their looks, into a fathomless pit. Last night I saw them, too, deep in the monstrous womb of the ocean—and now I see them—and I shall see them forever. The heathens, I have read, could cling to their altars; and the Jews had certain places where the avenger of blood could not pursue. But I have no sanctuary, and no city of refuge, in all the wide world of land and waters that basks in the sunlight;—and I cannot look for it in the grave."

And here he lay down on his face, and a strong convulsion shook him like an ague fit. He regained some composure,

and continued. "Since I have been on board of this vessel, where the torments of my earthly purgatory have been condensed to an intensity greater and more unremitting than ever, the persecutions of those who follow me have been constant. Every living thing around has mocked at and shunned me: until each human countenance seems to be that of a fiend to whom the penal torture has been assigned of persecuting, and mouthing, and chattering at the guilty; but I could abide all this, if they were not with me. I have seen them in crowded capitals; in the Arabian deserts; and in the dungeons of the infidels; but never, though long years have past, more distinctly than now.

"But why should I weary you with what you cannot understand, and have no interest in. You ask to know the source of my calamity. I will endeavour to tell you as briefly and intelligibly as I can. I was the son of an industrious and frugal woollen draper, in the city of London, and his only child. I was much indulged; and my father, having bound me apprentice to himself, did not chastise me when I neglected his business, but was satisfied to reprove me for my present offences. I did not acquire any vices; but I was an idle youth, and loved to see spectacles of all kinds. In particular I attended all public executions; and was very sure never to be absent when any tragic scene was to be acted on Tower Hill or at Tyburn. I loved to watch the countenances of men going to be separated instantly from the bustle of life; and felt a strange excitement at the parade and circumstances which attend the awful execution of law. I did not go with the common feelings of the multitude, who thought no more of the event after it had passed, but dispersed to other places of amusement, or to their every day business. The procession to the scaffold or the tree; the prayer and the psalm, and the dying speech; the preparations for the block or the halter; the descending axe or the withdrawing cart; the hushed pause of the countless spectators; the mangling of the bodies afterwards—were all to me so,

many acts of a stage play, in which I took a fearful but intense delight. It became a passion, paramount above all others; inasmuch, that I sometimes envied the vile executioner, all stained as he was, and besmeared with the blood, and tearing the vitals of his often yet conscious victims; because he enjoyed a nearer prospect of the scene, from which I was kept back by the crowd and the soldiery.

“ I have seen, in the East, men who derived their sustenance from mortal poisons; and others who kept tame snakes in their bosoms, and would caress the slimy monsters, as they were wrapt in their grisly and glittering folds. I have heard, too, of cannibals, and of forlorn creatures who haunt grave yards and prey upon dead carcasses. Not more unaccountable, even to myself, than the fancies and appetites of these extraordinary creatures, was the desire that possessed me of witnessing the sufferings of human beings previous to the separation of soul and body. I have reasoned upon it since, and found no satisfactory cause; for in my nature, if I knew what it was in childhood, there was no cruelty nor malice against my fellow men. But so it was, that the contemplation of all these scenes of bloodshed and terror was my constant employment, and visions of executions, in all their terrible variety of pain and fear and agony, held their infernal sabbath in my mind, so that I neglected business and regular occupation of every kind.

“ The persecution of the heretics began, and burnings took place in every part of the country. I had never attended an exhibition of this sort, and imagined, according to the craving of my diseased curiosity, that it must surpass in terror and sublimity all I had witnessed of the closing drama of penal justice. It so happened that I had made acquaintance with one of the sheriff's men, with whom I had held much communion on the subject always uppermost in my thoughts; and he came one morning to inform me that a minister was to be burnt the next day, and that I might, if I pleased, be close to the pile, and see every thing as it occurred. This

was a golden opportunity for me; and one for which I had long and vainly sighed. I was, however, not a little damped in my eagerness, when he told me it was necessary I should light the pile myself. From this office, although a good Catholic, and esteeming, even as I still do, (but forgive me—you are a Protestant,) the consuming of heretics as an acceptable thing to God; from this function, I say, I recoiled, as unbecoming the son of an honest man, out of whose province it was entirely to perform the part of the common hangman. My acquaintance, however, told me, that I could gain a near access to the stake on no other condition; and gave me a mask which was adapted to the upper part of my face, and which he said, would prevent any person from recognizing me. He added, that he would call for me the next morning, and so saying, he left me.

“All the rest of that day I was uneasy, irresolute, and almost beside myself, pondering between my desire to indulge a long cherished curiosity, and the repugnance I felt to execute an office considered disgraceful even when prescribed to an individual as his legal duty. Before I fell asleep, I had made up my mind to depart from home early in the morning, and to behold the spectacle from a distance among the multitude. My dreams, prophetic of all I have ever had since, were troubled, wild, and agonizing; and I awoke in a feverish state of excitement. Very soon, the populace were seen pouring from various quarters to the field where the execution was to be; and while I was yet meditating whether to evade my appointment by flight, or to refuse accompanying the sheriff's follower, he made his appearance and beckoned to me, and as if by a fatal, uncontrollable impulse, I slipped quickly out of my father's shop, and accompanied him on his way. Turning down a narrow alley, he equipped me with my mask, and hurried, or rather dragged me towards the prison. No notice was taken of me, as, by the side of my companion, I mingled among the retainers of the law. Very soon the inner gates were opened, and there came forth,

among the officers, a man in black vestments, a little advanced in years. His countenance, though not decomposed, was sad; for, as I heard, he had just parted from his family. And behind the escort I saw them slowly advancing, but did not then note them particularly; for a heavy load had fallen upon my heart. I heard not distinctly what was uttered around me, and turned my face neither to the right nor the left; but was led by the arm, mechanically, by my companion; following, with the other attendants, the cart in which the victim, intended for the present sacrifice, was placed.

"In this stupor I walked on the whole distance, unroused by the great following of the people, or the occasional interruptions that took place in our progress, until we arrived at the spot, where the stake and the faggots were prepared.—I kept my eyes fixed, as if by enchantment, on that fatal pile, and was dragged along unresistingly, while a ring was formed around the scene of torture. With dim and dreaming vision, I saw the minister descend from the cart, and walk tranquilly and firmly, as it seemed, to the goal of his earthly pilgrimage. There were other things passing, which swam indistinctly before my sight. There was a priest with an angry countenance, holding a cross, from whom the heretic minister turned away; and a proclamation was read, of which I heard the sounds, without perceiving the meaning of the words. Then they fastened the prisoner to the stake by iron hoops, and closed up the circle of faggots around him. At this moment I was thrust forward so suddenly by my companion, that I was urged within a few feet of the pile. I stood without motion, rather as a machine than a thinking being, and a torch was put into my hand by a halberdier. The sheriff, who stood by, addressed me, but I understood not his words. I only comprehended from his gesture, that I was to light the pyre. A dead silence prevailed among all the assembled people, and we might have heard the whisper of an infant, or the falling of a leaf. A brief struggle passed through my frame, and hastily, by the same seem-

ingly mechanical impulse, of which alone I appeared to be conscious, I advanced with the fatal brand. One instant I cast my eyes upwards on the victim. His countenance was serene and cheerful; and he bent his eyes upon me with a settled calmness and forgiveness, which now lives before my sight, as though it were yesterday. I thrust the torch among the light stuff and combustibles at the foot of the pile; and the flame speedily ran all around it, and mounted among the wood. I thought I felt it at the same moment encircling my own brain. I dropt the torch and returned to my companion. There was a weight upon my feet that seemed to clog them to the earth at every step, and a death-like coldness at my heart. Then, as I lifted up my eyes, I beheld, behind the surrounding guards, a melancholy train, in sable apparel.— There was a mother with a little infant in her bosom. She was tall and of a dignified aspect; but her cheeks were pale; and her eyes, swollen and red, were fixed in the direction of the pile where her husband was suffering. There were two lusty and stately youths, who stood gazing sternly and sadly; but as the fire began to crackle fiercely behind me, they lifted up their voices and wept aloud. There was a maiden, just arrived at womanhood, slender and graceful, with a saintly countenance, such as I have seen in pictures of the Holy Virgin; and she clung weeping to her elder brother. There was a younger girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, like a young cherub, weeping, shrieking out for mercy for her father, and a boy, deformed, and supporting himself with a crutch, who had an obliquity in one eye, that gave to the agony of grief, expressed in his face, a strange peculiarity.— And there were little children clinging around their mother's garments, all crying bitterly: the youngest, poor souls, for company, not knowing why the rest were so afflicted. Methought that, at the same instant, they all directed their eyes towards me; and ever since I have retained the individual expression of each of those wo-begone faces. I turned around, and saw the father of this family, surrounded by the

ascending blaze, that burnt fiercely, but with a pale unnatural lustre, in the broad glare of day. His look was serene, and he stretched out his hands, and washed them in the consuming element."

[Here there is a large defect in the manuscript.]

The vessels were in sight of the coast of Florida. A delightful perfume was wafted from the shore, and the adventurers beheld the banks, even down to the edge of the water, covered with luxuriant vines and groves of magnolia. Some boats put off from the ship in which Rogers was a passenger, for the purpose of paying a visit to this land of promise; and in one of them the unhappy man, whose history is hereinbefore recorded, went on shore. He was never seen more. Those who were in the same boat with him, said that he had wandered into the interior of the country, and could not be recalled in time. It is more probable that they purposely left him.

The ship under command of Sir Francis Drake, a few years afterwards, took from the Virginian coast the remnant of the colonists, who were unfortunate in their settlement. Among the survivors, Rogers returned to England, by whom the foregoing facts were narrated. And notwithstanding many traditions and legends that have been popular, the above are the only authentic particulars, in relation to the man who burnt John Rogers.

THE TOMB OF DE BRUCE.

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

"A Freedom is a noble thing;
Freedom makes man to have liking;
Freedom all solace to men gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives."—*Barbour.*

And liest thou, great Monarch, this pavement below?
Thou who wert in war like a rock of the ocean,
Like a star in the battle-field's stormy commotion,—
Like a barrier of steel to the shocks of the foe!
All lofty thy boast, grey Dunfermline, may be,
That the bones of King Robert, the hero whose story,
Mid our history's night is a day-track of glory,
Find an honour'd and holy asylum in thee.
And here, till the world is eclipsed in decline,
Thy chosen, O Scotland! shall kneel at this shrine.

On Luxury's hot-bed thou sprang'st not to man—
From childhood Adversity's storms howl'd around thee;
And fain with his shackles had Tyranny bound thee,
When lo! he beheld thee in Liberty's van!
To the dust down the Thistle of Scotland was trod;
'Twas wreck and 'twas ruin, 'twas discord and danger;
O'er her strongholds waved proudly the flag of the stranger;
Till thy sword, like the lightning, flash'd courage abroad,
And the craven, that slept with his head on his hand,
Started up at thy war-shout, and belted his brand!

How long Treason's pit-falls 'twas thine to avoid,—
Was the wild-fowl thy food, and thy beverage the fountain,
Was thy pillow the heath, and thy home on the mountain,
When that hope was cast down which could not be destroyed!
As the way-farer longs for the dawning of morn,
So wearied thy soul for thy country's awaking,
Unsheathing her terrible broadsword, and shaking
The fetters away, which in sleep she had worn:

At thy call she aroused her to fight ; and, in fear,
Invasion's fang'd bloodbounds were scatter'd like deer.

The broadsword and battle-axe gleam'd at thy call ;
From the strath and the corrie, from cottage and palace ;
Pour'd forth like a tide the revengers of Wallace,
To rescue their Scotland from rapine and thrall ;
How glow'd the gaunt cheeks, long all care-worn and pale,
As the recreant brave, to their duty returning,
In the eye of King Robert saw liberty burning,
And raised the wild gathering-cry forth on the gale !
Oh then was the hour for a patriot to feel,
As he buckled his cuirass, the edge of his steel !

When thou camest to the field all was ruin and woe :
'Twas dastardly terror, or jealous distrusting ;
In the hall hung the target and burgonet rusting ;
The brave were dispersed, and triumphant the foe :—
But from chaos thy sceptre call'd order and awe ;—
'Twas security's homestead ; all flourish'd that near'd thee ;
The worthy upheld, and the turbulent fear'd thee,
For thy pillars of strength were Religion and Law :—
The meanest in thee a protector could find—
Thou wert feet to the cripple, and eyes to the blind.

Oh ne'er shall the fame of the patriot decay—
De Bruce, in thy name still our country rejoices ;
It thrills Scottish heart-strings, it swells Scottish voices ;
As it did when the Rannock ran red from the fray.
Thy dust in the darkness of ruin may lie ;
But ne'er, mighty Hero, while earth hath its motion,
While rises the day-star, or rolls forth the ocean,
Shall thy deeds be eclipsed, or their memory die ;
They stand, thy proud monument, sculptured sublime,
By the chisel of Fame, on the tablet of Time.

American Poetry.

CONFESSIONS OF A STUDENT.

I wish that poetry could paint
The lineaments of beauty ; words
Are made for feelings ; they are faint,
Weak things for pencilling. The chords
Of lyre and harp make melody
On woman's love—but woman's bright
And glorious image—woman's eye,
Of tears and tenderness a light—
Woman—bright woman, as she sprung,
Creation's gem, in Eden !—nay—
I cannot paint her ; I have flung
The task despairingly away.

I lov'd a woman once, of full
And perfect intellect. Her eye
Was dark and very beautiful,
And told of fervent poetry
And earnest thoughts beneath. Her tone
Was like the murmuring of birds,
Made up of melody alone ;
And giving to her lightest words
The power of music. She was pale—
For feeling wearied the soul ;
And the sweet springs of life exhale
Beneath the passionate control
Of fever'd spirits. Yet her eye
Would sometimes for a moment glow
And flash when thought wak'd suddenly ;
And then athwart her cheek of snow
Light clouds of colouring would steal

And vanish, as if weary life
This only token could reveal
That there was yet with death a little strife.

I sat beside her, hour by hour,
And watch'd that hectic, till I knew
Its lightest language. Strange, strange power,
Which pencilleth so sweet a hue
Upon the cheek it feeds on. Strange
The eye should grow so eloquent,
So beautifully calm, while change
Is wasting momentarily its full
And hallow'd language. Marvel ye,
I lov'd that dying girl? One eve—
A quiet summer eve—I went

As I was wont to gaze, and weave
My dreams of her and heaven. Her room
Was fragrant with her favourite flowers,
Blowing in mockery of the bloom
Which linger'd yet a few short hours
Upon her wasted cheek. Her hand
Was press'd upon her heart, so white
In its decaying, you would stand
And doubt if it were not the light
Upon her snow-white robe. Decay!

They call thee terrible—but come
And breathe thou, even on the gay,
Thy beautiful but feverish bloom—
It recks not if it cover death,

Or pain, or suffering—if thou hast
But a slight carmine in thy breath,
That thou may'st beautify the waste
Thou workest on them—if thou givest
The eye a softer language, chastening
The temple at whose shrine thou livest,
While onward to the dark grave hastening,

They never will upbraid thee. Well—

I'll onward with my tale. The hours
Pass'd fleetly as the lover's spell

Will ever make them—the small flowers
Had closed their leaves in sleep—the air

Blew freshly on the sick one's brow
With a sweet influence, for there

The flush of pain came not, staining its spotless snow.

'Tis a hard thing to write. It breaks

My tale of love to her. She prest

Her hand upon her brow—just spoke

Of other love than mine, and was at rest.

I took the roses from her hair,

For nothing else had motion there—

And it seem'd strangely wrong to me

That they should wave so carelessly,

And go not perishing, nor waste,

Though she to the damp grave had past.

* * * * *

I strew'd them, when the crowd was gone,

Above her grave—they wither'd on!

A VISION IN VERSE.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

I dream'd—it was a summer's eve:

The burning sun had sunk to rest;

But many a gleam of golden light

Still linger'd in the glowing west,

And seemed like thoughts of sainted friends
In pity to our weakness giv'n,
To sooth us while we stay on earth,
And lift our wishes all to heav'n.

I wander'd in a lovely place,
A fair and fertile garden ground,
Where trees and plants, and fruits and flow'rs,
Their mingled fragrance wafted round ;
And all that could delight the sense,
And fix and charm the wandering view,
With much for beauty, much for use,
In wild, but tasteful freedom grew.

Methought I was not there alone—
In such a place it were not well,
For what was e'er enjoyment worth
With no one near our joy to tell ?—
But four or six were gather'd round,
A little varied company,
Of manly bearing, youthful grace,
And lovely woman's witchery.

And one there was—Oh ! who has pass'd
From childhood's dawn to manhood's day,
Nor felt one star was wanting yet
To light and cheer his lonely way ?
Long years may flit—his cheated eye
Be lur'd by many a transient gleam,
Ere, like that pleiad, lost so long,
His own lov'd star in beauty beam.

Yes—one there was—Oh ! need there years
To melt the soul, and win the heart ?
No—lips and eyes there are, whose charms
Quick as the electric fluid dart ;

Whose single look, or tone, or smile,
Fills all the soul with love's assurance,
And tells, as words could never tell,
Of truth that mocks at time's endurance.

Oh! there was one—in many a dream
Of early love, I'd met that eye,
And gaz'd upon its tranquil beam,
And felt its winning witchery ;
And many a time that angel voice
Had breath'd upon my ravish'd ear,
And kindled high the glowing hope,
And driven afar the anxious fear.

That one was there—I heard, I saw
Those liquid tones, that beaming face,—
That form with purest mind instinct,
And blest with ev'ry nameless grace;
And while within that garden's round,
In converse sweet we seem'd to rove,
I look'd, I listen'd, and I dar'd—
Forgive the word—I dar'd to love.

I dream'd, and bliss was in my dream ;
For oft, amid her accents mild,
In maiden loveliness she look'd,
And with an angel's sweetness smil'd ;
And many an op'ning flow'r she gave,
From love's own bower of beauty torn ;
And one—I plac'd it next my heart—
She call'd the " rose without a thorn."

The smile she wore, I see it now ;
The flow'rs she gave—I keep them yet ;
The words she spoke, I hear them still,
Nor one my soul shall e'er forget :

Deep in my breast they shall repose,
In ev'ry chance my spell of pow'r ;
Theme of my thoughts, 'mid scenes of joy,
Charm of my soul, in sorrow's hour.

But while I dream'd, relentless time,
Who never yet knew stop nor stay,
Had pal'd, methought, the glowing west,
And quite dispell'd the parting day ;
And night came on, and dews fell fast,
And darkness threw its cheerless shade,
And then I woke, and wept to think
That scene so fair should ever fade ;
That life's best hopes, love's brightest beam,
Might prove at last a fleeting dream.

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

By Wm. M'Ginn, Esq.

In days of yore, there lived, in the flourishing city of Cairo, a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochanan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice,—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of

Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found the youth was dead, he rent his garments and glorified the Lord.—But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, “Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform”—but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

“Awake, thou sleeper!” said the voice, “awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou may'st do thine office.”

“The night is dark and gloomy,” said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, “and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?”

“For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold,” said he, taking out a purse of sequins—“I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God.”

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

“As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee,” said he to the man, “but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold.”

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night—Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with the grey hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head."

The stranger made no excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted

up as if there was a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but the sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin (Demons.)—He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and behold! he saw upon him too, the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber; and accordingly the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stairs to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes," said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him then speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said—

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from her eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then further, that no one is ever brought here unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to

thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost.” And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, “Woe is me! who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus.”

“I am a Hebrew woman,” said she, “the daughter of a Doctor of the Law, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not now, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, which thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a Priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lauds further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochanan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse.—What thou hast done to give him power over thee, is known to thyself.”

“I swear before Heaven,” said the Rabbi, “that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the tradition of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful!”

“Nay,” said the lady, “all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape.”

“What is that? O lady of beauty!” said the agonised Rabbi.

“Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here;

and so long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying :—

"Spare me my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day ; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou should'st break thy vow ;" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demona. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said :—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past ;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my Lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow ;" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said :—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine ;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed in-

wardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered :—

“Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow.”

“Be it so then,” said the other; arise, and follow me.”

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

“Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi,” said the Demon—“take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole.”

“I cannot, my lord,” said Jochonan. “I was abjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward.”

“Follow me,” said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the Kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of the golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

“These are thine,” said the Demon; “one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all.”

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Marikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of the Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noon-day sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, pearls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever living light, brighter than the rays of noon-tide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy noon.—This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Marikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys, of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and

gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my Lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand; "thou may'st depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the

great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year, according to the lesser supputation, five hundred and ninety-seven, that thou may'st learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

THE WHISPERER.

A Legend of the South of Ireland.

If you walk through the ruined town of Kilmallock, just outside of it you will see, hard by the big old oak, a dilapidated forge. In that forge the strokes of the sledge hammer have long since ceased to vibrate on the ear, and he who once wielded it so stoutly, now sleeps quietly under the east window of the old abbey.

A pleasant fellow he was before he was laid where he is, and a clever fellow withal. But what made him most famous in his day and generation, was his power of breaking horses by a whisper; whence he went by the name of "The Whisperer," and his fame was spread over the six counties of song-abounding Munster. Give him the fiercest horse that ever broke a man's neck, and Terence O'Sullivan—for that was the Whisperer's name—boldly went up to him, clapped his hand upon his mane, applied his mouth to his ear, whispered something, God knows what, into it, and in two minutes afterwards, the animal was as quiet as a Quaker! Some said it was effected by this method, and some by that—but it was

all mere guessing, and to this day nobody knows the real truth excepting his son Dennis, to whom the old man told the secret on his death-bed. But there is an old saying, that the world always goes on from bad to worse, and it is verified in this case; for Dennis does not manage the business half so well as his father did. They say the reason is, that he does not go up to the horse as boldly as the old man (a dashing off-handed fellow, who feared neither man or beast) was wont to do; and it may be that there is something in it, for a man's horse, in this respect, is like his sweetheart, and is not the worse for being approached with some degree of spirit.

However, it matters not as to the precise way the Whisperer operated; the manner in which he originally acquainted himself with the art, was this. Terence was one day at his forge, busily employed as usual, in fashioning a horse-shoe, thinking of nothing at all, but barely whistling; when there came by a soldier, lame and way-worn, toiling along slowly on the dusty road, in the heat of a July day.

"The blessing of God and the Virgin be upon you," said Terence to the weary man.

"I am afraid," said the soldier, "I have little chance of either; thank you nevertheless for the kindness of your prayer. But add to the good wish a good deed. I am faint with thirst, give me a drink of water."

So Terence answered him from amid the sparkles of the fire, as he still laboured at the iron:

"I drink no water except when I cannot help it, and I've no notion of doing to another, what I would not wish to be done to myself. The best of buttermilk from this to Dublin, shall be at your service," and laying down his sledge hammer, he went and brought some to the poor soldier.

The traveller drank eagerly of the proffered bowl, and when he had finished it, said, "you have done to me a kind service, and though you see me here poor as the poorest, yet I know that which will make you rich. Comb behind the forge, and I will let you into a secret."

Terence O'Sullivan wondered at the man's language, but he followed him behind the forge; and there the weary soldier told him his secret. Terence was somewhat sceptical, but promised to make trial; and when at length he did so, to his very great amazement, every thing turned out as the soldier had predicted. After the soldier had told his secret, he shook the hand of the smith, and walked away westward, and was never again seen or heard of in Kilmallock.

Terence's fame soon spread far and wide, and he broke every horse for twenty miles round. The only complaint was, that he broke the horses so completely that they had no spirit after his whisper. Certain it is, that when they first heard it, they trembled from head to hoof, a cold sweat stood all over their bodies, and it was said that they never were good for either the chase or the race afterwards.—And it became a saying in the country when, as sometimes happened to be the case, a rattling and rioting young bachelor became a quiet and sober sort of man after his marriage, that he had endured the infliction of Terence O'Sullivan's whisper.

When his fame was at the greatest, it came to pass, that one of the finest young fellows in the parish, or seven parishes beyond it, a lad of the name of Jerry Ryan, fell in love with as pretty a girl as you would wish to see, Mary Mulcahy, whose father had for thirty years kept the village school, and was now dead. Why Jerry Ryan fell in love with Mary Mulcahy, I cannot undertake to say; but I suppose it was for the same reason that a young man falls in love with a young woman all the world over. It was his luck; and when it is a man's luck to fall in love, he may as well not make any hustle about it, for do it he must.

But as somebody says (and a clever body he was—I venture to say he was a gentleman of God's own making):—

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

And the rough spot in this love was, that Mary Mulcahy's mother was second cousin to Jerry Ryan's aunt; which is a

degree of relationship that prevents matrimony in the Church of Rome. So Jerry Ryan went to the Priest about it; and as bad luck would have it, he went to him at a time when he happened to be cross, by reason of a dispute he had had that morning with his niece. There never is a worse time to ask a favour from any body, than just such a time—and Jerry was accordingly refused.

"Go, get ye gone out of my house, ye good-for-nothing fellow," said Dr. Delany, (that was the Priest's name,) "get out of my house, and I hope it will be a long day before I see you in it again. What! do you want me to break the law of God, and the canons of the Church—to fly in the face of the holy decretals, to violate the orders of sacred councils, and marry you to Mary Mu'cahy, who is second cousin to your own born aunt? Jerry Ryan, Jerry Ryan, it is with sorrow I say it of your mother's son, who was a decent woman, God rest her soul, you are not much better than a heretic."

All this, and much more he said; and he roared and bawled so loud, that he got himself into a towering passion, and Jerry was fain to leave the house; which he did, looking melancholy enough, for he loved the girl too well to understand, why her being second cousin to his aunt, should hinder her from being his wife.

While he was walking down the road, sorrowfully sauntering along, the Whisperer rode by.

"What is it ails you," said he, "Jerry Ryan, that you look as down in the mouth as a bull that has lost his horns?"

So Jerry told him the particulars of his interview with the Priest. "I wish," said he, "Terence, that you had as much power over obstinate Priests, as over stubborn horses, and that you could whisper old Delany into reason."

"And may be I have," said the Whisperer.

"I know," said Jerry sighing, "that I had rather than twenty pounds that your words were true."

"Twenty pounds!" said Terence O'Sullivan, "are ye quite in earnest?"

"Perfectly so," said the amorous bachelor.

"Well," quoth the Whisperer, "have it your own way; a time may come, my boy, when you would give twenty pounds to get rid of a wife, as I know for a reason I'll not disclose. But I was not joking in the least. Give me the twenty pounds, and if you are not married by this day week to Mary Mulcahy, may I never set foot in stirrup to the hour of my death."

Jerry Ryan did not half believe the Whisperer, and yet his fame was great. At length he made up his mind, and gave Terence the twenty pounds, making him swear upon the mass-book, that if he did not succeed, the money should be put back again safe and sound in his hands.

Away went the Whisperer, but not at once to the Priest. He knew the world better; and he waited until after dinner, when his Reverence was over his tumbler of punch.—Nothing softens a man's heart so much, as Terence knew from his own experience.

"Is it about the bay mare you are come to me, Terence, my friend? You'll take a glass of punch, I am sure."

"Aye," replied the Whisperer, "or two of them, if it would do any good to your Reverence."

So he sate down, and they talked away as fast as they could, about the heat of the weather, the potatoe crop, the price of whiskey, Squire Johnson's last hunt, Catholic Emancipation, the new road under the hill—every thing in the world. And at last, when the Priest was in the height of good humour, the Whisperer brought in the business of Jerry Ryan, the easiest way he could.

"Don't talk to me about it," said the Doctor, "Terence O'Sullivan, but drink your punch in peace—it can't be.—They are too near a-kin. It's clearly against the law of the Church."

And he quoted Saint Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas,

and Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and other fathers of the Church; which he well knew how to do, being regularly bred in the famous University of Salamanca, where he took the degree of Doctor of Canon Law, in the year eighty-one.

The Whisperer waited to the end of the Doctor's speech, and then said :—

"It's a mighty fine thing, Doctor, to be so learned a man. How your head holds all that knowledge, is more than I can say."

On which the Doctor smiled—

"But," continued Terence, "there was not a saint among them who would not listen to reason, and if your reverence would just let me whisper one minute to you, may be you'd think better of it."

"Whisper to me, man," said the Priest, "do you take me for a horse."

"God forbid," said the Whisperer, "that I should compare your reverence to a brute beast. But let me try."—

"Well," said the Priest, "this is one of the foolishest things I ever heard of; but if you insist upon it, you may follow your own vagary, only I tell you its of no use, for I never—"

"Don't be rash, Father Delany," said the Whisperer, and putting his mouth close to the ear of the Priest, he whispered something to him.

"O!" said the Priest, "but you are a wonderful man, Terence O'Sullivan—that alters the case. I see the thing in quite a different light. The poor young creatures! Send them to me, and we'll settle the matter." And he buttoned up his breeches pocket.

Now what did the Whisperer say? I can't guess. But whatever it was, Jerry Ryan and Mary Mukahy were married that day week, and the Whisperer danced at the wedding.

"It would be a quare (queer) thing," said he, "if I, who could tame the strongest horse in the country, would not be able to tame an ould Priest."

TO MEMORY.

Imitated from Salis.

ORIGINAL.

Memory, soother of my sorrow !

When woe by weeping's lull'd to rest,
Thou from the past can sunshine borrow,
To cheer a heart by gloom oppress'd.

Soft is thy light, as moon-beam stealing
O'er the grave where Beauty lies ;
Dear, as a long lost look of feeling
From a pictur'd lover's eyes.

Witching thy shapes, as cloudbuds lying
In the west, at daylight's fall—
Sweet is thy voice as music dying
In a lone deserted hall.

At thy call youth's fleeting pleasures
Dance again in morning light ;—
Passion's tears, and Love's lost treasures,
Flow as wild, and glance as bright.

And words from lips now mute and sleeping,
Oft thou whisperest in mine ear ;
Echoes from the cold grave sweeping,
O'er the waste of many a year.

And the fairy form that bound me
In life's morn, fleets at thy spell ;
From her tomb to hover round me—
Soothe my heart—my sorrow quell.

Welcome thy light through tear-drops streaming !
Welcome when tinged by Pleasure's ray !
Present Joy's a meteor's gleaming—
Thine is Heaven's resplendent Day !

THE JAGER'S SONG.

(From the German of C. T. Kerner.)

ORIGINAL.

Arouse ye Jagers bold and free,
Your rifles in your hand,—
To courage must the tyrant yield—
Rush on the foe—rush to the field—
'Tis for your father-land.

From east, west, north, and south we come—
Revenge—revenge to bail;
From Oder's banks—the Weser—Main—
From Elbe's broad stream—from father Rhine—
And from the Danube's vale.

Though distant, still we're brothers all,
That swells our valour's flood;
One language knits the hallow'd band—
We own one God—one father-land—
The same true German blood.

We have not left our fathers' hearths,
For plunder or for spoil—
To crush a foreign despot's power,
Joyful we court the battle hour—
That well is worth our toil.

To those who love us true and well,
The Lord shall be a shield;
Then, why now spare our bravest blood,
Since liberty's the highest good,
Gain'd in the gory field?

Come—gallant Jagers, bold and free,
Heed not your true love's woe :
God aids us in this honest strife—
Rush on to glorious death or life !—
Up brothers, on the foe !



LOVE'S RESTLESSNESS.

(From the same .)

The night, with balmy dreaming rife,
Reposes on the earth's still breast—
Soft she lulls the spirit's strife,
Reckless power, and busy life,
To calm, to sweet and soothing rest.
But, oh ! the fond heart that Love's passion confesses,
Has its midnight hours by care oppress'd,
Though the senses be still in their secret recesses,
And sorrow and joy be cradled to rest.
Love's burning passion slumbereth never—
Love's burning passion waketh ever !

Like to th' Æolian harp's soft lay,
The zephyr's breath scarce wakes a sound ;
The moon bestows her friendly ray ;
And night, in beauty's bright array,
Like some kind spirit walks around.
But fearless of danger, regardless of weeping,
Reckless, Love urges our burning thoughts on,
Rousing, impatient each faculty sleeping—
Alas ! the sweet calm of the bosom is gone !
Love's burning passion slumbereth never—
Love's burning passion waketh ever !

Breatbless and still all nature lies,
Sunk in a soft and deep repose ;
And in the soul bright forms arise,
Arrayed in beauty's loveliest guise—

The dream with life's gay features glows.
But here, too, Love's passion is sure to destroy
The forms which Fancy has painted so gay ;
And with pitiless power, from its rest of joy,
Resistless, it tears the heart away.
Love's burning passion slumbereth never—
Love's burning passion waketh ever !

The circling hours thus speed away,
Until the east is glowing red ;
Then Heaven's bride in her bright array,
Refresh'd, new-born in beauty gay,
Leaps from morning's rosy bed.
But Love's raging fires, with the calm of the morrow,
Only fiercer awakens the flame in the breast,
Forever renewing its pain and its sorrow,
Robbing day of its joy, and night of its rest.
Love's burning passion slumbereth never—
Love's burning passion waketh ever !

INNOCENT SIMPLICITY.

Original.

Our Pastor contradicts himself—'tis plain,
For he has warn'd me often and again,
Not to love Henry more :
Then in a breath he says the scriptures tell,
That we should love our neighbour well—
And Henry lives next door !

ARMINIUS.

By W. Mackworth Praed, Esq.

Back,—back !—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel-clad line!
No offspring this of German blood,—
No brother thou of mine ;
Some bastard spawn of menial birth,—
Some bound and bartered slave :
Back,—back !—for thee our native earth
Would be a foreign grave !

Away ! be mingled with the rest
Of that thy chosen tribe ;
And do the tyrant's high behest,
And earn the robber's bride ;
And win the chain to gird the neck,
The gems to hide the hilt,
And blazon honour's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

And would'st thou have me share the prey ?
By all that I have done,—
By Varro's bones, which day by day
Are whitening in the sun,—
The legion's shatter'd panoply,
The eagle's broken wing,—
I would not be, for earth and sky,
So loathed and scorned a thing !

Ho ! bring me here the wizard boy,
Of most surpassing skill,
To agonise, and not destroy,—
To palsy, and not kill :

If there be truth in that dread art,
In song, and spell, and charm,
Now let them torture the base heart,
And wither the false arm !

I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The scatterers of the Roman rods,
The quellers of the bark !
They fill a cup with bitter wo,
They fill it to the brim ;
Where shades of warriors feast below,
That cup shall be for him !

I curse him by the hearts that sigh
In cavern, grove, and glen,—
The sobs of orphan'd infancy,
The tears of aged men ;—
When swords are out, and spear and dart
Leave little space for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm and heart
Hangs half so heavy there !

O misery ! that such a vow
On such a head should be ;
Why comes he not, my brother, now,
To fight or fall with me,—
To be my mate in banquet bowl,
My guard in battle throng,
And worthy of his father's soul,
And of his country's song ?

But it is past :—where heroes press,
And spoilers bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
His brethren are the free !

They come around ; one hour, and light
Will fade from turf and tide ;
Then onward, onward to the fight,
With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to-night,—when we shall meet
In combat, face to face,—
There only would Arminius greet
The renegade's embrace ;
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
Upon his Roman name,
And as he lives in slavery,
So shall he die in shame !

TELUYIAH—THE SOARING EAGLE

An American Legend.

I'll tell a tale of days gone by,
Of warrior brave, and maiden fair,
Of bloodshed, war and victory,
Of love, and hope, and grim despair.

Many and many a year before the red man was known to the European discoverer, there lived on the island of Manhattan, an Indian Chief, named Teluyiah, the soaring Eagle. He possessed every thing that made man great among the aborigines of our country. In the council he was eloquent and wise ; in the chase his arrow never missed the nimble deer, and the trophies which he wore on his hat told what he was in war. Twenty summers had hardly passed over his head when he was chosen chief of his tribe, and to many a glorious victory he led its warriors. Yet envy, the envy of age had opposed him in all his designs, and now, when he

had returned from a lost battle with the miserable remains of a thousand fighting men, it was proposed to depose him. He withstood the storm, and having restored order in his nation, he set out on a journey to implore the aid of the Mohawks against his too powerful foes, the Delawares.

Arrived on the banks of the Mohawk, and bearing an olive branch in his hand, he sought the hut of the chief Peloyan, and detailed the object of his visit. A favourable answer was given to his petition, and speedy assistance promised.—Here for a while the sagacious Teluyiah was busily employed in managing his cause, which required all his address.—There are intrigues among these sons of the forest, as well as with man in a more refined sphere, while their antipathies and prejudices are far greater. But Teluyiah was at home in the one, and well knew how to overcome the other. At length his hopes were gratified; the nation assembled in solemn council; the eloquence of the Manahattan Chief carried all before him; a league was formed with his tribe, whose cause they declared their own. And now the savage armed himself for the fight, took his bow and tomahawk from the wall, plumed his gaudy head-dress, and painted his skin with the symbols of war, while every hill and every valley echoed with the notes of his war song. Teluyiah was to be his leader—Teluyiah was to bear succour to his countrymen. The heart of the warrior beat high with pleasure.

The Mohawk Chief had a daughter, Penyanna, the lily of the mountain. She was the theme of many a youthful tongue, the love of many a tender heart, the star that led many a noble soul to seek for her sake danger and glory in battle.

Penyanna was nature's child—yet is there not in nature graces? Her form, cast in beauty's mould, had no defect for splendid vesture to conceal. Her eye had never learned a lesson, yet could speak for a woman's heart, and was as bright as the beams of the morning sun. If her brow were

not fair, it feared not wintry blast nor summer heat. Why should that hair be confined which flows in freedom on the ground? Her voice was tuned to melody by the forest bird, and her own joyful spirit set its seal of enchantment upon her lips. And Teluyiah had hardly known love, for he had been from childhood a hunter and a warrior. But he met the Mohawk maiden—the savage is not long in feeling love, nor bashful in declaring it—and she whom the proud Delaware, and wandering Iroquois, and distant Osage had sought in vain, now bowed before the southern chief. Love must have stolen prudence from the breast of Teluyiah; for he, the head of an humble tribe, demanded the hand of the most powerful chieftain of the "Six Nations." He was heard with disdain, his offer spurned, and himself bid to return to his tribe, while the intended expedition against his enemies was suspended.

Resentment and rage filled the breast of the Manahattan, he burned at the indignity he had received, and sighed for vengeance. But love had entered that proud heart and asserted his dread away. Instead of hastening to his home and preparing for the battle, he sought the favourite bower of Penyanna beside a spring in the forest. He awaited for days her approach, but she came not, and he feared she had forgotten her lover. At length he heard her voice, and delighted pressed her to his bosom. She had been told that he had returned to his tribe and deserted her, and when they met again it was as doves who have been rudely parted.—She did not resist the solicitations of the chief, but consented to leave father, friends and home, and dwell with him in another land. "I will take thee," said Teluyiah, "to the fruitful isle of my birth, and on the shores of the broad and and blue river I will build thee a hut, and together we will hunt the deer on the plains. We will fly to that home though forest and mountain and river be before us, and fear not the dangers of the way, nor sink beneath its toils, for happiness and love we know await us there."

In the day time they were concealed in the deepest shades, and travelled in the night guided by the friendly stars.— They had reached the Hudson and saw from a high cliff the green island before them, and rejoiced in the prospect of security. Suddenly a loud shout fell upon their ears, it was the shout of the Mohawks. The chief sprang to a tree, and from its top saw his foes approaching. There were no friends near to succour him, and his single arm were useless in the conflict. Willingly would he have died in the contest, but there was one who demanded all his care, and they turned westward over the hill, named Bergen, panting for a place of refuge. As he reached the summit of the hill and turned his eyes to the setting sun, he heard again and again the war cry of his pursuers. There was no truce, no mercy to be expected; captivity, torment, and death awaited not only him, but his bride, the tender Penyanna.

In those days the immense marsh that bounds the western side of Bergen hill was an inland sea, extending from the present site of Newark many miles to the east and north.— As Teluyiah, hopeless of life, cast his eyes from the spot he had reached, he saw nothing but a broad expanse of waters, without a single place to fly to. And a dark cloud suddenly overspread the heaven, and loud peals of thunder were heard, as if to be the death knell of the wanderers. The shouts of his foes came nearer and nearer; and now, he saw them hastening through the forest. Once more he cast a look upon the waters beneath him—there was a canoe made fast to the shore—a gleam of hope crossed his soul. “We are at least free from captivity,” he said, and in a moment he and his companion were launched upon the wave. The hunters, who saw them escape, even while in their power, rent the air with a yell of despair.

The storm now approached and broke over them, the red lightnings darted among them, and the angry waters bore many away. Teluyiah and his bride were borne swiftly along, and, astonished by the noise of the elements, were uncon-

scious of the passing scene. But awaking from their trance, they found themselves upon a small but fertile island, covered with trees and maize, while the deer were seen sporting around them. The Great Spirit, in pity to the persecuted wanderers, had raised Snake Hill from the deep, to be their peaceful abode.

And here they lived long and happily, and from them sprung a race well known in the records of the time, the swiftest hunters in the chase, and the bravest warriors in the field. The secluded spot of their birth was deemed, as was the Atlantis of old—an isle of fruitfulness, contentment, and happiness, and, even to the present day, is revered where-ever this tradition is known. In the course of passing time the waters receded, and they became joined to the main land; still they always were a separate and superior race, until the white man came, with his refinements, his rifle, and his strong waters. Then they left their delightful land—a prey to barrenness and the deadly serpent, and mingling with other tribes, were soon lost in obscurity.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

(*From "The Amulet."*)

"There is no use in talking, madam—none in the world. I have been seven-and-thirty years, come Lady-day, mistress of this school of Glendenning, and so good-for-nothing a young toad I never met."—"Try gentle means, dame," replied Mrs. Leigh; "gentleness, I am sure, would conquer. Reason with her." "So I did, madam—I did reason with her last night. When the children were all gone home, I gave her a regular talking; 'Ellen,' said I, 'you know what a good-for-nothing girl you are; you know the pains that are

taken with you : there's Mrs. Leigh took you when your old gipsy grandmother died in James Blount's barn. She clothed you, and fed you, and placed you under my care : you have been with me now nearly three years, and yet you have not half got through your sampler. You can't say three times three without missing ; you'd rather play at base-ball, or hunt the hedges for wild flowers, than mend your stockings.' (I let her see I knew her tricks, madam.) ' You just mind your reading, indeed,' said I, ' because that pleases Mrs. Leigh—but you'll never get your bread by reading, I tell you.' With that she says, as pert as a magpye, ' I ought to please dear Mrs. Leigh—she is never cross to me.'—' You young brat,' said I, ' do you mean to say that I'm cross?'—So she turned sulky and would not answer. Now, madam, mark my patience. I never said a word more, nor touched her ; and with that she walks across the green, without saying as much as ' by your leave, mistress,' and pulls her pinafore full of dirty weeds."—" Dame ! dame !" said Mrs. Leigh, " I cannot call your thus wounding the feelings of the child, reasoning. Her mind is a superior one ; and you treat her as if she were of an inferior species. I know that kindness would soften her."—" A good rod could not soften her, Madam. This very day I gave her my apron to hem ; bless, you, madam, every stitch was as long as my finger!"—" Mr. Leigh's cravats were good specimens of needle-work," " Aye, madam, she's so deep. Any thing for you or his reverence will be as nice as hands and pins can make it ; but, for me or any one else, I warrant she takes a long stitch."

This conversation between the most choleric of village school-mistresses and the most peace-loving of all vicars' wives, took place at the school-door of Glendenning, a retired village, bounded on one side by the river Tees, and on the other by picturesque woodland. It was a fine September evening, and the rustic children were playing merrily on the green that led to the quiet river.

" I do not see Ellen," said Mrs. Leigh ; " she is generally

the gayest of the gay. I know her faults ; but, indeed, dame, you are too severe."—"No, madam, I am not severe. Ellen is safe, madam—safe in the coal-shed, where I put her, after flesh and blood could bear her idleness no longer; and there she stays until——"—"Until I desire her removal, dame," said Mrs. Leigh, with more than ordinary dignity, "which I now do, as I want to find if my reasoning can effect more than yours."—"Reason, indeed," muttered dame Godfrey, as she passed to the little briar-fenced yard to liberate her prisoner; "a good rod's the best argument. Ladies have strange notions now-o' days. Who would have dreamed, I wonder, of reasoning with a brat of seven or eight years old, thirty years ago? I knew all along no good could come of her gipsy blood: the best reasoning is a birch rod." With this charitable feeling she unlatched the shed.

"Come out, Miss Graceless, and thank me for my kindness in not—bless us!—why, Ellen!—Ellen!—Ellen I say!—Mrs. Leigh!—madam!—why, she's not here!—clean gone!—and, as I hope to be saved, her bonnet, shoes, stockings, and tippet, here they are, rolled up on the window ledge.—Well if ever I saw such ingratitude! the little gipsy hussy—" "Dame," said Mrs. Leigh with firmness, "I desire you to be silent. Your unkindness has driven, from the only roof that sheltered her, a young and unprotected child. I have one bitter reflection, that of having permitted you to remain in a situation for which your severe temper quite unfits you."

Dame Godfrey was dumb for five minutes; and, when she recovered her speech, Mrs. Leigh was at the other end of the green, anxiously inquiring if any one had seen little Ellen. No—nobody knew any thing of her; none of the children, who now eagerly flocked round Mrs. Leigh, could tell what path she had taken.—"What! Ellen run off, madam?" said James Blount, a stately old oak, who, man and boy, had vegetated sixty years in Glendenning; "if she has run, don't blame her, madam; dame Godfrey has driven

her to't. When the evil spirit's in her, she's enough to drive any body clean daft. Oh! she's a wicked limmer."—"She'll come back," said Dame Croft—"She won't," said James Blount—"never. There's that in her, would brave storm and starvation. I'd walk myself this bonny evening, a score o' miles and mair, to hear or see that little gipsy; for a nobler child is not under that moon that's smiling so sweetly on the churchyard trees. She was so like my own lost Jane," said the old man, with a bitter sigh—"She gave me up her prize at Midsummer," said Jane Price, "because she had so many gifts from you madam, and I had none."—"Often," continued Blount, "have I seen her under the hriar hedge, at the end of the copee, when her sweet face has been swelled with crying; and when I asked her the reason, 'Oh! 'tis nothing, sir; I know I'm careless—but oh, dear! I'm sure I'm not a beggar's brat. Mrs. Leigh would not call me that.' She has a high spirit, and a light one to be sure: but oh! to an orphan child, we should shew double mercy."—"She was a wee bit careless though," said Mrs. Croft, "and that's enough to provoke any one."—"We are all careless sometimes, dame," answered James; "but women ought to shew the mercy they expect so much of."

Mrs. Leigh arranged that Blount and another villager should go in opposite directions in quest of little Ellen; and then turned toward the parsonage, pondering bitter thoughts. "Why had she suffered dame Godfrey to hold her situation so long? Why, when she felt and acknowledged the affectionate disposition, the abilities, and the noble bearing of Ellen, did she not see that her wayward humour was restrained by proper methods? And why did she promise to rear and protect even the gipsy orphan, and yet permit the village tyrant to treat her with contempt, if not with cruelty? Why had she been wilfully blind to Ellen's unhappiness?—Why had she forgotten the necessity for appointing a school-mistress, whom the children of the village could love and respect, as well as obey?"

When she remembered the gipsy's sweet and bewitching face, which, alike in joy and sorrow, was turned to her with such an expression of devoted affection and gratitude ; when she called to mind the many little traits of generosity the little creature shewed to her playmates, she forgot her proud spirit and wilful temper, and thought, with truth, that her faults, like those of most children, were not to be attributed to nature but education.

When Mrs. Leigh reached the parsonage-house, her first question was, " Have you seen Ellen ?"—" Ellen, madam," replied old Mary, " was here immediately after you went out. She looked so woe-begone, without tippet or shoes, and brought you a bunch of wild flowers. ' Child, what's the matter ?' said I. ' Nothing,' said she ; ' but, ——' and she cried as if her heart would break ; ' but give my dear mistress these for me, and tell her, Ellen was not ungrateful.'—I know the dame is hot, so I asked her if she had beat her.—She grew red as fire, and would not answer. The flowers, madam, are on master's study-table."

Mrs. Leigh entered the study, and looked on the fair and fading memorials of Ellen's love. The blue " forget-me-not" was profusely scattered amongst the other blossoms of the heath and hill. Mrs. Leigh was forcibly struck by the feeling and delicacy of the orphan child, and resolved, that, if Ellen should be restored to her care, she would herself superintend her education. She had no offspring of her own ; and her beloved husband's state of health was so precarious, that she had often wished for one " who might be to her a child." She had often thought of Ellen ;—but some contending feelings, and perhaps, indolence of mind, prevented her from acting on her wish.

James Blount waited not for morning. It was, he said, " bra' moonlight ;" and he marched northwards, thinking that Ellen might have felt an inclination to cross into Scotland, as she had an extraordinary love for every thing connected with that country. A gipsy horde was also there ;

yet he could not bring himself to think that she had joined the party. He passed from one cottage to another, inquiring if any one had seen the little runaway; and, when he could gain no information, disturbed the inhabitants of a little rustic inn, where he rested until morning. An hour after dawn, he found himself in the North Country; and then began to reason, as well as he was able, on the improbability of the little gipsy's having wandered in this direction. "I must be right," said he to himself; "she can hardly be in Scotland, although she loves the name of that bonny land; her little feet could never have carried her so far. I'll e'en go back to Glendenning, and—but hark! was that the woodlark's note, or the voice of the little runaway?" Without pausing to ask himself another question,—a habit which the sturdy old yeoman dearly loved—he crept slowly into the copse from which the sounds proceeded, gently pushing aside the underwood, and stooping beneath the bending hazel-trees, whose ripened burthen dropped from the shells as he stirred the fruitful branches. It was, indeed, the little object of his search; the natural music of whose voice was rising above the trees, and sounding so sweetly, that the very birds appeared silently listening as she trold a wild song, the melody of early days. He still crept onwards until he perceived her sitting at the foot of a tree, and smiling gaily.—She had gathered a stock of nuts; and, while her hand rested on the brown twig which had assisted her in collecting her store, she was in the act of gazing on a gay-coloured butterfly, whose motions she had been anxiously watching ever since her voice had ceased. It had now settled on a leaf of the tree that shadowed her; and she was silently admiring its brilliant hues, apparently forgetful of her wearisome journey, of the night she had spent sleeping on the green-sward, and the utter hopelessness that waited on reflection.

"So, Miss Ellen, I have found you!" said James, starting from his hiding place, and standing before the terrified child. In an instant, the nuts tumbled to the ground, and the tears

burst forth from her large black eyes, as the full remembrance of her situation came before her.—“Don’t weep, child,” said the yeoman, “although I may say thou hast been very silly, a little wicked, and almost ungrateful.”—“No!—no!—not ungrateful!” exclaimed the child, as she rose, and made the good-hearted old man weep also, for her little feet and hands were swollen and bleeding;—“Not ungrateful to Mrs. Leigh!—but oh! I thought to be so free and so happy, away over the hills from Dame Godfrey; and Mrs. Leigh could not miss me when so many love her.”—After much coaxing and a few threats, James Blount induced the little truant to return to her only home, and, taking her in his arms, bore her toward Glendenning, and soon entered the path-way that led to the back entrance to the parsonage-house.

The secret of Ellen’s wandering was preserved even by her loquacious friend; and the children all thought this night was passed at the good lady’s dwelling. A new mistress was soon provided for the school, and a new system had its effect, not only on the little gipsy, but on the whole youth of the neighbourhood.

It is now fifteen years since I last visited this spot; let my readers fancy themselves ascending with me the hill that leads to the church. Between the church and the river is the village school. How white are its walls! and what a happy-looking woman is its mistress, who is knitting in the little garden before its door! See how the children flock around her; the younger prattling their little tales into her attentive ear, and the elder laying on her lap their wreaths of mingled daisies and buttercups. Hark! she beckons the stragglers onwards; and now they are all there, assembled to raise their little voices in the open air, and sing the praises of the Giver of all good.

Now turn for a moment to the church-yard again, to mark a young and lovely woman who is carefully twining the pen-

sive jasmine around a white marble slab, and propping the roses that lavish their beauty and perfume upon the grave—the grave doubtless of some beloved parent, to whose memory affection pays its tribute every eve. Now she is passing under the row of gloomy yew-trees, and just turns at the stile to look once again upon the tomb.

Let us gaze for a moment on this tablet, which records the dead :—"To the memory of the Rev. John Leigh, for twenty years Vicar of this Parish."—So then, my old and respected friend has followed many of the flock, of which he was in truth the shepherd. But hark! the hymn is over; and if we hasten, we shall see the little elves trip home in the early moonlight. They are all within; but the door is open. And there, in the very midst of the happy urchins, is the very lady who was decorating the dwelling of the departed. How affectionately she speaks to them! that pale and slender girl has just received some cakes; how gratefully she looks up to her kind friend! and that rosy lump, with her laughing blue eyes, is placing her curly yellow head under the lady's hand :—it is evident that the law of love alone is here! I can see neither rod, nor fools-cap, suspended in awful dignity over the fire-place, while every thing is exact, clean, and as it ought to be.

The lady is gone forth, and the little ones are merrily trotting homewards. She has certainly bewitched me; involuntarily have I followed her steps to this lowly hut; it is evidently the abode of poverty; she has entered its open door, surely to be the messenger of comfort. How truly is a "virtuous mind in a fair body, a fine picture in a good light!" Let us look through the latticed window; we can see and hear. She has laid her bonnet on the chair, and is bending over the bed of a sick and aged woman; now she takes the Bible from the shelf, and reads the words of comfort to the sufferer.—"Oh! Miss Ellen," exclaimed the invalid in a weak and broken voice, "how unworthy am I, and how good are you! but you have long since forgiven me."—

"Surely I know that voice; the lighted candle gleams upon the aged woman's face: is it? it is old Dame Godfrey!"—

"And the dark eyes, the jetty hair—can it, can it be the gipsy Ellen?" I exclaimed.—"Ay that it is," said James Blount, whom I observed peering in at the window as well as myself; "Miss Ellen Leigh we call her now; Heaven bless her sweet face! the comforter of the poor, the respected of the rich, the pride of the village. Ay, madam," he continued, and he laid an emphasis on the words that followed—"it is Ellen, the little Gipsy."

FALL OF THE LEAF.

(From Mr. Hood's National Tales.)

There is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it hath reduced from wealth to poverty, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps to the gulf of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chief merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of Fortune, toiling like so many abject turn-spits in her ignoble wheel!—Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the money in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In the city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded

into humble retainers of rich men, but the most part perishing by an unutterable catastrophe ; and, if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspina, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time to any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner, he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace, which he enriched by some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired ; and his friends remarked, with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house, so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relatives on both sides, more especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other. For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of the opportunity, and chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a profligate gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspina.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connexion, which Malaspina himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love ; neither was it

without some struggles of remorse on his part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits; but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspina to the lady of his affections became still less frequent, for he repaired, instead, to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his property was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspina, declaring that he was a ruined man in fortune and hope, and that, even at the cost of his life, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that, if his pride would let him even propose himself, poor as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspina to the richest noblemen in the papal dominions. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing this letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth, and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation for the spikes of fortune; but the wretched Malaspina had retired no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villainous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspina's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, toward his sister, protesting that it was an insult which could be washed out only with his blood; and with these expressions he sought to kill him at any advantage; and no doubt he would have become a murderer, if Malaspina's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the

way, for he had hired mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries, while others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspina happened to walk abroad; and, avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered in a bye-place in the neighbourhood.—The main feature of this spot was a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on the topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp dewy earth. Before this dreary object he stopped in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition. "Alas! poor bankrupt," said he, "thou hast been plucked up too, like me, but not so basely. Thou hast merely showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and, besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat."

With these and similar fancies he continued to aggrrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended to death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as a signal for his own departure.—"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity, he still risked somewhat upon for-

tune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. He instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and, following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly; and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and, when he tried it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging farther down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine, and in such quantity as made him doubt whether it might not be the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence. He deliberated for a moment, whether it was honest or not to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and, by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It appeared, on being reckoned, sufficient to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but, not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad, and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst the Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially, hanging up an empty barrel, like a vint-

ner's sign, at their stately palaces. Malaspina, perhaps, disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he gained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then returned to his native country, and redeemed his paternal estates, and was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome, her wicked relative having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him, he founded with it a noble hospital for orphans, for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This villain, when he found that his treasure was stolen, went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

MY NATIVE LAND.

(From the German of C. T. Körner.)

Where is the Poet's native land?

Where genius' streams once bright were flowing,

And garlands for the fair were blowing,

Where valliant hearts once warm were glowing,

By all that's sacred, firm to stand.—

This was my native land!

Where is the Poet's native land ?

Now o'er her sons her wail's resounding,
A foreign yoke her neck surrounding;
Once called the land in oaks abounding,
The land of freedom—German land.—
That is my native land.

Why weeps the Poet's native land ?

That 'fore the Tyrant's dire oppression,
Her trembling Princes make concession,
That now, when left of each possession,
Her cry can rouse no helping hand—
Thence weeps my native land.

Whom calls the Poet's native land ?

With thund'ring voice of desperation,
She calls to God—a listless nation—
She calls for freedom—for salvation—
For retribution's venging hand.—
Thus calls my native land.

What would the Poet's native land ?

She'd crush the slaves of wild disorder,
She'd chase the blood-hound from the border,
And see her sons free crowding tow'rd her,
Or lay them free beneath the sand.—
That would my native land.

What hopes the Poet's native land ?

She hopes the just are not forsaken,
Hopes that her slumbering sons may waken,
Nor will these hopes be lightly shaken,
She trusts in God's avenging hand.—
This hopes my native land.

BATTLE SONG.

Written on the morning of the Engagement near Danneberg.

(From the same.)

Darkly dawning, death portending,
Breaks the fateful glorious day,
Red as blood the sun's ascending
To illumine our gory way.

In the next hour's womb is lying
Hid, the fortunes of a world;
And the dread—brief moment's flying,
When the fell die shall be hurl'd,

Brothers! The dawning day well may remind you,
The dearest—most ballowed of ties—now bind you,
To be true to the flag that's unfurl'd.

In the nightly gloom behind us,
Lie deep shame and dire disgrace;
Despots' taunts, too, to remind us,
We were once a noble race,

Our mother tongue has been degraded,
Sack'd our shrines by ruffian bands;
Our nation's fame is pledg'd—unfaded—
Haste—redeem it with your brands.

The torch of revenge gleams, gain back your lost treasure,
Let your union dispel heaven's heavy displeasure,
Redeem your palladium by valorous hands.

Hope's gay prospects lie before us,
Witchery o'er the future streams;
Heaven's whole radiant charms implore us,
Where the torch of freedom beams.
Our songs of childhood warm entreat us,
Home's lost bliss—Love's happy reign—
All that's great shall once more greet us,
All that's fair shall bloom again.

But high in the hazard ere we can enjoy it,
Our heart's blood's the stake, we boldly employ it ;
Liberty's won, but on pyres of the slain.

The die we'll cast, in God confiding,
Resolv'd to stand by his decree,
Our burning bosoms fear deriding,
Urge us to death or victory.
Father-land! Our will's no merit!
With cheerful hearts we'd die for thee,
Then our children shall inherit
The land our best blood has made free.
Tow'r high oak of freedom, that long hast been weeping,
And shadow our graves when with heroes we're sleeping,
Tree of our country—for freedom and thee!

Think on those to whom you're plighted,
Those who soon may mourn your death,
Blossoms of first love, torn and blighted
By a Southron's poisonous breath.
Weep ye ? blush not—'tis love's duty,
Such tears scorn oppression's rod ;
Waft one kiss to home and beauty,
Then confide their cause to God.
Each lip which for us is now praying so kindly,
Each heart we may break that loves us so blindly,
Aid and support them, Almighty God.

Rush on! our prayers are now ascended,
Now our hopes are in the skies ;
Things of earth are henceforth ended,
Heavenly objects now arise.
Advance the flag that floats unfurl'd,
Each foeman's groan is freedom's cry—
We'll meet again—Farewell this world—
'Tis hell to yield—'tis heaven to die!

Hark, hark! how against us the cannons are roaring ;
On brothers, on, 'mid the death-rain that's pouring ;
We'll meet in a far brighter sky !

American Poetry.

JULIO AND ADA.

His was the look, the voice, the step, the air,
The bloom of manly beauty,—her's as fair
A form as ever poet dreamed ;—with eyes
Dove-like and beautiful, and gentle brow
White as the fleecy cloud of sun-lit skies.
On her young cheek, health's bright and rosy glow
Was like the morning's softly tinted blush—
Deepened at the full lip, till it became
The richest hue of summer's eve ;—the flush
Of changeful feeling, joy, or hope, or shame,
Gave sweetness to a face, that else had been
Too tamely beautiful. None e'er had seen
Her innocent smile, but paused to look again,
She seemed so pure, so free from every stain
Of earthly feeling ;—and young Julio's heart
Scarce trusted its own bliss, when in that face
He read (what nought save looks can e'er impart)
The love, the tenderness that steals new grace
From maiden bashfulness. And yet his proud
And noble spirit had not meanly bowed.
The holy feelings of unsullied youth—
The heart's pure homage consecrate to truth—

The guileless wishes, vague and undefined—
 The hallowed fancies of a lofty mind—
 The hope that only on fame's mountain height
 His eagle spirit e'er should curb its flight ;—
 All these were his ; and all the chains that Love
 Around that spirit's daring pinions wove,
 Essayed in vain its high and heaven-ward way,
 Mid rose-strewn bowers and myrtle groves to stay ;
 No, the light fetters only served to fling
 Unwonted freshness o'er each radiant wing.
 And oft he fondly thought, in after years,
 When past were all youth's varying hopes and fears,
 And when at last was gained the prize which she
 Had bade him win—a high and honoured name—
 'Twould be so sweet to whisper, " 'twas from thee,
 Beloved one ! all the inspiration came."

* * * * *

Now when all thought him happiest, for the time
 When he might claim his promised bride was near,
 (Alas they know not the heart's changeful clime
 Who only see its summer flowers,) a shade
 Was seen upon his brow ; he seemed to wear
 Less joyous smiles, and his pale lip betrayed
 Some secret sorrow ; and at length 'twas said
 That she was faithless. Though he breathed not one
 Unkind reproach, the soul of life was gone
 From him for ever :—he had seen her brook
 Another's tenderness !

A little while,

And she was wedded—he beheld her smile
 Upon another, with the same sweet look
 Of love that greeted him. Then first he knew
 The misery of his blighted heart, then too
 He felt how surely she had wasted all

His spirit's high-wrought energies ; in vain
He strove his hopes of glory to recall,—
He felt there was no guerdon now to gain ;
He knew the angel form of happiness
That long had hovered near, intent to bless,
Had fled too far to be recalled again.
Desperate he plunged amidst the haunts of men,
And that pure heart, once filled with holy feeling,
Felt through its frame guilt's subtle poison stealing ;—
His spirit's plumes were sullied ; but not long
He paused to hear the tempting Syren's song—
Not long his noble nature deigned to share
In joys where innocence no part could bear.

There was a gentle girl, for whom he felt
A brother's tenderness, and she knew well
His wrongs and sufferings ;—often had she knelt
Beside him, when she marked the fearful swell
Of the blue veins upon his brow, which told
That thought again her tablet had unrolled ;—
And she alone his sadness could beguile,
With soothing voice, and sweetly pensive smile,
And sudden tears she cared not to repress.
She spoke to him of peace, for happiness
She knew he hoped no longer ; and she gave
Fresh motives for exertion. Day by day
Her anxious kindness won its silent way,
Until he felt that he again could brave
The world's wild storms. Affection's deepest stream
Was sealed within his heart, but the soft beam
Of sweet benevolence around it glowed ;
And then it seemed as if again it flowed
Unfettered. But such thoughts indeed were vain !
Nought now on earth could e'er unloose that chain ;
His brow but faint and fleeting smiles might wear,
And memory's waste was ruled by stern despair.

But Ada felt, that deep and passionate love
Was in her heart ;—at first she vainly strove
Against its power ; she knew she ought to fly
But what devoted one would then be nigh,
To watch o'er Julio's melancholy mood,
And save him from the heart's dread solitude ?
Oh ! man can never know what treasures lie
Within the quiet depths of woman's soul,
The calm still fortitude that cares to die
Even with a broken heart, yet can control
Each painful murmur. Ada knew she ne'er
Could be aught than his sister, but she hushed
The bitter thoughts that to her young heart rushed :
She knew he marked not that which soon must wear
Her weary life away. A few short years
Of mingled joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
And then they must be parted. He to bear
Upon his brow the laurel's fadeless bloom—
She to devour awhile the secret tear,
And then to sink into the silent tomb.

Time passed away, and Ada's bloom had fled ;—
She felt that soon the city of the dead
Would greet her as its habitant ; and yet
Her youthful bosom breathed not one regret.
She feared, if she should live and he depart,
Grief might reveal the secret of her heart ;
But now, while she could listen to his voice,
Whose soothing tones bade her sad soul rejoice—
Now, while to her his tenderness was given,
Death was the dearest boon she sought from heaven.
But even this consolation was denied,—
For chance too soon revealed what maiden pride
So long had hidden ; pangs that long had slept
In Julio's breast were roused—"Have I doomed thee,
Mine innocent child, to hopeless misery ?"

He clasped her to his bosom, and they wept,—
 Bitterly wept together ; then she rose,
 As though the fountains of her tears were froze
 Even in their flow ; her arms were round him thrown—
 One kiss on his pale brow, and she was gone.

Days, weeks had passed—it seemed a long, long year
 Since she had fled ; yet from that time he ne'er
 Learnt aught of her abode—till he was told
 That she was dying. Ere that heart was cold,
 Which had loved him so well—ere she was free
 From earthly cares, she prayed his face to see.
 He came—she lay beside the lattice, where
 The jasmine too was dying,—wasted there
 (Type of her fate) by no rude tempest's strife,
 But by the very sun that gave it life !—
 Her eyes met his,—her hand his hand—life's last
 And happiest moment—then—the sufferer's spirit past !

IANTHE.

THE GORED HUNTSMAN.

(*From "The Keepsake."*)

The night was drawing on apace. The evening mist, as it arose from the ground, began to lose its thin white wreaths in the deep shadows of the woods. Kochenstein, separated from his companions of the chase, and weary with his unsuccessful efforts to rejoin them, became more and more desirous of discovering in what direction his route lay. But there was no track visible, at least by that uncertain and lessening light, the mazes of which could guide him to his home. He raised his silver-mouthed bugle to his lips, and winded a loud and sustained blast. A distant echo plaintively repeated the

notes. The baron listened for other answer with the attention his situation required, but in vain. "This will never do," said he, casting the reins on his horse's neck: "see, good Reinzaum, if thy wit can help thy master at this pinch; it has done so before now." The animal seemed to understand and appreciate the confidence place in him. Pricking up his before drooping ears, and uttering a wild neigh, he turned from the direction his rider had hitherto pursued, and commenced a new route, at an animated trot. For a while the path promised well; the narrow defile down which it lay, between rows of gigantic larch and twisted oaks, seemed manifestly intended to conduct to some more extended opening. But on reaching its termination the horse suddenly stopped. The glimmering light that yet remained just enabled the baron to perceive the impervious enclosure of thickly planted trees, that surrounded the little natural amphitheatre at which he had arrived. "This is worse and worse, Reinzaum," exclaimed the disappointed rider, as he cast a disconsolate glance upwards. There was not a single star visible, to diminish the deep gloom in which the woods were enveloped. "Guetiger himmel! that I should be lost in my own barony, and not a bare-legged schelm to point out my road!" Weary of remaining in one spot, he rode round the enclosure in which he found himself thus unpleasantly placed. He repeated the same exercise, gazing wistfully on every side, though the darkness was now almost too great to discover to him the massy trunks under the branches of which he rode. At length he stopped suddenly. "Is that a light?" said he inwardly, "that glimmers through the —no, 'tis gone. Ach Gott! it comes again! If I could but reach it!" Again he winded his horn, and followed the blast with a most potent halloo. His labour was in vain, the light remained stationary. The baron began to swear. He had been educated at Wurzburg, and for a Swabian swore in excellent German. He was perplexed whether to remain where he was, with this provoking light before him, and the probable

chance of remaining all night in the woods ; or to abandon his steed, and endeavour to penetrate through the trees to the spot whence the light issued. Neither of these alternatives was precisely to his liking. In the former case he must abide the cold air and damp mist till morning ; in the other he incurred the risk of losing his steed, should he not be able to retrace his way to the spot. Indecision, however, was not the fault of his character ; and, after a minute's hesitation, he sprung from his horse, fastened him to a tree, and began to explore the wood in the direction of the light. The difficulties he encountered were not few. The baron was a portly personage, and occasionally found some trouble in squeezing through interstices where a worse fed man would have passed ungrazed. Briars and thorns were not wanting, and the marshy ground completed the catalogue of annoyances. The baron toiled and toiled, extricating first one leg and then the other from the deep entanglement in which each was by turns plunged, while the object of his attention seemed as distant as ever. His patience was exhausted. Manly and emphatic were the figures of his inward rhetoric. Of one fact he became convinced,—that all the evil influences of the stars had this night conspired to concentrate their power on one unlucky wight, and that this wight was no other than the Baron von Kochenstein. But the baron was not a man to be easily diverted from his purpose ; and he laboured again. His hands were bruised by the branches he had torn down when they impelled his course ; and the heat-drops on his brow, raised by his exertions, mixed with the chill and heavy night-dew that fell around him. At length a desperate effort, almost accompanied with the loss of his boots, placed him free from the morass through which he had waded.

He stamped and shook his feet when on dry land, with the satisfaction that such a deliverance inspires. To add to his joy, he perceived that the light he had so painfully sought was not more than fifty ells distant. A moment or two brought him to the door of a low dwelling, overshadowed by

a beetling, penthouse-like roof. As far as he could discern, the building was of considerable antiquity. The portal was of stone, and the same material composed the frames of the windows, which were placed far from the ground, and from which proceeded the light he had sought. Our huntsman lost little time in applying to the door, at first with a gentle knock, which being disregarded, increased to a thundering reverberation of blows. The gentle and the rude knocks were of equal avail. He desisted from his occupation to listen awhile, but not a sound met his ear. "This is strange, by the mass!" said the baron: "the house must be inhabited, else whence the light? And though they slept like the seven sleepers, my blows must have aroused them. Let us try another mode—the merry horn must awaken them, if aught can move their sluggish natures." And once more resorting to his bugle he sounded a reveillee. A jolly cheering note it would have been at another time, but in the middle of the dull night it seemed most unfit. A screech owl's note would have harmonised better. "I hear them now," said he of the bugle, "praised be the saints." On this as on other occasions, however, the saints got more thanks than their due. An old raven, disturbed by the baron's notes, flapping her wings in flight, had deceived his ears. She was unseen in the congenial darkness, but her hoarse croakings filled the air as she flew. Irritated at the delay, the baron made a formal declaration of war. In as loud a voice as he could, he demanded entrance, and threatened, in default of accordance, to break open the door. A loud laugh, as from a dozen revellers, was the immediate reply. A piece of the trunk of a young tree lay near the baron; he took it up and dashed it with all his strength against the door. It was a mighty blow, but, though the very building shook before it, the strong gate yielded not. Before Kochenstein could repeat the attack, a hoarse voice, seemingly proceeding from one of the windows, greeted his ears. "Begone with thy noise," it said, "else I will loose the dog on thee." "I will break the

hound's neck, and diminish his calliff master by the head, if thou open not the door this instant. What! is this the way to treat a benighted traveller? Open, I say, and quickly."

It seemed that the inmate was about to put his threat in execution, for the low, deep growl of a wolf-dog was the only answer to the baron's remonstrance. He drew his short hunting sword, and planted himself firmly before the door.—He waited awhile, but all was silent. He had again recourse to his battering ram. The door resisted marvellously, but it became evident that it could not long withstand such a siege. As the strong oak cracked and groaned, the baron redoubled his efforts. At length the voice he had before heard, again accosted him. "Come in, then, if thou wilt.—Fool! to draw down thy fate on thee." The bolts were undrawn. "Lift up the latch." The baron troubled not himself to inquire the meaning of the ominous words of the speaker, but obeyed the direction given, and entered. He found himself in a spacious apartment that appeared to comprise the whole tenement. He looked around for the foes he expected to meet, and started back with astonishment. The only occupant of the apartment was a lady, the rich elegance of whose dress would have attracted admiration, had not that feeling been engrossed by her personal loveliness. Her white silken garment clung to a form modelled to perfection, and was fastened at her waist by a diamond clasp of singular shape, for it represented a couchant stag. A similar ornament confined the long tresses of her hair, the jetty blackness of which was as perfect as the opposite hue of the brow they shaded. Her face was somewhat pale, and her features melancholy, but of exquisitely tender beauty. She arose, as the baron entered, from the velvet couch on which she was seated, and with a slight but courteous smile motioned him to a seat opposite to her own. A table was ready spread by its side, laden with refreshments. He explained the cause of his coming, and apologized with great fervency for his rude mode of demanding admission. "You are welcome,"

said the lady, again pointing to the vacant seat. Nothing could be more ordinary than these three words, but the sound of her voice thrilled through the hearer's sense into his soul. She resumed her seat, and Kochenstein took the place offered him. He gazed around, and was convinced, to his amazement, that they were alone. Whence then the voice with which he had beld converse? and whence the uproarious laugh which had first assailed his hearing?—There could not, he felt certain, be another chamber under that roof capable of containing such a number of laughers. The dog, too, whose savage growl had put him on his guard, where was he? The baron was, however, too genuine a huntsman to suffer either surprise or admiration to prevent him from doing justice to the excellent meal before him, and to which his hostess invited him, declining, however, to partake with her guest. He ate and drank, therefore, postponing his meditations, except an anxious thought on the situation of his steed. "Poor Reinzaum," thought he, "thou wilt suffer for my refreshment. A warm stable were fitter by far for thee than the midnight damps that chill thee."—And the baron looked with infinite satisfaction on the blazing hearth, the ruddy gleams of which almost eclipsed the softer light of the brilliant lamp that hung from the ceiling.

As his appetite became satisfied, his curiosity revived. Once or twice as he raised his eyes he met the bright black ones of his entertainer. They were beautiful; yet, without knowing why, the baron shrunk from their glance. They had not the pensive softness of her features. The expression was one he could not divine, but would not admit that he feared.—He filled his goblet, and in the most courteous terms drank the lady's health. She bowed her head in acknowledgment, and held to him a small golden cup richly chased. The baron filled it—she drank to him, though but wetting her lip with the liquor. She replaced the cup and rose from her seat. "This room," she said, must be your lodging for the night. Other I cannot offer you. Farewell." The baron

was about to speak. She interrupted him. "I know what you would say—yes, we shall meet again. Take this flower," she added, breaking a rose from a wreath that twined among her hair in full bloom, though September had commenced, and the flowers of the gardens and the fields were long since dead—"take this flower. On the day that it fades you see me once more." She opened a small door in the wainscoting, hitherto unseen by the baron, and closed it after her, before he could utter a word.

The baron felt no disposition to sleep, and paced about the room revolving the events of the evening. The silence of the hour was favourable to such an employment, and the soft carpets that covered the floor prevented even his own footsteps from being heard. Wearied with his fruitless ruminations, he was beginning to relieve himself from his lonely want of occupation, by taking note more minutely than before of the handsome though antique furniture of the apartment, when his attention was claimed by the sounds of a harp. A few bars only had been played, when the music was sweetened by a voice the softest he had ever heard. The words of the song applied too strikingly to himself to escape his ear.

Wo to him whose footsteps rude
Break my fairy solitude!
Wo to him whose fated grasp
Dares undo my portal clasp!
Wo to him whose rash advance
Dooms him to my blighting glance!
In the greenwood shall he lie,
On the bloody heather die.

The voice and music ceased together, leaving the baron oppressed with unwonted fears. "And I must see her again! would this rose would bloom for ever!" He seated himself, and ere long fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke, the ashes on the hearth were sparkless, and the morning, casting away her gray mantle, was beginning to dart her gayer beams through the narrow windows. He perceived, with surprise, that the door through which his hostess had retired was ajar,

yet she was not in the apartment, and from the situation in which he had sat, she could not have passed through the door by which he had entered. He arose, and walked about with as much noise as he could make, with the object of apprising the lady of the dwelling that the wainscot door was open. After continuing this for a length of time, his curiosity increased. He ventured to look through the doorway. It opened only into a small closet, which was entirely empty. He had already witnessed too much to feel any great additional astonishment at this discovery. "Besides," said he to himself, "her words spoke but of a meeting at a future day. Why therefore should I expect her now?"—He opened the entrance door, and found his horse, which he had left tied in the wood, ready for departure, and apparently in excellent condition. "Woman or witch," he exclaimed, "I owe her a good turn for this—now, Reinzaum, keep up thy credit."—And springing on his horse's back, he pursued a track that seemed to lead in the direction he wished; and without aid of whip or spur was at Kochenstein in an hour.

His first act was to place the rose in a vase of water. Day by day he visited it, and found its bloom unabated. Three months passed away without any visible alteration in the beauty of the flower. The baron became less sensible of the remembrances connected with it, and gazed on it with indifference. He even displayed it to the inmates of his castle, and among others to his only daughter, the death of whose mother had left Kochenstein a widower. Frederica was in her seventh year, and within a few days of its completion. To her earnest entreaties for the flower, her father promised it should be hers on her birth-day. The child was overjoyed at the idea of a present, to which much importance was attached in her eyes, for the ever-blooming rose was the talk of the whole castle; and every human creature in it, except its lord, offered many conjectures respecting the flower, all very ingenious, and all very absurd.

On the morning of his daughter's birth-day the rose

was dead. The Baron von Kochenstein, though a man of courage and thirty-two quarterings, changed colour when he beheld the faded flower. Without speaking a word, he mounted Reinzaum, and galloped off at the rate of four German miles an hour. He had ridden some half hour, when he saw before him a stag, the finest he had ever beheld. It was prancing on the frosty ground, and throwing aloft its many-turned antlers, in proud disdain of the meaner brutes of the earth. At the approach of the baron it fled.—In pure distraction of spirits, and in that dread of his own thoughts which prompts a man to any thing to avoid himself, Kochenstein pursued, though unattended by a single hound. The stag seemed wind-footed. Reinzaum followed like a noble horse as he was. Through glade and copse, over hill and plain, the baron chased the lordly stag. At length it abated its speed near the side of a transparent pool, in the midst of which a fountain threw up its beautiful column of waters.—The stag halted, and turned to gaze on its pursuer. For the first time, Kochenstein applied his spur to the quivering flank of his steed, and grasped his hunting sword. A moment brought him to the side of the quarry: ere another had elapsed, a stroke from its branching antlers brought him to the ground. The steed fled in dismay. In vain did Kochenstein endeavour to avert his impending fate. With all the strength of terror he grasped the left horn of the stag, as it bended against its prostrate victim. The struggle was but for an instant, and a branch of the other antler pierced the baron's side. No sooner was the stroke inflicted, than the rage which had possessed the stag seemed wholly abated.—It offered not to trample on the defenceless man, or to repeat the blow. Gazing awhile on its work, it turned away, plunged into the waters of the fountain, and was lost from sight in the overwhelming flood. Enfeebled as he was, for the blood gushed in torrents from his side, the baron half raised himself up to look on the closing waters. Something in the stag's gaze awoke associations that carried his mind

back to the events of a few months ago. While he gazed on the fountain, the column of its jet divided, then sunk, and ceased to play. A figure appeared from the midst. It glided across the pool, and approached the baron. A lady stood beside him. She was clad in robes of white, and her head was girt with a wreath of faded flowers. Her left brow was spotted with recent blood. The baron shuddered at her glance, still more at her voice, for he knew too well the soft tone in which she sung these lines :

To my plighted promise true,
Once again I meet thy view ;
Now my garland's roses fade,
And thy rashness' debt is paid.
Sad the fate, and dark the doom,
That led thee to my secret home :
In the greenwood thou art lying,
On the bloody heather dying !

The last sounds mingled with the rush of the fountain as it rose again, when, retreating on the waters, the songstress sank into their embrace. Her last notes had fallen on the ears of the baron. The rush of the waters was unheard by him ; for when the song ceased, he was no more.

SAUNDERS FERINTOSH.

Original.

Saunders Ferintosh was an old soldier. He had been crippled in the service, and enjoyed a pension. He was a singular character—as old soldiers are often wont to be—but he possessed a shrewdness and liveliness of imagination, which were peculiarly his own. He was the news-vender, the oracle, and the privileged character of the little village to which he belonged, and beyond the boundaries of which he seldom or never peregrinated.

But poor Saunders had a thorn in the flesh ; and he often used to lament, that “the *speerit o’ grace* wasna crouse enough within him to owercome the *etlin* in his craig for the *speerit o’ maut*.” Necessity often enforced on him what his self-command never could.

On one occasion, when he experienced the power of this most undisputable of all rulers, he seated himself upon a large stone, which marked one of the extremities of his dominion, and racked his invention for some expedient that would procure him “joost the wattin’ o’ his craig.” His attention was arrested by a man on horseback, who emerged, at a short hand gallop, from one of the windings of the road. As they approached Saunders had an opportunity of observing them. We have already hinted that he was somewhat knowing : it did not, however, require much penetration to discover, that the person approaching, who it seems was an Englishman, was very vain of his horse’s appearance.

Saunders rose. The horse and his rider stopt.

“I say, old man,” said the latter, “can you tell me where’s the best stable for my charger, in this here place?”

“Atweel can I,” said Saunders, touching his hat : “Ah ! man, but that’s a bonny beast ; siccan a carriage!—its a real bonny head—an’ een, they’re joost fire itsel’ !”

“Ah ! friend, I see you’re a judge of *hoss* flesh.”

“Deed an’ so may I, for I’ve been among them frae my youth upwards.”

“Ah ! then I presume you can direct me to the best stabling.”

“As I tauld ye afore, there’s nane mair fit ; there’s but ae guid place i’ the bit toon ye see forenent ye, an’ like a’ ither guid things, its no vera easy come at ; for ye ken its a bittock aff the main road ; sae I’ll joost hirple on a wee, along wi’ ye, till I can point to it, an’ mak it reesable to ye, for fear ye miss it. Man, but he’s a real bonny gait!—he walks like a seerenty-four—ye might trundle a kettle-drum atween

his hinder feet: there's but ae thing he wants to mak him that there wadna be a horse like him i' the warl'."

"Ah! ah! and pray what is that?"

"He has a neck," continued Saunders, "as gracefu' as the arch o' a brigg, an' a breast as flet an as brald as the stern o' a ship; joost ae thing an' there wadna be his like i' the warl'!—Ou, aye!—there 'tis,—d'ye see yon lum, wi' the auld wife upon it, o'ertappin' a' aroun' it, joost a wee ahint the belfry?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean," said the Englishman.

"The black thing, whar the reek's comin' frae, on the tap o' the heighest o' thae hooses, man," said Saunders pointing with his stick.

"Oh! you mean the chimney with the smoke vane on it."

"Aye, the cheemly,—weel, that's the hoose—ye gang to the right the first street ye come to: there's no a hoose in a' Scotlan' keeps better stablin' for horse, or drink for man."

"Thank ye, friend; but what is it that would improve my horse so much? I think you know something of horses."

"Deed, as I was sayin', sir, weel may I; for ye ken, I'm an auld sodger; an' the first horse, which was a meer, that I had the keepin' o', was shot from under me, an' the shot that took her life, wad hae taen mine, had she no reared up, puir hissey, an' caught it in her ain croon afore it got to mine. The next was a bonny geldin'—he was killed too—an' I hae na strode animal since; for ye ken my leg was taen awa at the same time; an' I can say without fear o' leein', that I grieved mair for my horse than my limb. But a' things are for the best, for tho' he hadna been killed, seeing that I was disabled, I would hae been obligated to gie him up; an' some ane might hae got him that wadna hae been sae kind to him; an' I'm sure that he's comfortable as he is—that is, I mean, that he's no in misery; for beasta, ye ken, are no accoontable i' the next warl'; an' yet I used to think sometimes, that he had mair sense than mony a puir lump

o' humanity I've ken'd; hut, sir, I wish I may na be de-teenin' ye ower langsome: wi' your leave, sir, I'm unco feared your horse is gettin' ower soon cauld, for he was gay an' warm wi' you bit gallop ye gied him."

"You're right, friend, I'd better be trotting on to the inn. But I'd like to get a little of your information on horses; so if you will follow, we'll discuss the subject over a pot of ale, or a glass of whiskey."

"That will I—I'm muckle obleeged to you."

The prospect of getting the whiskey, urged Saunders to make great exertions, by "hirplin'," as he called it, "i' the footsteps o' the beast."

When fairly seated in the inn, at the "tae side o' a whiskey stoup," he told story after story, in order to gain time enough "to see the bottom o' it." He parried the main point of the Englishman's enquiry, until he was near getting into "het water." At last he was obliged to have recourse to his invention; for the fact is, he had spoken "sae widely, merely to get the rider o' the beast to the right about face wi' him, with the *speerit o' frien'ship* atween them," and he had mentioned the *ae thing* merely to excite his curiosity sufficiently to bring about the desired object.

"What could I do?" said Saunders, when afterwards relating the adventure, "there was *ae thing* that I had guid thocht o' when I spak sae, an' sae I tauld nae lee. Noo ye ken I'd rather anger an Englisher than tell a lee; sae the truth maun be out, thocht I. 'But what,' quo' he a wee tart ways, 'is that *ae thing*?' "

"Hae patience a wee, quo' I, an' I took care to hae the handle o' the door in my neive; what I've said about the beast's nae mair nor truth; he's exceeding comely in every pertecular; he has four as clean limbs as ever marked a sod; *joost gie him anither leg*, an' there'll no be a horse like him i' the warl'."

A LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

By Mr. T. Hood.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past—
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather over-wrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay, where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest,—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold, enjoying, with their spears,
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat ;
Old Time has pluck'd the plummy brow,
And none engage at turneys now
But those who go to law.

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn ;
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But "knights without a morn."

No Percy branch now perseveres,
Like those of old, in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie ;—
Surgeons alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye.

Alas! for Lion hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace ;
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece !

The famed Rinakdo lies a cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall ;
No Saracen meets Paladin—
We hear of no great Saladin,
But only grow the small.

Our Cressys too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff ;
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off.

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work—but men
Fight now—with powder puffs.

The curtelax is out of date,
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft !
No tough arm bends the springy yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of death, upon the shaft.

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear is laid aside—
 Oh, spits now domineer !
The coat of mail is left alone,
And where is all chain-armour gone ?
 Go ask at Brighton pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists—
 A low and vulgar art !
No mounted man is overthrown,—
A tilt !—it is a thing unknown—
 Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad, like his chief, in steely garb,
 For warding steel's appliance ;
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir,—
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
 That bugles the " Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
 And scatter plumes about ?
Or blood—if they are in the vein ?
That tap will never run again—
 Alas, the casque is out !

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
 To find a vital place ;
Though certain doctors still pretend
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
 To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might !
Crusader, errant squire, and knight !
Our coats and customs soften ;
To rise would only make ye weep,—
Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin.

THE CHIEF OF TOGGENBURGH.

(From the German of Schiller.)

“ Chieftain, a sister’s love for thee
This breast shall still retain ;
But ask none other love of me ;—
Thou would’st not give me pain ?
I feel no throb when thy form appears,
Unmov’d I see thee go ;
And the pang that fills thine eyes with tears,
I do not, cannot know.”

Speechless he heard, with grief suppress’d,
Then, with bitter feelings stung,
He clasp’d her once to his throbbing breast,
And then on his steed he sprung.
He has summon’d his vassals one and all,
Through the whole of Switzerland ;
With the cross on their breast they are gone at his call,
To fight in the holy land.

And the might of that warrior’s arm was shown
By his deeds on that blood-stain’d coast ;
And well that warrior’s plume was known
In the ranks of the Paynim host.

And Toggenburgh was a name of dread
That made the Moslem quail—
But inly the warrior's bosom bled
With a wound that nought could heal.

A long long year he hath borne his pain,
He can bear it now no more;
He finds no rest on the battle plain,
And he quits the holy shore.
He hath found a ship on Joppa's strand;
He hath spread the willing sail;
And home he is gone to his own dear land,
When blew the fav'ring gale.

The pilgrim came to the lady's hall—
He knocks at the castle gate—
And the words on his ear like thunder fall,
That tell him he comes too late.
“The maid you seek the veil has ta'en,
She is now the bride of heav'n:
And yesternorn at the holy fane
Her plight to God was giv'n.”

He has left for ever the castle hall,
Where his fathers dwelt of yore;
He lists no more to the trumpet's call,
He looks on his steed no more.
He past from Toggenburgh's stately height,
Unmark'd he past, and unknown:
For a vest of hair, 'stead of armour bright,
O'er his manly limbs was thrown.

And there he hath built him a lowly hut
Beneath the sacred chimes;
Where the walls of the hosom'd convent jut
From a grove of shady limes.

And there from the early dawn of day,
Till the star of ev'ning shone ;
Hope tinging his cheek with a sickly ray,
The warrior sat alone.

His eye was fix'd on the convent above,
And the livelong day did he wait,
And gaze on the window that held his love,
Till he heard the window grate ;
Till that lov'd one's form from the window leant,
Till he saw her placid brow,
And her angel smile of meek content,
As she look'd on the vale below.

And then would he turn to his lowly bed,
And peacefully sleep the night—
Rejoicing still, when the morning shed
Its beams of returning light.
And many a day, and many a year,
The warrior there did wait,
Without a murmur, without a tear,
Till he heard the window grate—

Till that lov'd one's form from the window leant,
Till he saw her placid brow,
And her angel smile of meek content,
As she look'd on the vale below.
And then one morning stiff and chill
He was found a corpse at last ;
And the gaze of his cold fix'd eye was still
On that convent window cast.

THE HOME VOYAGE.

(*From "The Winter's Wreath."*)

We give the white sail
To the morning gale
As yon rising sun we meet—
And those hillocks of blue
Shall fade from the view
Ere his evening beam we greet.

Though the blast of the North
Pour his fury forth,
As we ride on our Ocean path;
Though the roar of the deep
Stern concert keep;
We smile at their mingled wrath.

Oh, the bosom swells high
With a stormy joy,
As we meet them with answering pride;
As we hang o'er the bow,
While our Ocean plough
Flings the baffled floods aside.

We give the white sail
To the evening gale—
Though the night be dark and drear,
And the breeze that sings loud
In our straining shroud
Shall but further our glad career.

Though she bow to the wave,
As a champion brave
Greets his foeman with courtesy due;
She shall rise again,
And in calm disdain
Unshaken her course pursue.

And every crest
On the foam's white breast
Is gemm'd with an Ocean star,
That gleams with a light
Like torches bright
Thro' vases of clouded spar.

Then give the white sail
To the rising gale—
Though our vessel be stout and fleet
Full many a sun
His course must run
Ere our native land we greet.

Though our path be known
To the Heavens alone,
And silent lights above ;—
There are hearts that e'en now
Breathe for us the vow,
And the wordless prayer of Love.

There are eyes that shall beam
With a tearful gleam,
There are voices, whose accents sweet
Shall yet sweeter be heard
For the faultier'd word
That our coming can scarcely greet.

Then give the white sail
To the joyous gale,
Till her yards the billows kiss—
Till rapid she seem
As the kindling dream
Of Love, and of Hope, and Bliss.

SELIM.

An Eastern Tale.

Selim was Prime Vizier and favourite of Abusaid, Sultan of Persia. He was attractive, noble, and accomplished; the favourite of his prince, and the pride of the people. Fortune poured upon him her richest treasures. The armies of the east were invincible under his banner; and the sound of music and festivity echoed in his halls—yet Selim was not happy.

His palace, situated upon the shores of the Gulf of Persia, commanded an extensive view of a fertile and cultivated country; groves of palm, orange and lemon hung their rich foliage over lakes of transparent water, on the banks of which were feeding innumerable herds of cattle, some reposing beneath the shade, or bathing in the cool flood, others sportively chasing each other along the flowery plain, while singing birds of brilliant plumage filled the woods with their harmony. These formed but a small part of his possessions. His riches were greater than avarice could desire, and the sceptre of Persia was obedient to his sway—yet Selim was the prey of discontent.

His heart, a stranger to the pleasure of imparting happiness to others, turned, wearied and disgusted, to seek within itself the peace which external objects alone cannot bestow. One evening, when a prey to despondency, without any real evil to lament, he repaired to his terrace, and throwing himself upon the marble steps descending to the shore, he yielded to a train of gloomy reflections.

The sun, sinking below the horizon, gilded with his parting rays the glittering spires of Bassora; the twilight of evening stole gently over the glowing scene; and all became hushed in profound repose, except the rippling of the summer wave, or the gentle dashing of the distant oar heard at intervals.

The mild beauty of the scene, the fragrance of the flowers

wafted by the evening breeze, the harmony of every object around him, failed to compose the fever of his thoughts.—His burning temples throbbed with agitation, and a deep gloom clouded his countenance. “Whence is the boasted happiness of man?” exclaimed he. “In what does it consist?—Riches, honour, power, rank, reputation, how vain and futile have I now proved you all! My possessions extend beyond my ambition; all the pleasures and luxuries of the east are mine, yet my bosom is a stranger to peace, and my pillow is strewn with the thorns of discontent. O! Alla! if in what I possess consist thy blessings, recall them, and in mercy annihilate my existence.

Scarcely had the Persian concluded this address, when a faintness overspread his frame, and he sunk into a deep sleep.

He thought himself upon the brink of a precipice overhanging a tempestuous ocean, which dashed its stormy waves towards heaven—loud thunder shook the rocks, and flashes of lightning glared at each awful interval of silence upon the white foam—when suddenly “the storm became a calm, and the waves thereof were still;” a clear pale light beamed from heaven, and Selim fell prostrate at the feet of an angel arrayed in shining white. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his countenance severe in its radiant beauty, while the glory, encircling his form, silvered the transparent clouds that floated around him.

A silence, more terrible than the tempest, reigned around, till interrupted by the voice of the angel, who, raising his right arm, pointed with a sword of fire toward heaven, and thus addressed him:

“I am the messenger of the Most High, who, swayed by divine mercy, seeks rather to convince thy reason, than to punish thy presumption. Rise then, O Selim, and consider the instructions revealed to thee from above.”

The angel then touched his eyes, and inquired what he beheld.

"I see," replied he, "a tree of noble stature; its head reaches the firmament; its branches of pure gold are loaded with ruby-coloured fruit, and its emerald leaves glitter in the sunbeams. Explain, O minister of heaven, what does this mean?"

"Peace!" returned the angel: "what more dost thou observe?"

"I see two young vines arise out of the earth; the one clasps its branches round the bole of the tree; the other averts itself. And the barren stem, unsupported, is fallen to the ground, destitute of verdure and fruit, and scorched by the rays of the sun; while the other vine, sustained by the beautiful tree, has reached a surprising height: its branches are covered with clustering leaves, and branches of purple grapes."

"Mark well, O Selim," interrupted the angel, "the conclusion of this scene; and let the lesson of wisdom sink deep into thy repentant heart. Behold the fate of the unprofitable vine!"

"Alas! I see a fire from above descend and consume its barren branches, and its ashes are scattered to the wind, while the majestic tree is encompassed with a garden blooming with the flowers and fruits of paradise. My soul is transported with the prospect: deign, messenger of heaven, to unfold its mystery."

"That tree, O mortal," returned the celestial being, "is the Tree of Life. That vine represents the man, who, placing his trust in the Almighty, lives according to His Word, and under the shadow of His protection, his bright and benevolent actions blooming as those purple clustering grapes in the eye of heaven—he is transplanted, when ripe, into the bowers of paradise. The barren vine is he, who, separating himself from his Creator, prefers his own will to the will of his God; who lives a careless and unprofitable life, the slave of his senses, and the victim of his own wild passions.—Tremble, O Selim! for thou art that man."

"Oh! Alla!" exclaimed the Persian, "save thy servant, whose trust is in thy mercy!"

"For penitence," returned the bright messenger, "there is refuge; and the ear of Power is open to the voice of supplication. I am the angel of conviction; and as I have shewn thee the precipice upon which thou standest, I will now lead thee to the path of peace. Cast thyself upon the mercy of the Most High, the Shepherd of the scattered flock. Thou art a stray-sheep, but he will lead thee to the fold. As he is kind and merciful to thee, be thou to others; and remember that the man who lives for himself alone, cannot live for heaven."

Selim awoke with the words of the angel impressed upon his heart—he raised himself from the earth—the moon was high in the heavens, and poured her silver light upon the sparkling waves. The fragrant bloom of the orange flower and myrtle perfumed the air, as the breeze of evening stirred their branches; and the full tone of the nightingale alone interrupted the solemn silence by her delicious melody. The humbled Persian acknowledged in his breast the holy power of his Maker. A soft calm stilled the tumults of his soul; he contemplated the beauties of nature; he adored the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, and he returned to his palace an altered being.

Early in the following month Selim forsook his life of indolence to partake with his royal Lord the cares of the empire. His waking thoughts were for the good of others; his sleep the sleep of peace; and he is remembered throughout grateful Persia by the name of—Selim the Just.

Finis.



