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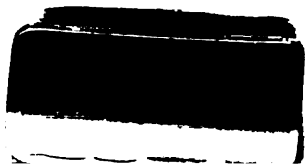
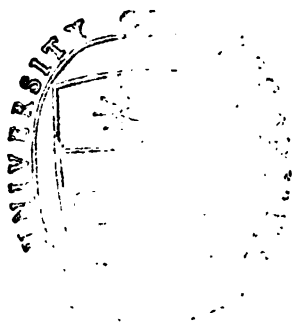
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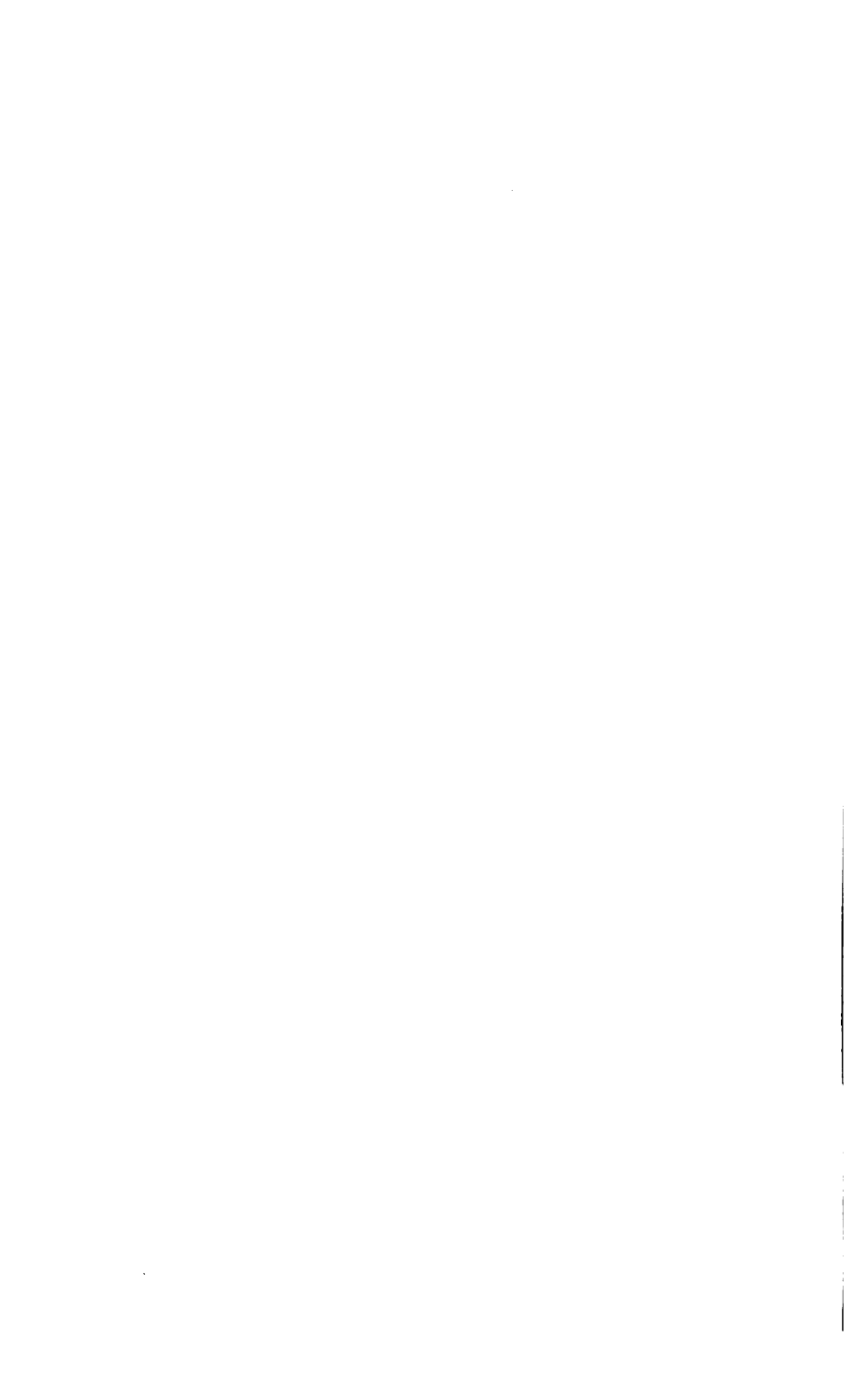
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*Westwood*  
*Liverpool*  
*Jan'y 7/59*  
THE

# BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1831—DECEMBER 1832.

—  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

=====  
VOL. II.

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Omne talit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.—HOR.

Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,  
T' inform the judgment nor offend the heart,—  
Shall gain all votes. FRANCIS.

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BERWICK:

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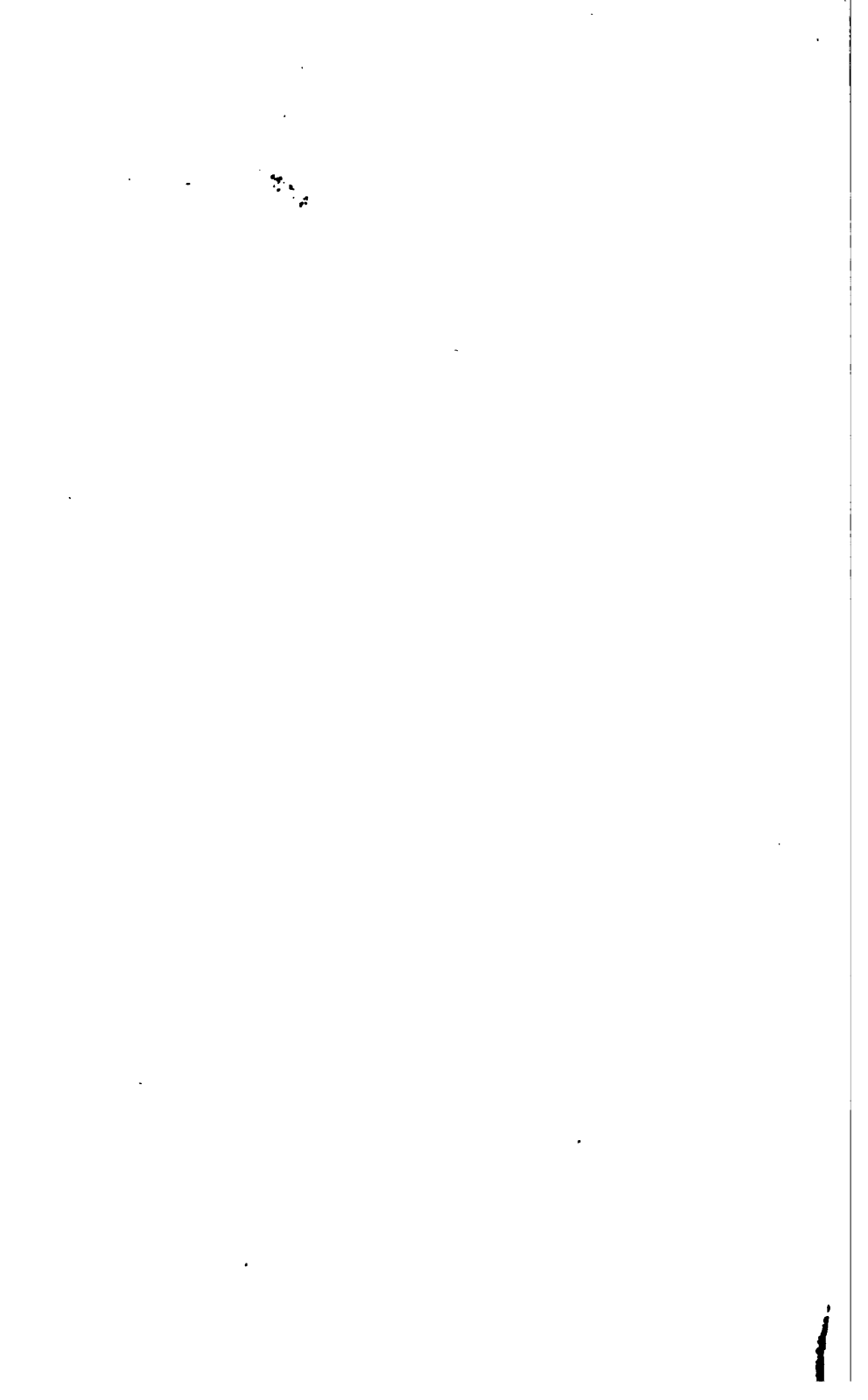
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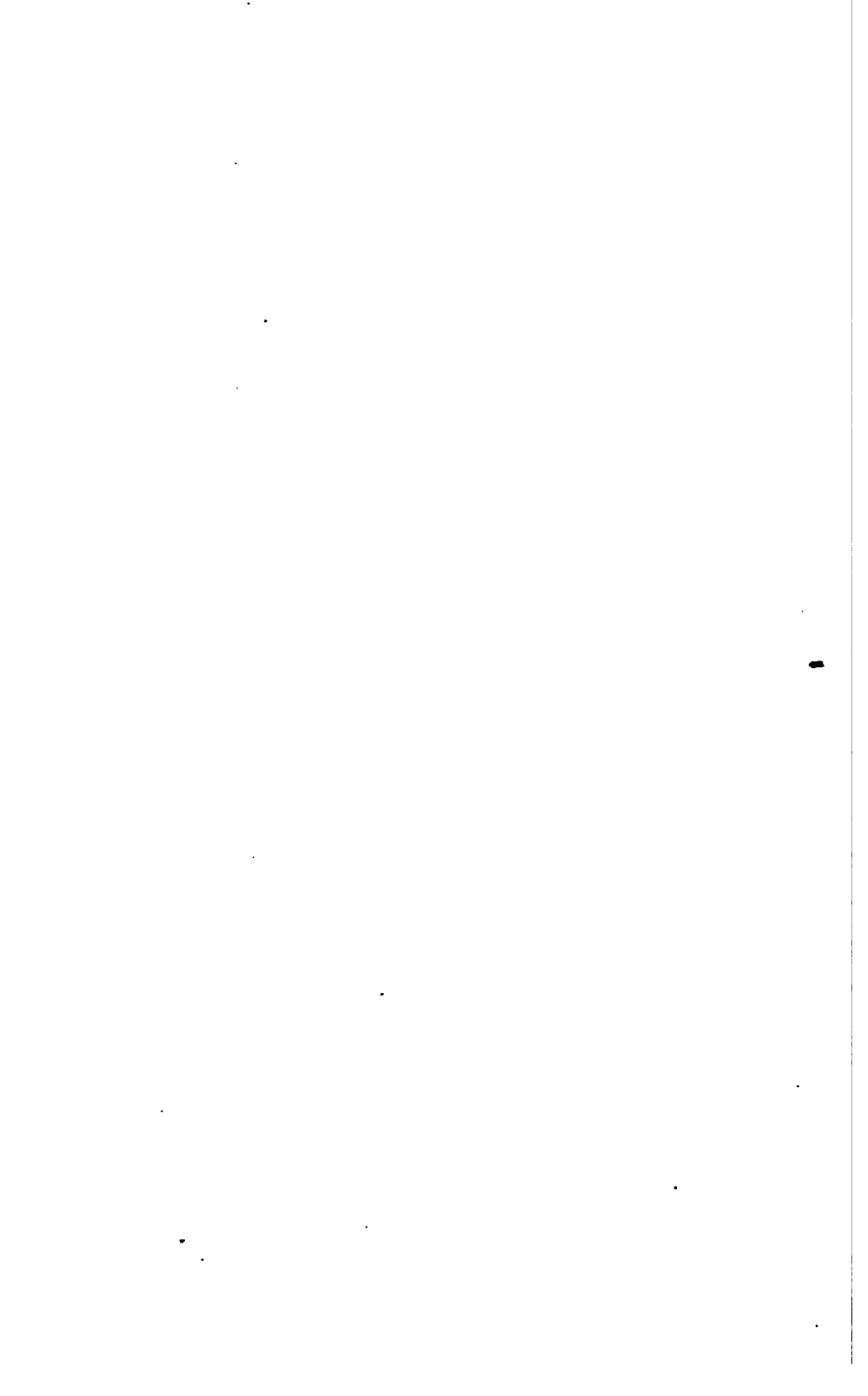
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THE  
**BORDER MAGAZINE.**

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No. VIII.]

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[Vol. II.

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MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

A FRAGMENT.

THE hope of a future life seems to be countenanced by our worthiest conceptions of the attributes of Deity in connection with the nature and state of man. There is a foundation laid in the principles of the human constitution for a progressive and unlimited improvement in knowledge, piety, virtue and happiness. Some of the powers of the human soul have no objects in the present life on which they can operate, or that are fitted fully to develop the mental capacity and moral affections. Indeed, the exact accommodation of the condition of the inferior animals to their instincts and sensitive powers affords a contrast to the unsuitableness of the present world to man's intellectual faculties, to his capacities of enjoyment and to the ideas of happiness and perfection he is able to form. But as the analogy of the world of mind must be in consistency with that of material nature, in all the parts and processes of which God has established an exact correspondence between means and ends,—man must be designed for a more exalted state, whose society and scenes and subjects of contemplation, whose occurrences and modes of mental exercise and enjoyment shall commensurably correspond to all the elements of his high and noble nature. In short, the acknowledged wisdom of the Deity involves the conclusion, that, as the acorn becomes an oak which extends its mighty arms through the air, spreading majestically its luxuriant foliage and beautiful branches, to adorn the forest; so the capacious aspiring mind of man shall, under the genial rays of the sun of heaven, yet ripen and bloom and flourish in unfading freshness and undecaying vigour.

The doctrine of man's future existence follows also from the Divine Benevolence. For as there is no reason for annihilating a creature, capable of interminable improvement; so for the same reason that the Supreme Being gave, he will ever continue human existence. In the present life evil principles are in very considerable operation. The harvest is precarious, and must be prepared with labour and cost and care;—weeds spring up of themselves and flourish and seed, whatever may be the season of the year. Disease, vice, folly and madness are contagious; while health and understanding are incommunicable, and wisdom and virtue hardly to be communicated. And a

poor mortal—after travelling his round of the dark and dangerous wilderness of life, full of care and toil and distress,—finishes the tragical and fated excursion by falling a powerless victim to the inexorable heralds of the King of Terrors; and who can tell the amount of suffering involved in that juncture, when the soul shrinks back on herself in horror, and becomes convulsed through all her sensibilities of emotion in the immediate prospect of the final stroke that is to sever the spirit from its tenement of clay, and break the social bonds that united its warmest sympathies and affections to life! Sometimes is there to be found nothing either in his life or as the precursor of his death, but corporeal torture and mental gloom or distraction! Such indeed is an exception to the general experience, in which comfort and peace do evidently predominate. The goodness of God is legibly inscribed on nature's systematic arrangements, *the object* in all of which we see to be a useful and beneficial object. Hence directly the conclusion, that the Divine benevolence, because not fully displayed in this world, will be fully displayed in another. Nor is the existence of partial evil inconsistent with any of the principles acted on in the general economy. The Deity carries forward his plans of moral government in accordance with the analogy of the mode of his operations in the external world, all of which are regulated by a law of progression, and not of simultaneous perfection of accomplishment. Moreover, the moral system is comprehensive of what respects all human nature, and not merely a part of it. It includes man's moral character and state as well as his sensitive. Virtuous qualities are no less necessary to the enjoyment of that happiness of which the mind is susceptible, than they are, from their own nature, agreeable to the Divine Being, and conformable to the eternal and immutable moral obligations of the rational universe. To promote moral excellence and merit is, and must therefore be, the principal end of the Divine administration in human affairs. But without evils, where had been scope and sphere for those virtues which flow from the operation of the noblest principles of the heart and the mind's most respectable attributes, which have all manifest reference to dangers man is destined to encounter, and distresses he is appointed to bear? Where, without evils, had been resignation and patience—where had been fortitude and humanity, which all suppose a state wherein sufferings are to be endured in our own case or relieved in the case of others? In short, circumstances of temporal evil are the direct and natural means of moral good. But hence another argument for future existence. For the acknowledged goodness of the Deity involves the certainty that he would not have constituted a world overspread so much with evil, had not the moral purposes, naturally promoted by occasion of that evil, been connected with, as a necessary preparation for, a future state of happiness and virtue. The positive amount of religious and moral enjoyment, directly or indirectly arising from the possession of moral excellence, does frequently neither exceed nor even equal the degree of pain, inflicted as discipline necessary to produce that excellence. But a good being would not subject his creatures to such discipline, if it was not to be followed in another life with the enjoyment of greater good than the degree of experienced evil. And for such enjoyment, such evil, being produc-

tive of moral excellence, is a necessary preparation. And this conclusion is the more evident from the consideration of those sufferings which commonly put a period to human existence, and, of course, to man's capacity of any moral enjoyment in the present life. The improvement produced by this final course, therefore, points directly to a future state of compensation, to which, as to a common centre, every volition and suffering and action in the probationary sphere of human life finally terminates.

Another argument that reason offers on this subject arises from the Divine Justice. There exists a partial discordance between our moral judgments and feelings, and the course of human affairs. Things are not generally regulated according to those principles of equity which our Creator has formed us to love and approve, and all opposed to which is therefore opposed to his character and will. How often do we see a royal villain sway a sceptre of tyranny and cruel oppression, while integrity by his sentence is doomed to pine in chains, or by his dire inflictions to writhe in agony!—The attempt to stop the inroads of pestilential corruption of manners, and unhallowed maxims and pursuits, is often only to incur the vengeance of wicked men as the consequence of such worthy exertion. In short, danger and distress, persecution and pain do frequently accompany or follow unbending decision and inflexible resolution and effort in the cause of right. How often, too, is a good man seen to suffer in life, in consequence of cherishing those tender and generous emotions which are the grace and honour of the human heart and character; while selfishness and injustice and general malevolence pursue their execrable course, blooming and flourishing in all the gay glory of pride and prosperity, till the King of Terrors cries—Halt!—to their march!—Now, were this state of things absolutely final, God's Providence could not be justified, nor his character admit of vindication. Reason would then have just cause to rise up in murmuring against its Author, and cry to him in sighs,—'Thou hast deceived me.' But when the case is altered, that alters the case. For as God must be consistent with himself, and as he has formed our moral nature to approve of virtue and disapprove of vice, he himself must for ever love the one moral quality and disapprove of the other. But the approbation or disapprobation of a just and almighty Being must, at one time or another, produce its natural effect; while to Him, who scans all successive duration in the boundlessness and immensity of his all-comprehensive mind, time is nothing; nor does the delay of his judicial manifestations at all change the nature of what is necessarily opposed to his holiness. It remains, therefore, for the sequel of that plan of moral administration we see in some measure going on, the object of the general laws of which is the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice—to exhibit such moral retribution in a direct and uniform connection with good and bad qualities and acts. Indeed our own moral constitution, joined to our conclusions respecting the perfections of God, afford us the strongest intimations that such a system of retribution will be more fully unfolded in some subsequent stage of our being. Then, but not till then, will there appear in the moral world the same order and beauty we admire in the natural,—constituted, as both have been, according to the sublime conceptions of infinite and eternal reason.



The clouds and darkness that at present envelope the throne of God; once dissipated and dispersed by the celestial rays, all will appear harmony and glory that seems now the reverse; and instead of the wonder that in a good world of an infinitely wise and beneficent God there should prevail so great an amount of evil and confusion and derangement—instead of the corresponding depression and pain and horror and disgust that particular scenes are fitted to produce in the sensible mind and susceptible heart, all shall finally reflect a lustre that will strike every power of the soul with admiration and joy. Thus there is just as much connection between virtue and happiness, and between vice and misery, as to indicate, that the former is in conformity to the Divine will and the other not. But, at the same time, the connection between the two is made so irregular and limited and partial as to imply, that the present state was not intended to be final, but introductory to another where every action shall appear in its true nature, and be attended with its just effects. In short, God's government of the world by general laws has ultimate reference to a final judgment of all men, according to their works. It is observable also, that the Divine government is so comprehensive in its arrangements as that some of the bad qualities of human character present the occasions for the exercise of corresponding excellencies, and without which, such excellencies could not exist. With respect to the Divine Being—as his modified benevolence, which we call *mercy*, could never have had scope for its operation, had man not incurred guilt by disobedience, so, as respects human beings, the moral culpability of one moral agent inflicting wrongs on another is necessary to the existence and display of *forgiveness* on the part of that other. And it is obvious that the natural effect of the present imperfectly conducted plan of moral government is—to give to moral action all that disinterestedness of motive which is its noblest element.

A future life may be inferred determinately from another view of the Divine Justice in its relation to the state of man as a creature and to his rights as a subject of the moral government of God. For as the will of God was the absolute and arbitrary cause of every man's existence; so the principle of equity essential to the character and administration of Deity originates an obligation upon the Creator which coincides with the rights of his creatures that their being should not eventually prove to them a curse, but by his affording them a preponderance of happiness, that the Author of their nature should eventually and upon the whole render it a blessing to them.

This grand and definite conclusion is directly involved also in the Divine Benevolence. And there is the presumptive proof which arises from the analogy of the material world, in some parts of which the most complete and systematic order may be traced, of which our views become always the more satisfactory, the wider our knowledge extends. It is the supposition of a future life that alone can furnish a key to the disorders of the moral world, and without it, some of the most striking phenomena of human life must appear for ever inexplicable. And is not the universal consent of all nature's rational offspring an indication of an immortality of human existence? for is not such consentient voice rationally to be regarded as the echo of the voice of nature's God?

And with respect to our spiritual system being so intimately connected with our material organization as to render the existence of the one apparently impossible on the dissolution of the other, reason can offer presumptive proof that such an apprehension is without ground. Matter and mind are in their own nature essentially different. And not only does there appear no necessity that the mind should cease by the death of the body; but when we reflect on the difference between the operations of the former and the qualities of the latter, it seems much more wonderful that the two substances should be so intimately united as we find them to be, than to suppose that the former may exist in a conscious and intelligent state when separated from the latter. And if not a particle of matter is annihilable; but if changed or reduced in its form and qualities by human art, it still continues to exist in some state or place; why should we suppose that mind, the most important existence in nature, should be blotted out clean from the universe of being? Rather why are we not entitled to conclude that it will be preserved by its Author, amid the wreck of all besides?

Thus does reason conclude respecting itself, that it will never be destroyed, but be continually approximating nearer and nearer to the great Spirit of the world, who has made man "*an image of his own eternity.*" But great as is the importance of reason in discovering the *probability* of a future life and in rendering man *fit* for such a progressive and interminable career of advancement; yet it evidently requires the express warrant of God to entitle him to expect it with confident assurance; for the hopes and reasonings on this subject are *apparently* destroyed by the demonstrations of sense. When we consult the analogy of nature, how strangely do we feel ourselves perplexed! Every thing in this system seems to have been formed only for decay. The flowers of the field wither. The trees of the forest fall. The inferior animals die. Man appears to share their fate, and to become the victim of mortality as to his whole compound nature; for how great soever the presumptive evidence for the separate and independent existence of the soul, the arguments are not of a kind that irresistibly force the conviction of his immortality, or completely silence the objections and indications that are unfavourable to hope. The faculties of the mind seem to be dependent on the state of the body. They grow with its growth, strengthen with its strength, and become apparently enfeebled by its weakness. The pulse stops, the breath departs, and the spirit seems to be for ever extinguished. How necessary, then, a light from heaven to direct doubting reason and afford it certainty on a matter of such supreme importance! Such light beams from the revelation of the Messiah,—confirmed and, so far as the case admitted, exhibited and exemplified *in kind* by his resurrection from the dead. When we contemplate the tomb of nature, there is "*darkness visible*" indeed, and deep and silent and fearful gloom. When we listen to the voice of Jesus, echoing his Father's decrees, and then turn to his miracles, and then see his sepulchre; we behold the path of Immortality in unclouded radiance.

## STANZAS.

SHE bloom'd on earth as bright and brief  
 As violets in spring,  
 When birds that wake beneath their leaf,  
 At eve their requiem sing :  
 But feelings as of youth intense  
 From opening bosoms start,  
 Warm'd into life by innocence,  
 The sunshine of the heart.

If by our thoughts our years were told,  
 How long on earth she smil'd,  
 In heavenly virtues, ah how old,—  
 In worldly arts a child !  
 How fair the hope of future worth  
 Those dawning virtues nurs'd ;  
 As rosebuds send their odours forth,  
 Before their blossoms burst.

She bore the form our wishes give  
 To heralds from on high ;  
 Too fair and fragile here to live,  
 Yet pure enough to die.  
 It was the portrait of her soul—  
 As portrait first appears,  
 Unsullied by the world's controul,  
 And undefac'd by years.

Fresh in the mild but brilliant hues  
 That youth and beauty yield,  
 While Hopes their sunrise light diffuse  
 O'er mind in form reveal'd.  
 For by the spirit's pow'r alone  
 The face and form grow fair,  
 As genius kindles lifeless stone  
 To shapes of godlike air.

Oh could the friends that watch'd each word,  
 That trembled on her tongue,  
 Have trac'd within her heart each chord,  
 To deep affection strung !  
 Or gaz'd into that font of joy—  
 That swell'd beneath her breast ;  
 They would have mark'd their shadows lie  
 In all its depths at rest !

From every mild and gen'rous thought,  
 Her smiles their radiance took,  
 Her tones in answering music caught  
 That poetry of look.  
 Retiring from the world's touch,  
 Like flow'rs that shun the day  
 Drooping and pale, but ah how much,  
 More beautiful than they !

Oh could that long and downcast lash  
 Hide aught but modest truth ;  
 An eye whose bright and dawning flash,  
 Bore all the hopes of youth.  
 But from its orb a nobler beam,  
 Like summer sunburst broke,  
 The pow'r that from the mind's first dream,  
 The torch of science woke.

But ah ! that early perfect pow'r,  
 That cheek's too perfect bloom  
 Told, like the blush of vernal flow'r,  
 A tale of early doom.  
 She faded, fair in her decay ;  
 Life's purple waves ebb'd fast,—  
 First round her lip they ceas'd to play,  
 But left her heart the last.

What solace after all she bore,  
 Of strength and hope bereft,  
 When e'en the pow'r of pain was o'er,  
 The pow'r to love was left !  
 And not the pow'r to love alone,  
 But thoughts of import deep :  
 Those thoughts that like a mother's tone,  
 Soothe troubled souls to sleep.

Feelings that, as the spirit sinks  
 In death, that isthmus vast,  
 Connect by hope's eternal links  
 The future with the past.  
 Calm mid her pain, no terrors shake  
 Her steadfast trust in heav'n :  
 A trust, as strong as at the stake,  
 To virgin-martyrs giv'n.

The good and great may smile at death,  
 The brave its anguish dare,  
 A nobler courage was the faith  
 Of that pure maiden's pray'r.  
 When in her latest sigh of love,  
 She call'd in murmur'd woe  
 Upon her parent's name above,  
 For those she left below.

And told altho' she wept, her tears  
 Were such as travellers shed,  
 Leaving their home unnumbered years  
 To go where glory led.  
 Thro' gloomy vales, where sun nor star  
 For solitude aton'd :  
 Cheer'd by a light shed from afar,  
 On summer fields beyond.

We start on infant lips to find  
 The wisdom of the sage,  
 The strength of virtuous manhood's mind,  
 The piety of age:  
 But on that limit verge of life  
 The spirit waxes pure,  
 And catching glory from the strife,  
 Bursts all its bonds, mature!

She died, I heard the sullen sound  
 Of earth fall on her breast:  
 It seem'd one echo's voice profound,  
 From those vast realms of rest.  
 No lordly tomb, no pompous line  
 To thy fair form are given:  
 For monument our hearts are thine,  
 Thy epitaph's in heaven.

W. A. F. B.

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## ON THE DOWNFALL OF EMPIRES.

### A SKETCH.

BY H. NACHOT, DR. PH.

WHOEVER in his mind can take a survey of history, from the remotest times down to the present period, will be struck with a truth which may explain the necessity for the ruin of even such empires as were by no means undermined by the poison of inward corruption and weakness. If we look over the annals of history, dwelling less on the events of a particular year than on the working of periods, we shall find, that, if a nation was destined to extend her sway over vast portions of the world, conquering powerful and noble rivals hitherto deemed invincible, she was always possessed either of a superior degree of culture and civilization which she was ordained by Providence to impart and communicate to such people as she subjected to her rule,—or a sound strength of youth, fresh and unbroken, which it was her task to infuse into a sickly age worn out by the moral tempests of centuries; and thus by overturning a frail antiquated order of things, she was the instrument in the hand of the highest ruler by which he prepared the germ for new and youthful life in the decaying body of mankind. Persia, for instance, was most powerful under her Darius and Xerxes. The greatest part of the then known world bent the neck under her sceptre; but she was hurled down from the eminent seat she had fixed so high above the vanquished nations, and her sun was doomed to set before the rising star of Greece. Why must Persia with her numerous armies and well established and matured power *fall* before a handful of men, as Greece appeared? Because

the latter bore in her lap civilization superior to what Persia possessed. Through her means the arts and sciences spread over formerly rude and barbarous nations, and mankind by the interference of Providence, which manifestly assists in bringing to a happy issue those frequent crises in men's moral and intellectual development, (politicians call these revolutions) entered on a new period of advancing civilization. At a later period an equally glorious destination was that of Rome, which by splendid victories subdued in rapid succession the greatest nations of the east and west; the humble colony of Alba Longa became the arbiter of powerful empires; and her glory—the offspring of and nourished by patriotism, heroism and an iron consequence in her polity—shone forth over the world for many centuries. The arts and sciences, which she fostered with maternal care, flew hand in hand with their sister civilization to distant climates;—Rome first subdued, and then humanized their tribes of barbarians. When the Roman Emperors embraced Christianity, it was chiefly owing to their supremacy over the greatest part of the known world and the consequent unity of language—Greek in the east and Latin in the west—that the new religion which they professed, spread with an amazing quickness from the shores of Albion unto the Atlas mountains, and from the mouth of the Tagus to the frontiers of China. This, however, was the last of those benefits which Providence had destined Rome to confer upon neighbouring nations; her work of bliss was done; her hour was come; dark clouds, big with her fate, rose in the north and south, which at last prostrated the proud edifice of her grandeur. From her downfall is dated that new æra which, though at first attended by heavy struggles, settled at length peacefully and formed the beginning of modern history and modern civilization. We have here an instance of that truism in history, that when Providence designs to form a new order of things, she makes powerful and polished nations—but worn out by centuries—fall under the fresh vigour and unbroken strength of tribes every way their inferiors in point of civilization. The rude tribes issuing from the German forests overturned highly enlightened Rome, and bid her disappear from among nations. When every thing great and firm was trampled down under the feet of savage hordes, who might then have argued aught but ruin and relapse into the state of barbarity from which Rome had so considerably emancipated the people? But this great revolution gradually settled into harmony and peace, having laid the ground work to the stupendous and magnificent edifice of modern history. We find that the conquering tribes soon embraced Christianity and became the channels through which the new doctrine was carried to the farthest north; and the progress of civilization, being so materially influenced by the same, acquired a direction so different from her sister in Asia, and the nations of Europe reached more or less that high degree of perfection both in science and morality which the nations of antiquity, owing to Polytheism and slavery, could never boast of. We cannot leave, however, this subject without pointing out, in an especial manner, one circumstance which is not little conducive to show the necessity of Rome's downfall for the sake of Europe's future prosperity. We have argued, and nobody will dissent, that European civilization was highly influenced by the new doctrine;

but how, if, instead of Christianity, Mahomedanism had become the religion of Europe? and very likely it would have been the case but for the well-timed invasion of the northern nations; sudden and irresistible was the progress of the Crescent since it started in the sandy deserts of Arabia, and a new religion, a new empire was founded. What would then have been the fate of Christianity, exposed to the sudden attacks of a fanatic and most valiant nation, if the south of Europe, her only stronghold at that time, had been left to be defended by the worm-eaten power of Rome? Had the conquering Arabs but for once taken possession of southern Europe, there is every probability that the Crescent would have supplanted the Cross in all the rest of Christian countries, and the civilization of her people would be now what we find still in those nations of the east which have held themselves free from the influence of European manners. But Providence called from the north rude and powerful nations whose energies were still unbroken, who hurled down the tottering pillar of Rome, and, having embraced Christianity, stood up in its defence—a bulwark firm and strong. These iron men did not only cherish their religion, but had the power to defend it against the conquerors of Arabia and Africa, and having been, from the very infancy of their political existence and religious life, roused to defend both against a formidable enemy, they learned to associate the security of their political existence with that of their religion; which association, intimate as it must be from early contraction, has until this present day upheld them in religion and love of their country. Thus the downfall of Rome was a blessing for Europe, and so was the repulsion of the Arabs; not a little owing to the total separation between the east and the west, which at that time took place, European civilization, unmolested during her period of developement, rose high and still seems destined by Providence to be extended in course of time to the nations of Asia, as has already been done in some respect with regard to Turkey and the East Indies. 'We say *in some respect*, because little has hitherto been done, and the great eastern revolution may be said to have but *begun*. Streams of blood, the horrors of war, will probably redden her annals, before the great boon will be obtained for Asia—Asia *will* receive the benefits of European civilization,—if we can read the signs of the times, explained by the pages of history,—Asia, the native home, the birth-place of man, will not for ever remain stationary in the progress of civilization as it has hitherto for two thousand years; but with the downfall of her independence and that partition wall which stands between her and the rest of Europe in point of science, arts and religion, she will learn to sympathize with enlightened Europe and be brought nearer that great and glorious end, for which mankind was created, and to which gradual approach is the type of their history.

Who will be the happy instrument in the hand of Providence chosen for bringing about this glorious revolution for the greatest part of the world? Indeed the future lies veiled before our eyes, but the past discloses its treasures of truth. If we look to the east, we see a giant nation stretching its arms from the extreme north of Europe to its southern limits, from the frontiers of Germany to those of the Chinese empire; powerful and dangerous rebellions and bloody wars with the

most warlike nations of Europe, so far from weakening its youthful strength, have but been the means of cementing its grandeur. Fortune, that fickle goddess, has shewn herself a constant friend to Russia—that huge and awful power whose civilization is most rapidly advancing, whose resources are inexhaustible, a power which within a hundred years has risen from the state of a rude, barbarous and almost unknown mass of savages to that of the greatest European power, conforming with the greatest zeal to European civilization, which she in her turn confers again on such tribes as fall under her dominion. Can we, after all this, still doubt that she will be the nation destined to impart European civilization to the nations of the east? What power is better able to do it, if geographical situation, physical strength, warlike habits, nourished by splendid victories, and implicit obedience to the will of their ruler are taken into consideration as means for accomplishing the conquest of Asia,—the “*sine quâ non*” for that great beneficial revolution. We would greatly trespass on the narrow limits of the nature of a sketch, if we were to dwell longer on the subject of Russia’s part in the civilization of Asia, but believing as we do, that every person who can reason on history will, in noticing the hints we have offered above, agree in our assertion, we shall conclude by turning our eyes to a late event, a deplorable downfall of a noble nation, crushed under the arms of Russia. Poland is no more!

Inspired by the love of liberty, roused from the agonizing tortures of a despotic ruler, she rose in despair; the dear blood of her noble sons flew in streams; her virtues pleaded in vain, but she was doomed to fall, and it has pleased Providence that her name should no longer live among nations. Taking it as an individual event, we must certainly feel deeply sorry for her unhappy fate, but if we take our stand higher, and in a comprehensive view judge this single event by its relation to the whole, we shall find much to soften down those painful emotions to which the fate of Poland has given rise. A happy issue on the side of Poland, in the struggle in which she engaged with Russia, would have proved fatal in the highest degree to the stability of the latter. Russia,—a compound mass of nations—subdued by the sword, was likely to see the end of her gigantic power, if those conquered people, encouraged by the example of victorious Poland, had one by one thrown off the yoke and declared themselves independent and free, a consequence which the Emperor was well aware of, and which may therefore account for those immense exertions on his side, to extinguish the revolution. Had it been the fate of Russia to succumb in the death struggle, had the rising spirit of revolution spread in her vast domains and decomposed the awfully august edifice of her grandeur, what would have become of our glad hopes, those cheerful views of seeing Russia work out the great revolution in Asia? That powerful arm, for which is reserved the great task of regenerating a hemisphere, would have been broken. The civilization of Asia was not to be endangered—therefore Poland fell, and her downfall forms another proof to that truism in history, that when Providence intends to bring mankind a step nearer the great end for which man is created, or when a new order of things more beneficial to man is to be established, any obstacle that is found to check the progress, how innocent soever it may be in itself, must give way, or, if continuing to oppose,



will be crushed. We are indeed deeply grieved at the sight of the bleeding victim, but we bless the end for which it was sacrificed; and though we can not always distinguish this beneficial result, our resignation will be the work of studying the history of man where we find that when the welfare of mankind is at stake, a special providence achieves a glorious end through means and ways which baffle man's reason and his notions of right and wrong.

Nations rise and fall—the smiles of sunshine and the roaring of tempests follow each other alternately, but amidst all the confusion of things, civilization advances calmly in the path onward. We may often see it stationary, and deem it even making a retrograde march as in the time of the middle ages, but, like vegetation where growth is checked during the winter cold, yet at the first approach of spring will burst forth with renewed vigour, and bloom with greater luxuriance in proportion to the intensity of its former depression—thus the light of civilization always shone brighter after centuries of ignorance—thus its springs, whose elasticity has been preserved by Him who is best served by an enlightened mind, began to work with renewed activity, and hurled aside every check. Such periods of emancipation from ignorance, religious and political prejudices, are indeed attended with the horrors of party hatred, persecutions and war, downfall of empires and destruction to thousands, in a greater or less degree according as the age to be emancipated occupies a higher or lower place in the scale of civilization; but this time of horror is merely the crisis, over which the physician of the world watches,—it will terminate in a healthy state of things, the new day will appear, and the sun of civilization shining bright over the lately terrified creation will be hailed with joy.

In short the downfall of great empires, revolutions of a mighty nation are in themselves the sorest disasters which may befall a people, but they are the crises from which emerges a new and better order of things.

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### SAPPHICS, TO MY UMBRELLA.

*Written on a very rainy day.*

VALUED companion of my expeditions,  
Wanderings, and my street perambulations,—  
What can be more deserving of my praises,

Than my umbrella?

Under thine ample covering rejoicing,  
(All the 'canaille' tumultuously running  
While the rain streams and patters from the housetops,)  
Slow and majestic,

I trudge along unwetted, though an Ocean  
Pours from the clouds, as if some Abernethy  
Had given all the nubiliary regions

Purges cathartic!

Others run on in piteous condition,  
 Black desperation painted in their faces,  
 While the full flood descends in very painful  
 Streaming upon them.

Yes, 'tis as if some cunning necromancer  
 Had drawn a circle magically round me,  
 Till like the wretched victim of Kehama,  
 (Southey's Abortion,)

Nothing like liquor ever could approach me !  
 But it is thou, disinterested comrade,  
 Bearest the rainy weather uncomplaining,  
 O my umbrella !

How many hats, and 'upper Bens,' and new coats,—  
 How many wretched duckings hast thou saved me !  
 Well—I have done ;—but must be still indebted  
 To my umbrella.

Q. FLAT.

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## ON SOME DEFECTS IN EDUCATION.

WE are so much accustomed to hear of the improvements made in every department of knowledge by the present generation, and particularly of our advancement in education as if we had arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of perfection on this point, that we are apt without examination to join in the popular idea, under the impression, that what every one says is true must be true. It is no doubt true—otherwise this impression would never have existed—that the minds of men have recently been quickened from that slumber, into which they are at all times too apt to fall ; and that they have subjected many of the ancient systems and opinions to a severe scrutiny ; and that they have not withheld the pruning knife from whatever seemed radically wrong, or unsuited to the present state of things. But yet it is true, that whoever takes the trouble to examine for himself, finds that this movement—at once astonishing and gratifying though it be—is not perfect in all its details, nor, taken as a whole, is what a Christian philosopher could wish. The very nature of that improvement, which is most eagerly pursued by the world, stamps the mind of man as being still “of the earth—earthy.” It is not that an objection is meant to be urged against any attempt on the part of mankind to improve their condition ; but to point out as an object meet for censure that contractedness of spirit, which can prefer animal comfort to intellectual wealth—worldly importance to moral worth—temporal enjoyment to eternal felicity. Were proof required in support of these assertions, the sceptic need not be turned to the present state of society, and be called to remark the height to which the mechanical arts have attained, as compared with the intellectual sciences, for it would be replied at once, that the former were subjects which forced themselves upon men's

minds, for they must either study them or starve—but his attention might be directed to the fact, that now, when an attempt is made to improve their condition, men are more anxious to have power placed in their hands than to be made acquainted with the just mode of exercising it. Nothing can be more plain than this, that the possession of power by the people—say, for instance, the power of choosing their own legislators—affords no guarantee for its due exercise; that in order to ascertain whether it would be used to a good or an evil purpose, we must enquire into the condition of the people themselves; and that, if a corresponding degree of knowledge be not found with them, the moral certainty is, that what might have been, and was intended for a blessing, will prove a curse. It should never be forgotten that wherever one man is placed in a situation to influence another, the character of his influence depends entirely upon the probity of his heart, and the clearness of his judgment. It is thus, to use a sporting phrase, two to one that his influence is of that kind which can entitle him to the high appellation of a benefactor, and consequently a double anxiety should be evinced to raise the moral and intellectual character of all who are to fill such situations. Moral worth alone, highly desirable as it is for the individual's own sake, and lovely as it must be to every rightly constituted mind, is not of itself sufficient to qualify an individual for filling a station of trust. It might, indeed, become a question, which were the more undesirable—for the positive state can be affirmed of neither—talented knavery or honest stupidity. While the one would most assuredly sacrifice the public weal to his private interests in every case where he could do it with impunity, yet his clear-sightedness would teach him that he had need to restrain his moderation within due bounds, lest by grasping at too much, he lost the power of obtaining any. He would feel that there was a limit, beyond which the patience of his dupes would not be stretched; and that the very tension, to which it had been drawn, would crush him in regaining its former position. He would be compelled, therefore, from a regard to his own interest, to “assume a virtue though he had it not,” and, by consequence, so far as his influence went, flagrant and glaring deeds of injustice would find no place. On the other hand, a *weak good man* would stumble on from one blunder to another, conscious all the time of the most unstained integrity, and only unconscious of the mischief he was unwittingly causing.

Now, looking at the present state of society in this light, who does not see a greater anxiety manifested to possess the power, than to possess the means of using it aright? and who does not feel, in the eagerness shown for a political, rather than a moral and intellectual reformation, cause for anxiety, if not for alarm?—Anxiety, not because the proposed measure of improvement is either too much or too little for the people to enjoy; but because the people, who are to enjoy it, do not evince that desire to use it right, and to extend it unimpaired to posterity. And yet, one would think, the very fact that it is new, and that for a considerable time to come it must possess all the characteristics of novelty, would induce them to make such preparations. For, it should not be forgotten that the mind of man is the creature of circumstances; and that with it, whatever possesses the character of antiquity—whatever dates its existence prior to the

individual's existence, or to that of his compeers, stands connected in his mind with the idea of eternity. With the exception of a few strong minds, mankind live on in an atmosphere of prejudice, never dreaming that beyond this contracted horizon there are other regions, equal—to say the least—with theirs, in light, and life, and beauty; and enveloped in that atmosphere they would die, but for some convulsion in their firmament, rolling off the clouds which had hitherto obscured their mental vision, and enabling them to see in their naked deformity the errors which they had been accustomed to cherish as precious truths; but then comes the perilous moment. When the old system is abandoned, without a sigh but from those who had fattened on its abuses, every one seems free to recommend the adoption of that which has caught his own fancy; and if there be any truth in the maxim that self-conceit stands in an exact ratio to ignorance, then, in proportion as ignorance abounds, will be the loudness and pertinacity with which every one contends for the adoption of his favourite system.

An objection may as well be anticipated here. It may be said, that, assuming the foregoing reasoning to be correct, then a glance at the present state of society must serve to show, that knowledge, in a high degree, and of a solid kind, abounds; because men's minds have turned at once and without wavering, to that scheme of improvement which was at first proposed to them; and that, too, at a time when the defects of the former system had become apparent to all but those who profited by it; and when for years previous the attention of the people had been even distracted by the various and conflicting measures proposed for their adoption. If our opponents might argue, in such circumstances, the one measure emanating from authority has had the effect of stilling, in so wonderful a manner, the tumult in the national mind, then this evinces a very high degree of knowledge on the part of the people, and we see not what more could be desired. To this it might be replied,—it is very true that a harmony, amounting almost to unanimity, has pervaded the nation on the occasion in question; but upon examination it will be found that this harmony of the people—and it might be added—their desire for the object respecting which they are so harmonious—springs in a great measure from other sources, beside a real and heartfelt conviction of the benefit to be derived from the measure. It is to be remembered that all who, previously to the promulgation of this measure, stood committed to another scheme of reform, have ranged themselves under the banners of the present government, because there is a greater probability of the one being carried into effect than the other; and because they regard the one as a mere stepping stone to the other. Their opinions therefore, they have laid aside for the present, merely to resume them with greater energy on a future occasion. Now, whatever conclusion may be come to with respect to those opinions, it must be admitted that their abettors have in the present instance shown great good sense, and that they have evinced a candour and a readiness to listen to the truth, which shows that if they are in error, they are not wedded to it. That they actually are in error, is no business of ours to assert. This paper is not intended to discuss politics; but rather, by encouraging education to enable the people to judge correctly of politics,

or any subject which may happen to come before them. It is enough, therefore, to say on this subject, that while there are two parties in the nation, the one contending for the right of universal, the other for limited suffrage, both cannot be right;—and that, as ultimately the decision must rest in the will of the nation at large, it becomes the advocates of both sides to exert themselves in behalf of a more full, and a more efficient system of popular education. In particular we would address ourselves to the advocates of a limited suffrage, and conjure them according to the importance they attach to their opinions, to be earnest in enlightening the national judgment respecting them. We could tell them—‘Your opponents have much the advantage over you; for they may inflame the passions while you can only enlighten the judgment. It is not by mere declamation, that you will persuade the working classes of the inexpediency and the inutility of entrusting them with the elective franchise:—and yet if you fail in thus convincing them, and if your opponents succeed in inflaming their passions,—an effect easily produced upon men who look at words rather than things—then, in this excited state, any opposition to their wish would but drive them into a rebellion against all existing institutions. The system about to be established—as in all probability it will be established—however desirable it may be in your eyes, has no charms of antiquity to recommend it to those who disapprove of it: and the conflict once begun between those who have, and those who have not a voice in the government of the country, the only assignable limit to it, must be in the horrors of a revolution, when your opponents have nothing, while you have every thing to lose.’

Reasons for the extension of education, however, do not reside in the political state of the country alone. Their foundations are deeply fixed in the broad and immoveable principles of truth and rectitude; and in the obligation which is implied in the very nature of government, to provide for the instruction of the people. And if the work is not done officially, it must be done by individuals, unless they would incur all the miseries attendant upon being surrounded by an ignorant, and consequently, a degraded population. Our efforts, if made in earnest, may redeem them from this state, and place them in a position where they may enjoy liberty, without danger of turning it into licentiousness. Interesting as the subject is, we cannot pursue it farther at present. What additional observations we have to offer must be reserved for some succeeding number.

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## THE GLOAMIN HOUR!

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

THE quiet hour of the gloamin's fallen,  
And the face of the west is flush'd  
With a rosy glow, like a waveless sea,  
That has seen its God and blush'd!

One small blue cloud with a golden rim  
Is emboss'd 'mid the glories there,

And it seems to me like a sunny isle  
Redeem'd from all sin and care :

The Tweed in romantic beauty flows,  
And a beam of bliss is given  
To the deep serene of its waters now  
From the closing gates of heaven !

And the breeze is in so sound a sleep,  
That the spirits of calm do seem  
To have spread their holy wings to-night  
O'er the bosom of the stream ;—

The starry time is approaching, too,  
And soft amid ethers blue,  
The vesper gem like an infant moon  
Is already peering through !

O blessed hour for the minstrel-boy  
While his thoughts take the hues of even,  
To awake his instrument of song  
And sing to his God in Heaven.



## THE EDITORIAL CLOSET.—No. II.

SCENE—*The Library at Nestor House—A table overspread with contributions received since the publication of the first Number of the Magazine, and which have not appeared in its pages—Nestor discovered alone, possessed of a pipe of German workmanship, and enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which becomes more or less dense, according as the President's feelings increase or diminish in depth and ardour. With occasional puffs and pauses intervening, he soliloquizes after the following manner.—Time—Afternoon.*

NESTOR. [*solus as aforesaid.*]

FAST—fast fleet the winged hours. What was I forty years ago, and what am I now?—Then—methought life's gay dream of boyhood would be realized, and that the earth was a fair Paradise wherein I should dwell for ever. Free as the hart on his native mountains, I roved at will—fording the deepest stream, climbing the precipitous crag, or penetrating the dark recesses of the forest—and liberty was more than a name.—Gone—gone are the days of my innocent happiness!—Innocent indeed they were,—for I knew not that heaven had denounced a curse on man ;—and happy as innocent,—for when the fowler's shot brought the bird from his eyry, and the villagers wept over the clay-cold corpse of the hoary-headed peasant, I deemed not that death extended to the young—that I, too, should be laid beneath the green sod!—Ah! well—mine is the fate of all. (*Musing and replenishing his pipe.*)—Solitude! I loved thee then—and I love thee yet. True—at times I sighed for a heart congenial with my own,—whose chords

might vibrate at the touch of joy or of sorrow,—where the sympathies of humanity and love and friendship might awaken sweeter music than do the night-breezes playing amid the strings of an Æolian harp;—but age and experience cooled the fervour of youth, exposed the hollowness of the world's professions, and shewed me the exact and preponderating amount of selfish alloy that debased the pure gold of woman's affection. On all this I reflected—(*The Lieutenant, who has entered the apartment unnoticed, and overheard a portion of the preceding meditations, interrupts the monologue.*)

SIROC.

Nathaniel Nestor, avast!

NESTOR.

(*Starting to his feet, and seizing the intruder's hand.*) Lieutenant Siroc, my best and oldest friend?—

SIROC.

Even so—that is—Lieutenant Siroc at your service, but of solitude not over-fond,—and, if your words belie not your belief, no friend.

NESTOR.

Nay—pardon me—I was in one of those melancholy moods, to which, you know, I am frequently subject, whenever disappointment casts a cloud over my prospects.

SIROC.

Pshaw! Lay down that Dutch humbug, and the cloud will vanish—can't you be satisfied with a yard of English clay?—and “exposed the hollowness of the world's professions!”—umph!—

NESTOR.

Come, come, be not angry. Besides, you misunderstand me,—the remark does not apply to you,—my spleen was directed against the female sex—

SIROC.

Zounds! and what objection have you to the female sex? And what entitles you, pray, to open your mouth upon the matter?—Here am I, Lieutenant Siroc to-wit, who have been a married man these eight-and-thirty years, and never had my temper ruffled by a domestic squall:—my Maggy—God bless her!—is the most faithful, obedient and affectionate creature that the soul of man could love:—Why—without her, I should have been, at this precious moment, as crazy and useless as a brig in a storm minus her helm and sheet-anchor,—or like you there, Nat Nestor, an old gnarled oak planted apart from the other healthy and productive trees that enliven and adorn the landscape. You!—you are dead to the most rational pleasures of life:—I have a daughter—aye, and she's worth a dozen—who inhabits all her mother's virtues and all the mildness of her father—blow me!—(*Softening.*) My poor Tom was taken from me after his first voyage—Heaven's will be done!

NESTOR.

My dear sir, I participate in your grief; nor do I think the picture of your hearth and home too highly coloured. But—

SIROC.

You love the haunt of the moping owl!—umph—Now, I'll be sworn, had you been left this blessed night to the dust and dreariness of these here shelves, crammed though they be with—as Courtly would say—'the breathing thoughts and burning words of the never-dying dead,' you must e'en have doffed that ante-diluvian night-cap and hurried over to bid old Tom Siroc good night! So much for your solitude—bah!—Go, take a wife from the thousands of unprovided spinsters, whom the dæmon of emigration has doomed to pine in unprotected and unappreciated maidenism.

NESTOR.

Lieutenant, you're uncommonly animated.

SIROC.

Animated! wounds! Go, get spliced, Nat, and be re-animated! Seek the lost rib of thine own bones, thou fraction of mortality, and be a whole man. How can you expect the world to deal evenly with you, who deal oddly with yourself? Away to Gilfillan—that jewel of a song-writer—or Mackay Wilson, or Swain, or Lietch, or Everett, or Riddell—all excellent and true worshippers of the Nine—away to any of them I say, and lay in a stock of Sonnettas of the proper sort, the which let fly right steadily at the first fair sail you observe bearing down upon you in all the gay and gorgeous gallantry of youthful womanhood; don't recline on your beam-ends the whole of your days, like a sea-worthless hulk—(*confusion of tongues without—the sounds become gradually more distinct—the voices of Dr. Ploddem and the Beau are heard in altercation*)—ah! here comes your man;—now, state your grievances, Nat, to Courtly, who, I perceive, is in the best of humours to pour you out a cup of comfort. (*Enter Dr. P. and Courtly, with Mr. Placid in the rear.*)

MR. PLACID.

Gentlemen, be pacified,—why quarrel about an event which was purely accidental?

COURTLY.

I know not what you term *accidental*, Mr. Placid, but I feel assured, that, had the Doctor only listened to sound reason and solid argument, no such clumsy accident would have befallen us.

SIROC.

Why, how now, my heartys,—what's all the fuss about?

COURTLY.

Not about nothing, I reckon. Hear the history of my never-sufficiently-to-be-deplored misfortune. As bad luck would have it, I resolved, in my simplicity, to accompany the Doctor, along with Mr. P., to Nestor-House, and just as we had commenced our journey, a



big black cloud came sweeping from the west and nearly drenched us to the skin. Subsequently thereupon I proposed, as was most natural, to apply to our excellent host of the rubicund Lion for a comfortable chaise, a careful driver and superb cattle—but no! The proposition did not accord with the antiquarian views of Dr. Ploddem, who moved an amendment, which, by an artful appeal to the third party, he ultimately carried, and left me in the minority.—

DR. PLODDEM.

Allow me to conclude, for you'll not have done by to-morrow's dawn. The sum and substance of the story is this—I had purchased a few days ago a fine-looking pony, and it struck me, I might venture to try it in harness, especially as my gig had been long unused and possessed ample accommodation:—we had scarcely reached the suburbs, when, owing to some deficiency, one of the wheels flew off, the pony took fright—the Beau was precipitated on a mud-heap at the side of the pavement, and—what was certainly provoking—at the very moment when certain gracious tokens of recognition were being exchanged by Master Matthew and a certain lady passing at the time, with whom he expected to dance to-night. The animal was stopped by the toll-keeper and we escaped without further damage.

SIROC.

So—ha! ha! ha!—the amendment was thrown out after all?

DR. PLODDEM.

Yes—the original motion was carried.

SIROC.

Come, Matthew, bear up under your mishap,—I have game for you.

COURTLY.

Sir, I could easily enough have suffered without a murmur—in other circumstances,—but I had particularly engaged myself to be one of a Quadrille party under the superintendance of that exquisite violinist and magnificent professor of the invigorating, healthful and spirit-stirring dance—Mr. Martin—a young man, whose indefatigable perseverance and successful tuition entitle him to the most liberal patronage of the public at large, and—

SIROC.

Beau! Why ply about in that style? Enter your port at once, and have done.

DR. PLODDEM.

Aye, aye—to the confession *sans ceremonie!* You wish to prove, I presume, the enormity of my offence in disarranging the labours of the toilette, and the magnitude of your suffering in being so terribly humbled before the idol of your soul. Well, I plead guilty to the charge in all its amplitude—do you forgive me?

COURTLY.

On one condition—that at Mr. M's ensuing Ball you display your antiquarian figure in the mazes of a contra-dance.

## DR. PLODDEM.

Nay—on any more rational condition—unless you will be satisfied with a substitute in Mr. Placid, who, I believe, will not object.

## MR. PLACID.

I have certainly expressed myself, on many occasions, averse to those mixed assemblies, where an indiscriminate multitude are admitted, where the vicious and the virtuous meet on an equal footing, and where the characteristic impudence of the former often puts the modesty of the latter to the blush, and rudely interposes with his coarse jests or trifling inanities to mar the social and innocent amusement. Such meetings I abhor—where the impious and dissolute may take the fair hand of her, whose heart is a stranger to the depraved thoughts and impure passions which are fostered in their twice-corrupted souls. There is pollution in their very touch; nor can I help shuddering, when I thus behold a young female companioned with those, who are perhaps then excited with spirituous liquors, and will only leave her to terminate their debauch in a place that I feel a delicacy even in naming.

## DR. PLODDEM.

I appreciate your sentiments, sir;—but will you stand betwixt me and danger, should the Beau insist on his Jewish bond?

## MR. PLACID.

To oblige a friend, I shall not be backward, when my principles and consistency are not involved: you may therefore depend on me.

## SIROC.

I perceive by that nod of Courtly, that he is satisfied: and now, gentlemen, I beg to introduce to your notice a rare animal unexpectedly captured by me: his habits are solitary; he feeds on tobacco, malevolence and melancholy; and his name is very descriptive—*namely*, Misogynist or Woman-hater. Here he is—(*leading forward the President.*)

## NESTOR.

You are determined, I see, to persecute me. But jesting apart, remember we have business to transact.

## SIROC.

A mere subterfuge, which shall not save you. Master Matthew Courtly, I hereby most solemnly declare, that, in my own hearing, Nathaniel Nestor did wickedly and feloniously renounce all sympathy with the weaker sex, vowed perpetual seclusion from their society, doomed the whole of woman-kind to everlasting and interminable distance from the sunshine of his smiles, and deprecated them as creatures unworthy of the slightest confidence, fickle as the weathercock, and faithless as the Carthaginians of old.

## COURTLY.

Incredible! Nat Nestor a woman-hater!—he, who once and truly loved! Impossible!—Oh!

. . . . "Without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!"

## NESTOR.

And can you really perceive in the female character qualities sufficient to elicit your admiration and kindle your enthusiasm?

## COURTLY.

Unquestionably. They are invested with sterling excellencies which years and intimacy can alone discover. In the hour of difficulty and danger, which displays the greater fortitude—the husband or the wife? While *he*, dejected and miserable, broods over his misfortunes, sinks into despondency, neglects the usual avocations of business, and perhaps seeks relief from the remembrance of his sorrows in the intoxicating draught,—*she* banishes all personal considerations of comfort, wears an aspect of gladness and resignation, animates the desolate hearth of her husband's home, and not only draws upon the plentiful resources of her love to encourage and cheer the sinking heart of her less courageous mate, but also displays talent to invent, and power to achieve a deliverance from impending doom.

## MR. PLACID.

Your estimate is true, yet it is partial. Female passions, I admit, are strongest, but is not their superior strength most frequently exhibited in the worse features of human nature?

## NESTOR.

Aye,—and what is more—how often is their affection placed upon unworthy objects! I am sensible of the value of a *good wife*, and I am conscious of the existence and reality of such *invaluable* blessings; but the difficulty of attainment is tremendous, and the experiment exceedingly hazardous.

## COURTLY.

I reckon it labour lost to reason with you. Disappointment has engendered prejudice in your breast, mistified your conceptions, and congealed the well-springs of your holier feelings. Therefore, by your leave, I shall withdraw from the hopeless contest with the expression of my sincere wishes, that you may enjoy all the felicity, which segars, solitude and misogynism can impart to your pitiable lot. For myself I avow, that the attachment of one dear and devoted creature has ever sharpened my motives to exertion, and will ever continue to stimulate me to increasing vigour and more ardent zeal in the prosecution and discharge of every duty of life.

## NESTOR.

Be it so. Facts stare us in the face, which no argument, however plausible, and no declamation, however eloquent—can hide. In many

families deemed respectable, and professing to be religious, *vice is tolerated*,—inasmuch as the *notoriously* dissolute are suffered to cultivate an intimacy in the domestic circle, where righteousness is supposed to dwell, and poor contemned virtue is made still poorer.

## MR. PLACID.

Less blame, I should think, is attachable to the presiding heads of such families, than to the wayward dispositions of their unfortunate daughters who, with unaccountable folly and infatuation, set their single opinions in opposition to public sentiment, revile their friends as their enemies because they tender them the best advice, and cling with stubborn pertinacity to the worthless wretches, who form the sole and slender walls of partition between the formerly esteemed, though deluded, females of their acquaintance and the common prostitute. To our *young ladies* are we indebted for much of that laxity of morals and prevalent wickedness, which is the disgrace of our country. Rather say, then,—How is the noble nature of Woman degraded! or, to apply the beautiful image of Scripture—‘How is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed!’

## DR. PLODDEM.

Pray, gentlemen, be seated:—methinks a host of unanswered correspondents are at this moment loud in their demands for satisfaction. (*All sit—Courtly, with the assistance of the Doctor and Siroc, having succeeded in placing before the President a huge bale of contributions, Nestor proceeds to unloose the rope, and then speaks.*)

## NESTOR.

You have all perused, I presume, each of these papers, as they successively appeared before you. With regard to the destination of the major part of them, your opinion was unanimous, viz., that they should serve to light the intended bon-fire by which the servants mean to celebrate the safe deliverance of the Reform Bill and the dying agonies of a factious oligarchy. They constitute the contents of this unwieldy mass. The minor and more manageable bundle together with those that lie scattered about the table, comprises those articles which we thought meritorious and entitled to a larger or smaller measure of praise. The first is headed *THE CHRISTMAS ROSE*, and is signed *Aliquis*. It is evidently written by a person, who has no lack of ideas, but cannot command language to express them. He is, moreover, too prosaic for a poet. Hear two verses:—

‘Tis pleasing in a leisure hour  
To take a little garden tour,  
And view this lonely, lovely flow’r  
In beauty bright.

For other flow’rs we look in vain;  
Their num’rous tribes in death lie slain,  
And will not be revived again,  
Till Spring return.

Here are two from one pen—*LINES ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR—and—STANZAS.*

## COURTLY.

By *Scozzese* ! It strikes me I've seen the youth ; he is modest and anxious to do well, and should therefore be encouraged. If he be the author of those superior verses to THE MOON, I should say he is a poet of considerable promise. The first of his productions which you mentioned, Mr. President, is a list of common-place metaphors, concluded with an ordinary lesson of morality. You may give us a specimen, however, of his amorous lay.—(*Nestor reads.*)

I'll think of thee at morning's dawn,  
When dew-drops glisten on the lawn,—  
When birds unite their warbling lays  
To swell creation's song of praise.

I'll think of thee when skies are bright,  
Shedding on all gay beams of light :  
Or when dark storms o'erhang the sky,  
Thou to my heart wilt still be nigh.

I'll think of thee at daylight's close,  
When nature sinks to calm repose,—  
When moon and stars beam bright above,  
And hearts are touched with heavenly love.

## SIROC.

A fresh-water bard, I reckon. Out with that piece there written in a bold black hand ; I augur something solid from it.

## DR. PLODDEM.

Beware of appearances, Lieutenant,—you have not forgotten the terrible pirate, which you took for a French frigate, when you almost sailed into the jaws of destruction ?

## SIROC.

Bah ! Nor you—the rusty farthing which I imposed on you for a coin some hundred years old ?

## MR. PLACID.

Well, but let us have every thing in order. What have you next ?

## NESTOR.

THE BONNIE BORDER LASSIE, by *Amo Amavi*. Courtly, recite a couple of verses.

## COURTLY.

*Read* you mean. (*Reads*) :—

Oh ! bonnie lassie, quickly tell ;—  
I've wearied lang to ken your mind :  
Oh ! tell me, lassie, if my love  
A corner in your heart may find.  
Tho' sad and bashfu' I hae been,  
My love is o' the deepest dye ;

My looks and glances ye hae seen,  
But never heard the heaving sigh.

I've ken'd you lang,—I've seen you smile,—  
Yet words atween us few hae been ;  
I've often watch'd your eyelids fall  
An' hide your black an' bonnie een.  
A welcome suit does this foretell ?  
A welcome to your sweet abode ?  
Oh ! bonnie lassie, quickly tell,  
Ere age lays youth aneath the sod.

MR. PLACID.

There's room for improvement there:—but what follows ?

NESTOR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, by *M. J.*—The motto shall be recorded, with a single verse. The sentiments of the author are utterly subversive, says Mr. Placid, of sound doctrine:—

*Sovra le gemme e l'ora  
Hanno i veri sovente il pregio loro.*

Compared to deathless verse, how cold  
The brightest gem, the purest gold !

Whilst grateful Greece weeps o'er his bier,  
And mourns the noble hero's doom,—  
Methinks for him should fall no tear,  
But Glory's pall wave o'er his tomb.

It were the height of heterodoxy indeed to suppose of Byron, that—

“There 'midst the Seraphim on high  
A bright resplendent crown he wears,”

merely because

“He sang of Love, and Love's sweet pains,  
In high sublime enraptured strains ;”

yea, even though

“His course below was honour bright,  
Erratic as a meteor's ray,” &c.

SIROC.

I'm sadly disappointed. Haven't you another by the aforesaid *M. J.* ?

NESTOR.

Yes,—and I think it superior. It is, therefore, in the meantime added to another list, containing such as may be honoured with a separate place, or be noticed at a future sederunt. Before adjourning, will the Doctor favour us with a specimen of that hieroglyphical character, which has puzzled the brains of most of us, and materially dimmed the lustre of Courtly's eye ?

DR. PLODDEM.

Be cautious, friends, how you speak anent this MS. It hath many a rare jewel within it. The writer has genius, though by future ages

alone his worth may be appreciated. Listen, while I repeat a passage which—with considerable difficulty I confess—I have succeeded in transcribing:—you shall have it *verbatim et literatim*:—it is from an address to some great monument erected in commemoration of Waterloo!—

Your spiking Tower not more be enveloped  
In stormy clouds, than was these warriors great—  
Nor will your massy pillar more to do  
When thick beset by the foul bitter blast  
Whose sharpest hail besmear your every part  
So keenly crusting all your rustic ribs, &c.

COURTLY.

Strong, vigorous and graphic.

DR. PLODDEM.

Reserve your plaudits for, if possible, still better *morceaux* to come. The next quotation is highly descriptive of a rural scene:—

The happy cottager at morn equipt,  
With face contented, sling his little bag  
Across his ragged coat and strong built chist,  
All in his straw-made boots does plunging plod  
Along the rutted road and gaping holes—  
Well mettled headed hammer in his arm,  
Whose lengthened shaft does well denote its use—  
Thus stageing up to thé well-measured plot,  
Does sit him down to strop the threadbare coat;  
Then to the task begin with all his might, &c.

I shall just indulge you with a few stanzas taken at random from a long poem on the Lighthouse and Pier of Berwick;

What be her potion when the dreadful swell  
Come bursting forth upon this fabric tell;  
Impossible to count the monster wave  
While driving forth upon this building brave.

The frequent introduction of *fire* in the succeeding verse exhibits old Ocean with singular but overwhelming power,—leagued, in fact, with the sister element for the surer accomplishment of his awful purposes. Could this discovery be made by any, save a poet's eye “in a fine phrenzy rolling?”

Another effort, many waves combine  
To *fire* the fabric, all in *fire* shine  
The *fiery* fluid, run as wild-*fire* wild,  
While calmly stand the Tower and full of mild.

Again,

Tis *fire* indeed, but not the *fiery* storm,  
She burns in *fire* untill the welcome morn.

\* \* \*

In the midst of such dire doings and confusion, it could not be ex-

pected, that fair Tweed should remain an unconcerned spectator. Accordingly our author, after intimating that "sweet Tweed does frighten at the wondrous swell," proceeds,—

She hides her face asham'd at such profusion  
This body surely cannot be delusion—  
No sooner said, again another mountain,  
Came sweeping on from that majestic Fountain.

Convinc'd at once, this is the Tweed's great mother,  
For surely there can not be such another—  
Again surprized, as from the ocean's sweep  
Pier, parapet and all appear a deep.

\* \* \*

Tis the ninth wave, and all is fearful now,  
Perplexity appear upon her brow,  
She shows her bald head in terrific gown,  
And o'er the lighted Tower has wildly flown.

COURTLY.

Enough—enough. I trust, that Mr. Burnet of Leith will rescue the whole of this author's inestimable MSS. from the obscurity of the closet; and give to a name, that must be endeared to posterity, a prominent place among "THE UNKNOWN POETS OF SCOTLAND."

(*Servant announces dinner.*)

NESTOR.

Gentlemen, after an intellectual feast of so rare a kind, you will, I doubt not, enjoy my humble hospitality with ten-fold relish. *Bonus.*  
—(*Exeunt omnes.*)

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

WHENCE art thou come, thou bird of the flight,  
Since day last slept in the arms of night?—  
Whence art thou come?—ah! sure it must be  
From some sweet land far over the sea!—

Twelve hours ago on a tall rock I stood  
That raised its bare crest from an ocean of wood,  
Like a snow-cliff on the sun-dyed sea,  
When the wild winds in their dark caves be  
And the blue billows sleep silently.

And it was eve,—and the red day-star,  
Had driven down the heavens his flaming car,  
And in the fields of the western wave  
Had found for his steeds their diurnal grave;—



And in the east fair cloudlets went  
 In swan-like flocks o'er the firmament,  
 And in the rim of the leaden sea  
 Their sky-woven plumes dipped silverly !  
 But to the roof of the vaulty heaven  
 By no wild wind were these cloudlets driven ;  
 The dome was all bright and the temple fair,  
 For never a cloudlet had wandered there,  
 But in the rim of the leaden sea  
 Their sky-woven plumes they dipped silverly.

And I looked all around from the tall, tall rock,  
 And nought could I see but a simple flock  
 Of innocent sheep,—that far, far below,  
 Battered by the side of a streamlet's flow.

And I scanned the wide home of the breezy air,  
 But never a living thing flew there ;—  
 Tho' the heavens were clear and the wild winds still,  
 And the wide, wide world was beautiful.

And nought could I see from the tall, tall rock  
 But of snow-coloured sheep a simple flock,  
 That in the quiet vale far below  
 Battered by the side of a streamlet's flow.

Then, whence art thou come, thou sweet bird of flight,  
 Since day last slept in the arms of night ?—  
 Whence—whence art thou come ?—ah ! sure it must be  
 From some sun-shiny land far over the sea.



## CHURCHYARD RECOLLECTIONS.—No. II.

BY MARY WARKWORTH ARABIN.

A FAMILY burial-ground, of a circular form, occupied a considerable space in the immediate vicinity of poor Emma's remains. It was enclosed by a light railing entwined with parasitical plants, and intersected by a walk bordered on each side with sweet scented flowers ; while jasmine, myrtle and Chinese roses, growing in front of two marble octagons in the centre, gave altogether to this spot a hallowed air of gentle repose, differing in character from any of a similar kind I had ever visited. I had often contemplated this little cemetery with peculiar interest, not only from the care evidently taken in its preservation, but from the early deaths recorded on the marble.

An elderly gentleman was sometimes to be seen bending over its entrance, or lingering by the tombs ; and, upon describing his appearance to an old Sybil in the village, I learned, that he had been in some way connected with the Selwyns of Dingwall Park, whose burial-

ground this was ; but to what extent, she did not know, for though a will had been made, failing their immediate descendants, in his favour, money and moveables only had devolved upon him, and the large estate had gone to a very distant heir-at-law from an irregularity in some legal forms. In the course of one of my visits to this neighbourhood, I had, at length, an opportunity of being introduced to this gentleman ; and, during one of our interviews, he gave me the following recital, which, unconnected as it was, had, at least, power to interest my best affections.

“Dear, dear Eva,” he began, “I remember her now as when a thoughtless boy of eight years old she first taught me the power of virtue and beauty united in a female form. Myself an orphan and little cared for at home, my earliest affections were reserved for this interesting being, who, when I first remember her, occupied a humble but neat dwelling in the picturesque neighbourhood of I——. Scarcely emerged from childhood she was herself a mother, and the little Frances, to whom I made myself familiar by assisting her to gather wild flowers, first introduced me to her acquaintance.

Her mourning dress, and deep melancholy excited but one conjecture,—that she was a widow,—for the sweet sanctity of her whole deportment, aided by the unremitting attention of the good old minister of the district, removed every injurious suspicion. For many hours in the day Eva was busily engaged in embroidery, by means of which she supported herself and child ; and sometimes, she would sing me long mournful ballads, such as *Gil Mories—Chylde Waters—Fairly Fair, &c. &c. &c.* Ah ! these hours were, I think, when I thus recollect them, the happiest of my life. Yet, among other things, that strongly attached me to this young and isolated being, were the tears of irrepressible sorrow I so often saw her shed. At times, as if impelled by sudden recollection, she would throw her work aside, lean her head upon the table, and sob long and convulsively. On these occasions I sat immovable, impressed with all the sacred respect due to grief, while Frances, creeping towards her mother, would lay her little head on her bosom and weep in sympathy.

This intercourse continued nearly three years, when suddenly a change took place in the manners and appearance of Eva. Her embroidery was thrown aside, and she would take long walks accompanied by a stranger, whose handsome person and elegant manners excited general attention in this secluded neighbourhood. Happiness is the real alchemy that can transmute every form into its own likeness, for, neither in the graceful elasticity of Eva’s movements, could any longer be recognised the measured tread of the pensive mourner, nor, in her animated countenance, a trace of the desolate expression which had been its prominent characteristic.

In a few weeks she was married to Mr. Selwyn and left I——, but not before she had made a proposal to take all charge of my fortunes on herself. Not to interrupt the course of the following narrative, I may here briefly state, that I was afterwards placed at a celebrated Academy, thirty miles from their own residence, where I visited them during my holiday recesses,” &c. &c.

“ For ought that ever I could read

“ Could ever hear by tale or history

“ The course of true love never did run smooth.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Eva was the daughter of a village Schoolmaster, who had spent many years at sea, though originally intended for the Church. His had indeed been the varied life of a refined and sensitive mind struggling with disappointments, and when, unfitted for active service by severe wounds received in both arms, while attempting to suppress a mutiny among his crew, he sank, in the prime of manhood, into the humble sphere of a village teacher, he renounced all hope as a delusion; and his subsequent union with a young and pleasing woman, scarcely roused him from his lethargy. He married her because she loved him, and though she could never fill the aching void in his heart, she was always treated by him with that considerate tenderness due to her confiding attachment. The interesting character of his daughter first recalled him to the consciousness of existence. The sweetness of her disposition, that precocious refinement, which *divined*, as it were, without *understanding* the isolation of his heart,—and the beautiful expression of her features, which so forcibly reminded him of one, who to him could never die, called forth the latent tenderness of his nature, and he felt that even for him a charm in life was left. In her infancy, she would follow him with the first expanding leaf of spring, the first opening rose of summer, and lead him by the hand to the sweetest haunts of the Sylvan D—, —point out to him the sparkling of the sun's rays upon the river,—attempt, as if sportively, to catch them, and shake her little head mournfully at the disappointment,—then climb into his arms, gaze long and tenderly upon his fine and pensive countenance, smile till she saw him smile, and sink at last upon his bosom. To this sensibility was united, as she increased in years, a strength of understanding which, without diminishing her claims to tenderness, imparted to the sentiment a respect which it is unusual to feel for one so young, and her father soon learned to consider her not only as a sympathizing but an appreciating friend, and the cultivation of her intellect then became his dearest employment. Into her ears, as they wandered along the wooded banks of D—, would he pour the history of his past life—his early and blighted hopes. With her he could converse on the peculiar feelings of his mind—of his utter alienation from the adopted habits of the world. With her he could expatiate on the unutterable delight imbibed from the beauties of nature, when the woods, the glens and mountains, rising sun and falling eve are all your own, yet advert to the undefinable longings of the human heart for sublimity, tenderness and holiness, which nothing on earth can satisfy. He delighted, at nights, to linger with her in the small but romantic garden of his cottage, watching the effect of moon-light on the river which wound through the vale beneath and the shadows of the deep woods on the opposite banks, while nothing was heard but the murmurings of the water, the soft rustling of the leaves and the almost indistinguishable chirpings of the little nestlings beneath the parent wing.

If, after such walks and conversations as these, he trembled for the

future happiness of his beautiful child,—for she might well have recalled to his poetical mind that sweet and delicate oriental flower, which only lives while suspended in the air and dies if placed on the earth\*, —he would, in his fervent aspirations to heaven for her welfare, also mingle a pious thanksgiving for the possession of a being so pure, trusting that the same power who made her so would preserve her, whatever might be her trials, unsullied to the end.

From his practical knowledge of mathematics, particularly of navigation and accounts, Mr. Howarth's humble seminary was the not unfrequent resort of young gentlemen intended for maritime or commercial situations; and it was, when on the eve of entering the House of his uncle, a rich Hamburg merchant, that William Selwyn, grandson to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, was first introduced to Eva's acquaintance.

His polished yet natural manners first attracted her attention,—diminished that shyness and bashfulness inseparable from her retired education, and led her insensibly into an intimacy, which, with any other than her father, she had hitherto avoided. His contemplative and comprehensive mind, and his generous and unsophisticated feelings formed altogether a character most suited to the imagination of a lone romantic girl, and she soon loved and was beloved with an intensity and purity which may be heard of as a poetic illusion, but is seldom realized in life. Young Selwyn's stay in the country being unavoidably though unexpectedly protracted for nearly two years from their first introduction, this affection which, like many glowings of youthful fancies, might have been worn out by absence, became, by this habitual intercourse and perfect knowledge of each other's dispositions, identified with their very existence. Separation could not extinguish that essence which was part of themselves, and which breathed in and amalgamated with every beautiful object in nature; and they felt so secure in each other's affections that they never thought of exchanging vows at parting.

Upon his arrival at Hamburg, William was informed that his uncle had arranged a marriage between him and his only daughter, previous to his being received into the Firm. He candidly avowed his attachment to Eva, which, notwithstanding his gratitude for his uncle's intentions, rendered this plan impossible. His artful relation expressed no regret at this disappointment, rather signified delight at the candour of his nephew, and, by this means eluding suspicions, had many opportunities given him by William's open conduct, of which he availed himself, to intercept every letter directed to Eva for the remaining sixteen months of his life, satisfied in his own worldly mind, that total absence would soon eradicate every youthful impression, and that his favourite plan would be finally completed.

During this last mentioned period, what were the sufferings of Eva! Scarcely had she mourned the departure of her lover, when a malignant fever, raging in the village, carried off her tender and affectionate mother, and though her father survived the attack, a cough settled on his lungs, and a daily decay of mental and physical strength was the consequence. The avocations by which his family was supported

\* See Heber's Journal.

had successively to be discontinued, and pecuniary difficulties were added to other distresses, at a time, too, when more than usual comfort, more than accustomed support was essential to the preservation of his life. Alas! poor Eva, and William wrote not, though many months had elapsed,—nearly twelve,—during the aggregation of these sad calamities, and the suit of a neighbouring farmer, rejected formerly, was renewed again, and again, with undiminished assiduity. To this marriage her father did not urge her, for though, with an imbecility of mind incident to the long wearing-out of his disease, he regretted, that the union could not be effected, yet was he too well aware of the unassimilating nature of Mr. Morton's character and pursuits even to wish it. But still her father declined amid the privations of poverty, until his fine understanding became entirely clouded, and it was when his sufferings might be supposed to be drawing near a close that Eva, in a paroxysm of agony, became the wife of her persevering lover. Mr. Howarth survived the completion of this sacrifice only six months, during which time her husband's affairs had become a total wreck, and he himself had fled the country to avoid creditors, and, as with poetical justice for her infidelity, the full knowledge of William's situation had been disclosed in a letter from himself, in which he likewise informed her of his cousin's and uncle's death, and of his accession to immense property, &c. &c., of his intended return publicly to claim with her hand the inestimable heart which had long been his. Yes! Eva learned all this, as she watched in utter desolation by the side of her dying and unconscious father,—and though she soon closed that beloved father's eyes, so tenacious is human nature of existence—that she lived.

The sacred remains were scarcely laid by her mother's side, when, in compliance with her husband's request, who had enlisted into a regiment under orders for the West Indies, she joined him at —, but at the very moment of embarkation she was seized with so violent an illness, that she was left behind, and the fleet had scudded many leagues over the Atlantic ere the poor girl awoke to recollection. She was now a mother, and every feeling of bereavement, of sorrow and distress was forgotten in the new and delicious sensations that pervaded her youthful heart. She had now something to love, to live for, to idolize,—a spotless being all her own; and, as with an emotion akin to infant purity, like a rose-bud sheltering a dew-drop next its core, she pressed her infant to her bosom, she would find the freshness of renewed life and invigorated health from its proximity.

The minister of the parish where Eva had hitherto resided, introduced her to the acquaintance of his brother clergyman at I—, to which place she had removed soon after the birth of her child, and was by his kind interest enabled to provide for herself.

William Selwyn had only returned to learn the wreck of all his happiness, and again to wander about the earth; and it was about three years afterwards, when lingering in the romantic environs of Geneva, that he learned, from an old English newspaper, the melancholy fate that had awaited Morton on his arrival at Jamaica,—the whole regiment to which he belonged having fallen victims to the yellow fever. Of this account there could be no doubt, as the circumstance was narrated by an officer who had a personal knowledge of the event.

Many weeks had not elapsed ere Selwyn presented himself to Eva, who had long been aware of Morton's decease, and they were married, as I have related, with a prospect of happiness seldom to be met with.

The concluding lines of Thompson's Spring were truly verified in their lives.

“What was the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish,  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face,  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.”

Possessed of immense wealth, they only appropriated what was necessary for their rank in life, bestowing all extraneous dross in procuring happiness for thousands. They never mingled with what is called **THE WORLD**, prizing entire companionship too truly to fritter even moments away in such heartless association. Their circle was confined to a few sensible friends, whose literary acquirements, intellectual conversation, and freedom from received prejudices incited their own researches, and kept in play those mental energies, which might otherwise have stagnated; and, while a mutual participation in varied resources, prevented that irruption or chasm in sympathy so frequently in married life the death of affection, a partial restraint heightened, if possible, their succeeding hours of uninterrupted communion. They would take long excursions amid the sublime and imposing scenery of their native land, and return with renovated spirits to dispense their bounties and enjoy tranquillity amid their own romantic shades. When last I visited Dingwall Park,—five years after their marriage,—they had just returned from one of these excursions and had only embraced their children,—two besides Frances being added to their family,—when I entered, and oh, madam, if happiness was ever personified on earth, it was in the group before me. The manly face of Mr. Selwyn beamed in tranquil bliss, while his wife's had that soul-lit expression, which reminded me of Scottish melody, that even in its most cheerful airs inspires a melancholy tenderer and dearer far than joy. I passed some weeks with them,—every minutiae of which period is indelibly imprinted on my memory. Ah! they were indeed weeks of happiness, in each day of which as many years have since appeared to me to have been comprised. The day for my departure at length arrived, and was ushered in by one of those balmy summer mornings which infuses a new tide of life into existence, and, as I entered the breakfast parlour, it breathed all the fragrance of an oriental atmosphere.

A thousand perfumes wafted through the glass door which opened into the garden, the more domestic birds “sang love on ilka bough,” while the soft wailing of the more distant stock dove-gave an additional melody to the general poetry of nature. Eva met me from the garden, enquired for Mr. Selwyn who had not yet made his appearance, and, in order, if possible, to render the room more delightful,

called upon me to assist her in gathering his favourite flowers to place afresh in the flower-stands. The breakfast table was drawn near the garden entrance, his chair placed, &c. &c. yet he came not.

The first half hour of expecting Mr. Selwyn was passed in tolerable tranquillity; but when another passed, and yet another, she became seriously uneasy, as even an occasional absence was quite unusual. The whole day was spent in fruitless searchings and sickening apprehensions, and evening was approaching when at length Frances came running to tell us, (it is unnecessary to say my departure was postponed,) "Papa was coming from the water side."—"Oh my love, are you come at last?" Eva had said, before she fully observed the horror-stricken face of her husband, who had thrown himself on the first chair that presented itself. "Oh what, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, as she sank on her knees before him. Frances, whose affection as a child for Selwyn was little short of her mother's in intensity—altogether she was the most singular child I ever saw—impressed with the idea that something dreadful had happened, also approached him, but he repelled her with so abrupt a movement, as to throw her against the door. Blood streamed from her nose, but it was not till clasped in her mother's arms, whose white garments soon assumed the same ensanguined hue, that he seemed to comprehend what had happened, and his anguish was then so great, that he could scarcely be persuaded he had not murdered her,—and Eva had been folded again and again to her husband's breast, ere his agony found utterance in words. Then suddenly tearing himself from her encircling arms, he exclaimed in broken sentences—"This—this—is crime unsanctioned by God and man. You are not mine—Eva, my own pure Eva!" Then holding her face towards him, he noted it with such an intensity of tenderness as to drown her very soul in tears, though an indefinable awe restrained the expression from her eyes, and repeatedly pressing his cold lips to her eyes and forehead, he hollowly murmured—"This is the last kiss of earthly love, of earthly joy." Then rapidly pacing the room, he muttered in broken accents, as if debating within himself. These words were at last distinguished—"Oh God of Heaven, aid me in this dread extremity!"—he approached Eva who, with her face hid by her hands, had sunk on her knees by a chair. "Thou art right, my love," he said; "Let us pray"—and together they supplicated the Almighty disposer of all events for help in their present need. Notwithstanding their fervour in devotion,—their resignation to the Divine will,—nature, all-powerful nature still asserted her claims; and when about half an hour afterwards I entered the apartment, Eva lay to all appearance dead on the floor, and her husband weltering in blood by her side.

Medical aid being summoned, it was ascertained, that the rupture of a blood vessel had taken place in Mr. Selwyn. His wife had only fainted. Ease of mind and quietude of posture were recommended. Ease of mind! alas poor William! what could now convert the envied rankling of your heart into that inestimable blessing?

Strolling, as was his wont, on that delicious morning, inhaling, with a joyous and grateful heart, the goods of God as they breathed around him, Mr. Selwyn had been startled in his path by a strange figure of a man whose hat was slouched over his forehead, and whose

large cloak but imperfectly concealed a coarse military garb beneath. "Good morning, sir," said the stranger in a hoarse tone of voice. William returned the salutation, mildly adding, "Friend, this path is private and if you have business at the house, the public access is more convenient for indifferent travellers." "I am not an indifferent traveller;" replied the man. "How so?" rejoined William, struck by the stranger's pertinacity. "Give me five hundred pounds and I'll not tell, or give me nothing and I'll tell," said the man. Convinced by such a speech that the poor creature was deranged, he hastened back in order that the madman might be taken from the grounds, lest Eva should be frightened at his appearance. "So, you won't speak," said the fellow as, with rapid strides, he overtook him and seized him by the arm. "You will not answer me; then by the powers above, thou invader of my rights, behold me!" Altered as he was by vice and change of climate, the unfortunate Selwyn immediately recognized the man.

He was Richard Morton, the depraved and living husband of his own wife,—his Eva,—who stood before him. His tale was soon told. The whole of his regiment, excepting a few individuals, had perished in the way recorded by the public papers; and, as he had, after performing quarantine, been admitted into another corps, he never troubled himself to inform his wife of his escape. In fact, all recollection of her was effaced from his memory until the return of his regiment to a Scottish station, when he had casually heard of her present affluence; and, as he intended to desert, it was to extort a sum of money sufficient to support him in a foreign land, not to claim his wife, that he thus presented himself to her present husband.

In an agony of mind, to which all description would do injustice, Mr. Selwyn but returned to the house to secure the desired sum of money for Morton, and accompanying him to the nearest sea-port town, saw him in a vessel fortunately under weigh to sail for America. In the first tumult of thought William imagined it possible to conceal the discovery and these transactions from Eva; but he was soon convinced that such concealment would stigmatise her fair fame by rendering her apparently a conscious infringer of laws human and divine. The disclosure was made, and its immediate effect has been detailed.

Had ease of mind been attainable, the situation of Selwyn was not such as to preclude hope, but, when at the view of Eva, as with the noiseless assiduities of tender woman she moved around his bed, the idea occurred, that she was no longer legally his,—that from this being so delicate—so affectionate—and so exquisitely beloved—an earthly separation, if he lived, must be the consequence, a fresh effusion of blood ensued and all hope of recovery was abandoned. He survived one month, and perhaps the most holy felicity of their hitherto blissful union was experienced during that earth-hopeless period, in that lone room, where darkness was only made visible in the day by occasional sun-rays penetrating through impalpable interstices of the window shutters, or in the night by a pale shadowy flickering from the shrouded rush light. Then, with her cheek pillowed by that of her beloved, did Eva inhale the inspiration that breathed through his low and interrupted accents. "Let us bless God, my love," he would say, "for the pure happiness we have enjoyed together, and



for this desirable termination, for how could we live separate here, my Eva, after we had known what it was to live together. And in those blessed regions to which we haste, for I feel you will not be long in following me, my best beloved,—in that city where neither moon nor sun are required to give light, but where the spirit of love and bliss is brightness ineffable—where all tears are wiped from all eyes—where sorrow cannot enter, neither separation take place,—our short-lived happiness on earth will be perpetuated to all eternity.”

Disease in a different form was making its ravages in another quarter of the house, and which for a fortnight previous to the dissolution of Mr. Selwyn had required the constant superintendence of an experienced physician. Frances and Eva, the two eldest children, had both been seized by a raging epidemic, and though aware, from the first attack, of the extremity of the case, such was the unceasing anxiety of Mr. Selwyn to have his wife constantly in sight, that, excepting when sleep rendered him insensible to her absence, she could not be with these dear objects of her affection—and the young Frances bewailed the privation so touchingly that poor Eva’s heart was almost rent in twain.

Little did William imagine that during one of these intervals, as she again softly placed herself by him, she had successively closed the eyes of her two promising and beloved children. She had but remained to see necessary duties performed, to gaze upon their still pure enshrouded faces—to press her lips alternately on each cold feature and had then rejoined her husband never more to quit his side until he too left the desolated world. A few hours before his death he asked to see his children. The little William was brought who, though he had escaped the epidemic, had pined hourly since deprived of his usual nourishment from his mother’s exhausted bosom—and so pale and attenuated did he appear, that his father, after pressing his pallid lip, faintly yet smilingly said, “He will not be long, my Eva, in rejoining us; dear little fellow, take him away—I shall meet him soon.” He enquired for the others, adding softly, “Oh could we all go a family to Heaven!” gazing emphatically on the representation of a Holy Family, a piece which hung above the fire-place. “Then, oh then all my earthly cares would be ended.”—“They are ended, then, my best loved,” breathed Eva, laying her cold cheek to his, “Frances and Eva sleep in peace.”

He never spoke again, whether incapacitated by emotion or exhausted by nature it could not be determined. From an occasional energy of eye it was thought he might be in prayer, for then he would press the hand of his beloved closer and closer to his bosom.—The pressure at length gradually relaxed—and the sorrows of William Selwyn had ceased for ever.

Eva only survived to see her little William confined by his father’s side—to breathe out her soul in thanksgivings to God for thus being allowed to rejoin them, full of faith, of hope, and of charity.

## SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O! THE gowan's in the glen, an' the winter is awa',  
 An' through the budding birken tree the simmer breezes blaw,  
 An' my heart's wi' my lassie, though my lassie's gane frae me—  
 O! my heart is wi' my lassie, for whaur else could it be?

Why did she leave the hawthorn vale, for the city's glitt'ring show?  
 She's no like to the city dames—they're no like her, ah! no!  
 Their looks are fu' o' warldly pride, but soul is in *her* e'e,  
 An' ye'se get a blink o' beauty, gin ye my lassie see!

An' it's—O! wi' her to wander far frae the city's din,  
 Whaur the bonnie streams meander—the singin' burnies rin:—  
 Whaur the laverock is piping his music in the cluds,  
 An' the blackbird is pouring his wild notes in the woods!

O! her love is ever true, an' her heart is ever warm,  
 An' her smile to nature's loveliness, it adds anither charm!  
 O! the gowan's in the glen, an' the lily's on the lea,  
 An' my heart is wi' my lassie—whaur'er my lassie be!

## REMARKS ON SACRED POETRY.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

THERE is poetry in scenery, situation, action and expression. The eye looks upon poetry when it beholds the moonbeams dreaming on the sea, or when awoke by the breeze, ten thousand times ten thousand undulations glitter on its bosom, like innumerable flambeaus springing from the deep. The hills and the rivers of childhood, and all that speaks of nativity—speak in poetry. There is poetry in the parting of lovers,—the meeting of friends,—in the solitary funeral and joyful bridal. There is poetry in the silent, murderous glances of defiance, with which two armies survey each other before the conflict,—in the wild fury of the onset; in the love of country and liberty, which rises superior to the charge and to death; and in the thundered triumphs of victory. There is poetry in expression, when Moses, in conveying an idea of the sublime Omnipotence of the Creator, says, "God said, *Let there be light,—and there was light.*"—When Nathan said unto David—"Thou art the man."—When Joseph says "Is your *father well*—the *old man* of whom ye spake?" When Homer, at once describing the Grecian hosts and their purposes, says—

"From the dark abodes,  
 Styx pours them forth the dreadful oath of gods!"

And equal to all but the first I have mentioned was the expression of Dr. Johnson upon his death-bed, when in answer to an enquiry he

found he had but few hours to live, he replied—"Then farewell and leave me,—let no one throw their shadow between me and my God." In a word poetry is philosophy on the wings of enthusiasm. It is to throw the whole heart and the whole mind into whatever we say, do, or write. The principle rules necessary to the writing of poetry may be divided into four—the three first make an orator,—the last a hero,—and the four combined—a poet. The first is—*Be in earnest*—the second is—*Be vehemently in earnest*—the third—*Be in earnest even unto death*, and the fourth is—*Fear nothing!* But to these must be added intense study, and knowledge of the human heart. A man of genius without study is like a clock with only a striking weight, running down at furious random, and annoying rather than benefiting society.

In so far as poetry will admit of critical analysis, its component parts may be said to be—*feeling, invention and perception.*

It is by no means an uncommon error to find authors aiming at sublime and powerful writing, by means the most opposite and inconsistent. Thus we find them writing as though sublimity consisted in swelling sentences and sonorous words, and the secret of power lay in a musical and well rounded period. And the fact is, they are merely crushing an emmet beneath a mountain of clothing, or placing a pigmy upon stilts. Sublimity and power lie in the idea; therefore the more simply and naturally they are clothed, the more striking and the more perfect will they appear. Language which is simple and natural can never be mean language, nor can it ever be poor and meagre, but it will always be the best, and the fittest that can be used upon all purposes and on all occasions. There is as much difference between simplicity of language and poverty of language, as there is between the blythe rosy-cheeked milkmaid, who trips singing along the meadow with the early sun, glad as the lark that joins her in chorus,—and the poor shivering, half-clad beggar, who with hunger deepening in his eyes, and disease upon his cheeks, begs as a luxury to be permitted to lie down upon the straw with the beasts of the field. Now, considered apart from their inspiration, it is this very simplicity which gives force, and additional beauty, to the power and sublimity of the poetry of the Scriptures. Even in our translation it possesses a loveliness, a quaintness, and freshness, which no other poem possesses in the original, unless perhaps we are to except the Iliad of Homer, whose style frequently appears to have been formed upon the same principles. Such indeed is the simple and unaffected beauty of the composition, that we may conceive the Holy Spirit not only inspired the sublime conceptions and declarations of the sacred poems, but in fact guided, or rather chose and dictated the very words and form of expression. Here there is nothing redolent,—nothing inflated. The words are "few and well chosen." The language is plain as the subject is lofty, simple as its truths are important and eternal; and well might the inspired penman say, "he who runs, may read." Every word was equally understood by the publicans and sinners, as by the scribes, the rulers and the chief priests, and was equally adapted to their capacity. Now, whenever a man, as was the case with the sacred writers, feels the magnitude of his subject, and has it seriously at heart, whether he speak or write,

the most natural and consequently the most simple form of expression will be the first to present itself,—and whatever affected critics may say about taste,—his is the only true taste, who will make use of the language so presented to his imagination. For all language is in bad taste which is not the most *useful* for the subject. It was in this simple and natural language, that the master-charm of a Demosthenes' or a Cicero's orations lay. It was from the language being universally understood, that

“resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will a fierce democracy.”

Most of our Biblical critics have exhibited infinite labour, to point out the laws of and affix measures to the poetry of the Bible. I cannot say that I consider them generally as having been very successful in their task. But whether the transcendent odes and hymns, with which the Scriptures abound, were measured by any forms of verse, or sung to the timbrel, the harp, and the ten stringed instrument, with pieces of music adapted to each like many of our own beautiful anthems, in no way interferes with the matchless poetry with which they teem.

And not only is plain and natural language the only legitimate form of expression for the powerful and sublime, but it is even more obviously the proper clothing of the tender and pathetic. David's unequalled lament over Saul and Jonathan is an irresistible proof of this. Language to be effective ought never to have the appearance of being studied. Poetry knows no language but that of the heart, and when dressed in the artificial garb of the schools, its beauty is hidden beneath the “foreign aid of ornament.”

Next to its unadorned style, the distinguishing excellence of Scripture Poetry is derived from the subject, and the ardent, glowing and holy enthusiasm of the writers. The inspiring principle of their muse was *Faith*; not the cold languid faith of mere believers; but “Faith working by love”—Faith in many instances “perfected by sight”—Faith such as the apostle describes in the eleventh chapter of his epistle to the Hebrews. It was a living fire in their hearts, glowing, bursting upon, and illuminating their pages. I hope—I almost believe, that one, who is not convinced of the everlasting importance of the sacred writings, would not come to hear a Lecture on Poetry. I trust, I believe,—with the Poetry of the prophets and the holy men of old, you are all acquainted. It was the first Poetry I was ever taught to lisp,—it was the first with whose existence I was made acquainted. It was the first, and I hope it will be the last with us all. Even considered as mere poems, apart from their eternal importance, where is the historian who has dipped his pen in the poetic, the just, the sublime descriptions of Moses? Where is the poet who has equalled him in his episodes, which, instead of merely relieving the flagging attention of the reader, are delightful and necessary links, in hurrying on the narration. Who has forgot the day when he wept over Abraham journeying to Mount Moriah to offer up his well-beloved son Isaac; and utterance failing when, arrived at the appointed place, the intended victim said unto his agonised father, “Behold the fire and the wood—but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?” Or who

has forgot the day, when he read and re-read, and wept and wept again, over Joseph's being sold into Egypt; followed him through all his sufferings and exaltations, and again shed tears of mingled joy and sorrow, when the disconsolate patriarch exclaims, "Joseph is not, —and Simeon is not—and will ye take away Benjamin also?" Oh, where is the heart of believer, or unbeliever, that has not melted at Poetry like this? Where is the Essic that can equal in its awful sublimity and the successful arrangement of its machinery the wonderful poem called after its hero,—Job? Homer, in the exuberance of his unbounded imagination and invention, runs frequently into redundancy and confusion in the multiplication of metaphors; but in Moses and the sacred Poets, there is not a word too much. Where is there a hymn of triumph like that of Miriam? gratitude! patriotism! piety! joy!—bounding like a stream of fire through every line. Where is there to be found the Poetry of sarcasm like that of Elijah's quiet, bitter, triumphant rebuke of the worshippers of Baal—"Call louder!" or "*Perhaps he is upon a journey!*" Or has not the Shepherd king in his psalms and his songs of praise combined all that is beautiful and magnificent in Poetry? How overwhelmingly sublime is his description of the God of Israel, who "*bowed the heavens and came down,*" "who rode upon the wings of the wind!" how awful is the image of the "thick darkness" of the "earth shaking and trembling," of the "hills smoking and removing out of their place," and the "foundations of the deep opening, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils!" Where is there to be found a union of all that is beautiful in pastoral poetry, and perfect in song, equal to his 23d Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; he maketh me to lie down by the *quiet waters.*" This inimitable song must be dear to us all, it steals the mind back to the quiet peaceful days of childhood, when its numbers were the evening and morning whisperings of our pillow!—Days! guileless and peaceful as its own never to be equalled strains. I think it is impossible to read or repeat the 23d Psalm, without feeling ourselves better than we really are, and something of the innocence of early years revisiting our bosom. In a different spirit, but equally poetical, is the 132d, sighing through the heart in a strain of sorrow, and rousing it to vengeance and indignation, where he says—

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept." Although the concluding part of this Poem is generally omitted in our metrical versions, I consider it as a whole to be perhaps the most perfect ode in any language. In speaking of Job, I forgot to mention that awful embodiment of a spiritual substance in the fourth chapter, which without being represented as substantial is *felt* by the very reader as though it were tangible. But passing over the power of Ezekiel, and the pathetic strains of Jeremiah, turn we to the mightiest master of song that has appeared upon the earth,—the gorgeous, impassioned, and fiery Isaiah, before whom Mæonides himself shrinks back, and from whom Virgil copied one of his best productions.

Think of the ghostly welcome of the Egyptian king and their *welcome brother*. Where is the Jew or where is the Gentile that can read without awe, without feeling, without delight, his fifty-third chapter, commencing "Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a

tender plant,—as a root out of a dry ground.”—And again “He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.” The poetry of this beautiful chapter can only be equalled by the wonderful, the literal fulfilment of the glorious prophecy. And not less exquisite is the fifty-fifth chapter beginning, “Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and ye who have no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.” This is a poem which we might read every day in our lives, and every day with new delight. I might refer to many of the Proverbs in their terseness and truth; and especially to the excellent poetical imagery of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes beginning “Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them.” And while speaking of the writings of Solomon, it may be expected that I should refer to his pastoral poem called Solomon’s Song. I certainly am convinced of its poetical beauties; but at the same time, making all allowance for the latitude of eastern imagery, I do think the metaphors occasionally extravagant, and perhaps I may be excused in saying, that I am one of those who consider its character questionable. And these are my reasons for not speaking of it in higher terms at this moment. But it is not only in the Old Testament, that we meet with splendid poetry, but the New is filled with poems of equal beauty and superior interest. Not to mention the whole Book of the Revelations, the mere history of our Saviour is a poem in itself of the deepest and most sacred interest; and were we to point out individual passages of surpassing beauty and sublimity, I would refer to the temptation in the wilderness—his agony in the garden, when the guilt of a past, a present, and a future world, gushed upon his sight, and fell upon his spirit,—to his crucifixion, resurrection and ascension,—to all the parables,—they are all poetry. What poem equals the description of the rich man and Lazarus, in the awfulness of its character, in the power with which it is written? Who is insensible to the poetry of the “seed sown by the wayside?”—but most of all to the most instructive and beautiful of all poems—the parable of the Prodigal son? the poor miserable being is ever present to the eye,—we ever see him as he is—carousing at the banquet,—yearning, mourning, fainting, and repenting in the field, and “fain to have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him!” Oh! how often has his exclamation “How many hired servants of my father’s house have bread enough and to spare, while *I perish* with hunger!” been responded in agony by thousands. We behold him again on his journey, and *hear* him exclaim as he falls down before his father “Father! I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight!” Longer I will not dwell upon the subject. And in conclusion I would add,—that where the poetry of the Bible is once implanted in the infant mind, whether by our father’s fire-side, or in those chiefest of British blessings our Sabbath Schools, it will never be forgotten—it will never depart from us. It will be a spirit speaking in our souls for ever. We may grow up, and we may mingle with the world, and we may cast our Bibles far from us, and we may become wicked men, and thoughtless women; but ah! those whispers of eternal truth, though even thought to be forgotten by

ourselves, will return, and return again, and when we wander in solitude, or lie sleepless on our pillow in the darkness of midnight, they will gush back upon our guilty minds, in texts, in verses, and in chapters long, long forgotten. Often, often have I wondered, when portions of Scripture committed to memory twenty years ago, and which at any other period I could not have recalled, have rushed back upon my memory in their perfect form. And oh! may they return, and return again to us all—now with consolation, and now with the small still voice of conscience, till they “turn us from the error of our way,” and “bring forth fruits meet for repentance!” And what poetry can so return to the heart, the conscience and the memory, after being effaced by years, but that inspired by Him who hath declared, “My Word shall not return unto me void; but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I have sent it?”

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THE STRANGER'S EVENING HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WERNER.

[The Translator has followed closely the original measure, and endeavoured to preserve the very natural and unaffected expression of deeply pensive feeling which characterizes this pathetic effusion of Werner.]

I'VE come adown the mountain side;  
The valley's still; murmurs the tide;  
Slowly I wander, full of care,  
And ever calls a deep sigh—'Where?'

The Sun seems here to me so cold,—  
The bloom all faded,—life so old,—  
And what you say—mere empty sound;—  
I am a stranger on this ground.

Oh! where art thou, my land belov'd,  
Long sought and fancied, ne'er yet prov'd,—  
Thou land to hope so green and fair?  
Thou land where roses scent the air?

Where my fond dreams aye love to stray,—  
Where friends long lost do greet the day;  
The land whose speech I know indeed?  
The land so rich in all I need?

I wander still and full of care,  
And ever asks a deep sigh—'Where?'  
The air gives back responsive sound—  
'Where thou art not, joy smiles around.'

## CRITICAL NOTICE.

*The Immortality of the Soul; with other Poems.* By David Mallock, A. M.—Holdsworth and Ball—London.—pp. 152. 8vo.

NEVER was Poetry at such a low ebb as at present. We do not mean, however, that there is a dearth of talent, but that publishers cannot find purchasers. No man, who can gain a livelihood otherwise, will think of applying to the Muses for the means of subsistence; and not even Fame—breathing blandishments from her silver trump, and lavishing promises of *posthumous* glory—can provoke the Laureate-Bard or any of his brother-stars to shed upon politic-clouded Britain a single ray of Epic or Lyric lustre. They seem to have undergone a total and irrecoverable eclipse, or shifted their position in the literary æther, to lighten any world but the world of Letters. For some time past, their place has been usurped by pretenders to starry magnitude and brightness; and the patronizers of the Fine Arts—among which we rank Poetry—have frequently been deceived by advertised puffs and puffing advertisements.

At this juncture, when the minds of men are fixed on one great object to the exclusion of every other, we should have thought it hazardous to speculate on an article which, the booksellers complain, seldom *pays* well, and rarely secures to the author an adequate remuneration. Need we mention Milton, or a few of the thousand, who were so pinched in life that they may be said to have died both *in* and *with* difficulty? We are aware there are private circumstances and considerations, with which the public are not supposed to be acquainted, that may induce some to run all pecuniary risks, and brave the brunt of critical sagacity. But to the point.

With unmingled pleasure we anticipated the publication of the volume before us, and believed it would give the earnest of supplying a desideratum long felt—a pure, classical, and sterling Poet. Our warmest hopes, our most sanguine wishes have been realized. The whole production breathes a divine fervour; taste is displayed on every page; each line is marked with grace and beauty. What our author himself applies to Campbell, we may safely and justly assert of *him*,—

'*He claims the golden harp and holed tongue.*'

Besides being a rich, elegant and harmonious composition, this delightful volume embraces every conceivable argument which an Essayist might adopt as the entire adductions of Reason upon the subject. They occur in the following order,—The universal belief of Immortality; Monumental Remembrances; the Love of Fame; the delight which the mind feels in picturing ideal scenes of purity and bliss, pointing to a higher state of existence; the Unity and Immateriality of Mind; Reflection on the combined powers of the Intellect and the Imagination, impressing us with the conviction of its Immortality; the power of the Soul in giving life to inanimate objects, proving her own plenitude of that principle; the power of Conscience—Remorse pointing to future retribution; the progressive nature of Mind, shew-



ing its capability for eternal duration ; the mysterious darkness which hangs over the moral world, contrasted with the benevolence of God, forcing upon us the conclusion, that, since He is Goodness, this gloom will be dispelled in a future existence ; Hope ; the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in *this* life, having reference to *another* ; and " Intimations of immortality from early reminiscences."

Afraid to trust our feelings, we shall withhold further eulogy, and permit the readers of the succeeding extracts to pronounce such terms of praise as they may deem fitting. The first we entitle

#### EGYPT.

Mysterious Land ! where Darkness lov'd to rear  
Her throne of clouds, o'er Time's revolving year,  
And vainly hop'd man's Science-beaming eye  
Might never pierce the deep gloom of her sky,  
Where are thy wonders ! where thy mysteries now ?  
Unveiled thy form—untressed thy sullen brow !  
Thy hundred-gated Cities, where are they ?  
Thy tow'ring Domes that hail'd the purple day,  
Thy Temples and thy Palaces ? The blast  
Of with'ring Death hath o'er thy glories pass'd,  
And crumbling Piles, and Monuments alone,  
Mark the sad spot where Egypt's splendour shone.

From the Second Part we take a scene of Summer Noon and Moonlight:—

#### SUMMER NOON.

'Tis summer noon ! The ethereal charioteer  
Has climb'd the loftiest steep in his career,  
And from his golden turret, hung on high,  
Pours in full floods his radiance down the sky.  
Windless the heavens—the circumambient air,  
Moveless, proclaims that Mightiness is there.  
Breathless the world—as with a mantling pall,  
Silence, in grandeur, has envelop'd all ;  
Hush'd is the torrent's voice—the insect's wing,—  
Death reigns—vain thought !—'tis Beauty slumbering !

#### MOONLIGHT.

Lo ! from their shadowy sleep the hills arise,  
A mellow'd lustre bright'ning round the skies ;  
Now has the orb'd Queen who rules the night  
Walk'd o'er the mountains, with her silver light  
Soothing the Darkness—who, in mildest mood,  
Meets her caress—and deigns thus to be woo'd ;—  
Has the pale maiden gain'd her skiey tow'r,  
That topples in the Heavens, at midnight hour—  
Transcendent scene—lo ! silence deeper still  
Enwraps the universe, all beautiful.

What can be finer than this?—

The *laughing* sky—the *music* of the deep ;  
 The *dallying* gales that o'er the meadows creep ;  
 The moonlight *dancing* on the waters blue ;  
 The morning mountains rob'd in *rosy* hue ;  
 The *gentle-minded* lilies—the *calm* bow'rs ;  
 The fragrant breath of *ever-blooming* flow'rs ;  
 The *droning* beetle—the *glad humming* bee ;  
 The frugal ant—the *equal* and the *free* ;  
 The gilded insects at their *airy play* ;  
 The small birds *warbling* on the dewy spray ;  
 The lark, *Monopolist* of *light* and *song* ;  
 The ethereal King, that *loves* to *soar* along ;  
 The home-stead guard, that *greet*s the opening dawn ;  
 The *sportive* hare that *gambols* o'er the lawn ;  
 The mingled *swell* of *happiness* that floats  
 Around, above, pour'd from a thousand throats !—  
 Mark well the phrases—words of love intense,  
 They shadow forth—**SUBLIME BENEVOLENCE !**

The minor poems, which accompany "THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL," are equal to any, and superior to most pieces of the kind. Two of them appeared in the *Border Magazine*, in one case considerably altered ; and, as we have reached the extremity of our limits, we shall quote one and refer to them again :—

#### SCENE,

*From Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh.*

'Tis a dull summer eve—the light of day  
 In leaden splendour fades along the deep,  
 On whose dark waters there are seen to sleep,  
 Like drowsy wave-birds, with their pennons grey  
 Folded—full many a gallant bark and gay.  
 Black are the Heavens—Night mantles o'er the sky  
 Like a huge fun'ral pall ! no glittering star  
 Spangles the death-formed coverlet,—the war  
 Of Earth, and Air, and Ocean, hath pass'd by ;  
 Hush'd is the lark's shrill song,—the bleating cry  
 Of the stray'd Lamb comes floating down the vale,  
 Borne on the slow wings of the flagging gale ;  
 Now it has reach'd yon misty mountain steep,  
 And the pain'd dam responds the mournful tale !

And now—ours is an emotion akin to that which filled the breast of an eminent Divine, on concluding a series of studies on the Psalms of David,—*the last alone has caused us uneasiness because we grieve that the VOLUME is done.*

## MATHEMATICS.

### QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

*Proposed by Mr. Matthew Panton, Etal.*

1. The hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is 25 chains, and its area 15 acres; what are the other two sides?

*Proposed by Mr. Thomas Ingram, Hutton.*

2. A weaver wove a web, which was rolled on a beam 22 inches round; when the web was finished, it was 33 inches round; now, if we allow the thickness of a thread (or the thickness of the web) to be one-twelfth of the eighth of an inch, what was the length of the web in yards, allowing it to be yard-wide?

*Proposed by Mr. William Weatherhead, Swinton.*

3. Two men, A. and B., bought a round piece of wood equally thick throughout; A. paid one-third share,—and B. the rest; A. proposes to have a slip, the whole length of the tree, for his portion. At what distance from the centre must the line be struck, the diameter being 40 inches?

*Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

4. Being lately employed to survey a triangular common belonging to a certain township, and having lost the field-book, I remembered that the segments of the base (made by a perpendicular let fall from the vertical angle) were 177 and 67 chains, and the angle at the vertex  $106^{\circ} 39' 44''$ ,—required the sides of the field and also the area.

*To the Editor of the Border Magazine.*

SIR,

As no answer has appeared to the 6th Question but an erroneous one from Mr. W. Weatherhead, Teacher, Swinton, I have sent you the true solution of the question. Mr. Weatherhead's first error is where he takes the latitude of Greenwich as an angle and the diff. of longitude as a side, and finds the meridian distance (as he says) between  $0^{\circ}$  and  $5^{\circ} 50'$ . But it is quite plain that by this method of working, the angle should have been the middle latitude between the two places, by which mistake his meridian distance, difference of latitude, and angle of bearing are all of them wrong. Also in his P. S. he states that the Wolf Rock and Lizard Point are nearly of the same latitude as that found by calculation: and on this account is at a loss to know the place meant; but he should have known that they are not in the same longitude, for it is quite clear that two or more places may be in the very same latitude and still be some thousands of miles apart. I beg leave to state (before I enter on the solution) that as authors differ in their account of the latitudes and longitudes of places, I have calculated to the nearest minute, omitting seconds. The latitudes and longitude I have made use of are taken from Mr. J. Robertson, late Librarian to the Royal Society.

**SOLUTION.**—As the sun is on the equinoctial, there will be no declination. And having the hour of the day and the sun's azimuth

## REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS. 47

from a well known process in spherical trigonometry, gives the latitude of the place  $51^{\circ} 29'$  N. Therefore Greenwich is the place left. Then with radius and the difference of longitude, 350, find a meridian distance (218) which being increased by about 1.21 of itself, or 10, as I was travelling toward the equator, gives 228 miles. Then 218 and 228 may be taken for the 1st and 2d departures. The distance 236.7 and these departures give the angles of bearing between the two places  $74^{\circ} 25'$  and  $67^{\circ} 5'$  and also the difference of latitude 64 and 92 miles, or  $1^{\circ} 4'$  and  $1^{\circ} 32'$ .

Hence the supposed latitudes are  $50^{\circ} 25'$  and  $49^{\circ} 57'$  and the meridional differences of latitude will be 101 and 145. With 101 and 145 taken with their angles  $74^{\circ} 25'$  and  $67^{\circ} 5'$  the differences of longitude are 362 and 343. Then by the Rule of Position the true departure or meridian distance is 221.6 miles. And with this and the distance the true difference of latitude is 83 miles, or  $1^{\circ} 23'$  S.; this taken from the latitude of Greenwich leaves  $50^{\circ} 06'$  N. for the latitude come to, and being on the meridian of  $5^{\circ} 50'$  W., gives the latitude and longitude of the Land's End, England.

Therefore Greenwich is the town I left, and the Land's End the place arrived at.

*George Giles, Teacher, Tweedmouth.*

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### *Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

#### BIRTHS.

At Armley House, near Leeds, on the 12th ult., the Lady of John Joseph Macbraire, Esq. of Broadmeadows, of a son and heir.

At Cheswick, on the 15th ult., the wife of J. S. Donaldson, Esq., of a son.

Here, on the 23d ult., Mrs. R. Fluker, Hidehill, of a daughter.

On the 27th ult., Mrs. Pratt of Adderstone Mains, of a son.

On the 1st inst., at Dunglass, the lady of John Hall, Esq., jun. of Dunglass, of a son.

Here, on the 3d inst., the wife of Mr. John M. Dickson, Wellington Terrace, of a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

On the 16th ult., at Stannington, the Rev. Robert Green, A. B., Vicar of Longhorsley, to Isabella, second daughter of the late George Hall, Esq. of Stannington Vale, Northumberland.

In Berwick church, on the 25th ult., Mr. Alexander Dixon, late of Coldgate Mill, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Milburn, Wallace Green.

At Alnwick, on the 26th ult., Mr. George Tate, draper, to Miss Horsley.

At Kelso, on the 1st inst., by the Rev William Kell, Thomas J. Steel, Esq., one of the Magistrates of this borough, to Miss Margaret Stewart, Bowmount House.

In Berwick church, on the 4th inst., John Brown, ship-carpenter, to Grace, second daughter of the Rev. A. Kirkwood, Baptist minister here.

At Stoneshiel, Berwickshire, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. J. Robertson of Coldingham, Robert Hope, Esq., Blinkbonny, Mid-Lothian, to Anne, daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq., of Pilmure.

Here, on the 6th inst., Mr. William Johnston, surgeon, Glasgow, second son of the Rev. Mr. Johnston of the High Meeting-house, deceased, to Miss Trotter, Bridge-street.

#### DEATHS.

At Paisley, on the 1st ult., Mr. William Maclaren, author of "The Life of Tannahill," and several lyric pieces of considerable merit.

James Thomson, so long known in the vicinity of Edinburgh by the title of "the Kinleith bard," died at Kinleith cottage on the 6th ult.—Jemmie was a strange old man, a sort of forester to the Duke of Buccleugh: we are not aware that any of his effusions were ever printed, but his tea cups, saucers, plates, &c. were all covered with his verses, executed at the pottery. He was an honest original, full of simple vanity, and thought himself a Burns, who, we believe, visited him.—*Berwick Advertiser.*

At Coldstream, on the 13th ult., Mary, second daughter of Mr. Henry Melrose, leather-merchant, aged 17.

At Kyles, on the 11th ult., Mrs. Fettis, widow of Mr. Ralph Fettis, farmer, aged 64.

At Belford, on the 14th ult., Elizabeth, widow of Mr. William Arkle, innkeeper, aged 63.

Here, on the 17th ult., Barbara, wife of Mr. William Stevenson, captain of the Ann smack of this port, aged 43.

At Nesbit, on the 17th ult., John James Walker, youngest son of Francis Walker, Esq., tenant there.

At Greenwich, on the 18th ult., at an advanced age, Mrs. Davison, late of Wooler, relict of Mr. James Davison, much and deservedly respected.

On the 23d ult., at the Rectory, Ryton, the Rev. Robert Alder Thorp, eldest son of Robert Thorp, Esq., of Alnwick, clerk of the peace for Northumberland, in his 35th year, deeply lamented.

Here, on the 26th ult., Mr. George Nicholson, Landing Surveyor of this port, aged 72.

At Old Heaton, on the 30th ult., Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. John Grey, aged 17.

At Coldstream, on the 2d inst., Henry, third son of Mr. Henry Melrose, leather merchant there, aged 13.

At his house in Union-street, on the 6th inst., John Burn, Esq., aged 73.

#### *To Readers and Correspondents.*

We shall gladly receive Q. FLAT'S proposed contributions.

EDMUND WAINSCOT has arrived.

J. S. H. has our best thanks for his *last* favour. It shall appear, if possible, next month.

Those QUESTIONS which have come too late for insertion shall be attended to.

THE  
**BORDER MAGAZINE.**

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No. IX.]

JULY, 1832.

[Vol. II.

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FRAGMENT IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

IN "The Wonders of the Heavens displayed"—a popular work on Astronomy, the author, Rev. C. Nelson, proposes a New Theory on the Proximate causes of Planetary motions in general. And in particular, he attempts to account for the elliptical orbit of the earth in the following manner:—As the equal action of the sun produces in the planets—orbis, whose parts vary their distance, the difference or variation is to be found or must exist in the re-actions of the bodies which are patients of such equal actions; for if the re-actions are different, the effect of the motions in intensity and direction will proportionally vary. In the varied re-actions, then, of the several planets is to be found the true mechanical cause of their elliptical orbit. The relative lengths of levers in systems in equilibrio are universally in the inverse ratio of the re-actions or momenta of the bodies concerned. In this case the levers are the portions of the medium of space, lying between the bodies and these levers, or portions of the gaseous space will vary as the re-actions. The mass and velocity of the sun are, however, uniform, and so is the mass of the earth; the only variable quantity, then, is the velocity of the earth; and in this variable velocity lies the varied re-action, which varies the length of the gaseous lever of space, and which by consequence produces the elliptical orbit of the earth.

If we keep in view this unerring mechanical principle, we shall easily determine the variable force which converts circular into elliptical orbits. It might be difficult, if, while the same phenomena existed, we found a planet consisting entirely of homogeneous fixed matter. All its re-actions would then be uniform, if acted upon by one uniform force, and a circular orbit would be the necessary result. The earth, one of the planets, and that from which we must reason in regard to the rest, is, on the contrary, known to be neither fixed nor homogeneous. It consists for the greater part, at least on its operative circumference, of moving and moveable fluids. Those, with reference to the fixed parts, have, as fluids, the power of accommodating themselves to external forces, by flowing towards any side unequally acted upon, and in this varied centrifugal power exist an unequal means and cause of re-action in the planets. Nor ought we wholly to lose sight of the different effects of fixation from cold, on two unequal masses of water at both poles.

But if those moveable fluids were equally distributed through or on a planet, still the varied re-actions would balance one another; and though the sum of the re-actions might be greater than if the planets were a fixed mass, yet the result would be an orbit nearly circular. We find, however, that upon the earth the fluids are not equally distributed, and that there is a great preponderance in the southern hemisphere. On examining a terrestrial globe it will be seen that, when in the tropic of Cancer, the sun passes vertical in a diurnal revolution over 200 degrees of land; but, when in Capricorn, not more than 90 degrees. Hence the earth's re-action is necessarily less at the former time than at the latter; and accordingly we find, that it is then in its Aphelion, and in the latter sign in its Perihelion.

When the sun is in Cancer, his mechanical impulses are directed towards the fixed masses of Asia, Africa and America; and the oscillations of the southern ocean, turned from the sun and coinciding with his impulses, re-act against the northern hemisphere, diminish the totality of the re-actions, and carry the earth progressively into its Aphelion.

On the contrary, when the sun is in Capricorn and vertical over the most expanded seas, the oscillations of those seas oppose the solar impulses, re-act with greater force against the fixed masses of the other hemisphere, and, by thus increasing the terrestrial velocity or momentum, shorten the lever or diminish the distance, carrying the earth progressively into its Perihelion.

Another statement of the same theory is given thus:—If we suppose the earth at its mean distance when the sun is nearly vertical over the equator, as in the first degree of Libra, the mutual impulses of the sun and earth are then as the square of the distances and as the quantities of matter. The sun (i. e. the earth) advances then in its orbit, as commonly speaking, to the first degree of Scorpio. Here, the declination having increased, the oscillations of the waters or centrifugal force of the earth coincides more nearly with the plane of the solar impulses, by which the terrestrial force is neutralized and its re-action diminished. This diminished re-action is then to be measured in equilibrio by an increase of distance or lengthened radius-rector which still is inversely as the square.

The declination increases as the sun advances, and the solar impulses and greatest terrestrial action approximate when the earth arrives at its Perihelion. The reverse of the process then takes place as the declination becomes more northerly in passing from Capricorn to Cancer, where the plane of the terrestrial force or swing of the great southern Ocean is at the greatest angle with the plane of the solar impulses; and then the opposition of forces diminishes the terrestrial re-action, so as to lengthen the radius-rector to the higher upsides of the orbit.

A third representation of this mechanical theory is expressed in the following terms:—The waters are at present, by the peculiar accommodation of the Perihelion forces, impelled in masses into the southern hemisphere in consequence of their increased momentum of oscillation and the diminishing re-action of the mass while in Perihelion. If the earth consisted of fixed parts only, the sun and earth's action would be reciprocally equal. But as the sun's action is perio-

dically vertical to a body of water which moves and accommodates itself to that action, so the re-action of the earth is unequal. Hence the earth falls into Perihelion, when its re-action is diminished by water, and ascends into Aphelion, when its re-action is increased by a fixed surface.

Now, I beg leave to submit to those of your readers who are acquainted with Astronomical Philosophy *whether there is not a system of mutual inconsistency pervading these three distinct statements.* If any of your correspondents would have the goodness to give me his opinion on the mechanical principles and facts involved in the theory, in itself so important, yet so full of confusion and contradiction and inconsistency in the terms in which it is exhibited; I should feel very much gratified. About 1790, a Mr. Jenkins published an Essay on Planetary Motion, in which he controverted the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation and attraction, and also the theory of Tides founded on that doctrine. His arguments are as follow:—

1. There can be no progression from inferiority to superiority without arriving at a point of equality.

2. The planets' centrifugal power, being once inferior to the sun's attraction, can never become superior to it without the planets' arriving at a point in the orbit where the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction must be perfectly equal.

3. The centrifugal force and the sun's attraction can never become perfectly equal without causing the planets to revolve in a perfect circle.

4. The planets can never move in ellipses, while the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction exist, nor can the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction operate, while the planets move in ellipses.

After illustrating each of these positions at some length, he adduces other arguments against the theory of gravitation, founded on the moon's revolution round the earth, &c. He then proposes a new theory subject, as he says, to fewer incumbrances, and capable of clearer proofs. And an essay on the solar system has been lately published in Aberdeen, in which the author attempts to show that the moon has a magnetic pole which is at all times attracted to the earth. He attempts also to prove that all the planets are becoming more buoyant; that this is the proximate cause of fixing their orbits in the system, and that the light of the sun is the element in which all the planets float and move.

*Abwick.*

J. S. H.

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FLODDEN FIELD.

BY LAWRENCE GLENDALE.

Now stand I, Flodden! on thy charnel ground,  
 And much I love to gaze upon the scene;  
 To cast mine eyes in pensiveness around,  
 And muse on what thou art—what thou hast been.  
 Wild, wayward fancy wings to days of yore,  
 When wasting war, with frightful death allied,  
 And silent grief and terror by their side,  
 Stalked o'er the upland hill that flowed with human gore.



Oft have I sighed o'er history's sullied page—  
 The page that bore the story of thy fame,  
 And told in tales of blood the ruthless rage  
 That strewed the field with many a gallant name.  
 No spot of all the wide-extended field  
 But to some warrior has supplied a grave,—  
 But shrines the ashes of the truly brave,  
 Whose love to either king he with his life-blood sealed.

Peace to your shades, ye once-lamented dead !  
 My soul reflective, from its inmost core,  
 Breathes in soft whispers, as I lonely tread,  
 In musing mood, your silent ashes o'er !—  
 Where is the rancour that inflamed each brave  
 And martial spirit to avenging strife !—  
 Ah here it ceased with the last sigh of life—  
 And friends and keenest foes partake a common grave.

O there's a thoughtful, sadly-pleasing gloom  
 Enwraps the soul, if we but tread upon  
 The hallow'd spot that proved a nation's tomb :—  
 And as the senseless sleepers were all known  
 To us, as that in each we'd lost a friend,  
 A glow impulsive the wrapt breast inspires  
 With warlike feelings,—wakes the slumbering fires,—  
 As if the spirits of the dead did with our spirits blend.

No trophied figure serves to point the place  
 Where Scotia's "forest flowers" so nobly fell ;  
 Nor rudest bust the sacred spot to trace  
 On which her monarch bade the world farewell.—  
 But ever hallowed be their lonely bed,  
 And ever cherished and revered their name ;—  
 Th' immortal muse shall celebrate their fame,  
 And in historic page their names be 'rolled and read.

The mountain bee, as with its drowsy boom  
 It wings the field, shall hum their requiem ;  
 Spring's sweetest flow'rs in countless myriads bloom  
 Upon their lonesome tombs ; and over them  
 The prickly pines their sombre branches wave ;—  
 While 'neath the moon, as sweeps the ev'ning gale,  
 Ten thousand sprites shall raise their plaintive wail,  
 And Morn her chrysal tears weep plenteous on their grave.

No royal pride doth now annoy their breast,—  
 No tyrant's frown disturbs their sound repose,—  
 No fear of conquests interrupts their rest,—  
 Nor hate of those who were their deadliest foes.  
 Cease, vain ambition ! cease to call it fame—  
 Against a brother's life to raise thine arm ;  
 To fill the world with feuds and wild alarm,  
 And by the spread of death to seek a deathless name.

## GLENGORROCH.

## A SKETCH.

BY EDMUND WAINSCOT, A. M.

THE clan of Glengoroch had long been staunch adherents of the ill-starred house of Stuart, and in 1715, when an ineffectual struggle was made by a descendant of that family to regain the sovereignty of Britain, their chieftain had fallen a victim to his Jacobitism on the plains of Kilsythe. After his decease the chieftainship devolved upon his only son Evan, then about thirty years of age, but who from prudential motives had been left at home by his father on the out-breaking of the insurrection, though he yielded not even to him in his attachment to the survivors of that race, nor in the ardour of his Jacobitical principles. With his years his zeal for the cause in which his father had suffered seems to have proportionally increased, since after the death of his lady, by whom he was left one beautiful daughter, we find him manifesting so intense an interest in its behalf as to be paying frequent visits to the exiled monarch at his mock court of St. Germain's. Perhaps the severity of the government, by which the extensive possessions of his ancestors had been reduced within the narrow compass of a few acres of waste and barren land, contributed not a little to keep alive this devotion to the cause of *King James* by exciting within him a corresponding hatred and spirit of revenge against the reigning family of Brunswick. Be that as it may, we are nevertheless certain that, when Prince Charles Edward, thirty years subsequent to the unsuccessful attempt which had proved fatal to his father, landed in the north to commence anew a struggle for the dethronement of King George, he found no one more ready to aid him in his enterprise than the poor, but proud-spirited chieftain of Glengoroch.

It was on a fine still evening in the autumn of 1745 that the clansmen of Glengoroch, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Highland glen of that name to share the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward who had reared his standard on the heath of Glenfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the side of the Gorroch mountain, in order to enjoy as long a view as possible of the 'tartaned warriors.' The anxious though somewhat proud interest, with which they gazed on their departing forms, deepened in proportion as the distance between them was magnified; and when at length an abrupt winding of the glen carried their kinsmen one by one from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the acclivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives 'awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather;'—while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengoroch which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengoroch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any further information from us. They will recollect that on the evening prior to the battle of Preston the royal army, under the command of Sir John Cope, lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th September 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground in profound repose; while many a less courageous Lowlander, who had either joined in the enterprise in a fit of enthusiasm or from a spirit of retaliation engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watch-fires blazing on the plain with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengoroch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armour; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword which hung unsheathed by his side was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from a wound in his side. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than of displeasure. The spectre (for such it was) glided toward the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then, fixing his lustreless eyes upon him, he pronounced in a solemn sepulchral tone—"Glengoroch, prepare, for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengoroch shall be no more!"—and as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till at length it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak and ask the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit, when suddenly the idea of his being in the presence of *Dhorach nan Dhu*, the mysterious being who was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind and rendered every effort to speak for some time abortive; though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling annunciation, a smile of sadness played upon his aged features, and on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed—

"Spectre! Phantom! or whoever thou art who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise foretold to me what shall be the destiny of the heirress of our house, that when the fatal blow shall fall upon his head, Glengoroch may die in peace!"

While he spoke, the spectre entirely vanished, but at the further end of the apartment the form of a lady in tears, and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the figure of the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased, on the novice and the nuns disappearing, and the gates being closed. Glengoroch sat for some time with his eyes rivetted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which overcame him at the latter apparition.

“And is it even so? are thus all my high fancies to be blasted for ever? and is it to fare thus hard with the last remnant of Glengoroch! Alas! my poor child—how are all thy father’s proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart, which could have smiled upon its own misfortunes, made to weep tears of blood for thine!”

During the remainder of the night he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed by the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at length began to break, and they were interrupted by the entrance of his old and faithful domestic Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a *confidant* than an ordinary serving-man. He entered the tent with a smile on his countenance, which became speedily dispelled as he observed that of his master overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengoroch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previous to Dugald’s appearance. By this time day-light had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze upon the floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald’s notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was “neither mair nor less than sinnin’ ains mercies to use baith day an’ torch light at the same time;” and this he did in a louder tone of voice than usual, chiefly with a view of arousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which from long experience of his habits, he readily saw, were passing in the chieftain’s mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and speedily assuming his wonted smile said to the venerable valet—“So, Dugald, you are quickly afoot,—you, for one, seem determined not to be backward in the fight:—how goes the time, Dugald? is the prince astart yet? and how are our English friends looking this morning!”

“Please your honor,” replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, “the sun is just beginning to keek out frae the clouds owre Berwick-Jaw: an’ as for the Prince, he’s been rinnin’ frae ane tent to anither this half hour, an’ I doubt not will be wi’ your grace i’ the crack o’ a nut shell; an’ when I cam ben, the Southrens were putting out their fires and seemed to be in an unco flurry. But i’ the name o’ the Holy Virgin, what’s making you look sae pale an’ fearsome—I declare your cheeks are as white as a snaw-hall or a sliced turnip—it canna be that your

honor's fear'd for the day's work ; but aiblins you may find yourself owre weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder ?”

“ Fear hath ever been a stranger to the heart of our race, Dugald,” rejoined the chieftain, reassuming the thoughtful look which had been dispersed by the appearance of his attendant, “ and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully than to-day. But if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness:—other and weightier causes are required to drive the colour from my face, and alas ! these have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins—but thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou should'st not, for thine old eyes will mayhap have closed in death ere the last event come to pass”—

“ By the holy St Peter,” said the old man, with a look of the most serious alarm, “ am I to believe my ears or has your honor been dream-in' ?—my dear maister, if you care ae straw for your puir servant, tell him what it is that's makin' you speak i' that fashion. Before I left ye last nicht, you were in the greatest spirits, an' now you're lookin' as white as a corp, an' talkin' i' that fearsome manner just when ye're on the point o' being restored to a' your auncient honors and dignities,—O ! my dear maister, tell me if ony danger's like to happen thee or thine, an' auld Dugald Glen 'll no grudge the best drap o' bluid in his body to keep you frae scaith”—and here the tears rolled down the old man's face as he fell to the ground and grasped his master's knees.—

“ Poor old man !” said the chieftain, a tear at the same time glistening in his eye, “ last night I thought as thou dost even now, that honor and power were about once more to smile upon our ill-starred house, but the fates have otherwise determined. However, my kind old man, enough hath been left from the wreck, to enable thee to spend the remainder of thy days in peace and comfort ; take this, Dugald,” holding out to the old man his purse, at which however he gazed without offering to accept it, “ this is all I will be able to leave thee for thy long and faithful services, but I will speak to the Prince in thy behalf, and he, I doubt not, will not see our old servant want : *one thing*,” added Glengorloch hurriedly, “ *one thing* let me beseech thee to do in the event of evil betiding thy master ; give this ring to Helen as a memorial from her father.”

“ My honored maister !” exclaimed the poor old man after a great many ineffectual efforts to speak and in a voice quivering with emotion, “ waes me, that my auld een should hae seen this day—auld Dugald Glen should hae been lang syne lyin' wi' his forbears in Auchtermuchty Kirk-yard—O my puir maister !—but what did the bogle say was to befa' leddy Helen ?”

“ Ask me not farther, Dugald ; what I have alluded to has been foretold for the last time by the being who presides over the destinies of our race ;—take the money, Dugald, you will find it useful when you are once more obliged to shift for yourself ; and keep this for Helen.”

“ O my puir maister ! an' is it so you think my affections are to be got and brokin' off ?—Do you think auld Dugald Glen can live after his first and only maister has perished ?—no, no, my lord, the same

hour that shall terminate the race of Glengorloch shall lay auld Dugald i' the dust. I need na therefore the money, my lord, an' the ring you maun consign to other hands to gi' puir ledly Helen—O my puir maister! waes me I should hae lived to hae seen this day!"

"Thou art wrong," said Glengorloch, struggling to conceal his emotion, "thou art wrong, my kind old man—thou mayest yet live to see many a happy day, and it were folly in thee to betake thyself to the field resolved to share the fate of thy unhappy master, particularly when thou couldest be so well employed in conveying to poor Helen this last token of her father's love."

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was arrested by a slight tap on the door, at which almost instantly Prince Charles entered between two Highlanders who placed themselves by its side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet surmounted by the famous "white cockade," and a tartan coat with the star of St. Andrew on its breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder, while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up with a smile, and immediately he began to discourse with the chieftain respecting the approaching contest. During this interview, the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling and even laughing at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as usual, abounded. Ere long they sallied out together,—joined the rest of the officers,—held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately. The mist hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other, so that by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the march without observation and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge, which they fancied they saw before them gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent rushing down their mountain glens, fiercely assaulted the troops of the foe, and in five or six minutes routed and put them to flight, and amid the groans of the dying warriors rose the joyful shout of "God save King James—the Stuart for ever!" After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle,—strewed with the mangled bodies of the slain who had fallen under the tremendous broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorloch sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen that of their venerated master which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement he had fought bravely at the head of his own undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made. Glengorloch rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of *Dhorach* seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain—and on that now-cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in

peace he rests from his warfare ; near which a solitary mound marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorroch.

On the evening of that day, whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorroch with the intention of proceeding to the hamlet to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince, but so occupied did her mind become with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprise whereon her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she proceeded in a totally different direction through a wild and tractless ravine, utterly unconscious or at any rate heedless whither she wandered. Over this rugged path did she continue to move onwards, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advancement was eventually stayed by her arriving on the margin of the deep lake of Gorroch, whose placid bosom was then illuminated by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn's eve, the anxious feelings, which previously harassed her mind, became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock which lay on the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by the calm scene before her. At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small island, whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel within whose vaults had been deposited from time immemorial the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorroch. Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which did then as well as at the present day exert so powerful a sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased, as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds, the dark interval being rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the trees upon the island were speedily enveloped. Motionless she sat with her eyes fixed in fearful gaze upon the towering conflagration in which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region till the lake and the hills in whose bosom it reclined became once more irradiated by the more genial moonlight. Not to dispel indeed the terror which had now seized upon the maid of Glengorroch, did fair Luna once more throw her gladsome mantle over the heath-embrowned mountains ; for no sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disk than the pale Helen descried a form apparently of mortal make gliding upon the surface of the water and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude on his way to the shore, and to infer, that none other than Dhorach nan Dhu, of whom she had previously heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before terror overcame her and she swooned. On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted ; and looking long and steadfastly on her pale features, his

withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself the following in Gaelic—

“And has it at length fallen upon Dhorach nan Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race? Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings. Oh! blame me not, lady, for even now, methinks, I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances:”—

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded, when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position into which it had fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and, strange as it may appear, now looked with comparative composure upon the being whose very approach had well nigh bereft her of existence. A pause ensued ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has uniformly been supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of “more than human mould,” (and of the ethereal essence of Dhorach nan Dhu, it may readily be supposed, Lady Helen did not harbour the slightest doubt;) and on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to communicate the painful intelligence which devolved upon him as the last seer who presided over the expiring destinies of Glengorloch. Turning at length half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued,—“Lady of Gorroch, seest thou yonder flame in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father and the clan whom thou sawest march forth from these glens shall need no such resting place! They and he from whom thou art sprung have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander, and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorloch rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close, and with yonder expiring flame,” continued he, still pointing to the island where the fire was now nearly extinguished, “shall perish the last seer of thy father's clan!”—

Having thus spoken, he plunged head-foremost into the lake, and the reverberation of one solitary shriek among the surrounding caverns and glens rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

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How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dhorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorloch, the tradition, from which we have derived the incidents of our tale, leaves us uninformed. Certain it is, however, that from that period her health and beauty began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and that, prior to her entering a foreign convent not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her traced in the incoherency of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in her mind.



## THE BATHER.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

AWAY!—away! the sun shines fiercely—see  
 How yon bright blue billow beckons thee!—  
 Hark how it murmurs! hymning the faint song  
 Of its infant being!—The soft strain prolong  
 Thou child of Ocean!—and upon thy breast  
 Like drooping flow'ret will I sink to rest;  
 Borne on thy crest of azure I will ride  
 Like thy own snow-bird on the swelling tide,  
 Or like the Diver \* thy blue bosom cleaving  
 I will attempt to cool the warm, deep heaving  
 Of my heart's full beating.—Summer billow!  
 In hope's young dream thou didst afford a pillow  
 Unto this aching head—when all like thee  
 Was bright, and full of life's sweet melody!  
 Son of the deep cold waters! thou didst rise,  
 Ev'n now before me, and the richest dies  
 Of heaven were on thee!—Wavelet! hast thou fled  
 Or sunk for ever down into thy bed  
 Of dreary sameness?—Billow! art thou sleeping  
 The sleep of nothingness?—are thousands weeping  
 The calm, short term of thine existence? None!  
 Thy being—beauty—music—all is gone!  
 Of him fit emblem, who e'en now did press  
 Thy bosom—with a heart of loneliness!

## ON THE EMOTION OF SUBLIMITY.

THAT the word *Sublime*, in speaking of the emotions of mind, is used in a metaphorical sense there can be no doubt; but the manner in which this transition was made from its primary signification to that which it now bears in common language, is a subject of some curiosity. In its original acceptation it was undoubtedly employed to denote elevation or considerable height, and by a very easy extension of its meaning it soon came to signify that feeling of the mind accompanying the contemplation of elevated objects. That two things, so intimately related to each other as these are, should be expressed by the same term is nothing extraordinary;—the transference from the one to the other was natural and quite in accordance with the process adopted by the mind in the formation of language. But when the signification of the word is still further extended, and emotions, which have no relation whatever to height, are expressed by it; when, for example, we bestow the epithet of sublime on the feelings we experience in viewing the sea during a storm, in listening to the thunder, or in contemplating the unbending spirit of a Cato, then it is that the

\* An aquatic bird.

subject becomes interesting and worthy of investigation. I do not intend, however, to enter minutely into any such discussion, the more especially because I think the mere statement of the fact, that every language has bestowed upon these feelings a generic name, is sufficient of itself to prove that the mind every where is similarly affected by them, and that of consequence they contain something in common. And this is the opinion of the best writers on the subject. While with Longinus they appear disposed to agree that "sublimity fills the mind with a certain glorying and inward sense of greatness," they all concur in the belief that there must be something belonging in common to all those feelings which are denominated sublime. This unanimity of sentiment, however, does not extend to the conclusions they have drawn from such premises. Each succeeding writer indeed seems to have adopted, in many respects, a different theory. While Mr. Burke appears to consider terror, more or less defined, to be the cause of the impression which sublimity makes upon the mind, Dr. Blair would regard the effect produced by it as resulting from the conception of "*great power or force*," and Dr. Gerard would suppose that all sublime objects possess "*quantity or amplitude and simplicity in conjunction*."

In considering these different theories I cannot help thinking, that in the great leading features they closely resemble each other, and that with very little refinement they may easily be reduced to one. For let us consider what is meant in these different theories. If we say with Dr. Gerard that quantity or amplitude of extent is to be found more or less in every sublime idea, we surely do not mean to affirm that this amplitude is the *direct* source of the sublimity. For how, it may be asked, can size or extent affect the mind? They surely contain nothing *in themselves* that is sublime. Size and extent are relative terms; and if ever we bestow upon them such an epithet,—*that* arises from our perceiving how much greater they are than ourselves—how much we are swallowed up, as it were, in their greatness. But it is impossible that this can take place without the mind being *awed*, without being made sensible of a sort of impersonal terror, without being conscious at the same time of a somewhat painful feeling of self-insignificancy, and of a pleasurable sensation arising from its ability to grasp at once an object of such extent. In these points of view the theory in question almost coincides with that of Mr. Burke. Again, if we allow with Dr. Blair that all sublime objects display within themselves—either in a latent or in an exerted state—great power, strength, or force, we cannot deny that these also are merely relative ideas, and that the power, strength or force subsisting in the object are sublime only by being so much greater than our own; and here again the awe or impersonal terror formerly alluded to makes its appearance. If also with Mr. Burke we agree, that terror is more or less involved in all sublime emotions, we by no means intend to infer that terror alone can be sublime, but terror in conjunction with certain other ideas, such as those of vastness or mighty power, that act as the medium through which the awe or terror just mentioned reaches the mind. While therefore these theories agree in many particulars, although they seem to differ in others, I think it might be possible to form out of them a single theory which

would account for all the phenomena of the emotion. What this is will be more clearly seen by an analysis of the facts connected with sublimity.

In such an investigation it ought always to be kept in view, that sublimity is an emotion of mind, not a quality of body. This is the more obvious from the circumstance, that the sublimity of an object is never apparent at the first sight. It must be kept before the mind for a certain portion of time—until from a contemplation of the qualities of the body which are manifested by the senses the mind draws the conclusion, that some of them are extensive in their kind and powerful in their effects. It is true that, in many cases, this mental process is very rapid, so much so that the feeling of sublimity seems to be excited at the very moment in which the eye is opened on the external object; but if we attend closely to the operation of the mind, even in these cases we will discover that it really acts in the way alluded to; while in by far the greater number of instances of sublimity this process of the mind is clearly discernible. Besides, we know that an object which one man is disposed to denominate sublime is by no means necessarily so to every other individual. Taste and sentiment, like character, vary according to the structure of every mind, and what therefore appears sublime to one man may to another be highly indifferent. The man of taste and refinement may contemplate one of the Andes, and feel his mind excited to the highest pitch of sublimity as he looks upon it;—the speculatist and man of the world may be surprised only at the emotion which the other displays, and consider the mountain before him as deserving of contemplation simply on account of the wealth he conceives is contained beneath its surface. When therefore we call an object sublime, we do nothing more than name a particular feeling which we experience in regarding it; and while that object has nothing in it which renders it essentially sublime, the feeling of mind here spoken of must vary according to the character of mind possessed by every individual.

Hence also it is obvious, that sublimity is an entirely personal or relative emotion, that is to say, it necessarily implies a contrast perceived between self and the sublime object, or between some quality or qualities of the former and those of the latter. But this contrast is of a particular kind. It is between superiority on the one hand and inferiority on the other, and it is when these are contrasted together in the most opposite extremes that the emotion of sublimity is most excited. In contemplating an object capable of giving rise to sublime feelings, sensation informs us of its greatness, and consciousness of our own inferiority to it in the quality or qualities which most attract our attention, and between these a comparison is immediately and necessarily instituted. This comparison may go on in silence and almost without the mind being conscious of it, but it is only by *its* means that the *greatness* of the object can be *brought home* to our own bosoms, and the emotion of sublimity be completely felt.

These things will become more clear by means of an illustration. Let us take any object that is generally reckoned sublime, and if it be maintained that it is essentially so, or that its sublimity does not arise from a comparison between self and that object—it must be sublime both to man and to every other sentient and rational

being. Let the object here referred to be the sea during a storm. Now there can be no doubt that to the majority of mankind such a scene as this presents must appear sublime in the highest degree. But if we could conceive a being of infinite bodily size standing on the sea-shore and looking down upon the ocean when excited to its highest state of fury—we would not pretend to say that the scene before him could be as sublime as it would be to one of the human race, or even that it would be sublime at all. It contains within it nothing capable of exciting his mind in the manner alluded to, and he would regard the uproar and commotion of the waters no more than the child does the pool ruffled by the summer breeze.

Neither ought it to be forgotten, that the emotion of sublimity is one of the most serious kind. While beneath its influence, the mind rejects all approaches to levity or even to humble feeling, it is raised, so to speak, above its usual pitch, is contemplative, grave, and somewhat moody. It hangs in a species of astonishment over the sublime object, and strives, in a manner, to render it more so by summoning up around it all its loftiest associations.

If therefore we would seek for one element or principle which may be reckoned as the basis of all emotions of sublimity, it must be of a kind so as to satisfy all these conditions. It must be a feeling of mind, appealing directly to the selfish principles of our nature; it must be the result of a comparison between self and the sublime object; and it must be a feeling of a serious nature. Such a principle as this, I think, might be found, or rather elicited out of the theories which have already been given on the subject, and were I disposed to adopt one opinion rather than another, it would be that which refers the phenomena of sublimity to—*awe* or what I have already termed *im-personal fear* arising from a perceived greatness or superiority in the sublime object. In contemplating such objects the mind *feels* its own littleness and their grandeur—is *awed* in their presence, and unless this *awe* is excited, the objects do not appear truly sublime.

This, however, must be proved by an appeal to the facts of the case, and the remainder of these remarks shall be devoted to such an attempt.

*First*, therefore, I shall speak of *Physical* sublimity or those elevated emotions experienced in viewing certain objects of external nature:—*Secondly*, of the *Moral* sublime:—And, *thirdly*, of what may be termed *Poetical* sublimity or that which appears in the descriptions of the poet or orator, and in producing which, association is the principal agent.

1. Under the head of *Physical* sublimity I comprehend all those emotions of sublimity which are excited both by external nature and by the works of man—such as arise from the contemplation of the nobler efforts of the architect, as well as of the performances of nature herself.

In all these objects, there is, in the first instance, a perception of greatness in their height, size, or energies, and these adjuncts of the sublime object are remarked, and influence the mind only because they are so infinitely superior to the same qualities possessed by the spectator. The mind, in looking out upon a sublime object, soon discovers that at one glance it cannot comprehend the whole—by endea-

pouring to grasp it in conception, it finds it can do so only by a *mighty effort*. Hence it *expands* beneath the operation and becomes elevated, and association continues to pour in new ideas, tending to heighten the impression already made upon it. The mind is present, if I may use such an expression, at one and the same moment in every part of the object before it, and from this very reason has an idea of overwhelming vastness belonging to the object, and consequent awe in the contemplation of it. Thus, to employ an illustration, I look upon a large cataract. I perceive almost simultaneously the immense body of water—the rush and rapidity of the descending torrent—the height from which it is precipitated, and I hear the confused but loud noise of the general cataract “boiling in endless torture.” All these ideas reaching the mind through the organs of sense form there a complex impression of the greatness of the contemplated object in a great variety of particulars. Such is the external perception. The mental emotion, however, arising out of this impression, is somewhat of a painful kind. The conviction flashes upon the reason that all the force man could oppose to such an overwhelming active power would be as nothing. Destruction may be seen in every descending wave, and the sound of death be heard in the angry and ceaseless howling of the vexed and disordered waters. And it is thus that the object becomes sublime. The personal feelings are aroused, the mind is somewhat interested in the scene, and the awe or fear spoken of is the link which connects it with the soul in the relation of sublimity. The case is the same, if we take an illustration from the works of man. Let us suppose ourselves placed within the aisle of a Gothic cathedral. We hesitate not to call the emotions we then experience sublime. On what grounds do we proceed in making such an affirmation? Is it not because the mind is awe-struck at the grandeur of the object of its contemplation, feels itself swallowed up, as it were, in the vastness of a place where height and length and even breadth are forced upon its notice in their sublimest shapes, while the associations connected with the edifice itself—almost with the ground beneath our feet, superinduce an emotion of the deepest solemnity, and the mighty expanse of roof which hangs above our head, as if but feebly supported, engenders a feeling akin to insecurity?

That this awe is at the bottom of every emotion of sublimity is farther seen from the circumstance of such objects apparently losing their power of affecting the mind in this manner by being frequently contemplated. The sublime objects of nature and art are most so when first seen. If they are frequently brought under the notice of the mind, they soon become incapable of exciting those intense feelings which formerly were experienced in their presence. To what cause may this effect be traced? It is not because the magnitude of the object has been diminished, nor because any of its inherent properties have been taken away—but the only reason that can be given in explanation of such a thing is, that the mind has become *accustomed* to it, is self-confident, and no longer feels that awe and dread which the object at one time could occasion.

I had formerly an opportunity of observing, that the very circumstance of *sublime* originally meaning *lofty* is a direct proof that man, in contemplating *elevated* objects, experienced and of course still ex-

periences that emotion known by the name of sublimity. If therefore we could discover the reason why elevated objects affect the mind in this manner, we may be assured that those other objects which contain nothing of height, but which yet affect the mind with equal sublimity, must do so for some reason analogous to the former. Now, in contemplating a very high object, the first thing which affects the mind is the infinite superiority of it to ourselves in one particular. We look to the base and from thence to the summit, and have a conception of the great extent of space lying between them. If therefore height is ever sublime, it is so only when it is so great as necessarily to force itself upon our attention, exciting at the same time an emotion of awe and an idea of our infinite inferiority to it in one respect. If, however, this awe is not experienced in contemplating heights, they cannot be regarded as sublime. For let us suppose a pole stuck in the earth, and rising to any height whatever—such an object would scarcely receive the epithet in question: and the only reason that can be given for this is, that in the instance before us the personal feelings are not sufficiently aroused, and awe or dread has not sufficient room for working. But let us suppose the case of an individual raised in a balloon to a considerable elevation above the surface of the earth. Such a person must be fully awake to the sublimity of his situation. In his case height itself is sublime, for it comes upon his mind attended with a train of associations of danger and insecurity, and, by consequence, of fear and awe. Here it is obvious, that awe alone is sufficient to constitute sublimity.

Height therefore, if by itself it is ever sublime, must depend for its sublimity altogether upon the awe which it is capable of exciting. But we have seen that the mere height of an external object does not always inspire awe, and of course is not always sublime. Why therefore, it may be asked, did man originally bestow such a name upon such an emotion? The answer, in my opinion, is this. Man, when he looked abroad upon nature, perceived a number of objects which affected his mind in the manner alluded to, and these would be naturally objects of considerable size. But mere magnitude never appears, I may say, by itself—it is necessarily attended with a corresponding height, and it would seem that when size and elevation are conjoined in the same body—the latter, as the more striking of the two, sooner attracts the attention of the mind than the former. The result of this is obvious. The mind would naturally transfer the epithet sublime from the quality of the object, which it conceived was the principal agent in exciting the emotion, to the emotion produced by the complete object.

From these observations, therefore, it may be gathered, that the sublimity of lofty objects depends upon other properties besides their height, for its influence over the mind. The most important of these other adjuncts of the sublime object are extent or size, and power or force. Magnitude and great height frequently of themselves produce the effect spoken of, and of this the sublimity of the unclouded heavens is a striking example. Power or force is not always of itself able to produce the emotion of sublimity, but when joined with the others, it increases it to a very considerable degree. However great may be the power of the steam-engine, we are scarcely disposed to bestow

upon it the epithet of sublime, but a cataract, or a volcano during an eruption, where magnitude and force are united, never fail to obtain that appellation.

Now, what is there in this complex idea of power, vastness, magnitude and height, which in most cases give rise to the emotion of sublimity, that enables them to produce such an effect. It is surely not in the mere perception of the magnitude or height or power of an object that its sublimity consists, for, as I endeavoured formerly to shew, those things may often be perceived without the emotion in question being excited. But it is when this magnitude, &c. are *brought home* to the heart, when the mind feels their superiority to self, when, in a word, it is humbled and awed before them.

2. Moral sublimity is experienced wherever great energy of spirit is displayed, wherever the soul rises above the circumstances in which it is placed, and, generally speaking, wherever the mind clearly shews itself to be greatly superior to matter. Hence we regard as sublime those characters in which integrity of principle is triumphantly maintained against every attempt that is made to weaken and subvert it;—that innate fortitude of mind that dares to execute what feebler spirits shrink from even in conception; that dignity of soul that scorns every thing that is mean even in the least degree, and that would exalt man to the rank of a demigod; that nobleness of mind that would uphold its purpose amid “the crash of worlds;” that heroic endurance alike of adversity and of bodily suffering, which the bitterest scowl of Fortune cannot bend to the earth, which refuses to discover, by a sigh or a tear, the least mark of the agony that rings every nerve, and tortures every joint. In the sublimity excited by the contemplation of such characters as these, moral feeling may often heighten their effect, but does not always watch over and direct the emotion. In fact, it may often be experienced where strict morality must condemn. It is observed in the admiration that accompanies the contemplation of the character of a conquering Alexander or of a destroying Timour, as well as in that of a dying Socrates or of a patriotic Miltiades. It is not therefore in the moral sense that we are to seek for the source of this species of the sublime. But if we consider the matter a little more closely, we will find that in all cases of moral sublimity, there is perceived some great obstacle to be surmounted, by overcoming or bravely encountering which, the mind shews that it is possessed of equally great or greater energy than the obstacle alluded to. Or if this is not the case, we conceive of some all-subduing energy acting upon some single mind, but unable to make any impression upon it. Both these ideas may be perceived, but more particularly the latter, in the conception we form of the character of Cato. On the one hand, we conceive of the great difficulties he has to encounter, and the more appalling they appear to us, the more is our admiration and wonder increased at the man who had resolution enough to meet them; and on the other, we have a high notion of the overwhelming power that is directed against him, and are filled with astonishment when we observe that, although it is able to subdue the world, it is unable to conquer Cato’s mind:

Et cunctâ terrarum subactâ  
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

That this conception of great obstacles to be overcome enters into the constitution of the moral sublime, may be proved from the consideration that the sublimity of the nobler principles of our nature and of its gentler virtues is seen and acknowledged only when they are put to the trial. Courage and Patriotism are always ennobling to the human character, are always illustrious; but when with Leonidas they expire at Thermopylæ, or with Wallace shrink from no hardship or danger in their attempt to repress tyranny and oppression, then they become sublime. Benevolence is beautiful when exerted in the calmness of private life, when it is attended with meekness of character and charitableness of disposition, when like the sun of spring it sheds serenity around, dispelling the winter frosts of external poverty and drying the tear on the cheek of sorrow; but when with Howard it descends into the depths and damps of the prison-house, pointing out the star of hope amid the darkness of despair,—when it travels the world in search of objects of its indefatigable philanthropy,—when no dangers can stop its progress, nor even the terrors of death in its worst shape arrest its steps in advancing to succour and to save—then it is that we bend in admiration and wonder before it—then it is that it becomes sublime.

In every case therefore of the moral sublime we have a personification of great power of mind and strength of resolution, and our admiration is increased by the consciousness that the object of our thoughts possesses a common nature with ourselves. Here also the sublimity spoken of is a *personal* emotion, and seems to be made up of wonder mixed with veneration—a sense of joy on the one hand, that the sublime character was a human being—a feeling of humility approaching to awe, when we consider that he was almost more than man.

3. Poetical Sublimity, of which I shall say little, is closely connected with the other two, but in other respects it is somewhat different. Both in the Physical and in the Moral sublime there is, properly speaking, but one object before the mind, and if association brings in other ideas to heighten the sublimity felt in contemplating it, these ideas confessedly hold a secondary place in the emotion. Not so in the Poetical sublimity. The Poet or the Orator goes on in his sublime description, and while each object he presents to the imagination is sublime of itself, it forms but one single part of the complete picture which he draws. Thus in the famous battle-scene in Homer, where both gods and men are engaged in mortal conflict—we see Jupiter in the clouds—Neptune shaking the earth—Pluto agitated in his infernal kingdom; we hear the war of the elements,—the noise of the combatants and almost the shrieks of the ghosts below:—all sublime objects, and each almost as sublime as another. In such scenes as this, awe is obviously the great source of the sublimity.

But, in enquiring into the nature and constituent parts of the emotion of sublimity, we ought never to pass over the effect produced upon it by the imagination working through the medium of the associating faculty. While, by its means, every object that is in its own nature grand and imposing is soon surrounded with many associated ideas of still higher grandeur, some of the most indifferent objects in creation may through means of the imagination become in-



vested with the most awful sublimity. What object, physically considered, is more common and on that account apt to become more indifferent than a grain of wheat? Yet to the thoughtful and imaginative mind, to what sublime ideas may it give rise! At first view he sees in it little of beauty and still less of sublimity, but let him consider it as comprising within its diminutive circumference a full and complete system of vessels adapted for the purpose of growth and fructification; let him contemplate it as containing within itself the embryos of a million of plants, like that from which it sprung; let him view in imagination granaries filled with and nations feeding upon its produce; and the little grain of wheat becomes little short of sublime. What object is at first more contemptibly minute than the animalcula that swims invisible in the rain-drop? But let thought and imagination be directed towards it; let the mind be informed that, diminutive though it be, it is still instinct with a principle of life and motion, that it is possessed of faculties corresponding to its nature; that it is endowed with a system of muscles and a complete apparatus for the performance of all its animal functions, that it has a heart that beats, and veins for the conveyance of its tiny stream of life; let the mind be informed of these things, and it will perceive that the might of omnipotence is as conspicuous in the formation of such a diminutive object as in the creation of a world,—it will rise from such a contemplation impressed with emotions of the deepest sublimity.

J. C.



## SONG.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

[This Song—for which, as well as for many other favours, we are indebted to a venerable and talented friend—was composed and sung by Lieutenant Skinner, on the first Anniversary of the period, at Hull, when the NINETY-SECOND entertained the whole of the Officers comprising the garrison there, and the Heads of Departments. It has not, so far as we know, been published.—Ed.]

TUNE—“*Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*”

REVOLVING time has brought the day  
Which beams with glory's brightest ray  
In Hist'ry's page or poet's lay—  
The day of Waterloo.

Each British heart with ardour burns,  
As this resplendent day returns;  
And humbled France in secret mourns  
The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,  
While rapture beams in ev'ry eye;  
Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,—  
The toast be—Waterloo!

To all who can the honour claim—  
 From Wellington's immortal name,  
 To th' humblest son of martial fame—  
 Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the same cup yet again,—  
 But alter'd be the joyous strain,  
 To those the cup now silent drain  
 Who fell at Waterloo.

Soft sigh ye breezes o'er the grave  
 Where rest the relics of the brave,  
 And sweetest flow'rets o'er them wave  
 Who sleep on Waterloo.

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed  
 The Olive rears its peaceful head,  
 Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed  
 At glorious Waterloo.

In Freedom's sacred cause to die—  
 In Victory's embrace to lie—  
 Who would not breathe his latest sigh  
 Like those at Waterloo?

## A VISIT TO ONE OF THE MILITARY COLONIES IN RUSSIA.

### A TRANSLATION.

BY H. NACHOT, DR. PH.

FROM Nowogorod our road consisted for forty miles of a wooden mound upon which we were jolted during several hours; when all at once a wheel of our travelling-chaise broke. Thus we found ourselves, towards day-break, alone in the midst of a wood whose solitude no living being enlivened, and at least three miles (German) from the nearest village. Muddy water covered the soil around, and inundated at various places the main-road which appeared to lose itself in an endless sea. A thick fog, driven by the icy north wind, sank to the ground. Our situation, vexatious and comical at the same time, was not a little puzzling; but we were soon relieved by Russian dexterity. "Neboss!" (*never mind*) said our postilion, jumped down from his seat, and repeatedly crying "Neboss!"—an exclamation which is always to be met with in the mouth of the common people in Russia,—he drew forth a hatchet, cut off a large board from the wooden mound, prepared it hastily and mended the broken wheel, and thus enabled us to reach the next stage, a military colony, where we passed the rest of the day.

Soon after our arrival, our ears were struck by the mournful songs of a funeral which shortly passed us, and we followed the procession

to the church. The coffin, borne by soldiers, was placed before the altar; it was open, and contained a female corpse. The sister of the deceased went on singing the dirge which had excited our attention. The song, which was not interrupted even during the funeral mass, was heart-rending in the highest degree, and made on all the by-standers a deep impression. Most of them threw a few *Kopekes* on the corpse, in order to procure some dozens of wax tapers; which were immediately kindled and placed around the coffin. When the priest had finished his prayer, the tapers were extinguished, and instantly all the females present broke forth in lamentations and death-songs. In the height of their frantic despair they reproached the corpse for having died, and, pressing round, asked her why she had left them; covered her mouth, hands, arms and feet with kisses, and filled the church with groans and sobs and cries. The priest approached again the coffin, and threw upon the deceased an image of St. Nicholas, several small crosses of wood and a piece of paper, a pass-port addressed to St. Peter for obtaining admittance into heaven; then he drew forth a bottle containing some liquid which he poured upon the corpse. Instantly all that were present, men, women and children—dipped their fingers in the liquid, and brought them in contact with their mouths. We left the scene in disgust.

The military colony where we halted served as a residence to a regiment of infantry. The whole of the district bears the marks of careful industry. The roads, which join the different villages, are constantly kept in excellent repair, and lined on both sides with birch trees, which alleys yield a fine view. In the centre of the colony are the mansions of the staff; and, besides the dwellings of the staff-officers, they contain the schools, the prison, the hospital and a great hall to go through their exercises during winter. Each village is occupied by a full or a half company; that in which we were consists of about 180 houses forming one regular strait-lined street, overspread with a fine soft sand, and by the growth of a great number of trees was converted into an agreeable walk.

The houses of the colonists are built of wood after one and the same model; their rural architecture is not totally destitute of elegance, and their furniture is less coarse and clumsy than that of the Russian peasantry. Between their houses are small pleasure-grounds or orchards. In the colonies there is nothing to remind you of the solitude and filthy monotony of the generality of Russian villages; and their cheerful appearance could even lead you to form a more favourable opinion of the situation of the inhabitants, in whose politeness you would, however, look in vain for that cordiality and gaiety which distinguishes the *Muschiks* (peasants.)

These military colonies are the work of the Emperor Alexander, and, at their commencement, contributed not a little to originate all sorts of apprehension. The south of Europe was thought in danger from this mixture and union of the Russian army with the country population. People talked of the power which the immense empire would acquire by this transformation, into a fearful camp, of the millions of obedient slaves, grown up in arms; and the question was agitated whether such an institution was not a certain sign of a plan for attacks and conquest. Still such a plan was foreign to Alexander's

view of the matter. The colonization affair was by no means so colossal as it had been given out; a small portion only of the Russian army was connected with it, and the whole affair had much less to do with ambitious views than with a plan for reform and the reduction of enormous expences. Besides, the organisation of the regiments wanted some material improvement. The very considerable number of the armed force, indispensable to the extensiveness of the kingdom, is an oppressive burden to the state with its slender resources. Series of troops in an empire larger than all the rest of Europe together cannot take place but slowly and with many difficulties; and experience has shown what a fatal effect this circumstance may have on military operations. Moreover, the necessity of leaving to the land proprietor the selection of the necessary recruits, introduced into the army the drags and refuse of the country people. These poor wretches, destined by their masters for warfare, join their regiments without being possessed of any military habits, and in the most deplorable ignorance. Afar from their home they remain for two and twenty years under arms without any claim to a regular furlough, and this time of service being over, they are left without a place of refuge and support. Again, the want of towns, the high price of transports,—perhaps, also, political motives, oblige government to put the army in cantonments and disperse it in all directions, which cannot but render difficult the concentration of a large body of troops. The Emperor Alexander conceived the institution of military colonies as the fittest means of obviating all these difficulties. This institution wrought an intimate union between the colonized troops and the rural population from which those garrisons were completed. The soldiers were selected from the children of the colony, and enjoyed the great privilege of living during peace in the lap of their family; and their industry procuring them the means of subsistence, the country was less burdened with their sustenance. Accustomed to military service from early childhood, they felt no repugnance towards the duty, and such of them as showed superior capacities could, from the beginning of their career, be trained for being good non-commissioned officers. In their old age they found refuge; at all events, their lot was the better one. At the same time, these institutions contributed much to the extension and perfection of agriculture, as they were to be formed in parts of the country still uncultivated. Alexander's lofty character is surely enough to intimate, that he intended by this grand plan to improve the situation of the peasantry, enlighten them, and thus render them fit for moving in the path of progressive liberty. We may even say that the great opposition which the plan met from the high nobility, and the very energetic measures they took to frustrate it, is accounted for by the fear they entertained of the above-mentioned philanthropic object. Another desirable object which suggested these military and agricultural colonies was,—to erect a lasting bulwark for the western provinces, and thus to secure the western frontiers against Prussia, Poland and Austria, as those of the east against China and the tribes of Caucasus. Foreigners ought therefore to have regarded the step as the means of defence rather than of attack; since an army, fettered to their home by habits of domestic life and the hopes of possession, are less fit than any other for wars of

conquest. At all events, it would appear, that the execution of Alexander's plans secured a formidable power to the Russian Empire. The new regulations were to be extended over the greatest part of the army, almost all the crown estates were to be applied to the same purpose, and hopes were conceived of calling into the field, if necessary, 1,500,000 well disciplined warriors. The result, however, fell short of these expectations. The infantry and cavalry colonies contain no more than 46,000 men in active service, and about half that number as *reserve*, and it is now quite clear that the present government does not intend to follow out the extensive views of the late projector. The colonization of foot regiments is far from yielding a satisfactory result. Their cantonments are for the most part in the *gouvernement* of Nowogorod, a marshy country where the colonists are exposed to all the hurtful influences of an unwholesome climate. Great capitals were wasted in the first establishments of the kind, and thus the main object of saving was lost; and last of all, the agricultural population transplanted to the inhospitable soil was so small in number as to be quite insufficient to cultivate the ground, and furnish in the same period the number of recruits required.

It is a different thing with the Horse-colonies. They are in a flourishing state, and their cantonments in the south-western part of the empire would give them a great importance in the event of a war with Turkey or Austria. Since 1818 they exist in the *gouvernements* of Ukraine and Twer, and contain twelve regiments of Lancers and eight of Cuirassiers. The immense territory they occupy, formerly a vast desert, is now covered with rich cornfields, and the breeding of horses becomes there more and more general and perfect; the young Reserve is more than sufficient to supply the active service; 27,000 children frequent the schools, and the annual saving thereby is computed to be upwards of 2,400,000 roubles.

The head quarters of these regiments are generally among the turbulent tribes of Moldavia, Caucasus and Bursia. The spirit of independence and lust of plunder, for which these tribes are so distinguished, might easily endanger the peace of the empire but for the severe military arm that keeps them in awe. The colonial system habituates them to labour, softens their manners, and teaches them obedience. Indeed the undertaking was not easy, and more than once their rebellious spirit had to be checked by instances of uncommon severity; but now they have to a considerable extent conformed to civil order and obedience, which is certainly not one of the smallest advantages of the colonial system. The colonisation of a regiment consists in being constantly quartered in one and the same place, never leaving it unless to take the field, and the rest of the inhabitants are tenants of the lying grounds on condition of providing for the military lodging and nourishment, and of supplying the recruits. In such a colony every thing has a military appearance. The tenants or farmers wear a military dress—and, commanded by veteran officers, form the colonial battalion. During their whole life they are subjected to a rigorous discipline which extends even to the field labours; their children become soldiers from birth; at the age of twelve they receive a gun and cartridge-box, somewhat later they enter the Reserve, and afterwards the active battalions. After fifteen years service they return to the Reserve for

five years more, and conclude their career as invalids of the colony, unless their patrimony, or a new distribution of land, enable them to become themselves colonists or farmers.

The male portion of a colony are as follows:—

1. The *farmers* or *colonists* in a narrow sense.
2. The *cantonists*, by which name the boys are designated,—they are taught gratis in schools established by government; at the same time they learn a trade and go through the exercise of arms; at the age of eighteen the most vigorous among them, after a due examination, enter the reserve.
3. The *reserve-soldiers*. Every colonial regiment has a battalion of reserve, the half of which in time of war accompanies the active battalion into the field. In the Reserve the cantonists complete their military education; they remain there for two years, and at the age of twenty, when they enter the active battalion, they are fit to be led against the enemy.
4. The *soldiers of the active battalions*. Their long service, still more their training as cantonists, makes them excellent soldiers. Their pay is not so much as eleven rubles a year, but government furnishes their uniform, while the colonist must provide for lodging and nourishment. If they are eldest sons of a farmer who died, or if in any other legal way a succession comes to them, this renders them quit of their service, and they enter immediately on possession of the farm. During peace, when they are not absent from the colony, these soldiers assist the farmers in cultivating the ground, and thus their labour pays for their sustenance.
5. *Invalids or veterans*. All soldiers of the colony, after twenty years' service, go by this name. They enjoy over the rest of the inhabitants the privilege of wearing beards. They live with their family on some farmer, and assist in field labours; in their old age, when no longer able to work, government provides for their wants.
6. A sixth class form those who either on account of bodily weakness or from not being wanted, are exempt from military service. They have to look for their sustenance as servants or by carrying on a trade.

The lot of the colonial regiments is by far happier than that of the other Russian soldiers. The latter are in some manner lost to their families; whenever they join the banners, all their former relations are torn and destroyed, whereas the colonial soldiers are not deprived of their family relations, they remain sons and fathers, nay even citizens in a certain degree. The former, serfs of the crown, of whom the first settlers were chosen, are indeed far from appreciating the happy change that has taken place with them. Their ignorance and simplicity of life make them consider their former situation a more convenient one. It cannot be denied, however, that they had to struggle with great difficulties at the beginning of their settlement;—to render arable a barren soil, to build villages, bridges, roads and canals. The next generation, however, will find less cause to deem themselves unhappy, and their lot will certainly be less hard than that of the serfs.

The colonists are considered as free men, and though this name is not quite applicable to persons saddled with the above-mentioned military burdens, still the intention of government to raise this

class is quite obvious. Government allows to each settler a furnished house, thirty or forty acres of land, the necessary cattle and implements of husbandry, requiring in return no land-tax nor *head-tax*\* or rent. The gain of their labour comes down to their heirs, and the farm even can in some manner be considered as their property. If a farmer feels himself from old age incapable of superintending his farm, he can choose a successor, and thus a farm may be a regular succession coming from a father to his children; only in extraordinary cases the succession may be declared invalid by a judicial decision. The colonists stand by no means under an arbitrary rule as the rest of the Russian peasantry. No colonist can suffer the infliction of a bodily punishment without the fact being taken down in a protocol, and in every village the minor parts of jurisdiction are managed by a magistrate elected by the inhabitants. Charitable institutions are rapidly increasing, such as sick hospitals, orphan institutions, places of refuge for widows and old men. A savings-bank secures to the farmers their savings, and in unfortunate seasons advances them without interest sums of money not exceeding 500 rubles. In their schools the Lancaster and Pestalozzi method of teaching has been adopted, and singing, music, religion, the elements of arithmetic, geometry and drawing are taught without any fee being paid by the parents.

The situation of the officers is, however, not suitable to their rank, and far from being agreeable, which has produced a general discontentment among them. This unfavourable disposition is even shared by many of the subalterns, and may in course of time lead to some dangerous consequences for government. Perhaps it is owing to this circumstance that these institutions are always kept under the veil of mystery, and foreigners cannot without extreme difficulty obtain permission to see the colonies; even Russians are not easily admitted,—a chief reason why this work of Alexander's has been blamed in such a violent manner, and become highly unpopular.

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## WAR SONG.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

Of war shall be my song,—  
 Of the glorious field of strife,  
 Where the stout of heart still throng  
 And the valiant pant with life  
 Beneath the cloud of battle's murky shade,  
     Where in long extended line  
     See the flashing bay'net shine,  
     As the sun-beams bright recline  
                                     On each blade.

Now wheeling right and left  
 See the thundering cannon fly,

\* A certain tax to which every adult person is liable.

While heav'n in twains is cleft  
 With the shout of victory,—  
 And "a charge, a charge," resounds amongst the line:  
     Advance, proud hearts! advance,  
     Till each bay'net, sword and lance  
     With the levelled steel of France  
         Shall entwine.

Now up! my soul, now up!  
 And let ev'ry nerve be strung.  
 O what joys are in the cup  
 When the knell of battle's rung,  
 And e'er each heart the pride of strife hath gone!  
     Then, then the soldier's eye  
     Speaks his purpose stern and high,  
     As to conquer or to die  
He moves on.

Then hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 Set on! brave hearts, set on!  
 And, point to point, the day  
 Shall by British steel be won:  
 St. George and merry England be our cry!  
     Let drum and trump speak out:—  
     Soldiers! raise your battle-shout,  
     And with hearts and hands so stout  
Win or die!

## FRAGMENT.

## FROM THE DIARY OF A MISOGYNIST.

## CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.

"Give me leave, my Lord, to present you with a picture of your deceased daughter, drawn in dim water-colours, but taken from the life."

ALTERED FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

\* \* \* \* \* THERE was nothing artificial about her. If she were appealed to on a subject, with which she was not sufficiently familiar to give an opinion, she would frankly own it, even when a vague answer would have passed off very well; and, unwilling as she was to offend, she would not humour a prejudice so far as to say what she did not think. Her accuracy might be relied on in the minutest details,—not because she attached undue importance to them,—but from her habitual regard for truth; and with all this, there was nothing stiff or finical in her manner.

I never saw an eye more expressive of *deep* feeling. It had

"The gentle gaze that to the sufferer seems  
 Compassionate of anguish yet unspoke,  
 As if with instant presage it foreknew  
 All grief, and listen'd more to SOOTHE than LEARN."



But she was altogether free from *extravagance*. Her feelings were at once *exalted* and *controlled* by thought.

She was remarkable for an acute perception of character, though, like Meleander in Barclay's *Argenis*, she was much readier to be deceived by a partiality than a prejudice.

She was, indeed, a perfect impersonation of gentleness. "It lay on her countenance like a steady, unshadowed moonlight." But it was entirely different from the combination of qualities, which often passes under that name. There was no deprecating softness,—no assumption of inordinate diffidence in her manner. On the contrary, she expressed herself with ease and firmness. But no one could accuse her of presumption, and I never met with a well-educated and reflecting woman, whose opinions I could venture to oppose, with so little fear of giving offence.

Her gentleness, in short, was the natural co-relative of expansive but discriminating benevolence, of simple and enduring affection.

Her faults I shall not dwell on,—for, as it has been said, the character of a deceased and beloved friend may justly be contemplated like a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, which, *though it conceals some parts*, brings others, that had before been only *imperfectly* or *unconsciously* observed, into *distinct* view.

TRISMEGISTUS.

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## THE MOON.

SEE! from her couch, the beauteous Queen of night,  
 Peers forth in majesty, serenely bright;  
 Slowly and solemnly she rises high,  
 From the horizon to the upper sky.  
 Oh! Nature then is in her loveliest form,  
 And sweet as mercy in a threat'ning storm:  
 Calm is the hour; unheard the fanning breeze,—  
 Unheard its murmurs rustling through the trees;  
 And all around is quiet then and still,  
 Save the soft accents of a purling rill  
 And the rude hum of ocean's distant roar,  
 Which soothe us with their sound in that sweet hour.  
 And on old Neptune's dark and gloomy brow,  
 Bright Cynthia sheds a silv'ry lustre now;  
 Wide o'er the blue expanse she glitt'ring gleams,  
 And scatters splendour with her lucent beams.  
 The brilliant host, that late illum'd the sky,  
 At her approach have vanish'd from our eye;  
 Eclips'd by her, they're shrouded from our gaze,  
 By the refulgence of her lunar rays;—  
 Save a few scatter'd gems which still remain,  
 The brightest of the vast, unnumber'd train;

These in their glory with her seem to vie,  
 And sparkle in the mild, cerulean sky.  
 Delightful hour! when not a cloud is seen,  
 Through all the azure vault to intervene;  
 When all is spotless as a seraph's face,  
 The seat of ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace.  
 O lovely Orb! how pleasing 'tis to stray,—  
 To muse in silence 'neath thy gentle ray;  
 To feel thy influence upon our hearts,  
 Which ev'ry tender, holy thought imparts;  
 To soar in spirit far above thy throne,  
 To where a cloudless sky is ever known,—  
 Where a gay scene will ever cheer the sight,  
 And to the soul convey a pure delight.

N. P.

## ON THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

FROM A DIALOGUE OF CASTIGLIONE'S CORTEGIANO.

'It appears to me, that there is yet another thing which greatly adds to or detracts from our reputation, which is the choice of those to whom we are to be allied in the most intimate bonds of friendship; since it is evident that those joined in strict companionship have also their minds, inclinations and dispositions the same, and he who associates with the ignorant and ill-disposed passes for such, while, on the contrary, he who is friendly with and esteemed by the wise and good is himself reputed to be endowed with those virtues; for by nature every thing associates with its like.'

'There should be much caution used, I think,' replied M. Bembo, 'in uniting ourselves by the ties of friendship, not only for our reputation's sake, but because there are few true friends to be had, and now-a-days there exist not in the world friends such as the Pylades and Orestes, or Scipios and Lelii of the ancients. And I cannot discover why friends, as now happens daily, who have spent many years in cordial love, should at last deceive each other, actuated by malice, envy, levity or some such bad spirit, for which each throws the blame off himself, when not unlikely both are in the wrong. And having been more than once deceived by those I much loved, and by whom I supposed myself much beloved, I have thought it would be well to trust to no one; nor in any case to give up the heart so freely, as to communicate without reserve all its thoughts, seeing that in the mind so many secret recesses exist, that it is nearly impossible for human sagacity to penetrate its dissimulation. It may be well enough to love and esteem one more than another, if he deserve it, but never to carry those affections so far that we may have reason to repent of our temerity.'

'I think,' said M. Federico, 'that the loss would be by far greater

than the gain, if from human intercourse were removed that supreme grade of friendship which, in my opinion, affords us all the blessings life can give. I will not therefore admit your reasoning, but will shew you clearly, that without that perfect friendship man would be the most unhappy of the animal creation. For—because its holy name has been profaned by some—is it therefore to be rooted out of our minds? and shall the wicked deprive the good of a felicity so great?

Indeed I believe, that there is now amongst us more than one pair of friends, whose love is equally indissoluble and free from deceit; and as likely to endure to the last with unchanged inclination as that of those celebrated ancients;—Nor will it cease to be so, when, allowing for the bias from his stars, a man chooses to himself one of similar manners and inclinations. Remember—I suppose the parties amongst the virtuous and good, for the alliance of the vicious is not friendship; neither should this knot bind more than two, since, you know, it is with more difficulty that three musical instruments agree than two.

‘I would, then, that our Cortegiano possessed one principal and cordial friend of the kind, if possible, we have mentioned; and that according to their merits he should love, honour and esteem the rest, endeavouring rather to associate with the good and noble than the low and base, that he may also be esteemed by them. This he will obtain by being courteous, kind, liberal, affable, and as far as he may, good-tempered in company; obliging and diligent in serving them; and by caring for their weal and honour, as well when absent as present—enduring their natural or supportable deficiencies, quarrelling not about trifles, and correcting in himself those defects which he may in kindness be warned of; never setting himself before others—ambitious of the first and most honoured places, nor, like some, appearing to despise the world and who wish, with a certain troublesome authority, to give rules to every one,—who are, besides, contentious in every little matter, censorious in things they are ignorant of, and always seek occasions of lamenting their friends’ defects—all which are vices much to be avoided and detested.’

C. S.

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## THE MAID OF CORINTH TO HER LOVER.

### FROM FONTENELLE.

By a pale lamp’s scarce wav’ring light,  
That lent my musing aid,  
On the smooth wall, reflected, lo!  
I caught thy pictur’d shade.

The shade, my lov’d Palemon, now  
My fond attention drew,  
For O! how joys the melting maid,  
Her lover’s face to view!

Yea, ev’n th’ imperfect form delights  
Of those we most approve,

And sooths with an impressive charm,  
When 'tis of them we love.

But I the sweet illusion would  
Beyond the moment stay,  
And fast the fleeting shadow fix,  
On which to gaze each day.

Then thy dear likeness to preserve,—  
Though faint, in truth, it shone,—  
A slender wand I eager seiz'd,  
And trac'd it on the stone.

J. T.

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### CHURCHYARD RECOLLECTIONS.—No. III.

BY MARY WARKWORTH ARABIN.

THE field of Ephron, the son of Zohar, bordered and interspersed with trees, frequently recurs to my mind, when I see a bleak neglected burial-place; and the delicate care, with which the patriarch enshrined the earthly remains of Sarah, affords an example to all who may have it in their power to select a piece of ground for a similar purpose. In a well-constituted mind there must ever be a feeling of sanctity peculiar to such a spot,—but, at the same time, the immediate or surrounding scenery has an incalculable tendency to heighten or diminish the effect. A situation remote from the bustling routine of life forms one indispensable requisite, and when to this is united a harmonious assemblage of Sylvan or wilder beauties, the whole scene has that silent but effective eloquence, which, for the time, raises the soul so much above every ordinary emotion as to send it back into the world fitter to endure and to enjoy.

The burying ground of G——, a small sea-port, in which I am an occasional resident,—placed immediately beneath a precipitous ridge of red earth and marl, and only separated from the street by a low wall covered with loose straw and weeds, is apt to *inspire that idea* of death as an *utter mingling* with clay,—as “a going down with the beasts that perish,”—which is so repugnant to the mind, and in some cases so subversive of that sacred respect with which the dead ought to be regarded.

In this ungenial spot at last repose the remains of Caroline Belmont, whose character was the best commentary on “Love thy neighbour as thyself.” Blessed, therefore, must be thy rest, my venerated friend! Little does it affect thee, where thy earthly part, until it be re-united to thy heavenly, is now imprisoned! Though there is not even a common stone to mark the spot,—thy memory is embalmed in the sighs of the poor and the desolate, and thy name is written in the Book of Life!

Miss Belmont's fortune had always been very limited, but the extensive results of her active and discriminating benevolence were as-

tonishing to a casual observer. Many were the individuals whom she literally clothed and fed; and others, in better circumstances, she supplied, during illness, with those delicacies which they could not otherwise have commanded. In short, "take her all in all," the little town of G—— will consider itself fortunate if it should ever see "her like again."

Her fate had indeed been a melancholy one, but she had all the consolations which flow from peace with God and good-will to man; and her last illness, which merely gave her time to say to an affectionate friend,—“This is death,—but do not be distressed,—I am prepared for it,”—was in perfect keeping with the harmony of her general life.

In her youth, she had been engaged to a brave and enterprising sailor, and their long attachment was diversified by all the joys and griefs incident to such a situation. At length, the welcome intelligence of a decisive naval victory arrived, and was soon confirmed by a letter from Charles Darnley himself, in which he informed her, that he had been deputed to bear the despatches to the Admiralty, and had received an appointment to a Frigate on a home station. He added, that, as every obstacle to their union was now removed, he hoped she would become his, immediately upon his arrival at G——, and that she might expect him in the course of a fortnight. To this proposal Caroline at once assented, and, after making some preparations for her approaching marriage, she determined to accept a pressing invitation which she had received from her intended mother-in-law, to spend a day or two with her.

Mrs. Darnley resided about twenty miles from G——, and it was on the evening of a general illumination for the victory already alluded to, that Miss Belmont reached a village situated at a short distance from the place of her destination. The people were all in a tumult of delight, and as she had to pass through the principal street, on her way from the inn where the coach stopped, its unusual splendour was forced on her notice. Some of the windows appeared in all the naked glare of long tallow-candles ranged in each pane,—while others exhibited more tasteful attempts at crescents entwined with laurel boughs, &c. But a transparency,—the first ever seen from time immemorial in that simple district—intended to represent Britannia, seemed in particular to excite the wonder and admiration of the inhabitants. A confused multitude were assembled round the cross of the village, huzzaing and burning tar-barrels and piles of faggots, while squibs and crackers flew in all directions. It was with considerable difficulty, that Caroline extricated herself from the crowd, and gained the river side which led to Mrs. Darnley's; and here amid the tranquillity of reposing nature, an image of her future life rose before her mind in all the colourings of youthful hope. She was still indulging in that imaginative reverie so natural in her situation, when she reached the entrance to Mrs. Darnley's cottage, which was decorated in a very different style from any she had seen. Only one candle burned in the centre of each front window, as if merely to repel any riotous attack, and the light was even rendered dimmer by encircling branches of fir and yew. What could this mysterious,—this chilling solemnity forbode!—A thousand indistinct and sicken-

ing fancies floated across Caroline's brain, and had she not caught hold of a rustic chair in front, she must have fallen to the ground. Some time elapsed ere she could so far rally her vital powers as to approach the door. Again and again she resolved to open it,—again and again withdrew her hand,—passed and repassed the cottage, and lingered at each window, till, at length, her agonizing suspense could no longer be sustained, and she entered the usual sitting-parlour. The light from the window, obscured by a thin curtain, displayed in broad relief the fantastic shadows of the branches on the floor, but the room was empty,—a faint gleam issued from a door, half a-jar, opening into an inner sleeping-apartment, and Caroline approached it. The bed was occupied and some one was kneeling by its side, and every thing was so hushed and dark and motionless as to leave her in doubt whether or not it was the chamber of death.—With what unutterable sensations did Caroline stand for a few seconds! Might it not be Charles Darnley lying dead on that bed!—She staggered against a chair, and the figure arose. It was Mrs. Darnley, who, softly withdrawing her into the outward room, pressed her in silence to her bosom. “And is he dead?” exclaimed Caroline, gazing wildly on Mrs. Darnley's pale countenance. Mrs. Darnley seemed to hesitate, and the agonized girl rushed to the bed-side and saw—her lover, alive indeed,—but his eyes rolling and his features convulsed.

Anxious to surprise Caroline by his arrival at G—— five or six days sooner than he had led her to expect, Captain Darnley, though unwell when he left London, had travelled day and night, and he had scarcely entered his mother's house that morning ere he became delirious, and the physician pronounced his illness a brain fever of the most dangerous kind. A message had been despatched to Caroline in the course of the afternoon, but she had left G—— before it came.

There is an acmé of affliction, in which the human mind becomes more strengthened to act and endure,—when, as it were, abstracted from every selfish adherency, it is actuated alone by regard for the object it wishes to serve.—After the first paralyzing effect of agony had subsided, Caroline took her station in the sick room of her lover, and many were the days and nights she passed literally without sleep, his mother, naturally of a weak constitution, having gradually sunk into a state of health which rendered her unable to attend him. Melancholy, indeed, were these watchings to poor Caroline, for, though her name was often repeated by Charles for hours together, he was not even conscious of her presence. Still she thought that this insensibility proceeded alone from fever, and that idea supported her amid all her sufferings. But when, at length, health was restored, *without intellect*, (owing probably to the combined effect of the fever and an injury which he had received on the right temple in the late engagement,)—when she implored him to “say if he knew Caroline Belmont,” and his large hazel eye met hers without recognition, while he mechanically repeated “Caroline Belmont,—Caroline Belmont,” without the slightest intonation implying that he recollected “that once familiar word,”—her resolution, so long supported, gave way at once. A violent fever was the immediate consequence, and for many months she lingered in a state between life and death. At length, however, her mind became strengthened by the steadfast con-

templation of religious truth, and returning to her native town G—, she passed the remainder of her life in the way I have attempted to describe.

Captain Darnley survived his severe misfortune a considerable time. After his mother's death, he was placed under the care of a medical man at G—, though he did not require to be confined. His recollection never returned, farther than to impress him with a sort of instinctive attachment to Miss Belmont, and he was latterly observed to be restless and uneasy if any thing occurred to prevent him from paying her a daily visit. Often have I met his pale, majestic wreck wandering along the bold coast on which the little sea-port of G— is situated—occasionally leading in one hand a little child,—for; during his harmless insanity, he would only associate with children—and holding in the other, a collection of flowers or sea-weeds gathered purposely for Miss Belmont. Sometimes he would present them himself, noticing his mistress by a faint smile,—and at others would scatter them unwittingly as he passed along. At length the unfortunate sailor sank to rest, and the hillock which encloses the earthly remains of Caroline Belmont rises at a short distance from the grave of her first and last love.

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## SERENADE.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

O COME, Adelaide, while the soft'ning mist  
Of the evening falls on the ocean's breast,  
And watch with me till the moon shall peer,  
From the sombre clouds round her crystal sphere,  
And ride up the east with her starry band  
Like a flaming torch in an angel's hand!

O come, Adelaide, and to-night shall we  
See the pale moon bathe in the broad blue sea,  
And we'll sit us down on the neighbouring height  
And gaze on the waves all fring'd with light,  
That come so calm o'er the glowing deep  
Where the cradled winds have lain down to sleep.

O come, Adelaide, for the stars that stud  
The vaulted heaven of the tri-une God,  
Are reflected down in the glistening caves,  
Where the lost ones sleep in their oozy graves,  
And a holy sheen on the sand bank lies  
Where the low still moan of the ripple dies!

O come, Adelaide, to the pebbly strand,  
And I'll lead thee, love, by thine own white hand,  
And I'll tell thee, love, what thy heart must hear,  
While none but the God of truth is near;  
And I'll seal my vows on those lips of thine,  
With a long, deep kiss in the pale moonshine.

## SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE just man offends no one, and makes himself therefore no enemies: the philanthropist entertains more compassion than anger towards those who offend him without provocation: the valiant man has less animosity, because he is in a condition to make resistance without being provoked: and the modest man often escapes enmities, or allays them, because he does not notice, and consequently does not feel them.—*Garve*.

King Antigonus once heard, in his tent, two soldiers, who were on the outside, speaking very opprobriously and wickedly of him. After having listened to them a short time, he opened the tent, and said to them,—“If you wish to speak so of me, go at least aside, that I may not hear.”—*Sultzer*.

Philip the Fair, King of France, was from misunderstandings and instigations involved in a quarrel with Pope Boniface the Eighth, which gave him much uneasiness. Some of his courtiers recommended to him to punish the Bishop of Pomiers, and be revenged on this prelate, who was in a great measure the author of the differences. “I can do so,” replied Philip, “but it is a fine thing to be able to do this, and yet not to do it.”—*Historical Pictures*.

A sum of money was stolen from an Englishman settled in America, and he imagined, that it must have been done by one of the negroes. Accordingly he had all his negroes called before him, and addressed them as follows:—“My friends, the great Serpent appeared to me last night, and discovered to me, that the thief would have at this instant a parrot’s feather upon his nose.” Immediately the guilty person laid hold of his nose—“It is you,” continued the gentleman, “who have robbed me; the great Serpent has made it known to me,” and he recovered his money.—*Rievethal*.

## SONNET.

UNCONSCIOUS I have wandered far—alone—  
 Into the deep recesses of a wood,  
 Till darker and more dark the gloom had grown,  
 And stayed my erring course: then I have stood  
 Awhile bewildered sore,—then gazed around,  
 And floundered on again thro’ dismal glades  
 Ne’er sought before by man. Silence profound,  
 Arrayed in horrors, reigned ’neath midnight shades.  
 Oh! then—methought—the human race had passed  
 The bourne of Time, and I was left behind—  
 My doom eternal!—through the desert vast  
 Of a dispeopled world to range, nor find  
 One kindred soul;—forbidden to elude  
 The pangs of never-ending cheerless solitude!



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *The College Album for 1832.* Written and Edited by Students in the University of Glasgow.—Smith and Son—Glasgow.—pp. 252. 12mo.

WE have positively waded through 240 pages of the Glasgow College Album for 1832,—a very rare circumstance for an Editor; and though we do not intend to engage in microscopic dissection, yet as we are very conscientious, we shall exhibit a little more to our readers than its mere title-page. The College Album—we do not love its milliner-like cognomen—is nearly as good as the young students in the University of Glasgow can make it, which, we regret extremely to say, is not altogether good enough. But let no one imagine that this “Selection of Original Pieces” is to be sneezed at with impunity. On the contrary, though they do not aim at being profound or erudite, there is a plentiful sprinkling of jokes, sentiments, and reflections to be met with which cannot fail to amuse the fancy and refine the heart. We are convinced that critical acumen and good taste have presided at the selection of the letter-press; but at the same time we are at no loss to discover that they have had to deal with unpromising *materiel*. We can picture the dilemma in which the Editors would be placed by the *kindness* of friends addicted to the *cacoethes scribendi*. There is great inequality of merit in the poetry. Nor are we disposed to regard the Preface as an interesting portion of the Volume. It appears from what is put forth there, that the reputation [literary, we suppose] which the Students of Glasgow have *already* earned can only be maintained by the annual publication of their Album. This, to say the least of it, is a great misfortune. Now, we remember having read the College Album for 1830, and we are quite ready to admit, what our numerous readers will be most ready to believe, that there was *some* good writing scattered through the publication. But unfortunately for the *reputation* of the poetical students who wrote for it in 1830, we happened, in one of our pleasant fits of good humour, to transfer to the pages of our *un*-common place-book, some of the pitiful doggerel which survives even to this day to witness against them. A writer who signs himself Y. Z., and who possesses a sort of coarse cleverness or cockney vulgarity, is *quite at home* in “A Drinking Song.” He struts in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of his fellow-contributors, and we are prepared to say that no poetaster ever felt more proud than he in dabbling his lips in the puddle of the new river. Y. Z. may imagine that he is privileged to drink of the pure waters of Helicon, but there is gross delusion in the belief. Let us for a moment attempt to swallow such egregious rhymes as the following :—

- “Which makes their pretty faces glow,” (the faces of the ladies!)  
 “and look more red and *rosier*,  
 “Than if they tipped nought but unadulterate *ambrosia* (!)  
 “Well, let them drink” (the ladies again) “though I’m not there,  
 “I’ll not refuse, or *murmur*,  
 “While goddesses and nectar, too, I find on *terra firma*.” (!)

It is worthy of remark; that the whole purpose of this disgusting performance is to express and excite a desire for dram-drinking. Nay, it indicates in the author a thirsty temperament, united to a — we do not know what to call it! Perhaps the Secretary of the Berwick Temperance Society will request the Dundee orator to give him a rough handling when he next visits the western metropolis. He richly deserves it. But our business is with the volume before us, and we confess that we should be sorry, if the talent and genius of the Students of the University of Glasgow were bound up in the College Album for 1832. With four or five exceptions, we cannot for the life of us assert that we discover in it any high claim to general attention. "Youthful endeavours," say the Editors, "*however poor*," [the *Italics* are ours] "ought not to be crushed." Indeed! but we cannot coincide in opinion with them, and we are apt to doubt the propriety of publishing the College Album at all. But let the Editors of the work speak once more,—“We trust that our youth and inexperience will blunt the arrows of criticism.” Bah! what a modest mouthful! Who, we would ask, dragged them before the tribunal of the critic with all this boasted youth and inexperience “thick upon them?” Surely the republic of letters could have waited until their “greatness was a-ripening.” And is there no danger to be apprehended from lulling a common-place young man into the erroneous belief that he is a very great creature? We fear there is,—and we charge the Editors of the College Album with having brought into precocious existence a group of ‘sweet composers’ and ‘amiable writers’ who have been tempted to *commit* contributions, which, had time and experience been allowed to sober their judgments, they had never lived to be ashamed of. Has not the cultivation of the *science joyeuse* set aside more useful and important studies! Aye, it *has*,—and we especially pity the slave of a dreamy brain, who, getting possessed with visions of *glory*, allows his mind to luxuriate amid scenes of the imagination instead of steadily exercising his talents and judgment in the investigation of professional subjects. But we have no heart at this moment to say more, and we will give relief to our remarks by extracting a clever ingenious

#### EPITAPH ON A WATCH.

Stranger!  
 Ere thou pass, contemplate this tablet,  
 Nor regardless be told,  
 That near it rests the worn and shattered frame  
 Of one,  
 Who, in his youth and maturity,  
 Was never known, if wound up to exertion, to lose a single moment.  
 But regular in his habits,  
 And unremitting in his industry,  
 He marked every minute as it passed:  
 And pointing with unerring finger to the lapse of time,  
 Often admonished his friends,  
 Seriously and faithfully,  
 Of its rapid flight.

By example as well as precept,  
 He enforced the sacred duty of employing it well.  
 He never went wrong.—  
 He never told an untruth.—  
 Nor did he ever proceed  
 Faster than suited  
 The even tenor  
 Of his well regulated life.  
 His face was indeed an index to his proceedings.  
 He witnessed many revolutions,  
 All of which were unavoidable and quietly effected ;  
 Yet he never hastened forward,  
 Or disclosed any of them  
 Prematurely ;  
 But contented himself  
 With silently marking  
 And faithfully chronicling them all.  
 In his later years,  
 Owing to some internal disorder,  
 His conduct became somewhat irregular :  
 His motions were at times too slow,  
 At others hurried and uncertain.  
 His hand was unsteady ;  
 He was found  
 To be often erroneous in his calculations ;  
 Little dependance could be placed upon him,  
 For alas ! his principles were perverted.  
 At length  
 The spring of his existence  
 Being worn out,  
 He desisted altogether from his occupation,  
 And departed this life,  
 To the infinite regret of many,  
 Who knew his early virtues.

We were much pleased with the powerful writing to be met with in "the Magician of Padua;" "a Day in Ancient Rome," is characterised by a *delicate* sensibility and a fine philosophy;—the same author's attempts in verse are most successful. "Passages in the life of a Bachelor" are sketchy and spirited. Our limits forbid us to particularize further, and we shall proceed to wind up our notice by giving a pretty poem, written by our townsman, Mr. John Morrison Whitelaw, and which appears to us to be one of the chief attractions in the poetical department of the volume:—

#### PAUL TO VIRGINIA.

*After hearing her sing.*

To me the music of thy tongue  
 Was as aerial murmurs flung  
 From angel's harps, at fall of even,  
 While resting in their flight from heaven.

Like a bright dream, it call'd to view  
 What frigid art could ne'er renew ;  
 Fair images of earliest years  
 Ere hope dissolv'd itself in tears,  
 Or memory dipp'd her iron pen  
 In gall, and wrote a curse on men.  
 As by a spell, the purple hills  
 Of childhood, with their silvery rills,  
 And summits towering to the sky,  
 Arose and gleam'd before mine eye ;  
 Again I trode each herbless steep,  
 And saw the antler'd wild-deer leap,  
 From crag to chasm, o'er rock and leas,  
 Fleet play-mate of the mountain-breeze.  
 Each dim and long-forgotten scene,  
 The starlit woods, and dark ravine,—  
 The stainless lake, around whose rim,  
 The moon at midnight seem'd to swim,—  
 The proud and ever glorious sea,  
 Reposing like a monarch free ;  
 And all unfathom'd as the fountain  
 Whence it flow'd :—the lonesome mountain  
 Which thou didst climb at eventide  
 To pray, while Twilight, like a bride,  
 Stretch'd slowly o'er the firmament  
 The dusky curtains of her tent,  
 And mystic voices floated nigh,  
 Like echoes from Eternity.

Oh ! what is life ? 'tis but a dream  
 Which vanisheth,—a glittering stream,—  
 A dark and toilsome pilgrimage,—  
 A race where youth and hoary age  
 Contend, and friends who meet to-day,  
 To-morrow may be far away.  
 The moon, who from her lattice high  
 Now marks the lightnings of thine eye,  
 And listens to each joyous laugh,  
 Ere long may scan thine epitaph ;  
 The radiant flowers which round thee bloom,  
 Perchance, were planted for thy tomb,  
 And ere their fragrance pass away,  
 May wreath thy cold unconscious clay.

2. *Original Songs.* By Robert Gilfillan.—John Anderson—Edinburgh.—pp. 152. 12mo.

*The Immortality of the Soul ; with other Poems.* By David Mallock, A. M.—Holdsworth and Ball—London.—pp. 152. 8vo.

WE class these two productions, not so much because the subjects are similar, as because they have been both noticed in our pages, and we are anxious to favour our readers with a few additional specimens

of the varied and superior talents of the Authors. Mr. Gilfillan, with a praiseworthy modesty, pays due respect to the names of Burns, Tannahill and Macneill, and to the genius of "living masters of Scottish Song;" and with unaffected sincerity he begs it to be understood, that he enters "the lists with no pretensions to the character of a competitor, but merely as a humble follower—not as a belted knight, but as a lowly squire." If the writer of these "Original Songs" will not speak out for himself, the public, it is to be hoped, will do him justice. His muse is right powerful and pleasant, and he seems to have imbibed the true spirit that pervades the melodies of his great predecessors. If our readers peruse the following extracts with but half the relish, that we have again and again, they will not think the space allotted to them unprofitably occupied.

### WHY TARRIES MY TRUE LOVE?

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

WHY tarries my true love so long on sea?  
Spirits of ocean! tell, why tarries he?  
Dark is the midnight sky,  
Loud raves the storm on high!  
Where closeth he his eye?  
To dream of me!

When once my love returns, we part no more:  
Spirits! oh! where is he, by sea or shore?  
"Far in the ocean's deeps,  
"Where death his vigil keeps,  
"There thy fond lover sleeps,  
"Neath its loud roar!"

The next is a parody, which we gladly reprint, were it only for the sake of intimating, that it was originally published in Blackwood's Magazine for January 1828:—

WRITE, write, tourist and traveller,  
Fill up your pages and write in good order;  
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,  
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,  
Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*!  
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen,  
Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms where the farthing wick's burning,  
Come with your tales full of gladness or woe;  
Come from your small-beer to vinegar turning,  
Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow!

Fame's trump is sounding, topics abounding,  
Leave, then, each scribb'ler, your high attic story;  
Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,  
"He wrote for the snuff-shop, he wrote not for glory!"

Write, write, tourist and traveller,  
 Fill up your pages and write in good order ;  
 Write, write, scribbler and driveller,  
 Why leave such margins ?—come nearer the border.

“Fare thee well” is beautiful and touching. We can merely venture to convey a piece of information respecting it, which we take from an appended note. These verses, we are told, will be found in a work, entitled the “Spirit of British Song,” with the name of “Moreland” attached to them as the author. This mistake, however, the publishers readily acknowledged in a very handsome letter of apology, which is now in Mr. Gilfillan’s possession. Besides the parody given above and others of a like stamp, we were much pleased with the piece, beginning—“The poets, what fools they’re to deave us,” in which there is evidence incontestible of a keen perception of the humorous.

We conclude our hasty *return* to Mr. G’s book of songs with—and we consider it equal to any of its kind—

#### A BUMPER TO THEE !

(*Set to a spirited Air, from a forthcoming volume of Original Melodies, by PETER M’LEOD, Esq.*)

A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !  
 A cup to the fair, and a health to the free ;  
 O ! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,  
 A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !

LET the wine mantle high in a goblet of joy,  
 Be it Alicant bright or Burgundy famed,  
 O ! my soul, like the cup, to my lip shall spring up,  
 When friendship and thou in a bumper art named !  
 A bumper to thee, &c.

O ! the Arno rolls deep through Italia’s gay land,  
 And fair on its banks grows the wide-spreading vine ;  
 In the juice of that vine I shall pledge heart and hand  
 To bright eyes that sparkle, as sparkles the wine !  
 A bumper to thee, &c.

As the Arab, while wand’ring the desert along,  
 Forgets half his toil if a streamlet he find,  
 So, in life’s dreary waste, fill a cup deep and strong,  
 And sorrow and care we shall throw to the wind  
 In a bumper to thee, &c.

Since the past is away, let this night be our day,  
 Nor brood on to-morrow to waken a sigh ;  
 For to souls if there’s bliss, ’tis a moment like this,  
 When cups flow with wine, and bosoms with joy !

A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !  
 A cup to the fair, and a health to the free ;  
 O ! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,  
 A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !

We finally—at least *Editorially*—close Mr. Mallock's delightful volume by transferring to the *Border Magazine* two more of his minor poems;—we may be allowed, however, to express a hope, that the success of the present work will be sufficient to encourage the talented and excellent author to complete his proposed extensive poem of "The Survey."

### MUTABILITY.

THE Winter came, and the winds blew high,  
And the fields were wrapt in snow;  
And the mighty streams, and the little brooks,  
And the rills, forgot to flow.

For the Frost's cold hand had chain'd them down,  
And the breath of the storm had past,  
With its hurricane sweep, o'er their waters clear,  
And their music had breath'd its last.

But the balmy Spring came round again,  
And the brooks, and the rills, and the streams,  
Like the rosy dawn of youth's bright years,  
Started forth from their icy dreams!

And the sleeping flow'r, in its earthy bow'r,  
Upsprung from its snow-wreath'd pillow,—  
When the radiant Eye of the golden sky  
Glanced brightly on the billow.

And Summer was seen, with her mantle green,  
Adorning the new-wak'd earth;  
As a beauteous child, by its mother mild,  
Is deck'd for the day of mirth.

And Autumn came, with her locks of flame,  
And her brow adorn'd with gems  
Of pearly dew, to the wreath that grew,  
Like bees to the honied stems.

Thus Change was renew'd, and the chase pursu'd,  
Round, round the gliding year:  
And nought stood still, nor good nor ill,  
Till all sunk on earth's cold bier!

Ah! 'tis with me as the Seasons be;  
My Spring, Summer, Autumn, are past,  
And Winter again hath assum'd his reign,  
And chill'd bright Hope with his blast.

### STANZAS.

WHEN clouds gather fast, and the prospect all dark  
In gloom and in shadow is closing,  
'Tis sweet 'mid the scowl of the tempest to mark  
A spot where the light is reposing.

So 'tis with my heart, in the lone hour of grief,  
 When Sorrow and Anguish enfold it ;  
 I dream of thy beauty, then comes my relief  
 The moment I *seem* to behold it !

3. *Emmeline*. By Mrs. Sherwood.—Melrose—Berwick—18mo.

WE are often provoked to see old spectacled people fuming and fretting at the innocent amusements of children, as if they had forgotten that they were once children themselves. These wise-acres—they are of both sexes—would have us to believe that they were prudent matronly ladies and sober-minded gentlemen at ten and twelve years of age ! Their design is to put an extinguisher upon childhood, and to do away with one of the four ages of man. They are the most sweet, and tender-conscienced of moralists, and they will sit down hob-a-nob with you at your parlour window,—if you have got one,—and tell you with all the gravity imaginable, that the romping of children is highly detrimental to the growth of virtue, as if there were not a possibility that the refinements in morality may be carried too far. The pleasant little histories, too, of “Cinderella,” “Blue Beard,” “Little Red Riding Hood,” and the thousand-and-one delightful fairy tales, so excellently adapted for engendering the love of reading in the different stages of infancy, childhood, and youth, have been pounced upon by these Sensibles, as an unclean thing, and banished from the infant library, to make way for a budget of canting and foolery, all about my sweet Miss *this*, and my dear Miss *that*, who, for the sake of elucidating the absurdity of the design which the worthies have in view, talk most feelingly of their compassion for the unfortunate—their hatred of cruelty, and so forth, till we discover at length that the interesting misses, with all their excessive sensibility, are nothing more than so many little ridiculous caricatures of matrons and divines. This cannot be tolerated. Children must have children’s books, nor must “Blind man’s buff,” or one of their romping games be proscribed.

It now comes to be asked if Mrs. Sherwood’s one-and-sixpenny book has obtained the verdict of our judgment ? We answer—and we will make every extenuation to Mrs. Sherwood for our rudeness—that had it been placed in our hands, at an age when such books are *said* to charm, we would have been apt to kick it under the table, in the very face of its injunctions to practise gentleness. But we ask Mrs. S’s pardon,—“*Emmeline*” is a story for young misses, who wear “brown Holland pinafores to preserve their clean frocks,” and who are able to comprehend the obligation to the performance of a duty ! We will not stop, however, to enquire whether or not a certain maturity of judgment is required to *understand* and *feel* the nature of a duty. Mrs. Sherwood and her publisher appear to understand these matters better than we do. They have conceived and reared a numerous progeny of little books, too tedious for us to particularise by their Christian and sur-names, with the view of teaching children morality, and of leading them on to read and to relish those writings which are the basis of it. Now, has a child of eight or nine a predilection for this species of reading ? It has not, and they are but cramming the mind



of the poor darling with the most indigestible food, which, for any thing we know to the contrary, may render it bilious for life! Nor must we be told that a certain discipline and course of reading is necessary, in order to prevent "foolish thoughts" from taking up their abode in the infant mind. Education must be in agreement with nature. It is preposterous to make it run counter to it. Nature must be looked to as the guide, and we must accommodate infancy with the nursery mythology, because it is impossible for it to read or take delight in any other thing. And indeed, these same fictitious relations are worth a hundred of their "suitable presents for children." They excite benevolent affections, engender sympathy, and improve the imagination and instruct the judgment at one and the same time. In our young days, we remember having wept for *one hour and twenty-two minutes*, when we were first made acquainted with "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin;"—it was the earliest offering to our intellect, printed on coarse whitey-brown paper, and adorned with fourteen highly affecting wood cuts! Then we got "Robin Hood," and "Robinson Crusoe," being best adapted for our next era in life, until we acquired such a love of reading that our old granny—she was a sly gipsy—determined to make us a preacher whether dad consented or not. It is just such books as those we have mentioned that breeched and unbreeched academicians desire to possess, and we assure Mr. Melrose if he will but set about the business, and issue from his shop a goodly bunch of tiny quartos, that the "Juvenile Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge" which we are going to form in this town immediately after the Jubilee, shall present him with the diploma of honorary member, as a mark of their gratitude for the unprecedented interest which he has all along taken in the promotion of juvenile literature.

4. *The Mercantile Navy Improved; or a Plan for the greater Safety of Lives and Property in Steam-vessels and Sailing-vessels; with explanatory Drawings, &c.* By James Ballingall, Surveyor of Shipping for the Port of Kirkcaldy.—W. Morrison—London.—pp. 184. 8vo.

THE very attempt to effect the important objects noted in the title-page, if coming from a respectable quarter, is a recommendation to the work. The annual loss of lives and property by shipwreck is enormous, and as the Public, without question, "ultimately pay for all wrecks and damages, either by water or fire," it must, one should think, be an inducement to the legislature to make a fair trial of Mr. Ballingall's plan, especially since it is universally admitted to be characterized by strength, safety and durability,—and is, moreover, practicable at a comparatively trifling expense at the outset. The Author was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, in consequence of the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*, Steamer, where he produced various models, which, so far as they were inspected, were approved of. They also met with the approbation of numerous parties interested in Merchant Shipping; some of them, indeed, objecting to the additional charge which, in the first instance, comes out of the pocket of the builder or original purchaser of the vessel. It be-

ing difficult to analyse a work of this kind, which cannot well be understood without the presence of the Explanatory Drawings and a competent knowledge of nautical terms, we are necessitated to content ourselves with recommending the volume to every one connected with the maritime interests of Britain. It is clearly the result of much research, industry and skill, and is entitled to a serious and attentive consideration. In reference to the trivial objection above alluded to, we subjoin a paragraph from page 178 of the publication:—"The Americans convinced us of the practical application of steam to naval purposes, after it had been condemned and discountenanced here, (because it interfered with the interests of parties,) and still dispute the honour of the invention with us; it is to be hoped, then, that we will not, for the sake of keeping up a false and fictitious system of classing shipping, which benefits no person, and sacrifices the property in the sea, permit them, the French, Russians, and other nations to shew us an improved construction of Merchant Shipping, and practically to convince us that 'the preponderance of trade is preserved, not by enterprise only, but by conducting commerce in the most efficient manner, and on the most economical principles,' since, besides the lives lost, all expenses must come at last out of the pockets of the consumer."

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## MATHEMATICS.

### SOLUTION OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

*Solution of Question 1st, by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

To the square of 25 add four times the area in chains (600), and the square root of the amount will be 35, the sum of the two sides. From the square of 25 take four times the area, and the square root of the remainder will be 5, the difference of the sides. Add half the difference of the sides to half their sum, and we have 20 chains for the greater side; and subtract half their difference from half their sum, and we have 15 chains for the less side.

*Solution of Question 2d, by Mr. William Ferguson, Assistant to the Rev. N. Blythe, Greenfield House Academy, near Whittingham.*

First, 22 divided by 3.1416 = 7, diameter of beam's end; and 33 divided by 3.1416 = 10.5, outer diameter of the cloth when wrapt about the beam. Their sum is 17.5, and difference 3.5. Now, the space included between the two concentric circles will be equal to the length of the web multiplied by its thickness. Therefore 17.5 multiplied by 3.5 multiplied by .7854 = 48.10575 = area of included space, which divided by one-ninety-sixth, (= one-twelfth of the eighth of an inch) gives 4618.152 inches, or 128.282 yards, the length of the web required.

*Solution of Question 3d, by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

The square of 40 multiplied by .7854 and divided by 3 gives 418.88, the area of one third of the circle. Then 418.88 divided by the square of 40 is equal to .2618 whose tabular ver. sine is .367535; this multiplied by 40 is equal to 14.7 the ver. sine, and 40 divided by 2 gives 20 the radius of the circle. Then 20 minus 14.7 leaves 5.3 inches, the distance at which the line must be struck from the centre.

*Solution of Question 4th, by Mr. William Weatherhead, Swinton.*

As (177 plus 67) : (177 minus 67) :: Sine  $106^{\circ} 39' 44''$  : Sine  $25^{\circ} 35' 14''$  difference of the angles at the base, one half of which is  $12^{\circ} 47' 37''$ ; then (180° minus  $106^{\circ} 39' 44''$ ) gives  $73^{\circ} 20' 16''$  to one half of which add, and subtract  $12^{\circ} 47' 37''$ , we shall have  $49^{\circ} 27' 45''$  and  $23^{\circ} 52' 31''$ , the angles at the base. Again,

As sine  $106^{\circ} 39' 44''$  : 244 ::  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Sine } 49^{\circ} 27' 45'' : 193.562 \\ \text{Sine } 23^{\circ} 52' 31'' : 103.068 \end{array} \right\}$  Sides.

Lastly, As Radius  $90^{\circ}$  : Sine  $106^{\circ} 39' 44''$  :: half product of the containing sides : 9556 square chains, or 955.6 acres.

## QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

*Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Teacher, Tweedmouth.*

5. On the 17th day of June 1832, two men, A. and B., started a journey from two different places (but on the same parallel of north latitude) and observed the sun to rise  $52^{\circ} 34'$  from the north towards the east. After travelling 3 days they met together at 6 P. M., and found the sun's altitude to be  $17^{\circ} 45' 40''$ ; they also found the sum of their distances to be 140 miles, A's distance being the least, and the angle A. made with the meridian he left is equal to the complement of the angle which B. made with the meridian he left. Required the distance between the places they left, also the distance each man travelled.

*Proposed by Mr. A. Moscrop, Tweedmouth.*

6. On the northern hemisphere, a ball fell from the top to the bottom of a tower in 5 seconds, the distance between the ball and the point in space from whence it fell is 4317.8 feet. Required the latitude of the tower? The ball fell 16 feet the first second, the earth's annual motion excluded.

*Proposed by Mr. William Weatherhead, Teacher, Swinton.*

7. A tree standing on an horizontal plane, was broken down by a tempestuous wind, struck the ground 30 feet from the root; but if it had been broken 20 feet lower, it would have struck the ground 70 feet from the root; required the height of the tree.

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We can see no propriety in publishing Mr. Weatherhead's communication, unless he can shew that Mr. Giles is wrong. Moreover, Mr. W. must be aware that, while he denies that his solution is c-r.

roneous, he admits in the same sentence the existence of a "defect"—but enough. We recently saw a work of great celebrity wherein a problem is wrought upon the same principles as Mr. G's solution of our Question 6th, vol. I. Perhaps Mr. Weatherhead might put his method to the test, if he will insist upon its correctness. The problem is as follows:—Given the latitude left  $37^{\circ}$  N., the distance 1027, and the difference of longitude 790 miles,—to find the angle of bearing and the latitude come to.

We beg to remind our Mathematical friends once more, that we consider them pledged on honour to send us their own *bonâ fide* original questions for Solution. We should be sorry to be driven to the necessity of exposing an apparent deception.

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*Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

BIRTHS.

On the 26th ult., at his house, Mile End, Middlesex, the wife of C. M. Brody, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Edinburgh, on the 13th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon, George Dunbar, Esq., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Molle, Esq. of Maines.

At Leith, on the 18th ult., Mr. Joseph Thomson, of this town, baker, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. S. Mather, of the former place, brewer.

At Chester-le-street, on the 21st ult., Col. Robert Bell, of Benton, late of the 86th regiment, to Emma Donna, daughter of the deceased Isaac Cookson, Esq. of Whitehill, in the county of Durham.

At Paxton House, Berwickshire, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. John Edgar of Hutton, the Hon. A. F. Cathcart, youngest son of the Right Hon. Earl Cathcart, to Margaret, second daughter of W. F. Home, Esq. of Paxton.

At Ford Church, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Thomas Knight, David Logan, Esq., Ferney Castle, Berwickshire, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Adam Smith, Esq., Berry hill, Northumberland.

DEATHS.

At Huddersfield, on the 20th May, Robert Graham, formerly copersmith, Tweedmouth, aged 73.

At Paris, on the 1st ult., the celebrated General Lamarque, aged 60.

At Swinewood Mill, on the 6th ult., after a short illness, Mr. Gow-an Lawson, aged 42.

At Alnwick, on the 9th ult., Mr. John Hindmarsh, painter, aged 37.

At Chirnside, on the 11th ult., George, son of Mr. Ebenezer Cochran, baker, aged 14.

On the 12th ult., in Cleveland-row, London, in her 18th year, the Hon. Harriet Caroline Lambton, third daughter of Lord Durham.

In Dumfries-shire, aged 79, Mrs. Isabella Scott, relict of Dr. William Russell, author of the History of Modern Europe, &c.

At Marwick Hall, on the 12th ult., Mrs. Moises, widow of Mr. Moises, vicar of Felton, and mother of Captain Moises, Amble House.

At Annan, on the 17th ult., Gawin Irving, Esq., father of the Rev. and celebrated Edward Irving.

At his house in Edinburgh, on the 23d ult., Sir James Hall, Bart. of Dunglass, in the 72d year of his age.

At Coldstream, on the 25th ult., Margaret Smith, relict of Mr. Thomas Melrose, aged 84.

At Wooler, on the 28th ult., aged 71, much and deservedly respected, Mr. George Stephenson, leather cutter.

Same day, at the residence of Mrs. Colonel Booth, Montpelier, near Bristol, where she was on a visit, Miss Anna Maria Porter, the celebrated novelist.

At Burnmouth, on the 28th ult., Mr. Adam Willis, in the 76th year of his age, deeply regretted.

At Greenlaw, in the 84th year of his age, Mr. Andrew Kerr, formerly farmer of Cornrigg.

At Alnwick, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Busby, wife of Mr. Daniel Busby, auctioneer, aged 54, much regretted.

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### *To Readers and Correspondents.*

The Review of Mr. Melrose's new school book is unavoidably postponed.

The paper on Atheism shall find a place.

Many of our correspondents who may appear to have been hitherto neglected, are not lost sight of.

We venture again to remind all and sundries, that we expect our *unknown* friends to *post pay* their communications; and we have further to assure such, that—except in cases where we *know*, as we always do, the manuscript of our regular contributors—the unpaid packages are laid up for a certain period, and then are consigned unopened to the flames.

THE  
**BORDER MAGAZINE.**

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No. X.]

AUGUST, 1832.

[VOL. II.

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ON ATHEISM.\*

A REVERIE TERMINATING IN A DREAM.

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“Hail, human liberty! There is no God.”

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It appears to me that the sublimer scenes of the material world were intended by the Creator to be used in the moral education of the mind, as a basis for its musings on the immaterial beauty and grandeur of a higher sphere. It has always appeared so to me, and to many, in all ages, with whose genius I can presume to hold no communion, but that called forth by the inspiration of their own awakening words. They have ascended the mountain top with a religious awe, as if they were approaching the nearer vicinity of Heaven, and, the more the horizon expanded, the vaster have their conceptions grown of the animating Spirit, that pervades and sustains the infinity of things. But it has not been so with all even of those that lay claim to a profounder sympathy than is felt by ordinary men with nature, in her deep significance, and oracular intimations. They have entered, as it were, the very sanctuaries of creation, or have ascended its high and holy places, that their contempt of the Being who surrounded and supported them by his conscious presence, might acquire a character of blasphemy, and blasphemy itself assume a deeper tone, from being reverberated in those solitudes, where none but God could hear. It is mournful to dwell upon the aberrations of genius, and to see some of the strongest and fairest emanations from the infinite mind turning a malignant aspect on the fountain of their being and their splendour. Such a train of thought was excited by a casual recollection of one whose transcendent powers and melancholy fate would bring us to ascribe the extravagances of his career to a

\* We reckon it but right to inform our readers, that this article on Atheism appeared some years ago in a periodical which existed during only two or three Numbers. We question if one of them ever saw the defunct in question. At all events we have ample authority for appropriating the able composition of—we are just permitted to say—a young Baptist clergyman. It is also due to the author “to state, that the former part of the paper was a real dream, and that the idea of the latter part was suggested by a reverie of John Paul Richter.”

partial derangement of reason,—so as to deem him either the most guilty, or the most unfortunate, of those on whom Poesy has breathed out the inspiration of her very soul. In this forlorn hope, of charity weeping over the sepulchre of genius, would we forbear the mention of his name; lest, on the one hand, we should rouse up the swarming bigots of all creeds and parties—and, on the other, (if consciousness inform the dead,) lest we should disturb the slumber of those remains, o'er which the guilty Adriatic weeps, with her daily tide. Such, however, was the demeanour of that wayward bard. On one of the grandest elevations of an Alpine scene—with the untroubled heavens above, and the tempestuous clouds beneath—where the very elements would seem to speak, in the ear of reason, with an overpowering voice,—did he dare to subscribe his name with the epithet of “Atheist”—thus leaving the ordinary track of life, and seeking out the place where Deity shed forth the strongest manifestations of his presence, as if for the sole purpose of more nearly insulting his Creator. One could almost have believed the report, had such been made, that the very elements had breathed out some intimation of wrath, and, in the absence of articulate voice, that the surrounding rocks had broken the silence of ages, at once to refute the derision vented against their Maker;—as that youth, in ancient times, burst asunder the strings which had held him dumb from his birth, through the vehemence of his anger at the threatening of his father's life. Far different were our emotions, when standing on one of the sublimest, if not one of the loftiest heights which our island can boast,—the summit of the Malvern hills, which form the boundary of that chain of mountains that runs through the whole of Wales, and terminates in Snowden to the north. From that highland peak,—whence might be seen twelve counties, all teeming with luxuriance, overshadowed with the glory of historic recollections, and, to our imagination, thronging with airy phantoms of chivalry and romance, called forth by the remembrance of Shakespeare, whose remains rested in the extreme verge of the horizon—from that spot, which seemed made as a sort of vantage ground whence the imagination might soar away to higher spheres, did we look forth and around upon the scene, as a vast panorama, on which might be traced out, in the varied shades of an autumnal eve, the indications of a MIND—informing, sustaining, and beautifying the whole. Close under the base of this inland promontory lay the village of Malvern, with its white cottages nestling together, in a paradise of gardens, round the old Gothic tower of the Abbey church. The deep irradiation of the setting sun was now reflected, at the distance of six miles, from the windows and pinnacles of Worcester, which hence seemed the very miniature of a city, placed by fairy hands on the banks of the Severn—“Sabrina fair!”—here wandering in lowliness through the vale.

The sun at length retired, like a patriotic emperor, at the close of life, with a grandeur which became his early ministration to the interest of man. “The gorgeous company of clouds,” which rolled after the chariot of the retiring monarch, soon spread themselves in mist upon the mountains. The whole earth was at rest, and the heavens came down upon it, in the freshness of their dews, whilst the stars peered forth from their hiding-places, and shared out with the rising

moon the deep serenity of the scene. I lingered on the declivities of the mountain, and, once more, in the fulness of my heart, sat down to imbibe the inspiration of the place. The last murmuring sounds of day had now ceased in the darkening twilight, and I heard nothing from the solitude around me but invocations, as it were, from beings of a higher order, and a strange, incessant repetition, (as by some mysterious monitor, anxious, at such an hour, indelibly to brand with absurdity their schemes) of the phrase—"Without God in the world!" I was amazed at the deep insinuation of argument, and indignant exposure of depravity, presented in these few short words, "Without God in the world!" as if to state the theory were to confute it; or, as if no man could look round on the universe, teeming with innumerable forms of beauty, and principles of order, without recognizing the arrangements of a controlling mind. As if a residence in this world, which is adorned with intermingling systems of harmonious operation, were enough to urge upon the mind, as a first and elementary idea, that there is a God. My thoughts soon acquired the deeper tone of a Reverie, proceeding thus:—

*The Reverie.*

I AM astonished at the earnestness with which some philosophers have contended against the existence of a God. They have not merely, as philosophers, suspended their belief, in order that the demonstration of his being might acquire a double force,—but they have reasoned against it as a stupendous evil, in the same spirit as the adherents of Saturn are represented by the poets, as groaning and declaiming in the prisonhouses of Tartarus, at the ascendancy of the Olympian Thunderer. Like these imaginary beings, I have heard them, with wonder, assuming the language of *patriots of the universe*, overpowered by destiny, in their endeavour to subvert a tyranny intolerable to the creation, and sullenly awaiting a decree of that same power for a revolution in the government of worlds. I was amazed at the similarity of their deportment to that of the rebellious deities under chains of darkness, when I compared their situations, and found that, whilst these men were venting a malevolence against their Creator, equal to that which is extorted by the sorrows of the damned, His air was breathing through their organs, His sun was shining upon their heads, and His earth was spread beneath and around them, in the luxuriance of revolving seasons.—I was alarmed at the provocation; and, as if no remains of human virtue could overbalance the impiety, I waited in expectation of some catastrophe, by which the Creator should vindicate the benevolence of his reign. As if the realization of their own schemes, for the shortest period, were the most appropriate and severe of punishments, I looked for the extinction of the sun, the confusion of the stars, the insurrection of contending elements, and all the fearful portents of a retiring Deity,—with voices in the air, calling the malignant powers of the universe to supersede his reign. I looked for these things—but I saw no more than the deep radiance of the solar beam, still shining on the just and on the unjust, or the rain descending on the good and on the evil. The whole inanimate earth was heaving with delight,—the overhanging hills, the laughing fountains, and the roaring seas. A trembling ecstasy thrilled round



the world—and, in the pause of admiration, I imagined I could hear the distant music of the spheres, as they still rolled murmuring onwards in their ancient and unviolated order.

I turned away from the contemplation of this visionary scene to the realities of my situation; that, in the calmness of reason, I might estimate the advantages which render the existence of a God the basis, and wonder, and ornament of the universe.—Vain, said I, is the philosophy of that man who could be desirous of removing the basis of support, and the centre of operation, from the whole physical economy of nature! Rivers may circulate round the world, each world may revolve round the sun, and the sun may carry round with him the planetary spheres and their intermingling orbits, as he sweeps in a more sublime revolution round some unknown centre, at an immeasurable distance,—but where originates the career of suns, and what sustains them in their uniform and undiminished force? If we must trace the long series of animated beings back to some primary point of suspension, on which the creation hangs—by what reason are we prohibited from tracing the regularity of the seasons, and the harmony of worlds, to the same elementary power, as the origin and main-spring of operation? If that hand were withdrawn, for a moment, which upholds the strength of the hills, and guides the stars in their courses, there would need no more to bring back the disorder of chaos—to cover the heavens with blackness and the earth with mourning, so that all nature should give up the ghost, and nothing remain but darkness, as the funeral ‘pall of a’ departed ‘world.’

Poor is the imagination of that man who could wish to annihilate the one living consummation of ideal excellence—to throw down the towering apex of the universe, and reduce all to a monotonous level of existence. God has endowed us with an instinctive admiration of beauty and order;—but he has combined with this an aspiration after the infinite. “*Vires acquirit eundo*” may be said of the human mind. The more complete are the specimens of beauty, material and immaterial, which it contemplates, the more does its conception and admiration of the abstract quality expand. It is refined by the ethereal food, and ascends, with an accelerated flight, through innumerable gradations of beauty and grandeur, till it comes to repose in the beatific vision, before the sunlight of that countenance, which is the first good and fair,—the realization of all that poesy has feigned, or imagination shadowed forth. This is the mystic ladder of the patriarch’s dream, from the earth climbing upwards to perfection. Angels ascend and descend; guiding us through the intermediate clouds and darkness into the splendours which environ the throne of God.

Deep is the depravity of that man who could seek to undermine the last foundations of a moral government,—that eternal justice, which ensures to virtue her ascendancy, and to impiety her doom;—to remove that living support, to which their own nature instinctively clings in the season of extremity, so that, when the seas work tempestuously, and the mariners begin to quail before the storm, there is not one but will cry to his God,—though that God were no more than a Sidonian shepherd or a Tyrian whale. But these men know that they are not aiming at an idolatry, (which were to be tolerated rather than a malignant Atheism,) but at the worship of a living God, who

holds the very seas in the hollow of his hand,—who thundereth marvelously with his voice—breathing out the whirlwind from his nostrils, and darkening the creation with his frown. They know that they are meditating no ordinary crime—the murder of an individual, or the revolution of a commonwealth—at one blow they are stabbing at an immortality, and stretching forth a parricidal hand against the Father of the world. So far from being desirable, I can almost imagine that their success would carry sorrow into the regions of woe, since it would destroy the melancholy resource they may find in the mere existence of an infinite benevolence. Nay more,—so great were the calamity, that, methinks, the bare announcement were enough to rouse from their slumbers all the mighty dead; that they might, once more, gaze upon this fair and boundless universe, and then—retire and die!

Such were my thoughts—deepening and darkening as the night with gathering clouds—as I sat upon the mountain. I once rose up to descend the valley; but so profound was the stupor into which my meditations and the chill air had brought me, that the effort was abortive, and I again sank down upon the rocky seat. Every thing appeared, for a time, trembling and swimming around me, and the last sound which I heard, as I fell to slumber, was the deep tone of the Abbey clock striking one. But it served rather to accelerate than retard that sleep, which has been to me a vista, through which eternity has appeared, with its terrific and sublime realities. May that night never return, till its impression is erased!

And, now, fair and gentle reader, wearied as you are with the perusal of these wandering words, lay them aside for your morning's perambulation in the fresh air, and, in the evening, with imagination solemnized, a lamp, dim as may be,—alone—and, in the gloomiest apartment, read over, with a slow and varied modulation of your breathing voice, the narrative of that dream which now makes me tremble, even in the crowded streets, at noon-day.

#### *The Dream.*

In the dawning of that vision—which seemed as if intended to realize all that I had feared—methought I lay down by the sea shore, in that horrid silence which pervades the earth when under a total eclipse. The sun was darkened in his course. The heavens were shrouded in a melancholy gloom; and nothing but a solitary star, like the presence of a patriot in the crisis of an empire, remained as the monument of expiring grandeur. I lay me down,—but the silence was too deep for repose; and, to my imagination, it appeared as if Nature were drawing breath, and gathering strength, for the pangs of her approaching dissolution. I dared, at length, to look around,—but I saw neither man nor beast, and the very birds of the air had fled. Along the sea verge were scattered some fragments of a wreck; and, on the mangled remains of a mariner were strange sea-monsters lazily feeding. Again I looked,—and the whole earth trembled—for a change had come. The heavens were wrapt in tenfold night—the air murmured with innumerable storms—and the roused ocean seemed to speak, with a strange articulate sound. Once more,—the darkness

remained, but the turmoil of the elements had ended, and then that fearful stagnation of sense was broken, as by the resounding of an armed host—the deep trampling of horsemen over a frozen plain in the solitude of a northern winter. It ceased,—and there stood before me a chariot, heavy and warlike, as it had been made for them that of old warred by Hebron, and Aroer, and the wandering Arnon, three thousand years ago. It was drawn by four steeds,—not black, but of a deep bronze appearance,—and in it there sat a being who looked neither man nor god, but as one might have imagined, the very prince of darkness. He seemed neither naked nor clothed; but of an iron and sinewy frame, like a coat of mail, and dark—as if gendered in the darkness of a hundred ages. His eye was fringed round, at every movement, with a glimmering of deep red fire;—and he fixed it on me, with a most infernal fascination. I had fainted—but that gaze was upon me, so that my nature had not strength to melt away. As the bird moves onward into the jaws of the Indian serpent, so did I find myself seated beside that charioteer. He said nothing,—but he made those coursers start, at the strokes of a burning thong. They seemed another kind of demons, as if they had been animated with the souls of apostate kings and priests, snorting and bounding at the thought of soon reaching their own place with another soul,—for then they would enlarge the society of hell, and deepen the wailings of the human damned.

Thus for a long time we seemed moving,—for the coursers rushed like a mountain storm. As for me—I durst not move—but I *saw*—and the habitations of men were far, and far, behind. And still he drove,—and still the fiercer his deep-sounding horses went; and, at every stroke, he turned, but uttering no syllable, leered round upon me with a scowl of most fearful significance. We passed all the boundaries of common being, and lo! the earth seemed spread forth into a vast continuous plain. O memory! who shall retrace the journey over that waste, which seemed as if conscious of the presence of that minister of sorrow, trembling far and wide, and sending forth subterranean sounds of alarm, until we reached a forest, which was boundless and umbrageous as the shadow of death. I thought that his coursers must have quailed before the darkness, and the thunder, and the spreading trees; but on they rushed,—as that sea-monster Leviathan, through the waves of an ocean-storm. Once more I beheld a change, as of the glimmering morn,—but a morning of such light as may overspread the world, when the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood. In the dawning of that day—if that may be so called which was no more than the revelation of danger heretofore unseen—and by the light of flames, which came forth from the higher apertures, I beheld a vast and towering edifice—embrasure and battlement and keep, ascending and frowning upon each other, in the size and majesty of mountains, till the eye lost them in the mingling volumes of the smoke and clouds. What was this drear and tremendous pile I know not, nor could learn, from the shrill cries which sometimes were heard overpowering the hollow resonance of the flames. What it was I know not;—but it seemed the erection of no mortal hand, and the stronghold of no earthly tyrant; and, methinks, an infernal power might have made it the receptacle of them that had sinfully enjoyed the high

places and dominions of the world, lording it in arrogance over prostrate millions, and here meeting their just recompense, in the burning towers of retribution. Here, also, methinks, might have been found their sycophants, and paramours, and panderers, and all that have sold themselves or their fellowmen to the lust and cruelty of power. Such were my thoughts; and my inmost mind was refreshed, for a moment, by the dreary consolation.

All, all, was now far behind, the abodes of men, the boundaries of life, the forest with its building,—and, again, we traversed a vast plain, spread forth, on each side, to an immeasurable distance; but ascending, forwards, in a range of mountains, higher than the Andes, and fringed along their summits with perpetual storms. Above and beyond them,—as the wakeful mariner gazing over the Italian deep at Stromboli or *Ætna*,—I could see an atmosphere of gloom; and, methought, I could hear sounds of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Up the hither side of that barrier mounted those four-footed purveyors of the dead—bounding the faster as they ascended the higher. And, again, I essayed to look; but my heart fainted within me, and I saw nothing but a fearful throng of phantoms, and clouds, and winged plagues, careering round and round the chariot; and then,—amid that whirlwind of darkness—as the young charioteer of heaven, from the constellation that o'ershone the fiery *Lybia*, to the *Hesperian* plains struck earthward, burning through the air—so, I, like those wandering stars, was quenched in the mist of darkness, with a dim sense of overwhelming wretchedness, dropped headlong, downward and downward, through the sulphurous air, far down into the dungeon of the common damned.

I know not how long I remained beneath the power of that fearful trance; but it seemed as if I had been for years, and, I had almost said for ages, separated from the living, and yet, not separated from the body. At last—whether I saw or only dreamed—there passed before me strange appearances, such as come not where holy souls may dwell. For the power that held me seemed to liberate my thoughts from their first bondage, that I might have withal to tremble at, in sights which I durst not tell to living man, and in sighs, and groans, and most piteous moanings, from unknown sufferers. I saw, and I heard; and then I knew that it was no dream. But where was I? and where was my charioteer? and those dark steeds, were they resting their gaunt limbs, or had they once more gone forth, on that strange foray, that brought me down to the place of everlasting sighs? Then I sprang up, yet bearing the form and substance of earth; and when I looked round through the darkness of the place, I saw, not by any light, but by the intensity of their blackness, many giant forms gathering about me; and I cried, in the thrice holy name of Him that is threefold and Almighty, that they should answer me—“Where am I?—and who are ye?” Then answered one of them—(O misery! that eye of vengeance glares upon me now)—

“Son of earth! we know  
Thee, and thine aspirations, and thy ways;  
How that thou hast forsworn th’ ascendancy

Of the material gods, and, now, dost call  
 On Him,—the threefold tyrant of all worlds,  
 But most of thine and ours. From thy childhood  
 We have seen thee scorning at the thrones,  
 Powers, and dominions, sway'd on earth by him  
 (Star of the morning!)—whom we serve as gods  
 Their high commander; and thine orisons  
 We have heard thee lisping forth at morn and eve,  
 To one called Father of Eternity,  
 Sole Monarch of the Universe—to one  
 Whose mightiest thunders we have felt, and live,  
 Unconquerable, whose thunders we defy!  
 Hear'st thou the challenge—heard, perchance, by Him  
 The challenge to extreme combat for the throne  
 Of all majesty, now shared by more than half,  
 And dost thou tremble,—cowering before  
 The sons of immortality, unborn  
 Save of the teeming elements, that move  
 Spontaneous? Ay, and thou shalt e'erwhile hear,  
 The heavens, th' emancipated earth shall hear,  
 Echoing the deep, that by a strange device,  
 Mightier than his thunders—the Thunderer is no more!

When I heard these things, I essayed to speak, for I knew that the power of the Highest would sustain me; but I saw them no longer. And then the driven darkness gathered round me, and strange things of a fiery buoyancy came thronging through the air; and, as these passed away, there were curses, and then sounds of laughter, and then echoes of those awful words—"The Thunderer is no more!" Then did I feel as one fearful of some dire and solitary doom; but, when I stood with hands lifted up to pray, with thoughts of our holy Mother, and remembrance of my earthly sins, there came over me such a mournful stillness that I could not pray, but lay me down as he who dies without repentance. I lay me down; and then, from the blank solitude around me, methought I could hear the power of the air murmuring forth the dirge of a departing world, as they sang, choiring, in the deeps of their invisible existence. I know not whether I heard these things indeed, or that I could not help thinking that they *must* be heard, at such a time, and in such a place. But I list again; and a voice cried, "Come, and see! son of earth, come and see!"

And immediately I rose up, and a hand reaching through the darkness, from a form which I saw not, led me to another place, which was HADES, where the unpurged souls of them that heard not of the Redeemer wait, till they shall hear the voice of the Archangel, calling them to judgment.

And, lo! it was a vast and dolorous cave,—a huge vault, where each one lay outstretched upon his own bier. Some, pale and motionless, in soft slumber; and some, quaking, as in the dreams of their earthly crimes. Some, I saw, graven with the scars of murder; and some wasted with unholy pleasure: some with the aspect of an iron age; and, anon, some passing fair! All dead,—and yet, informed

with a strange cadaverous life. The whole region had been garnished out, by the hand of demon mockery, in the fashion of a holy church, sombre and sublime. The roof was as the night bespangled with a few dim stars—which were lamps, revealing darkness and the things thereof. As the sound of a tempest in the mountains far away,—so did I hear the sighing of the mighty dead, as they sighed, each one upon his throne of darkness, in the sleep of many generations. Then one of them,—O sight of misery! O sound of sadness!—having on his brow the seal of olden times, lift up his heavy eyelids, as I passed, and mournfully said, “Art thou also become like unto one of us—thou, who hast heard of Him—the Nazarene?” And then he raised up his hands, as it were to pray; but the joints of his shoulders could not sustain the burden; and, as they brake away, (with a deep groan from his inmost soul,) his arms separated from the body, and, with joined hands, they fell down beside the tomb. O God! there is no prayer beyond the grave. At the far end of that place was the cavern of eternity, where a dark hand, slowly moving round and round, made known, to the shades who beheld it, the lapse of ages and of generations.

Then I heard a rustling sound, as the gathering of birds in autumn, or the scattering of the leaves in Vall’ ambrosa, and I knew by the voices passing through the air, that the unseen forms of all demons were now thronging to the place of these millions of slumbering men. And, behold! there was a light, and a sound, and an earthquake,—if that may be so called which made the foundations of deep Erebus to tremble. And, forthwith, descended through the roof of clouds, and alighted on the mimic altar of that place, a thing of radiance—an angel of light—a star of the morning, but having on his aspect a deep and imperishable sorrow. Then all the shades who for ages had been groaning in the bondage of corruption, travailing in the pangs of a coming immortality, rose up each one from his couch, and, thronging round that stranger, cried aloud, (for they had heard those fearful words—the earth and the heavens had heard, till revolving systems paused in their courses, and each star, in his glory, trembled and darkened at the sound)—they cried, “Hast thou heard aught of God? Hast thou seen aught of God? Or, indeed is the Thunderer no more?” And then he with a loud moan, as if he had died in that answer, said—“There is no God! The Thunderer is no more!”

O horror! In that misery which followed, methought for a time, that I had witnessed the very pangs of an expiring God, and heard the last groan which was re-echoed, by millions of mourners, in millions of worlds. And amid their lamentations, he went on—“I have wandered through the labyrinth of stars, and ascended far above all suns, and there I found no God. I have crossed the last boundaries of creation; and, looking down the abyss, I cried—‘Father of the universe! where art thou?’ and I had no answer, but the whirlwind, and the turmoil of unregulated storms. Again, I crossed the dominions of the sun, and the earth hung darkling in its orbit. As the fiery star, when he stays to sweep round the centre, ere he again shoot forth to the mist of unfathomable darkness,—so I paused awhile, gazing at the tremulous orb. The eyes of a troubled universe were upon it as the scene of a tremendous crisis in their fate, now rising

and trembling on the verge of consummation. I saw! and, 'here,' I cried—'is the Invisible found,—the living incorporation of ideal beauty,—the material disguise of the immaterial God,—now groaning as the man of sorrows, hard by the holy city, whilst the rending sepulchres yawn forth their wondering dead, to an untimely resurrection, and the darkening sun, as an appropriate signal, announces the moment of his departure, to the waiting millions that throng the immensity of space.' Lo! This was he. But,—he is gone! Ye heard the reverberation of those voices round the deep. Time heard it, and lay down his staff, for his pilgrimage is ended; and Eternity outstretched himself on chaos, for a long, and untroubled, and sublime repose.—Time, and order, and being, and enjoyment, are all ended, for the Eternal is no more!"

At the voice of these words and their fearful ending, I saw the shades of men sinking on their tombs, and spreading themselves forth for the slumber of eternal death; when—alas! for the miseries of earth—I saw the infant dead, roused up in turn from the side of their many forefathers, coming forward, in a band of innumerable thousands, and crying aloud to him that stood upon the altar,—“Where is our Father? Hast thou not found our Father?” and he, with a loud weeping, said,—“We are all orphans! Henceforth we faint and die, for our Father is no more! our Father is no more!” And then mine eyes failed, and my knees trembled; for I thought that the heavens and the earth, and the things under the earth, even where I stood, must have breathed out their sorrow, in one vast and common groan, and then—have yielded up the ghost. And when I was waiting for these things, and heard no more sound of commiseration from him that bare that message, I beheld—and, lo! a change came over his countenance, and, lo! he vanished from the altar, in the roar of many thunders. And when the shades of men sprang up to see, for instead of him there stood one like unto the Son of Man, I heard a loud voice, crying—Satan is transformed into an angel of light! Fear not,—for I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Fear not; for death is conquered, and a greater enemy laid low. Rest! Rest! my children, rest! and soon the archangel's trump shall sound, and a regenerated world arise—a new heavens and a new earth, from the ruins of the first.” And when the chorus of applause came forth longer, and louder, and deeper, from every corner of creation, I awoke; and cried, “The fool—the fool, hath said in his heart there is no God!”

I awoke; and found myself half way down the mountain side, exhausted and faint under the power of that strange dream, whilst fair hands were chafing my feverish temples with the water of St. Ann's fountain, and discoursing with pity of that storm which, all night long, had raged upon the hills and now yielded to the morning sun.

## TEN YEARS AGO!

*Written in a Young Lady's Album.*

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

I'm twenty-two—I'm twenty-two—  
 And yet my spirit strays  
 In visions still, amid the light  
 Of long lost yesterdays!

## I.

"TEN years ago—ten years ago"—  
 As o'er this page I've written,—  
 My hands ne'er knew the luxury  
 Of either glove or mitten.  
 For I was then a reckless boy,  
 Just entering on eleven,  
 With a heart as full of wild delight  
 As the fitful breeze of heaven  
 That sports among the panting flowers,  
 And through the forest trees,  
 Performing in its wayward mirth  
 A thousand gallantries!

## II.

"Ten years ago—ten years ago"—  
 I raced the moon in pride  
 As she career'd 'mid drifting clouds  
 Through heaven's etherial tide;  
 And when she spread her wings of light  
 Across the silent sea,  
 O what a lovely mystery  
 Her beauty was to me!  
 I've known the tears steal from my heart  
 And gush out from mine eyes,  
 Because I could not sail with her  
 In radiance through the skies!

## III.

"Ten years ago—ten years ago"—  
 I thought the winds blew out  
 The shining stars, when through the clouds  
 They boom'd with frantic shout,  
 For then the heavens appear'd to me  
 A spangled dome of blue,  
 Round which the crystal lamps of God  
 Their lucid glories threw!  
 Alas! that knowledge e'er should crush,  
 Or make our pleasures less,  
 For who can help but deeply love  
 Such ignorance as this!



## IV.

"Ten years ago—ten years ago"—  
 I lived within a land  
 Where youthful hope is fond to clasp  
 Delusion by the hand!—  
 Where fancy's spurious coinage  
 Is pass'd for solid truth,  
 While no suspicion of the cheat  
 Can reach the heart of youth :  
 And yet the happiness I knew  
 Was no delusion *then*,  
 For I have long'd ten thousand times  
 To be a boy again !

## CONVICTION.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.—2 Sam. xii. 7.

IN my travels through ——— and about a mile from the village of  
 ——— I found a care-worn man sitting on the trunk of a blasted  
 pine, and apparently very ill. He was the wreck of a powerful frame ;  
 every part of the mind, if we might judge from its effects upon the  
 face, was imbued with deep, desperate grief,—the very smile, with  
 which he tried to thank me for my assistance, was full of it. He was  
 exceedingly pale—whether from his illness or not I could not say—  
 but was inclined to think it the effect of a more permanent cause than  
 disease of body.

But to hasten to the subject, suffice it that he recovered so far as to  
 be able to reach the village of ——— ; we were directed to the house  
 of the Clergyman, where we were received with the utmost hospitality ;  
 cordials having been instantly procured for the stranger, he recovered  
 so much that he declined withdrawing immediately to the bedroom  
 which had been prepared for him. Our conversation turned upon  
 Dreams. I denied their truth, except in the cases of prophetic reve-  
 lation ; and, even in these, expressed some doubts of their being the  
 same operations as are named and now understood to signify *Dreams*.  
 The Clergyman replied that the Dreams of the prophets were similar  
 in many respects to those of mankind in general ; we were told in  
 express terms that they were dreams, and, to confirm it still further,  
 that they were the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon  
 men. "That there is truth in dreams," the reverend gentleman con-  
 tinued, "I have not the least doubt, and if you will hear me out I  
 will convince you,—and, truly from my heart, I wish that power had  
 not been mine,—I wish I could be of your opinion. "Dreams in-  
 deed!" said the stranger, "the phantasies of repletion,—the over-  
 loaded stomach's application to our senses for relief ; they, half asleep,  
 jostle each other, and, quarrelling, produce disturbance, 'confusion  
 worse compounded,' as the poet hath it. Lies are they all from the  
 first, and will be to the last." "I am not of your opinion," said our  
 host ; "the visions of the night have always been regarded as past the  
 comprehension of men in their present state of knowledge ; that they

are produced by disturbed imagination may be true of some; that they are all of them lies from the first to the last is what no christian can believe. But, listen," said he turning to me, "and do you decide whether diseased imagination could bring about what I am going to relate, and judge if there are not grounds to affirm that a superior intelligence guided the events.—I had been wandering on the neighbouring mountain and viewing the lovely garden of nature spread before me far and near; I came home tired, but far from being either weary or toiled; my walk had not extended beyond a few miles, and to a man who walks almost daily, forty is but little.

"It was moonlight when I reached the village here, and the lads and lasses had assembled and were just finishing their evening dance. The spot fronted the door; we had our supper on the green, consisting of the fruits of our garden, and the pure element which ran in the burn at our feet.

"We separated, and the laugh of the merry group was yet heard when I was preparing for bed. Our Maker being remembered, I went to rest at peace with heaven and earth, was soon asleep, and in oblivion; how long I lay thus I know not, but I remember a feeling coming over me as if awakened to active life,—yet it was not like it—there was a consciousness of the two different states; there is no such feeling natural to the human heart,—human beings have not experienced it—save, perhaps, in the death-struggle—else our language would have a name for it. There was a mental firmness and a bodily fear; my whole frame shook. The mind made an effort, and the body was instantly overcome; every sense seemed more acute; the tick of my watch was loud and reverberated; the beating of my heart was distinct, and I heard the very blood passing along the vessels of my neck. This state continued for a short time when, in an instant, shrieks—loud—yet distant—filled mine ears; they had scarcely ceased, ere a female form—or rather the shadow of one—stood before me,—a purple stream issued from her neck, and the face was marked as if a bloody hand had been upon it,—the garments were torn, the head bare and the flaxen ringlets in many places dark with gore;—her arms and hands were cut, and the shrunken flesh hung dangling from the bone which, white and bare, shewed itself along the whole length of the arm. She beckoned me with hurried gestures to follow her. My mind seemed known to her, for it had scarcely resolved on obeying, ere I found myself in the centre of those old ruins which stand but a little way hence,—and, Oh! horror! what a scene! Before me, on a heap of stones, lay the substance of the fearful shadow—the head stretched back, and the mangled throat was gurgling out some words,—I thought for mercy—but the blood choked her, so that I could not tell. One of the cut and mangled limbs was stretched out, and the hand held fast the clothes of an infant which lay on the other side of the heap, bleeding from a deep cut in the forehead, and apparently dead. Beside the infant stood a tall fair man; a torn cloak was hanging from his shoulder; he stooped and wiped the blade of a short thick sword upon the clothes of the infant; he raised his head, tossed the child with his foot towards the dead body of the lady, muttered a curse, turned upon his heel and left the spot.—I awoke and found myself sitting in that chair with a baby in my arms, bloody and apparently dead from a

wound in the forehead, and my wife and neighbours standing round me.

“I had risen about dawn, my wife tells me, and there was something so peculiar about me that struck her with astonishment; I was muttering—‘I will go! I will go;’ when she looked at me and found my eyes shut. She tried to awaken me, but failed; I opened the door and went out. She followed me. I took my way towards the old ruins, and she called my two next neighbours who came with her; they overtook me and asked what was the matter; I made no answer but bounded into the ruin; they followed me and were in time to see the murderer escape from the opposite side. I took the child up and carried it home; I sat down and awoke. The child recovered, and that boy sitting there is he.

“There is the mark on his forehead; here are my neighbours who saw the whole as I have told you. That night will never be forgotten by me; and the features of the murderer are as distinct on my mind as they were when he did the deed six years ago;—and you are the man!” said the clergyman, seizing the pale stranger by the wrist. “I am! I am!” exclaimed he with a despairing energy; “Mercy! Oh God—mercy!” and sank at our feet a corse.

Life was gone never to return until the great and terrible day of judgment. He had no papers about him to lead to a discovery who he was.

D.

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TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ——— SURGEON,

*Who died at Grenada, 27th April, 1829.—The Tribute of a sorrowing Friend.*

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

AWAY all meaner thoughts, and let my soul  
 Ponder with solemn musing 'mid the gloom  
 That now enwraps the world, and veils the eyes  
 Of heav'n's bright centinels—the sleepless stars!—  
 For deep'ning thunder-clouds are gath'ring fast  
 In pregnant masses o'er the midnight sky,  
 And, like dark shadows from some spectre-land,  
 In soundless march are moving, while they take  
 All varying shapes and muster into gloom.  
 Oh! for a deeper shade than midnight brings  
 With its dark train of tempests, to o'ercast  
 The vivid joyance of this wayward heart  
 And teach it solemn thoughts, and musing sad,  
 On life, on death, on judgment and the tomb.

The light'ning flashing through a sky serene,—  
 The sea-waves swelling in a breathless calm,—  
 The earthquake's shock unnatural, and the reel

Of stricken cities, while the revel song  
 Rises amid the crash of falling domes—  
 (Too swift a doom to change that joyous note  
 To the wild shriek that pictures forth despair)—  
 Could not more heavily—departed friend!—  
 Have fall'n upon this woe-oppressed heart,  
 Than the sad news that told thou wert no more!  
 Flow forth my tears,—no forced restraint shall e'er  
 Be laid upon your gushings, since ye rise  
 In natural wellings from a heart that owes  
 Nought but deep feeling to the tears it gives.

Oh! I had deem'd,—that 'neath the flaming heavens  
 Which pour their splendours o'er far Indian isles,  
 And lighten up the regions of the West,  
 Thou wert most happy, and that life was thine,  
 Lush and luxuriant as the nameless flowers  
 That shed their rank sweets o'er th' untrodden waste!  
 And fancy pictured thee in some deep dell,  
 Gazing with wonder on the gorgeous things,  
 Which with external eye thou might'st behold;  
 While o'er thy busy mem'ry there arose  
 Bright dreams and visionings of fairer worlds,—  
 And then thy wrapt soul on its eagle-wing  
 Would rise in aspirations to the throne  
 Of Him, who brought such beauty to thy heart!  
 And then I hoped that o'er th' unmeasured wave—  
 The restless gulph that rolls betwixt two worlds—  
 To thought vain barrier!—thou would'st waft a prayer  
 For blessings upon those, who like thyself  
 And all their fathers too, these holy men,  
 Deem'd themselves pilgrims in a vale of tears,—  
 Alas for human hopes! their brightness is,  
 Like midnight meteors, only born to fade!—  
 When thus I pictured thee, a foreign isle  
 On its green shores had offered thee a tomb!

Sweet be thy rest, Departed! may the spot,  
 That now inurns thy mortal part, remain  
 Untouched and hallowed: may the breath of heaven  
 In balmy gales blow o'er it, and may Spring  
 Continual, shed her flow'ry banquet there!  
 If airy words could shadow forth, like art,  
 Features like thine, I could depict them still;—  
 For while affection, feeling, friendship live  
 Within this bosom, there in bright remembrance,  
 Even as the rainbow in the darkest skies,  
 Amid the gloomiest scenes of this bleak world,  
 Thine image, lost one! brightest will appear.

Is there no solace to thy sorrowing friends?  
 Can the bruised heart anticipate no balm?

Oh yes! like rain-drops on the sun-scorch'd flower,  
O'er the torn bosom Hope, that comes from Heaven,  
Sheds peace, and tells thy home is in the skies.

Blest spirit! mark a wand'rer here, who longs  
For joys like thine; and who, amid the storms  
Of evil days, views with unshrinking faith  
That glorious morn, when, as an unchain'd bird  
Pluming its pinions in the windless air  
And soaring far into the fields of light,  
He shall, upon the spirit's lightning-wing,  
Arise above this gloomy speck of earth  
And meet thee in the starry courts of heaven!

—◆—

### A BUDGET FROM THE GERMAN.

#### ALL FOR THE BEST.

LET man accustom himself always to think,—“What God orders is good, whether it appear to me good or evil.”

A pious sage arrived at a town, whose gates were closed: nobody would open them to him; hungry and thirsty he was obliged to pass the night in the open air. He said,—“What God orders is good,” and laid himself down.

Near him stood his ass, and at his side a burning lanthorn, by reason of those parts being unsafe. But a storm arose and extinguished his light; a lion came and devoured his ass. He awoke, found himself alone, and said,—“What God orders is good.” He quietly awaited the morning-dawn.

When he reached the entrance, the gates were open, the town devastated, plundered. A band of robbers had invaded it, and even on that night had led captive or killed the inhabitants. He was spared. “Observed I not,” said he, “that *every thing, which God orders, is good?*” We generally do not see till the morning, why he refused us something in the evening.—*Herder.*

#### FIRE-POTS IN ROME.

THE poorer class of women here always carry about with them in winter a Fire-pot, in which live coals are deposited. They warm their hands over them, and indeed they seldom look out of their window, without holding this pot before them. The strangest thing is, that they call it *marito* (husband). Whether this is meant as a compliment to, or a satire on, their husbands, I have not learned. Perhaps the Roman women only find in their Fire-pots what they desire from their husbands—warmth.—*Kotzebue.*

#### NAPLES.

NAPLES seems to me a large house inhabited by a number of men; and the dwelling-houses appear mere chambers, since, sleeping excepted, every other thing which men usually do, goes forward in the street.

All the artisans have not only open stalls, but they carry out their tables, and whatever else they want for carrying on their trade, to the streets, and there they are seen and heard rattling, hammering, sewing, weaving, filing, planing, hair-dressing, shaving, the live-long day. The cookshop-man plucks and roasts chickens, boils and bakes fish on the street;—the hungry draw near and take their meals. To quench their thirst, they need just go a few steps farther to one of the many water-sellers, who has his stall in the street. On both sides of the seller are suspended two long drum-shaped casks, through the middle of which runs an iron axle, so that they can easily be turned or tilted. These casks contain fine clear water and ice. On the forepart of the table several glasses and lemons are arranged. At such stalls people assemble in greater or less numbers, often in dense crowds, and one cannot but admire the extraordinary activity with which the merchant, right and left, tilts his barrels, fills the glasses to the brim, squeezes in a little lemon juice, presents the drink, receives pay, returns change, &c. Whoever looks on for a length of time, will fancy the fellow to be a machine by springs. In hot summer-days the throng is indescribably great, and the number of stalls proportionately increased. In the evening they are lighted with eight, ten, and even twelve lamps. The price of a drink is one of the smallest copper-coins. It looks truly tempting, when the water clear as crystal rises in pearls in the glass, and the cold immediately takes effect on it. It is likewise managed, contrary to custom, with cleanliness: the seller always rinses the glasses previously, if those importunate from thirst only allow him time for it, nor does he press the lemon-juice through his fingers. Besides, there are also water-sellers who go about, crying their *aqua!* the whole day, and in like manner carrying three or four clean glasses on their wheel-casks.—*Kotzebue.*

#### ALBERT'S MURDER.

Not far from Schinznach (in Switzerland), and near the termination of Brugg, the traveller comes to a place celebrated in ancient history, the secularized abbey of Königsfeld (King's-field);—not the field of a triumphant monarch, but that of the murdered Albert of Austria, the second emperor of that house. He was murdered by his nephew, duke John, on his passing over the Aar, forsaken by every one in this last hour of his life, and only attended for a few moments by a young female peasant, in whose arms he expired on the first of May, 1308. After his widow Elizabeth and his daughter Agnes, in order to revenge his death, had caused a number of noblemen from this and the neighbouring parts to be put to death, they founded, as is very well known, this elegant cloister. The lofty altar was placed exactly on the spot where Albert sank in death. Monuments and inscriptions eternized the sorrow of those two princesses, who in their vengeance mingled the innocent and the guilty; they were both afterwards interred in the same place. There also were deposited the mortal remains of the two Leopolds of Austria,—the one of whom was slain at Morgarten, and the other fell at Simpach—and along with them the greatest part of the nobles who perished on the latter field of battle. Those old armorial bearings, those window-panes, which represent the history of the two princesses,—all these monuments of revenge, of mourning, and of for-

mer grandeur deserve to be noticed by every reflective traveller. However, most of the royal bones are no longer here: the great Maria Theresa has demanded them back. They were, in the year 1770, brought to St. Blasien, on the Black Forest, where they were furnished with new graves more worthy of them than those which they had inhabited beside the ancient enemies of their house. The conspirators were six in number, of whom only the Baron of Wart remained a calm spectator, and did not stain his sword with Albert's blood. And yet, strange fate! he suffered for them alone. He was betrayed for a sum of money by his nephew,—who thence received the name of *the trader*—condemned to be racked alive and bound on the wheel, where he resigned his spirit not before three days. As soon as night approached, his young and beautiful wife, of the house of Balm, came under the wheel, stood near him, took care of him, as if he were reclining on a death-bed, prayed with him, and soothed him, as much as lay in her power, in the excruciating torture he had to endure. In vain he conjured her to withdraw, because he suffered doubly from the sight of her distress. But she, whose strength of mind, particularly in an age like ours, would be thought incredible, as exhibited in such a pledge of conjugal affection,—*she* never forsook him, until, after protracted and dreadful torment, she could ultimately close his eyes. From the foot of the scaffold she repaired to Basel, where, “beloved and admired for her propriety of conduct,” says an old chronicle, she faded away in the bloom of her years, while the remembrance of her, embalmed in the savour of holiness, survived.—*Reichard*.

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 TO PYRRHA.

## HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V.

WHAT slender youth on bed of roses,  
 Pyrrha, by thy side reposes,  
     With odours perfum'd sweet,  
     In shady grot reclined?  
 And when her waving auburn tresses  
 Plain in her neatness Pyrrha dresses,  
     O whom is it to meet?—  
     For whom art thou so kind?

Alas, how oft will that fond boy,  
 Who now so blindly can enjoy  
     Thy venal beauties, weep  
     Thy broken vows of love,  
 When all thy perjury he finds!  
 And, wond'ring at the rough'ning winds  
     That brush the darkling deep,  
     Will woman's anger prove!

He hopes, unconscious of thy wiles,  
 To bask for ever in thy smiles,  
     And have thee his alone.

Yet more are those unblest  
 Who all untried thy charms admire ;  
 In token, then, of my desire  
 Before great Neptune's throne  
 I hang my dripping vest.

Q. FLAT.

THE POETRY OF VISIBLE OBJECTS.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

There is inspiration, there is poetry, in all that is beautiful, all that is vast,—in the blush upon the cheek of a maiden—in the modest violet and drooping lily—in the dewdrop on the rose—in the pale glances of the moon ; in the glory of the sunbeams—in the conviction of an immortality—in a stupendous eternity—in the idea of a God ! All these are poetry, and last, not least, Religion, holy, pure and undefiled religion—religion is the poetry of Heaven ! There is poetry in eternal ocean, with its thousand tongues ; in the glorious and circuitous sportings of its hoary waves ; in the blue beams of the lightning, and the hoarse roaring of its voice ; in the tranquillity of evening, when the music of the wild-dove welcomes the gloaming ; in the reflection of sparkling moonbeams on a waveless sea ; in the works of nature innumerable.

Poetry is a living, a thrilling, an exciting something. Its principles are universal as motion in matter. It is the language of the soul ; it is its actions. It is a grasping of the heart and its passions. It is, and is in, every thing that elevates a man from the prose around him. Poetry is enthusiasm ; is every or any thing in which is beauty or power. It exists in the power of producing effect, and in the effect produced.

The whole life of Napoleon, for example, was one great and glorious epic. His every movement was the poetry of action. There was poetry in every word he uttered ; his very existence was a concentration of it. There are more noble and sublime instances of poetry in some of his addresses to his army previous to engagements, than in any production of the present age. Take but the following single sentence, and picture a host of splendidly armed and panoplied Mameluke cavalry covering the plain before them,—on their right hand the sacred river of Egypt,—the mountains of Mohratam, the cities of Cairo and of classic Memphis, with the everlasting pyramids upon their right, and his army eager for the charge. “ Go ! ” said he, pointing to the pyramids—“ Go ! and think that from the height of those monuments forty ages survey our conduct ! ” It were fruitless to follow him through his long line of glories and of victories. But who can contemplate, without astonishment, his descending a second time the Alps like a mighty avalanche, sweeping away the resolute resistance of the Austrian squadrons on the plains of Marengo ; and, in the midst of the strife and the swell of battle, think of the heroic Desaix, with his single arm, dashing aside the tide of fortune,—almost of fate ; and as the



last wave engulfed the hopes of their enemies, the blood of the hero mingled with the flood; and when, in the swift tumult of triumph and pursuit, the echo of the brave man's warlike groan is borne to his leader, and that leader Napoleon, he exclaims, in the whirlwind of conquest, of sorrow, and of battle, "*Why have I not time to weep for him?*" If there be not poetry in these things, where is poetry to be found? While his feet yet stood on the tottering ruins of Austria, and the glories of Ulm, green in the exultings of his heart, he looked on the self-confident and combined legions of the German and the Russ, and exclaimed, in the confidence of his own aspiration, "To-morrow these armies are mine!" As the sunbeams glanced on their glittering steel from the heights of Austerlitz, when, in the breathless moment of onset, he rushed along the line like the genius of war borne upon lightnings, and proclaimed, like a second Jove, "Soldiers! we finish this campaign by a thunderbolt that shall confound the pride of our enemies!" When, in reply, the hat and the tricolor waved on the gleaming bayonet, and "Long live the Emperor!" echoed like a tempest from 80,000 voices! When, at Jena, it was but necessary to say, "Are not we the soldiers of Austerlitz?" and Prussia became a cipher among the nations! When, with 900 men, he left the isle of his exile to overturn a government that bore Europe over 30,000,000 of souls—yea, backed by the united interest of Europe to boot—only exclaiming, "Paris or death!"—when his feet touched the soil of France, and he called out, "The Congress is dissolved!"—when meeting the force sent to oppose him, he advanced dauntless to the point of their weapons, and exclaimed, throwing open his coat, and presenting his breast, "Soldiers! you have been told that I fear death; if there be among you one soldier who would kill his Emperor, let him plunge his bayonet into this bosom!"—if there be not poetry in this,—in its effect, when 6000 hostile men instantaneously cast their arms upon the ground, and fell upon each other's neck, exclaiming, "Long live the Emperor!"—if the very soul of poetry be not in this, and in these things—what, in the name of prose and stupidity, what is Poetry?

If there be one born in Britain who can hear the name of *Nelson* pronounced without feelings of poetical enthusiasm, he is a bastard, and a blot upon his country—coward, traitor, is written on his milky heart. No man can think of the hero of Teneriffe, of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, without glorying in the idea that he is his countryman! The name of Nelson was the talisman of victory; his very presence was inspiration, and the record of his last triumph is a poem more sublime and imperishable than the *Iliad* itself. There was a volume of poetry in his last signal—"England expects that every man will do his duty!" This was the last signal of Nelson,—the last whisper of the God of Battles to his servant! The sentiment was a something hovering between the confines of earth and immortality, breathed only by the angel of death and of victory, as he descended to wait for the soul of the hero. Was there not poetry in the feeling that followed, when courage became sublimity, as the loud, long shout of ten thousand voices rushed along the line with the speed and the power of electricity, arresting the astonished sea-bird in its flight, silencing the deep-tongued voice of the waters, and falling on the dis-

mayed hearts of their enemies, saying, "*Every Englishman will do his duty!*"

But it is unnecessary to record the actions of the mighty dead to illustrate poetry as existing in deeds; there is one still with us whose whole life has been an example; and in saying this, need I name the name of *Wellington*—of Wellington, the conqueror of Vimiera, of Talavera, of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Thoulouse, and Waterloo? On the morning of his last battle, when the first shrill notes of the pibroch rang in the streets of Brussels with the gathering air, "Come to me and I will give you flesh!"—was it heard by one of the tartaned mountaineers, who felt not in his breast the enthusiasm of a poet, and the heart of a Scotsman? When in the heat of the strife, the leader exclaimed, "Stand fast, 95th! we must not be beat! what would they say in England?" *What would they say in England*, was a volume of poetry bound up in six words. But if ever poetry were exemplified in action, it was at the crisis of Waterloo, when the Imperial Guard of the enemy, rushing like a torrent of fiery lava, amidst the thunderings and the roarings of artillery which covered them, sweeping away the opposing lines like chaff before the storm, had approached within a hundred yards of the dictator of the conflict, who, with his eagle eye, watching his opportunity to strike, to the veriest division of a moment, exclaimed to his troops, who had been reserved, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Then three of those cheers which are inspiration to the giver, but despair to the opposing hearer, announced the rushing of a flood of British bayonets! The existence of poetic feeling in deeds and in things visible, was made manifest, and the fate of Europe decided. These things were not merely the soul of poetry, but the body also.

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## THE FAREWELL.

### *To a Friend.*

FAREWELL!—but 'tis no common feeling  
 That thrills me at our last adieu;  
 Tears may not fall—yet shades, revealing  
 The sorrows of a heart still true,  
 Now pass across my brow, and show  
 The unfeigned eloquence of wo.

Could we—yet oh, the thought's as vain  
 As other dreams—have paced unparted  
 Life's lonely dell, adieu's sad pain  
 Would ne'er one moment's peace have thwarted;  
 Long we'd have shone in friendship dear,  
 The paragon of hearts sincere.

Oft o'er the poet's page—sweet teeming  
 With scenes of witchery—we've turned,  
 Oh! then of laurelled forehead dreaming,  
 At others' praise my soul hath burned,

And envying oft—to thee unknown,  
I've wished the poet's fame my own.

Wrung with the saddest grief my bosom  
Hath drooped this many a day—yet now,  
Tho' fame smiles forth a tender blossom,  
Oh! shed its halo round my brow,  
I'll sing ev'n in the murk of sorrow,  
And hail or sad or blightless morrow.

Should e'er in hours of grief or gladness,  
Your wand'ring thought but light on him,  
Whose soul, ev'n in its whims of sadness,  
Loved thee unchanged—fill to the brim  
One cup, and drink with friendship's thrill  
To him whose bosom loves thee still.

D. W.

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### THE CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO NATHANIEL NESTOR, ESQ.

*My Dear Nestor,*

ACCORDING to promise I forward the MS. about which we conversed at our last interview. My friend in Germany, from whom I received it, expresses his regret that some of the passages are illegible, and that the entire history is not fully developed. The subject of the Confession, as I informed you, devoted the feeble remains of his strength and recollection to this imperfect auto-biography. Before its completion, death's dart entered the seat of life; and it was not till his wasted frame had been committed to the dust, that my friend got possession of this among other papers. All the parties connected with the catastrophe being dead, none among the living can be personally injured. \* \* \*

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IN the earliest moments of my recollection there was an obvious difference to me in the manners of my parents. Although my father treated me (he had but one other child—my brother) with a marked partiality, which was extremely agreeable, yet there was a something about him, or in his general habits, that prevented me from feeling any affection for him. I cannot actually say that I disliked him; and even when he conferred a favour upon me, I could not help receiving it with an indifference that made me very impatient under his caresses at the time he was bestowing it upon me. Not so with my mother:—there was a winning softness in her disposition, which went directly to my heart—it was a ray which nourished the good qualities I inherited from her. Where threats and punishment from my father could not oblige me to obey orders;—a simple request, accompanied by a particular look from her mild persuasive eyes, would make me fly to execute them.

When I grew older, I discovered the cause of this charm. My father's habits were those of a low-bred man, and his conversation that of an ignorant illiterate man; whilst those of my mother exhibited the graceful polish of good breeding and an elegant accomplished education. She had first been married to an amiable English gentleman who took her to England, where he died two years afterwards. She was left a life interest in some of the funds of that nation. I do not know by what means my father succeeded in gaining her hand, who was also an Englishman; but she took him for her second husband; and they continued to reside for some years in the neighbourhood of London, where my mother had a house which belonged to her late spouse, and which was also left to her during her life. This match gave very great dissatisfaction to all her relations in Germany, and was the chief cause of my parents living in England. I am inclined to suppose that, after a time, differences were common betwixt the pair, as indeed their manners were so dissimilar that any other result could not be expected—and my mother once hinted to me that she was frequently ill-used, because she was unfortunate enough not to have children. She had incautiously told my father that her grandfather intended to settle the whole of his property on her children, and from that moment she enjoyed no happiness until the birth of a son had relieved her from the effects of his violence. His ill temper increased after the actual death of her grand sire, when he found that the will had been so drawn up that no benefit would accrue to either himself or my mother without their having an offspring; for that, in the event of her dying without issue, the estate was to pass to a cousin; or, if she should have any, then the interest was to be enjoyed by either parent until the coming of age of the eldest born, who was to provide for what other children there might be. Until the above event produced an heir to the property, my mother said her life was miserable, nor was it until three or four years after the death of her grandfather that she joyfully became enceinte, when she was removed to Germany that the child might be born in that country.

Two years afterwards I came into the world. At this time my parents were in possession of all the property of my grandfather's, which enabled them to bestow every care and comfort upon my brother's and my own infancy. As I grew up, I became sensible that I was a greater favourite with my father than my brother; for he appeared to have a rooted dislike to him, which upon all occasions was exhibited. This partiality sowed the seeds of discord between us two, which ripened as we advanced in years; for my brother could not but be alive to the injustice and ill-will which he ever met with in the settling of all disputes when the reference was made to his father. My mother's influence was not able to protect him from frequent and almost unmerited chastisement—and if any mischief was done, although I was a partner in it, he was sure to receive all the blame. This favour, shewn towards me, made me domineer over my brother, and indeed over the whole household. I was insolent and presumptuous to every one, and cruel and vindictive to those who gained my dislike. My father being one day from home hunting, a dispute happened betwixt my brother and myself, which was decided, upon referring to my mother, against me, when instantly, overcome with a violent fit of rage, I seized hold of a

knife and made a cut at my brother, which he parried with some difficulty: a servant who was in the room seized hold of me, and not without considerable danger to himself wrested the weapon from my grasp. At my mother's earnest request I met with a severe chastisement, and almost the only one I ever received, from my father. I perceived now that I was not sure of escaping from punishment in the injuries I inflicted upon my brother, which made me hate him more than ever, and prompted secret modes of retaliation.

There was a principle, however, which swayed all my little actions—a sort of probity existed in my nature—a manliness, if I may so express it, that caused me always to act in such a way as rendered it no difficult matter to guess who was the perpetrator of the injuries. And if the question were put point blank to me, it was answered in a fearless exulting tone, accompanied with a defiance which never failed to have the proper effect upon my brother's weak and vacillating temper. When I was fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was under no controul whatever, and my father himself began to feel some of the disagreeable consequences of his indulgence. At length my brother and I were sent to College. There so many things took place in favour of his seniority that I more than ever disliked him. I associated with several young men of my own disposition who were studying the same profession—surgery. They were all of a bold and reckless disposition; and in our amusements we stuck at nought to gratify ourselves. We soon procured the name of the “Gordian Knot” from our being inseparable companions. But notwithstanding our dissoluteness we vied with each other in the study of our profession, and it was a maxim with us, and most religiously kept, that when we were at work, we should be seriously at work—and silent also; and when at play, that every body should know it by the noise we were to make. The Professors distinguished us in every class, and the “Gordian Knot”—for learning—was held up as an example for all the college to emulate. This produced many specimens of folly which arose from our vanity, and disputes occasionally took place betwixt us and the other collegians in consequence of it; but as we were always together, an equal number of our opponents seldom could be mustered to cope with us,—therefore we were suffered almost to make laws. We had hours among ourselves to debate on philosophy, and indeed upon all sciences.

Debates soon took place on religion—when, perhaps through caprice and wishing to differ from the rest of the college, more than from actual conviction, we became Deists—then Atheists. But we saw that no kingdom could ever exist with such freedom in opinions, because the power which religion has over men's minds would be wanting to make them submit to the laws or to be governed. We therefore sought not to make proselytes; but bound ourselves to regard *Honour* as our deity in all things, and our motto was *Honour before Age*.

About this time Phrenology started up. We found so much to admire in this new science that we became its strong advocates. We examined each other's heads, and freely owned as to the truth when an organ was observable in its predominancy. We wrote our observations on the science, and Spurzheim himself quoted our remarks. We knew that the brain must fill the protuberances of the skull, and that our actions would be influenced by the form the brain assumed, and that

nature had had recourse to this mode to produce the differences in men's dispositions.—They were the cause of our natural feelings, and the passions sprung from those feelings. We argued that we might qualify our natures by proper regulations; but we would never change them entirely—that is, make a meek man, hot and hasty; or a passionate man, meek and cool—and how they might be checked. Fear first shewing itself in our infancy convinced us, that nature had planted this feeling the foremost in our dispositions, and upon which the comforts of society were established—therefore those human beings who had less fear, upon certain occasions, would be the most likely persons to disturb it—these individuals might be known and proper systems of education pursued with them in their infancy. In short, we saw incalculable advantages in the results to follow from the science being universally known. If these ideas should be thought absurd, it must be recollected that we were little more than inexperienced lads; and I have only mentioned them merely to shew with what enthusiasm we supported the new science.

Of course, opposition in the college started up, and, if there was not much sound argument, there was plenty of animosity between us to make up for it. We, the "Gordian Knot," swore, as men of honour, to support the system to the end of our lives.

I had to bear the brunt of many a joke in consequence of an extraordinary development of the organ of destructiveness on my head; and whether it proceeded from the innate liking to my profession, or the desire of succeeding in it, I know not, but I became passionately fond of dissection; the results of which, in some measure, might have betrayed the influence of that organ, because that many of my dissections were upon *living* animals; therefore my companions gave me the credit of being a zealous upholder of, and, in my own individual self, an admirable reference for, the truth of the science of Phrenology.

My brother had considerable talent in mimicry, and made himself very popular on the side of the Anti-Phrenologists, (as in the mere spirit of opposition to me, he chose to be one of that dissenting body) by mimicking many of my companions and myself among the number. He also wrote a lampoon upon the "Gordian Knot" which excited laughter and was enjoyed by the whole college. We seldom met, avoiding each other as much as possible; but when we did, an angry glance was the only recognition. This served to feed our deadly animosity; and the reciprocal injuries, which at every convenient opportunity were occurring, applied a constant fuel to the fire which but wanted an opportunity, on my part, to burst into a fatal blaze.

But at length our college studies were finished. My brother being educated only for a gentleman, his were concluded before mine, therefore I had some time to remain after his departure. But the receiving my licence as a surgeon brought mine to an end very soon afterwards.

I had not been home many days before I saw an evident disposition on my father's part to extend the breach of enmity betwixt his sons, and the independent bearing of my brother, who had now a very near prospect of receiving his inheritance, appeared to be the principal cause of it. This shewed itself distinctly in endeavours to create arguments, and then throwing his decisions in my favour so as

to exasperate him to the highest pitch. The presence of my mother was no check to these disturbances, but a tearful petition to me would always quiet them on my side, for I saw her heart almost ready to break at my father's unnatural dislike to his first-born, and pity at her misery would soften my resentment, though my hate was almost ready to sacrifice my brother on the spot.

Matters went on thus far for many months, when my father met with an accident which terminated his existence. He was thrown from his horse and broke his thigh in two places, besides being severely bruised internally—his situation became hopeless when a mortification ensued. He called me to his bed-side and demanded the candid state of my ideas on his case, and whether it was likely he would recover? I replied in the negative, and told him I did not think he could possibly live through the night; for his symptoms were most alarming. He seemed greatly agitated at his danger; but said that it was fortunate he had made the request, because that if life was so near its close with him there was a necessity of using the brief time allowed in doing me all the justice in his power. He spoke as follows in an under and suppressed tone:—

“I have hitherto kept the secret, which I am now about to entrust to you, inviolate, because its disgraceful details would have reflected irremediable dishonour upon myself, and entail feelings of shame and ignominy upon your virtuous mother. It has always been a matter of wonder to her that I should so constantly shew an unquenchable hatred towards your brother: nor could her utmost penetration discover the cause. You yourself must have noticed it, or else have been blinder than I have given you credit for. You have been the innocent cause of all the harshnesses exhibited towards him; for in you I recognised the real stamp of myself, while in your brother—that of a forgery.” “How mean you, father?” said I. “Have patience, Ernest, and I will make a disclosure, which heats my already cooling body with shame's burning agony. You sincerely love your mother—this assures me that unfilial taunts will never stain your lips. Nor does she deserve any—the water that oozes out of the spring is not purer than her mind. The whole contrivance, which I have ever deplored, was mine, and the completion entirely unsuspected by an injured, loving and confiding woman. It would be quite needless to go into details concerning the cause which could prompt me to be the pander to my own dishonour; but this much I will inform you of, which indeed may be considered as my real motive, divested of its other causes that perhaps have not much reference to the present confession. Despair at your mother's producing no heir to inherit your grandfather's property, which he left in such a way as by her dying would leave me a beggar upon society, obliged me to have recourse to an infamous impostor whose wondrous \* \* \* \* \* filled the advertising columns of all the journals. As soon as the situation of your mother became a *responsible* one for removing her to this country, we took up our abode in —— in order that there might be no cause for doubt to her relations: and the birth of your brother placed us in possession of this estate shortly afterwards. When two years had passed away, you, my *own* son, came into the world—then how bitterly I repented the vile stratagem played off upon thy innocent mother!

Unceasing regrets occupied my mind, and anger inflamed my blood, when I thought of her first-born and spurious offspring inheriting this noble property instead of you, yet dared not—could not—thrust him aside to make room for you. Scheme after scheme was planned, but none proved feasible enough to get rid of his claims—in short none could be tried without ruining your mother's reputation—and this I could never think of; for she became doubly dear to me after she had presented you to my arms. I once was roused almost into an act—which forms my only consolation now, in this my death bed, that it was not committed. Murder! Ernest, is a fearful remedy for any injury; but it was the only one that could be applied for that grievance which I was suffering under! I wanted courage to execute several deep-laid plans, and let years pass over without daring to try their success; but, Ernest, I feel the happiness at this moment of my flickering resolution. In the secret drawer of my *escritoir* you will perceive an account of a plan which I drew up a few months ago, and which, I dare say, your brother will subscribe to:—if so, you may live, each of you, handsomely enough on this estate in amity and peace. It has not been without considerable pain that I have imparted this account of a shameful transaction; but as some atonement for my selfish crime was necessary, I trust that this disclosure may be received as an act of repentance by Him before whom I am shortly to appear. Leave me, Ernest, for a little, that I may supplicate mercy for all my transgressions."

Astonishment had struck me dumb during this mean and despicable account of dishonour, and I felt a sentiment approaching to joy that I should lose for ever the sight of the degraded being who was the author of it. There only wanted a something which could produce contempt to operate in extinguishing the weak feeling of love and duty which were burning in my bosom, and it was a relief to me to think that it had taken its possession with the *last* moments of my degraded Parent.

But what tumultuous pleasure agitated me at the thought that I had a real cause for my hate—and that my slumbering desire for vengeance was to be aroused and called into action by the usurpation of this *apology*—this brother of mine—for me the rightful inheritor. I exulted in the means I had already planned to build him a *new house* which should never require repairing, and which I intended he should occupy for ever and a day. I laughed outright at my own conceit, when I thought of writing a label to the worms to tell them to luxuriate in their feast, for that it would not often happen that they would have such flesh to feed upon as \* \* \*

My father was buried. And the paper of his dishonour I destroyed; because I found the plan of the division of the estate was too absurd to dwell upon. Besides, I chose not to hazard a disclosure for more reasons than one. Therefore as soon as the measures I had conceived were ripe, I proceeded to put them in execution for getting rid of this hateful brother.

His bed-room was adjoining mine, and a door led from one room to the other. This had been locked for many years, but I found means with a crooked piece of iron to open it. I knew I might safely leave the door unfastened, because as no one would imagine that any



alteration had taken place in its usual fastenings, so no one would think of trying the lock ; and as none had any business to do so, all would remain safe and unsuspected. The next night I watched until I heard from my brother sure indications of sound sleep, when I crept in, and sprinkled a little powder on his upper lip, which, if inhaled would have the effect of producing nausea and headaches. I then returned to my bed and awaited the morning for the success of my plan. A dizziness and sickness obliged him to keep his bed all day. The next night the same mode was pursued, and every succeeding one for a whole week. He got up at different times, but was obliged to return to his bed almost immediately afterwards. At one of these moments, in his hearing, I advised my mother to send for a medical man who lived a dozen miles off ; but rather than owe the advantages of his attendance to my suggestion, he resisted all the supplications which in her anxiety for his recovery she tried in order to remove his obstinacy.

"Right ;" I sneeringly said, "but for the supposition, that I was poisoning instead of curing him, which he would entertain if I were to prescribe for him, I would proffer my own services."

"It would offer the fairest opportunity which your hatred could desire, therefore would I decline for the very fear of the consequences."

"Ah, me !" sighed my poor mother, "your enmity, sons, will drive me distracted !"

"Do not, dear mother, consult his perverse disposition any longer, but send for Doctor Diacum—*there is more danger in his case than he imagines*. Or sooner than he should not be sent for, I myself will take horse and bring him."

"Many thanks, sir," he retorted ; "but where there is to be poisoning—and I the subject of it—I would rather let another administer the dose than afford you the pleasure of it. So let him be sent for."

I made no answer to this sarcasm ; for why should I—revenge was brimming my cup, and death was fringing a deeper draught to satisfy my thirsty hatred.

Doctor Diacum soon made his appearance, and, imagining that he knew the complaint, prescribed for it. I contrived to add a quantity of laudanum to his prescription, which would throw him into a heavy sleep.—The medicine was administered by my mother.

I waited with considerable impatience until the silence of the house shewed that all were wrapt in sleep, and then starting from my couch entered the chamber where slumbered heavily my victim. His broad chest heaved with the powerful breath of youth ;—the swollen veins exhibited a fulness of lusty blood making its active visit in every corner with noiseless haste, and returning with proud report of the habitation being secure in life to the fountain seat of the heart ;—each muscle puffed up, round and sinewy, by the shoulders of strength, forced a tribute of admiration to the natural work before me, so wondrously compact for all its functions ; and its economy so perfect for all its desires.

There was a soft and clear light playing into the room from the bright full moon—its beams rested on the dark cheek of the sleeper, illuminating his features and lighting them up with a rich effeminate fairness. His eyes were half opened, and I hesitated for an instant to proceed, fearing that he was awake and watching me. But his breath-

ing continuing loud and heavy convinced me, that he was in a deep dreamless sleep, and that from their natural love for light the eyes were stealing in delicious streams in the absence of the greedy senses. I approached my victim—he lay on his back as if courting his death blow in the quiet of that beautiful moment. He started and heaved a heavy oppressive sigh as the house clock struck one. His inspirations and expirations were in exact accordance with the time-piece, which seemed as though it were mocking the creature whose last moments had arrived—securely I stood at his bed foot; for the strength of the opium pressed on his brain and bound him in sleep. Were he already dead, I thought, he could not be more insensible to the awful event which was approaching than he is now. What a fatal error in our creation! Hands were given us for our defence, and reason also that we might guard against the approach of danger; but when a few short hours of exercise have exhausted our frames, a giant of the greatest strength becomes, by the deadening influence of sleepy rest, more helpless in warding the stroke of the midnight murderer than a waking infant of an hour's life.

"Murderer!" I mentally exclaimed. "Am I not a midnight murderer? A vile dishonourable assassin, lurking in a secret haunt of the chamber for the securest moment, as regarding my own safety, to complete my dastardly purpose on a helpless enemy? Where is all my vaunted honour now? The only deity I acknowledge—the only deity I have wished to possess,—where will it fly to after this deed is accomplished? Can I ever lure it back, by a strict adherence to its principles of honesty? I will! The destruction of a loathsome reptile in our path is no infringement of honour's laws;—the removal of an enemy in the safest way is justifiable in the General;—his treachery in surprising the sleeping centinels is loudly applauded; and the annihilation of the foeman's stronghold by the secret mine enrols his name in the laureled page of history; then how can I eschew the adored name of honour? Is not yon heap of flesh and blood my mortal enemy? Has he not struck up a not-to-be-disputed claim on my estate,—shouldering me on one side by his own base mixture and counterfeit eldership? Is not this abhorrence and rancorous enmity which has reigned in my bosom towards this vile first-born from my very infancy, resulting from being formed" \* \* \*

I took the stopper from a bottle which contained a poison known only to the scientific few, and which struggled so briefly in its conquering grasp with animal life, that the lightning's bolt could only vie with it—and every single drop of the frightful liquor was armed with this all-subduing power. I dipped a lancet amongst its sleeping atoms and drew one forth on its point, and turning round was approaching the bed when I was startled by the sight of a figure dressed in white standing before me. It was my mother. I was in the act of stammering out an excuse for my presence in the chamber when a motion from her indicated silence—

"He sleeps," she whispered.

I instantly saw that her eyes were fixed and glassy, and that she was walking under the influence of sleep, therefore I moved not; but waited in anxiety for her departure. She knelt down and offered up a prayer for the recovery of her son.

"What a horrible dream it was!" she said, turning to me—"His father murdering his first child! How thankful I am it is but a dream! Stay here, Ernest, and guard him, and may heaven bless you both!" She stooped over the senseless sleeper and imprinted on his forehead a silent kiss, and with a sobbing bosom left the room as noiselessly as she had entered.

I listened until I heard her close her room door with a gentle slam, when I dipped my lancet a second time in the phial and approached with cautious softness to the bed-side, where, sitting on its edge, I muttered—"I shall soon be able to clear my account with honour when you are out of the way;" for the scene I had witnessed stirred up the whole of my ire.—She could not have expressed more solicitude for me, her own rightful offspring, than she has this night for thee, thou spurious anomaly! Anger inflamed me because that she should have no disgust, no natural antipathy towards this creature of infamous chance, and which I thought ought to have been the case when upon reading his features and perceiving strange lineaments endeavouring to mix with her own lovely ones.

I stooped over the sleeper with the poisoned lancet securely held, and was in the act of inflicting the deadly wound, when I saw a tear on his brow, tracing its course downward as if seeking its home—the eye. It was one shed by my mother while taking her last kiss. I watched it tremble like a rolling diamond on the eyebrow—it fell on the half-closed lid—it spread on its edge—the lashes jealously divided it—it stood for an instant bright as a dew-drop spangle—when the instant it disappeared in the eye—I thrust my envenomed lancet into it up to its very sheath. Every muscle of his powerful frame quivered with agony—the teeth gnashed as though glass were betwixt them—the hands closed with a convulsive grasp—the knees drew up—the chest heaved and the head sunk in it—and in the short space of one minute my enemy lay a stiffened corse. He had slipped from life into death unconsciously; for during that short pang I do not think that he was in the least sensible of it—so suddenly did this alert poison spring into his veins.

As soon as I saw his form stretched before me, quivering with departing vitality, I gave way to a burst of satisfaction and delight—not that delight which is produced from the dancing of the soul when joy sings to the intoxicated senses, but a sensation of delicious gaiety such as is caused by the ebullition of the heart upon some sudden escape of danger; or similar to that thrill of pleasure a gamester experiences when he has his last and whole stake scattered before him in a desperate heap and the card of fortune has just turned up which restores all his losses back again. I could scarcely keep from dancing, like a wild Indian round the body of his tortured foe; I could have burst into a song of triumph, if the fears for my own personal safety had not kept still my exulting spirits. But I wreaked my vengeance to the full on his detested body: I smothered my laugh with difficulty when I struck his face and the head returned to its former situation as if courting a fresh blow—I pinched his limbs and told him to help himself if he could. I whispered into his ear irritating remarks, and desired him to retaliate in his usual happy sarcasm. In short, I only left off with the morning sun playing on my gratified head. I

made all secure in the chamber and then returned to my victim,—shook his dead hand with mock grief and bade him good bye.

Flinging myself on my couch, this extravagant humour suddenly left me, when I thought of the singular coincidence of the presence of my mother at the moment before the death of her offspring. I fell into a train of reflections in endeavouring to account for it. “What a very strange presentiment of an over-hanging danger,” said I, “it was!” How remarkable that the alarm should seize upon the mind when the body was resting and recruiting itself in sleep! The imagination might conjure up a thousand ideas of danger while suffering under a fit of nervous irritation without any thing having previously happened to kindle the alarm. But what could have whispered into her ear and bid her rise, in the midst of helpless sleep, to save her son even when death was prowling in his chamber? Was it a Providence watching and warning her by causing the tenderest chord in the maternal bosom to vibrate to a tale of fearful import under the semblance of a horrible dream? ‘His father murdering his first child.’ “Yes,” said I, “his father *has* murdered him; for if his dreadful secret had accompanied him to his grave, my brother never would have met his fate by my hand. My hatred would have swelled with words of war when he crossed my path; but my death-dealing arm would have slept by my side. It was not till I learned that he had sprung into life to rob me of my own that I condemned him to death, and the memory of the selfish, dishonoured, and supposed father,” I exclaimed, “must suffer—if there is any thing to suffer.”

“You poor parent,” I said, dissolving into mournfulness as I thought of my mother, “has been bereaved this night of half her existence.—Her *dreamy* pangs have been borne in vain—pangs which fall on the senses a thousand times more severe than reality—pangs which by some unaccountable whim of the imagination are suffered but for a few minutes, yet appear to last for an age—she has endured all and will wake to a second agony with the painful certainty of its being no longer a dream. But the wounds of the mind may be cured as well as those of the body—and memory’s sleep—forgetfulness—shall close its eyes: oblivion’s cerate shall be spread on their green edges, and my cheering kindness shall heal them. Now this scorpion is dead, peace shall remain in this chateau chained to her side,” said I, with enthusiasm, “and no more shall she retire to her pillow with her ears ringing with the disputatious hate of her sons.”

She came to the breakfast table with a smile of satisfaction, and seating herself said, “I stole into your brother’s chamber and was rejoiced to find that he was in a sound sleep”—

“When,” said I, with an agitation which I could not conceal—for I thought she was alluding to her visit in the night, and that she had not been walking in her sleep.

“A minute or two ago. But I did not wake him,” she replied.

“This sleep,” I cautiously returned, “will do a great deal of good: Dr. Diaclum said that he would administer some laudanum, which I suppose is the cause of his repose.”

I scarcely dared trust myself to converse with her for fear that my faltering voice would betray the confusion of my mind. I was dread-

ing the effects of the discovery on her sensibility too. Her temperament was of so gentle a nature that the slightest shock of her feelings would confine her to bed, and I loved her with such ardent affection, that I almost repented giving rise to a cause which was sure to pain her. At length the repast finished, and the doctor's carriage was heard driving up the avenue. A minute afterwards he entered the room.

My mother begged, that, if possible, he would wait a little, because the invalid was asleep, and she thought that it would be better for him to awake of his own accord.

"Certainly, my dear madam, you are very right indeed. Sleep is a modicum given to us to render life endurable. Were it not for it—nature would have no business to inflict us with disorders; for we never could be cured without its balmy influence. Sleep on the patient's side is what medicine is on the doctor's—it cures the mind; while physic cures the body." Upon saying this he put his left hand under his coat behind, and planted the head of his gold headed cane in one of his large nostrils, and then swaggered two or three times up and down the room; feeling secure that he had said something clever; but which I dare say he was in the habit of saying every where, when the remark could be advantageously brought in.

My mother left the room.

Doctor Diaclum, stopping in the midst of his walk, turned to me and said, "You see, sir, you wanted calomel exhibited, but I knew the nature of your brother's complaint too well to listen to it: look at the favourable result of my prescription. Young men may come from the University with their heads well crammed with theory, and may be very clever independently, but the difficulty is in putting it into practice, sir—putting it into practice."

I was glad that he had begun an argument, as it would delay his visit to the chamber, therefore I replied in a way which was likely to prolong it. "Yes," said I, "Doctor Diaclum, I acknowledge that there is every appearance of your prescription succeeding as you could desire; but I am fully able to substantiate the plausibility of calomel being a proper medicine for such complaints as my brother's."

"I'll tell you what, sir, I do not intend to deny your powers of argument; they stand very prominent in most young men, and are the result of their overflowing stores of acquired knowledge. The fact is, sir, that so much information is crammed into their heads that it must have vent somewhere. When I was a student, my class fellows called me Practitioner Positive Participle, because I was such a tough disputationist. Even the Professors themselves gave way before my powers of speech, and if I happened to side with any party in an argument, every one became convinced that that side had the weight at least, and, of course, stifled all further discussion. But clever as I was then, I can perceive by my present practice that I knew nothing, nothing whatever. My theory was knocked down by the very first case of Elephantiasis I met with, sir. What do you think of that?"

"In what way, doctor?"

"In its resisting the prescribed form of cure laid down by the College of Surgeons, sir. I blistered and bled, and then my store of theory was

out at the elbows; for the patient's leg remained still as large as a bolster. However, I came to my own resources, and imagined, if I could stop the circulation, that then the limb would decrease as a matter of course. Well, sir, I tied a ligature about the middle of the thigh and left the patient to herself—she was a young woman. Women are the best subjects for trying experiments upon, because they submit and suffer more patiently than men. Two days afterwards I looked at the limb, when there was an evident alteration. You seem surprised, sir!”

“Oh! no, not at all,” I answered; “but”——

“Well, sir, hear the end. My object was to produce a mortification in the extremity, and then cut and remove the flesh, and apply remedies such as bark to check it in the vital parts. But the patient was not strong enough to be cured that way—so she died”——

“Of the mortification?”

—“Stay, sir, till the end, if you please. Well; I had several cases of the same complaint very soon afterwards, in consequence of the celebrity which I gained from practising this new mode of cure, and as a convincing proof that what I say, sir, concerning practice is correct, each of the patients lived a day longer than the young woman, and I have no doubt that if they had had constitutions strong enough to resist the mortification, or withstand the antiphlogistic remedies which I gave them, which is the same thing, they every one would have been alive at this hour. Now, sir, you see the triumph of practice—it enabled me actually to prolong the lives of these sufferers a whole day longer than the first case that I took in hand.”

I was in no humour to give way to mirth, or I could have indulged myself with a hearty laugh at this ignorant quack, who was walking about and assuming all the airs of a man of science, vain of his knowledge and of imparting his discoveries to an astonished audience; but I could not let pass the opportunity of aiming a sly blow at his foolish and wilful mode of cure—or killing, more properly speaking—so replied,—“Doctor Diaclum, with submission, but do you not think that it would have been better to let the patients live, although inconvenienced with a large limb, a few years longer, than *practise* an uncertain plan to reduce its size, and particularly when such *practices* cannot be borne out by any theory whatever?”

“Ah! I thought you would come to that. Yes, yes, I knew what was coming. But let me ask you a very simple question. Do you not think that it is better for the patient to die the very day after the limb has been reduced to a size even less actually than the one which is sound, than to have to endure all the torments of an old mode of treatment for months, and at last be given over as incurable? Do you not think that the satisfaction felt must be more than an equivalent for the few short years that might remain burdened with such a deformity? To be sure it would”——and he strutted about the room with the conceit of having drawn a fine picture of professional ability, and imagining himself the very frame of it.

At this moment a violent scream announced the discovery. We both rushed up stairs. My mother was in a fit and lying on the ground in the bed-chamber of my brother. While the doctor helped me to place her in a chair, I told him to look to my brother.

A single glance explained to him that he was beyond the reach of medicine; but he proceeded to let blood, and shortly thereupon pronounced him irrecoverably gone. He then turned his attention to my poor mother.

She was conveyed to her own chamber and means applied for her recovery; but it was late at night before she was thought to be out of danger; for one fit succeeded another until we thought, at last, that nature would be overcome by their continued violence. As soon, however, as they had left her, she sank into a deep sleep, when I requested Dr. Diaclum to descend and take some refreshment. For, to do him justice, he displayed considerable skill in compounding and administering some soothing draughts, and was so absorbed in the real feelings of his profession that nothing could induce him to leave the bed-side until all fears for the safety of his patient had subsided.

When he had eaten a comfortable supper—he commenced some remarks upon the sudden and unexpected death of my brother, which the anxiety caused by my mother's danger had prevented him from before adverting to.

"I certainly was not prepared for so sudden a departure," said he; "it must have been some spasmodical affection, which, if there had been relief at hand, might have been happily subdued. But, my dear sir, what a pity it is that there was any delay—delicacy, no doubt, prevented you from prescribing."

I replied, "my brother had objected to any medical aid, and it was not until I had resolved to apply in person for your advice that he consented to your being sent for. There were reasons for my wishing other assistance than my own." \* \* \* \* \*

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## EPITAPH.

*On an Audacious Satirist and Suspected Atheist.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

[THE subject of the following epigrammatic epitaph—an equally extraordinary and infamous man—was born at Arezzo—and such was the influence of his wit and political genius, that they acquired for him the caresses of the greatest men of the age in which he lived:—Leo X.—Charles V. and Francis I. disdained not his flattery, and patronized his works. The author of the *Spectator*, (vid No. 23. of the papers in those vols.) says "he laid all the kings of Europe, and even the Sophi of Persia, under contribution to him."

A biographical notice of some length, of this mortal will be found in *LA DICTIONNAIRE CRITIQUE* par Bayle; and also in the *DICTIONNAIRE HISTORIQUE*, wherein will be seen the original of the Epitaph.

A recent Author too, J. D. Sinclair, in his "Autumn in Italy"—gives the following account of the death of Aretin—"while one of his friends was disclosing some scandalous Anecdote regarding his sister

who led a most dissolute life at Venice, such was the Satirist's depravity, he was so much amused at the relation of her gallantry, that he fell of his chair in an immoderate fit of laughter, struck his head on the pavement and expired on the spot,"—this happened in the year 1556 at Venice,—in one of the churches of which place he was buried.]

FELL time, which all things does consume,  
Secure within this marble tomb,  
The mould'ring parts has laid,  
Of AMBRIN, whose pois'nous pen  
Wounded alike all ranks of men,  
Both living and the dead.

Ev'n *Monarchs* gone, whose mem'ries yet  
In glory's sphere are far from set,  
His wit would dare defame;  
And if 'gainst *God*, you ask me why  
He ne'er let loose his blasphemy?  
—"He never knew his name."

J. T.

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### OLD BRIDBURY.

OLD Bridbury was considered a strange man in the village. Where all were smugglers, he was none; where all indulged freely in their favourite liquor, he was sober; where all were extensive dealers in scandal, he was unacquainted with his neighbour's glaring faults; in short, whatever they were, he was not. The little cottage, which he called his own, looked to the sea, and was so very conveniently situated for a certain trade, that it was the envy of every one in the village. But to that illegal commerce, Old Bridbury was an inveterate enemy; and he would sit at his window for hours every day, without one desire, that the sea he gazed upon was the bearer of a vessel, of whose pernicious freight he might be owner. Often in the dark nights, he would surprise his neighbours, while in the act of carrying on their contraband trade, by his presence; and though no violence was done him from the respect in which he was held, his words, dissuading them from their evil way, were disregarded. To reclaim them from such hazardous and unlawful undertakings, and to set them in a way to procure their livelihood by honest industry, appeared to be the whole business of his life, but scoffs were the answers to his admonitions. He was now old and infirm, and he leaned on his son and daughter as supports of his declining years. His wife was dead; his son, just returned from school, was about to be articled to a respectable merchant, at the neighbouring town. The feelings of the old man's heart may be conceived, when his son returned not one night to his home, and on the following morning intelligence was brought him, that he had set sail for Holland, in a small sloop, in company with some others, on an adventure of their dangerous trade. After this occurrence he became an altered man. The sight of his daughter,



who, he gloomily thought, must soon be left an unprotected orphan, filled him with sorrowful apprehensions. He felt the infirmities of age creeping fast upon him. For hours he would look upon the sea; he would then turn away from it, and with his hands covering his face, appear buried in deep thought. He was the father of a disobedient son who had plunged in scenes that had ever been his abhorrence; his daughter was left deprived of a protector, and he of a worthy support of his declining age. As long as his strength remained he was seldom in his room, and, alone, he would wander along the beach. In this manner months passed. One evening, which was dark, and showed symptoms of an approaching storm, he was after his usual time in reaching home, and his face betrayed stranger signs of melancholy and despair. Retiring early to rest he became gradually worse, and appeared to be falling into a slight fever, with some symptoms of fading recollections,—“My son, my son,” he said at first in a tone of reproach,—“ah Billy, why ungrateful! and thy sister, to leave her,—and thy father, to leave them all, all,—and for such an exchange.” His daughter in vain attempted to soothe him, and finding him gradually growing worse, she was forced to call in two or three of his neighbours, who were his favourites when in health, to her assistance. In the mean time, the storm increased, and the loud dashing of the waves below, and the howling of the winds above, added fresh tortures to the patient’s feelings. He had always been considered a man of mild dispositions, and had evinced much affection towards his children, but this sudden breach of duty and gratitude by his son, this destruction of all his hopes of happiness, produced such an impression on his soul, that reason appeared to be affected, and fading away. He was old, and had not that strength of mind which bears up against misfortune. “My Billy is on that rude ocean,” he said; “he is the sport of the waves and the winds,—he will perish from his folly. I see his frail vessel,—oh how rudely the waves buffet her!—her sails are torn away, her masts are broken and hanging over the side, the crew are exhausted, they are in despair, and my son, ah—that is he,—he clings to the stump of the mast, how frail is that to the support of thy God.” Such sentences he would pronounce in a melancholy voice, until, exhausted by these representations, he would remain in silence for some small space. Sometimes he called his daughter to his bed-side, press her hands, bid her be comforted, and then burst into tears. In the midst of such a scene, one of his friends, gazing upon the foaming sea from the windows, observed some light at a little distance from the shore, and hearing a noise of passing footsteps, left the house, and hastened to enquire after the event. On arriving at the shore, he found the object of his alarm was a ship entangled among the rocks, between which and the land, the sea was so boisterous as to render all assistance impossible. It was a small vessel entirely disabled; the thin sails were waving in the gale like ribbons, and the cracking of the mast was followed by its giving away. The crowd assembled on the shore were most anxious to save the vessel, for it was now begun to be whispered around that it was the sloop returned from Holland, with its cargo of gin, tea, and other contraband goods. The storm was most unfortunate to them, and, unless the cargo could be got on shore that night, instant discovery by the custom-house officers was in-

evitable in the morning. Every plan to effect this appeared impracticable, and they only could look on in silence and await the event. Gloomy were their apprehensions, and they could not banish the fear they entertained for the safety of their comrades on board the vessel; they could only hope she would hold together till the storm abated, to permit them to cross the water which separated the rocks from the shore. But all their feeble hopes were cut off by the strong glare of light which burst upon them from the vessel, and told them she was on fire. A shriek of agony arose from the shore at this dreadful accident, all eyes were bent to the ship, and the sufferers, as they walked upon the deck, could be seen, when the thick smoke was driven off by the wind. It was, indeed, a terrible scene. There stood the friends of the suffering crew upon the shore, without the least means of assisting them; while the light from the vessel would certainly bring down the men of the preventive service to inquire of the accident, and thus all hope of safety or concealment was at an end. While in this situation, a man rushed among the crowd, and with a voice, which seemed not of this world, cried out—"Cowards! villains! this now is the reward of your sinful courses; my prophecy has been fulfilled: and ye are cowardly, too,—see your friends burning to death in that vessel, and ye loitering on the shore; I tell ye, my son is consuming in that ship, and your sons, and your friends, all, all will perish; and ye are loitering here, shame! shame! man the boats,—attempt, try, or perish." The effect of these words was visible on every face: all shrunk back and would have hid themselves from the sight of the speaker; for it was Old Bridbury. His face was haggard from recent illness; and as the light from the burning vessel glared upon his features, in all the violent impression of wrath, his counsel, or rather command, was so firmly given, that no one could resist it. But before they could make ready their boats for this purpose, the King's men, as they were called, alarmed by the fire, had reached the shore, and learning the ship was a lugger, they resolutely refused to allow any of the assembled crowd to make an attempt to reach her, resolving to try that hazardous adventure themselves. Experienced in this kind of work, it appeared less dangerous to them, and, with the utmost activity, they sprang into the boat, and, after a few strokes of the oar, reached the burning vessel.

Her stern was the only part unconsumed, and on this small portion the crew were collected. All, save one, jumped into the boat, anxious to preserve life at the expence of their liberty which was forfeited by this breach of the laws. That *one* was old Bridbury's son;—"I will not go to disgrace," he muttered; "let me rather perish—go, go,—no transportation, death rather." There was silence when the boat reached the shore; all rushed to gaze upon their friends,—what were not *now theirs*; old Bridbury was the first,—“One last look upon my Billy, one only”—but the shriek which he uttered when he found he was not there, can only be faintly conceived. At that instant the fire had communicated to the inflammable cargo, but the vast sheet of flame which arose, was not seen by the old man; he sank down upon the sand, whence he was conveyed to his cottage from which he had so shortly escaped.

Many nights did not pass till the few friends, who visited the sick bed of old Bridbury, saw that he was fast approaching to decay. It

was about the twilight, when seated round his room offering words of comfort to his daughter, that a stranger entered, muffled up in a great coat which concealed his face, and took possession of an empty chair at the bed-side of the dying man. He spoke not, but sat down in silence. There was a pause in the low whisperings of the friends which were not resumed. The difficult breathings of old Bridbury might be heard, and the unintelligible murmurings of the soul, about to leave its earthly habitation, apparently produced an indescribable effect upon the listeners. But the stranger spoke not. His face was not opposite the bed,—perhaps he dared not look into it,—he kept his eyes upon the ground, conscious of being observed. The distressed daughter was too much absorbed in her own bitter feelings to scrutinize the stranger, and all kept a mournful silence. A hollow groan from the bed interrupted it, the stranger was taken off his guard, and on looking up caught the eye of the weeping girl. The feelings which prompted her to call "Brother!" could not be repressed, for it was indeed he. He had escaped from the blazing vessel by the most desperate effort, for seeing all other method of escape cut off, he flung himself into the sea, and aided by the light found means to get upon one of the rocks, where he had remained till the abating of the storm enabled him to swim to the land. Concealing himself from the preventive men in one of his friends' houses, he heard of the illness of his father with the utmost horror, and nothing could prevent him from attempting to see him. The brother and sister gazed upon one another at this recognition, and as the latter still looked upon him, forgetting his misconduct, all her affection for him returned, and she fell upon his neck, and again sobbed out that endearing name. Scarcely was the word pronounced, when the patient, exerting his remaining strength, looked up; "Why does my daughter say brother?" he calmly said,—“Has he left his grave to visit his broken-hearted parent! to be a protector to my child? ah Billy, thou wert wont to be grateful and affectionate, but for one time—all, save once,”—he was exhausted by the effort, and again sank back. During this scene, his son flung himself again on his former seat, and covered his face with his hands. Again the old man attempted to speak, and his friends bent forward anxious to catch his words, but they were indistinct. "Could I but see him once more," he frequently repeated—and his son, unable to restrain himself, came near to his father; the shock was too great for the weak frame of the old man,—he clasped his son in his arms, and expired without a groan.

J. W.

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 EUGENE.
*A Tale in Rhyme.*

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

'Twas the fairy month of blossom and flower,  
 And gloaming clad in her holy hue  
 Heard whispers of love in every bower,  
 Like spirits of day bidding light adieu.

The fair moon rose o'er the waveless sea,  
 And her silver beams ten thousand ways  
 Danced on its bosom playfully,  
 Or washed in a golden blaze.  
 The voice of the river was still and low  
 As a widow's whose all of hope is gone,  
 When Mary, lonely, wandered slow  
 To list the music of its moan.  
 For erst with Eugene by her side  
 The song of joy was on its tide,  
 And still, when all around was mute,  
 She dreamed the echo of his flute  
 Yet mingled with the sound.  
 There ever by a bending willow,  
 Whose branches kissed the rippling billow,  
 Was Mary nightly found.  
 For there they breathed their parting vow—  
 A vow the maiden ne'er had broken—  
 And there (to her it seemed but now)  
 Their last—their wildest words were spoken ;  
 Though ten long years with leaden wings  
 Had numbered Eugene's wanderings,  
 But whether dead, or false, or true,  
 Even slander's tongue forgetful grew.  
 Heedless she saw the waters wending—  
 Saw the moon and twilight blending,  
 While loved visions of the past  
 Fadeless, lingering, shadows cast  
 Over, round her, when the sound  
 Of long-lost music swept the ground  
 And trembled on the river.  
 To her it breathed in tones of fire,  
 For strains once struck from Eugene's lyre  
 Could be forgotten—never !  
 She hurried to her holy tree  
 Whose leaves waved in the melody ;  
 Beneath its weeping branches lay  
 A tuneful minstrel old and gray,  
 Who, wearied with the world, had lain  
 Him down, to breathe his evening strain  
 In solitude to heaven.  
 " Arise," she said, " thou man of song,  
 The chilly night dew falls among  
 Thy hoary locks—arise !"  
 " 'Tis vain !" he sighed, " from mankind driven,  
 This turf my couch supplies."  
 The tear-drops gushed from Mary's eye—  
 " This turf thy couch !" was her reply,  
 " No, aged wanderer—no !  
 My home, my father's house is near,  
 And he would love thy lays to hear,  
 Rise, minstrel, let us go."

"*This turf thy couch!*" she turned to say,  
 "Oh heavens! perhaps my Eugene lay"—

But here the stranger rose,  
 And as he bowed his thanks and spoke,  
 The sound, as an echo that slumbers, awoke  
 And startled the presence of woes.

Glad welcome at her father's board  
 The grey-haired minstrel found,  
 He struck his harp, and thus he sung  
 Rapt in the varying sound.

"I have wept an adieu on the breast that I loved  
 While I clung to that breast as if heaven were there;  
 I said not *farewell!* for no tongue could have moved;

'Twas a moment of madness,—a glut of despair.—  
 I have seen desolation reign lord of the hearth—  
 Of the home of my joys—of my love of my birth,  
 There have feasted with famine, and herded with death—  
 Felt hate like a Upas with poisonous breath

Alike blast the dead and the living;  
 Till a stranger I stood in my forefathers' hall,  
 And **TEKEL** was stamped on the forehead of all  
 Who nought but cold pity were giving.

A fugitive hunted—I slept on the tombs  
 Amidst charnel damps and their caverned glooms.  
 Then oft in maddening misery I  
 Have prayed till prayers grew blasphemy,  
 And cried to God in agony—

In bitterness for death!  
 The hollow tombs wrang back my groan  
 Like echo's ghost, but I lived on  
 A blasted thing of wrath!

Oh torture! I remember yet—  
 Remember!—Aye, can ne'er forget  
 The pangs—the almost death of soul,  
 When greedy want my life-blood stole,  
 And hunger gnawed my heart;  
 Then pain leaped wild in every limb,  
 My brain burned mad, my eyes were dim.  
 I longed, till longing frenzy grew—  
 Tore my poor garb—the very dew  
 That round my feet did start,

From out the icy graves I lapped,  
 With trembling as a mantle wrapped  
 I, shivering, bade my soul depart!  
 I heard the legal bloodhounds bay  
 Around the gravestones where I lay;  
 Then hurried on, unconscious where,  
 Now led by Hope, and now Despair  
 Dashed Hope aside, and plunged me on  
 Till day-dawn, when I stood alone  
 A fainting and a breathless thing  
 Whose last of life was withering!

Upon a giant cliff I stood  
 Where caverns yawned and rocks were strewed,  
 Old ocean's many waters sang,  
 And with a voice in every wave  
 The eternal hymn from cave to cave  
 In solemn echoes rang!  
 Oft—oft while yet a dreaming boy  
 On such a scene I've gazed with joy  
 Till venturous daring giddy grew:  
 But then I little recked or knew  
 A time would come, as come it did,  
 When to the precipice I fled  
 And only stopped to breathe a prayer—  
 A prayer of madness and despair,—  
 Ere weary with life's galling load  
 I plunged into the hands of God  
 A coward red with guilt!  
 Like a seraph's wing the thought of *one*  
 Flashed through my dreadful orison,  
 I breathed *her* name—a name to me  
 The sunlight of my memory,  
 And all her presence felt!  
 "For thee I'll live!" I wildly cried,  
 "Aye, madman, do," a voice replied,  
 With harsh unearthly sound;  
 "Food!" cried I, "food! from want I die!"  
 And a loud laugh was the reply  
 Of those who gathered round.  
 They were a rude and corsair crew  
 Who sympathy nor mercy knew.  
 They dragged me on, their ship was near,  
 And beauteous did that ship appear,  
 Without—a glorious dream, within—  
 A sepulchre, a world of sin.  
 They gave me food—they gave me wine,  
 The sword of death hung o'er me bare;  
 "Now die or live, the choice is thine,  
 Die as thou art, or deeply swear—  
 Swear to be ever one with us—  
 Swear, bearding, swear, or instant thus  
 I seal thy babbling tongue."  
 So spoke their leader, as he clasped  
 My neck, and firmly, sternly grasped  
 The sword that o'er me hung.  
 "Thy oath!" I cried, and fancied then  
 Like him, like them, I hated men.  
 I swore! O murdering memory!  
 Could its accents from thee part;  
 Still the dark, the deep impiety  
 Strikes as palsy on my heart.  
 Once on the accursed deck of blood,  
 Unstained, alone I viewed the flood;

All else from deep carousal slept  
 While I the watch of midnight kept ;  
 The scene was tranquil beauty's own,  
 And the stars of an eastern heaven shone  
 In their fulness of loveliness bright upon  
 The glorious sea, which there unfurled  
 The splendours of an illumined world.  
 Unheard I left the vessel's side  
 And on the bosom of the tide  
     Struck eager for the bay,  
 While every proudly bounding swell  
 Swept back defiance, back farewell,—  
     Urging, away ! away !—  
 In childhood's first and fondest pride  
 My earliest courser was the tide,  
 Yea, 'twas as the breast of my love to me  
 To bound on its bosom merrily,—  
 Could I fear for life or helper need,  
 With ocean's arms for my noble steed !  
 I knelt to pray when the land I gained,  
 Then rose like an eagle that once was chained,  
 And scaled the mountain, and swept the plain,  
 Till fear shrank back, and pursuit was vain.  
 My feet sped light o'er the bending grass,  
 As the shadow of clouds o'er the meadows pass,  
 Till the sun arose, and his glory came  
 O'er the singing earth like a silent flame ;  
 I felt the music around me roll,  
 While the glowing air seemed a thing of soul,  
 Then raptured sank on earth's glorious green,  
 Like a doting child that long has been  
 From its mother torn, and on her breast  
 Sinks in excess of love to rest !—  
     Months rolled away—my feet once more  
 Trode Britain's soul-encircled shore !  
 Its proud free waves—its giant strand—  
 Burst like the spirit of the land  
 Upon my withered heart ! Again  
 A freeman's blood thrilled every vein !  
 Again I reached my father's hall,  
 My faithful harp yet decked the wall,  
 And midst the gaping menials all  
 I dashed my hands across the chords  
 And sang in wild and vengeful words.  
 The stricken fiend, whose wily guilt  
 To me had charged the blood he spilt—  
 My father's blood ! that he alone  
 Might seize my birth-right as his own,  
 Came forth amidst his hireling throng  
 To list the wanderer's frenzied song—  
 A moment tremblingly he stood—  
 I sang of vengeance and of blood !

Then paused! and bade him gaze upon  
 The lightnings of an injured son!  
 He screamed aloud! convulsive stared!—  
 The righteous sword of God was bared!  
 He owned his guilt! and wildly cried  
 "Take all! but curse me not!"—and died!  
 Again my father's halls are mine,  
 Mine—my loved home and harp divine!  
 "But wherefore leave a home so dear  
 To roam a lonely pilgrim here?"  
 Enquired the gentle maid.  
 The minstrel laid his harp aside  
 He raised his hand a tear to hide,  
 And tremblingly he said—  
 "Long years have fled since wandering wild—  
 An only and a favoured child—  
 Far from my parent's hearth,  
 I hither as a stranger came  
 Concealed beneath a borrowed name  
 As one of humble birth;  
 A maiden fair as heaven's young light  
 Passed as a spirit o'er my sight—  
 I loved,—was loved again,—my vow  
 Was pledged, and I will pay it now!  
 To *thee* and heaven!" The minstrel stopped,  
 The cloak—the masque of age, was dropped;  
 Around his neck the maiden clung;  
 To grasp his hand the father sprung;  
 The youthful lover stood confest,  
 And Mary wept on Eugene's breast.

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MATHEMATICS.

SOLUTION OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

*Solution of Question 5th by Mr. George Giles, Teacher, Tweedmouth.*

THE Sine Amp. : Rad. :: Sine Dec. : Cosine Lat. left  $49^{\circ} 12'$ ; again, Sine Dec. : Rad. :: Sine Alt. : Sine Lat. come to  $50^{\circ}$ . Then  $50^{\circ}$  minus  $49^{\circ} 12'$  leaves 48 miles, the Diff. of Latitude. By Plane Trigonometry,—First, assume 58 miles for A's distance; consequently 82 miles will be B's distance. Therefore the Diff. of Lat. 48 : Rad.  $90^{\circ}$  :: Dist. 82 : Sec.  $54^{\circ} 10' 16''$  the angle B made with the meridian he left; and the Diff. of Lat. 48 : Rad. :: Dist. 58 : Sec.  $34^{\circ} 8' 54''$  the angle A made with the meridian he left. Then  $90^{\circ}$  minus  $54^{\circ} 10' 16''$  equal  $35^{\circ} 49' 44''$  which minus  $34^{\circ} 8' 54''$  leaves  $1^{\circ} 40' 50''$  or 6050" the first error. Secondly, assume 59 miles for A's distance; then 81 miles will be B's distance, and going through the same process, the second error is  $47' 11''$  or 2831". Then 2 multiplied by 2831, and the product divided by 6050 minus 2831 gives 1 nearly for a correction. This taken from 81 leaves 80, and added to 59 gives 60 miles, the true distances. Therefore with the true distances and Diff. of



Lat., A will be found to make an angle with the meridian he left of  $36^{\circ} 52' 11''$ , and to travel 60 miles; and B's angle with the meridian he left is  $53^{\circ} 7' 49''$ , and the space travelled 80 miles. And as they meet at right angles with each other, the distance between the places left is 100 miles.

*Solution of Question 6th, by the same.*

As 1" square : 16 feet :: 5" square : 400 feet the height of the tower. Then from the square of 4317.8 take the square of 400, and the square root of the difference is 4298 feet, which the tower moves in 5"; and  $360^{\circ}$  divided by 24 gives  $15^{\circ}$ , space passed in one hour on the Equator. Hence,  $15^{\circ}$  multiplied by 69.5, and divided by 720 equal 1.4479 miles, space passed in 5" on the Equator: this multiplied by 5280 equal 7644.912 feet. Then, As the distance 7644.912 :  $\cos 0^{\circ}$  :: 4298 :  $\cos 55^{\circ} 47' N.$ , the latitude of the tower.

*Solution of Question 7th, by Mr. Thomas Hudspeth, Bowden.*

It is evident that the length of the part broken off must exceed 30 feet, and at 20 feet lower down it must exceed 70; it therefore follows that it is more than 50. Suppose it first to be 56, and working according to the well-known property of right-angled triangles, we get the height of the tree equal 103.2863616 in the one case, and also equal to 105.5972972 in the other, which makes an error of 2.3109356 too great. Suppose, 2dly, the length to be 54, and there results an error too little by .8998886; then, by Double Position and its rules, we obtain 175.184284 to be divided by 3.2108242, and the quotient is 54.5 and a little more. But any farther operation by the said Rule is unnecessary, since, by assuming 54.5 as a new supposition, it resolves the question, so that the part left standing, comes out to be 45.5, and therefore the height of the tree is 100 feet, as was required:

### QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

*Proposed by Mr. Thomas Ingram, Hutton.*

8. A sugar-loaf was cut into 5 equal parts by horizontal parallel sections; the solidity of the part containing the apex was 103.13208 inches, and the periphery of its base 18 inches: required the height of the loaf?

*Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

9. Our ship sails in the forenoon, on the 20th of May 1829, from a port in north latitude; at the same time observed the sun's altitude to be  $18^{\circ} 30'$ ; after lying to 3 hours his altitude was  $44^{\circ}$ ; we then filled and sailed towards our port which bore from us S.  $30^{\circ}$  W.; after sailing 473.6 miles, we observed the vertical part of a rainbow to bear N.  $61^{\circ} 8'$  E. at half-past two P. M.; therefore we found ourselves 100 miles due west from the port bound to, and, upon examination, the variation of the compass had not been allowed for. We directly shaped our course to our intended port, but to our surprise arrived at a port 50 miles distant from the port bound to, and bore S.  $30^{\circ}$  W. Upon trial, a current was found to set between the two ports, which should have been allowed for. Required the setting of the current, the nature and quantity of the variation, with the true course and distance in each position.

Mr. Ferguson's solutions could not be inserted without immense trouble to both the printer and us.

We are inclined to *question* the correctness of Mr. Moscrop's astronomical riddle. We have racked our brains not a little, and cannot for the life of us comprehend, how more than a half of the earth is to be illumined by the sun, whatever be their supposed relative position. In *one* sense, the sun *does* enlighten more than a half, if we include its light reflected from the moon. But at what distance be (the sun) must be from our globe, in order to enlighten *directly* two-thirds of the latter, is to us, and we dare say to many others, insoluble. Is Mr. M. in possession of any method? He must conceive either of inserting the earth in the centre of the sun, where the darkness of the former might be dissipated with a vengeance, or of fashioning the solar rays after the style of the Patlander's gun—to shoot round a corner.

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### LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

It went the round of the Journals some time ago, that the Officers of the 71st Highland Light Infantry Regiment, lately stationed here, appeared on the Dundee Stage as Amateur Actors for the benefit of the charitable institutions connected with that town. We have been favoured by a friend with a communication, which enables us to furnish our readers with a more particular account of the proceedings in terms of the *Dundee Courier*. The play was "Ways and Means," and the farce, "High Life below Stairs."

"It is but fair to these gentlemen to say that they acquitted themselves most admirably, and we have seldom seen a comedy so well performed in all its parts. Genteel comedies ought to be a picture of real life, and therefore gentlemen of good education and talents, it may be presumed, would at all times make a tolerable appearance in them; but from the great ease displayed by most of the gentlemen on this occasion, we should conclude that they could hardly say this was their first appearance. The Sir David Dunder of Mr. Robertson was excellent, and Mr. Bernal as Random, and Mr. L'Estrange as Tiptoe, also acquitted themselves admirably. Nor can we withhold our applause from one of our own citizens, who took a prominent part in this effort for the relief of the poor. Mr. John M. Lindsay's Scruple was well sustained throughout, although we were under some apprehensions at the commencement from his seeming diffidence. A young gentleman named Diamond, who performed the part of Harriet, shewed a degree of taste and feeling which we were not prepared to expect. The part of Lady Dunder by Mr. Dutton, was also much applauded.

We thought well of the Play, but were still better pleased with the Farce, which repeatedly convulsed the audience with laughter. Mr. Bernal's My Lord Duke was a masterpiece, and Mr. L'Estrange in Sir Harry, shewed he was no novice in the profession. Mr. Robertson in Lovel, and Mr. Trapaud in the Cook, were brilliant. Mr. John M. Lindsay's Kitty was also excellent, and much applauded. The quadrille, which was so irresistibly ridiculous, was encored. Although the audience were prepared to have viewed the performers with indulgence, yet they required none; the whole went off in grand style, and the repeated shouts of applause were spontaneous and universal.

There has not been such a treat at our Theatre for a long time, and our townsmen must be much gratified with the pains taken by the military gentlemen in providing them such a treat."

The following Prologue and Epilogue were spoken before and after the Play:—

PROLOGUE TO "WAYS AND MEANS."

"What: dress in satins? Act a woman's part?  
And learn some whining sentiment by heart?  
Squeak a high treble, to seem like a girl?  
And rob my visage of each well-train'd curl?  
Whatever woes my ill-starred head befall,  
This last request's the "unkindest cut" of all!  
Shall I, who've played the Roman, act a slave—  
Assume false locks, wear petticoats, and—shave?"

Such were the sounds which through our Green-room ran,  
In frequent murmurs, when the day began.  
In vain we argued with the unruly *fairs*,  
They spurned alike our scissors and our prayers;  
Persuasion failed to move, till pity tried,  
And claimed the boon which vanity denied!

Then novel changes 'fore our eyes appeared.  
Miss Kitty lost her anger, and her beard!  
My Lady Dunder spoke our purpose fair;  
Charlotte wax'd soft; and Harriet ceased to—swear!  
Sweet Lady Bab grew tranquil at the sight,  
And in her shaving gave the "widow's mite!"

Alcides-like, each metamorphos'd man,  
Laid down the musket, and took up the fan;  
Mouths which before had wak'd the bugle's notes,  
Now breath'd the voice of love in petticoats!  
Whilst fingers train'd to grasp the ready gun,  
Flirted their fans, and show'd how hearts were won!

Thus have you gain'd a peep behind the scenes,  
And mark'd the progress of our "Ways and Means;"  
Then, after this, should some "frail fair one" faint,  
Pray don't confound her blushes with her paint!

Even the men, and strange it will appear,  
On this occasion feel the women's fear;  
For ne'er against their king's and country's foes  
Have they encountered such bright eyes as those;  
Yet, 'neath their fire each player strives his best,  
Ladies or not?

(*Prompter, from side door.*)

The ladies, sir, are dress!

Well, since they're *primed*, we'll strike the scenic tent,  
And in quick time "Make ready, and present!"

## EPILOGUE.

*Enter Old Random.*

Well, we've finished the play, but the worst is behind,  
 For, betwixt you and I, my part's not to my mind ;  
 'Tis right to be useful and worthy of praise,  
 Yet I don't much approve being laced up in stays ;  
 Besides, 'tis an insult I hardly can brook,  
 That my female debut should be made as a cook.

*Enter Paul Peery.*

Your presence is wanted ; of girls we've so few,  
 That we're forced, in the farce, to *effeminise* you.

*Ran.*—'Tis very indecent.

*Paul.* Nay, there prithee cease,  
 And speak as becomes the great Empress of *Grease*.  
 Go dress for your part, we're all ready to play,  
 And there's nought but your bustle and gown stops the way.

*Ran.*—But my bustle is monstrous, my gown's a bad fit,  
 And I can't say I like being link'd to a spit.  
 Now, to tell you the truth, I am sure, my good fellow,  
 My figure has more of the cut of Othello.  
 Yes, Shakspeare's my forte, pray allow me to shew it—  
 Here's the speech to the Senate.

*Paul.* Be quiet : I know it.  
 Come away to the Green-room, your petticoats wait,  
 Here's rouge for your cheeks and false curls for your pate ;  
 When drest, recollect that you step not too wide,  
 Your voice must be soft, and contracted your stride.  
 In short, through your part, you must bear in mind this—  
 For the night, you're transformed to a boarding-school Miss.

[*Exit Peery.*]

*Ran.*—Lead on, then—I follow : Yet, ere I depart,  
 I must beg, if the cook makes a *hash* of her part,  
 You'll remember she's one of the softer creation,  
 And grant your indulgence, if not approbation.

*The or an ancient mode of announcing marriages is curious ;—it is taken from Dr Cleland's Statistical Work.*

1746, 24th March.—On Monday last, James Denniston, jun. of Colgraine, Esq. was married to Miss Jenny Baird, *a beautiful young lady.*

1747, 4th May.—On Monday last, Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University of Glasgow, was married to Miss Mally Baird, *a beautiful young lady with a handsome fortune.*

1747, 3d August.—On Monday last, Mr. James Johnstone, merchant in this place, was married to Miss Peggy Newal, *an agreeable young lady with £4000.*

*Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

## BIRTHS.

At the Manse of Ratho, on the 18th ult., Mrs. Henderson, of a son.

At Norwich, on the 19th ult., Mrs. J. Mather, of a son.

At Easter Warriston, on the 24th ult., the Lady of William Bonar, Esq., of a daughter.

At Stitches House, on the 28th ult., Lady Elizabeth Pringle, of a daughter.

Here, on the 12th inst., Mrs. Cameron, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, London, on the 22d ult., Captain Miller to Jane Clark Dent, eldest daughter of the late James Dent, master mariner of this port.

At Paxton House, Berwickshire, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. John Edgar of Hutton, David Milne, Esq., Advocate, eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir David Milne, K. C. B. of Milne Graden, to Jean, eldest daughter of William F. Home, Esq., of Paxton.

At Ladykirk, on the 31st ult., Mr. William Paulin, innkeeper, Horndean, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Henderson, Paxton.

## DEATHS.

At Salutation Hall, near Norham, on the 15th ult., Mr. Thomas Colston, farmer, aged 69.

On the 20th ult., in Pimlico, after a few hours' illness, Mr. Wm. Robertson, late of the Victualling-Office, Somerset House, aged 68, son of the deceased John Robertson, Esq., merchant, Berwick.

At Dunbar House, on the 16th ult., in the 11th year of her age, Charlotte Julian Balfour, third daughter of James Balfour, Esq., of Whittingham.

On the 19th ult., of spasmodic cholera, Arthur Lumly Davids, Esq., Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, &c. This talented young man, who, had he survived till August, would only have completed his 21st year, was the author of a Turkish Grammar, a work that will immortalize his name.

On the 23d ult., at the house of Lord Dacre, in Chesterfield-street, London, of a rapid attack of cholera, Mr. Scott, brother-in-law of the Earl of Oxford, and of W. Ord, Esq., M. P. for Morpeth, and his Majesty's Consul at Bourdeaux.

At Fenton Mill, on the 27th ult., Mr. Thomas Hastie, aged 62, much regretted by his friends and all who were acquainted with him.

At Alnwick, on the 1st inst., Thomas, infant son of Mr. Joseph Turner, hat-manufacturer there.

Suddenly, on the 2d inst., at Athelstaneford Mains, East Lothian, Mr. Robert Scott Bell.

*To Readers and Correspondents.*

No answer to the communication in last Number of our esteemed contributor, J. S. H. of Alnwick, has reached us. We hope he will favour us with a *fragment* for next month.

# THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. XI.]

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

[VOL. II.]

## ON PARTY SPIRIT.

*Rixæ rixæ causa est.—GREEK SENT. LATINE.*

For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
That teaches saints to tear and rant,

Turns meek, and secret sneaking ones  
To raw-heads fierce and bloody bones.—*BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS*

ONE should think that, when experience has demonstrated the misery which is uniformly the consequence of political dissensions, modern statesmen would profit by the lesson. The earliest misfortune which man suffered from the hand of his fellow originated in envious opposition, and this principle, like a demon of destruction, has continued ever since to involve our race in a succession of calamities. Like the confusion of tongues which dispersed mankind when congregated on the plains of Shinar, the spirit of party has divided people, revolutionized nations, and changed—alas how oft!—the whole face of the political world.

When Greece, proud in the consciousness of liberty, burst forth like a phoenix amidst her enslaved neighbours, the patriot, the philosopher and the philanthropist might rejoice in the cheering prospect which her genius opened up to the world. But the mutual jealousies of her different states, and their internal cabals soon overclouded the scene, and all of them eventually sank under the weight of tyranny and ignorance. The long continued dissensions of the Patricians and Plebeians at Rome frequently brought them into imminent danger; they retarded the advances of the republic in civilization, and though they led to beneficial results, inasmuch as they regained to the people their rightful privileges, yet they were so obstinate and sanguinary as to render the success dear-bought. The lower empire, too, was disturbed, not less frequently than seriously, by the blue and green factions in the Hippodromes of Rome and Constantinople; and in modern times, we need mention no more than the Guelphs and Ghibbelines in Italy, and the Whigs and Tories in England.

We are by no means so sanguine as to expect that men will eventually emancipate themselves from the influence of this principle, nor, while we confess that it has sometimes been carried to extremes, would we wish to see it extinguished. The truth is that it cannot but

exist. Royal prerogative, aristocratic influence, and plebeian privilege have each their several advocates, whose opinions and interests perpetually clash with one another. Differences are thus engendered, and it is exceedingly difficult for persons to regard each other with equanimity, when their public conduct is mutually marked by systematic opposition. The only way to preserve harmony is—by a skilful adjustment to settle the respective rights of each party, in a manner which shall seem most conducive to the public interest. But each faction is so jealous of its own rights, that the slightest aggression, even though unintentional, on the part of the opposite one, kindles in a moment the flames of rankling animosity, and sets the whole nation by the ears. A moderate and liberal plan of conduct, and a disposition to overlook or to conciliate, would, without in the least injuring either one party or another, prove much more advantageous to the nation at large.

These observations are equally applicable to Religious party spirit ; and here, indeed, this canker-worm has proved much more destructive. The different forms of Paganism have few or no dogmata, and thus from their very nature exclude, in a great measure, the operation of factionism. But the Mahometans have split into sects numerous almost as the sand on their own deserts ; and the schisms that have disgraced our own holy religion defy the powers of arithmetic. We approve of the most liberal toleration of all sects, because it is reason and not brute force that has to do with the intellect ; and we are much mistaken if the unseasonable, injudicious and intolerant treatment, which weaker sects so frequently receive at the hands of the more powerful, has not in every case tended to confirm the evil which it was intended to remedy. Just as water makes coals burn more fiercely, as the ravages of the plague makes the thinned population increase more rapidly, it has been found that persecuted sects have become more obdurate and more powerful in proportion to the severity with which they were harassed.

We know of no country where Sectarianism prevails to a greater extent in modern times than in Scotland. There are in it about a dozen of different parties which are Presbyterian,—differing more or less from the established church, and all distinguished from one another by some peculiar tenets, which, however trifling they may seem to the uninitiated and the ungodly, are yet thought sufficient to warrant others from “entering into their secret.” There is, for instance, one sect which dissents solely from believing that it is a sin not to swear to a covenant, entered into by the Reformers 250 years ago, and which bound them to extirpate Popery, Prelacy, and other *damnable errors* with fire and sword ; as if the more christian spirit of modern times was bound to subscribe to practices which the cruel necessity of the times rendered it necessary for our venerable and illustrious and meritorious forefathers to follow. Another party stands aloof because it will not allow the magistrate a voice in ecclesiastical courts ; and a third, because his Majesty King William will not believe in each and every article of their creed. Others, we think, have separated themselves for still more frivolous reasons, as from doubts about the lawfulness of the precentor repeating the line which is to be sung, and about his introducing modern tunes into the sacred psalmody, or about

the clergyman's using a gown ; and so on. We are far from thinking dissent unlawful in all cases ; the United Secession (as they call it), for example, seem to have sufficient grounds, when they contend for the right of choosing their own minister,—a right, indeed, which, we are happy to see, the most able members of the establishment now admit to be just. But it is foolish and even ludicrous to observe respectable men keeping up parties for the most insignificant reasons, and gravely expressing their doubts that the belief in some abstract dogmas, concerning which scripture is silent, is sufficient to endanger the salvation of those who adhere to them.

In truth, this is the natural consequence of religious dissensions. The more numerous sects are, and the slighter the grounds of their differences may be, the more virulent is their opposition. This is an indisputable fact, though it is at once irrational and paradoxical. It appears to us that a stubborn, unbending requisition of belief in every tenet whatever, on the part of churches, has done more than any thing else to encourage schism ; and we have ground to suppose that, were a charitable liberality indulged to every sect, and their differences calmly examined by the test of scripture, of reason and utility, a degree of unanimity might be produced, which all the controversies, and persecutions, and intolerance in the world could not effect. Party spirit has a natural tendency to aggravate and to perpetuate itself ; for it engenders a morbid fondness for controversy, a resoluteness of persisting in long-cherished opinions, and a haughty and unyielding bigotry, which looks down with disdain upon a person who will presume to say, 'You are in the wrong.' Hence all sectarians are wonderfully expert controversialists : the good people of Scotland—to recur to them again—are quite proverbial for their theological acquirements, and many is the peasant whom we have heard refute the systems of Popery, Socinianism, &c. with the eloquence and energetic logic of a Chillingworth or a Horsley.

But this is not all. The indulgence of party spirit goes directly to narrow the mind, and to generate ignorance and fanaticism. As an instance of this we may remark, that at the commencement of the Scottish Secession nearly a century ago—a period when the tide of religious animosity ran uncommonly high—a great number of farmers set themselves stoutly against the introduction of *fanners* into the thrashing mill, an improvement then brought over from Holland ; and, gentle reader ! canst thou imagine for what reason ? Merely because it was an ungrateful rejecting the gifts of providence,—even of the breezy zephyrs which, as any blind man may see, are obviously sent into this earth for the express purpose of winnowing the corn of honest men. Such is the fact ;—we shall give another, the hero of which—he was of the same sect as Old Mortality—we were once acquainted with. Every sabbath he footed it away half a score of miles and a *bittie*, in order to hear the "word" preached genuine and unadulterated, by a godly, edifying saint, as he called the clergyman. One day however, when he had sorely exhausted his body with the journey, that his mind might receive something savoury when he arrived, he was not a little disappointed to find that from some circumstance or other there was to be no sermon. The doors of many other churches and chapels stood wide open, as if inviting our drooping



traveller to enter, but he manfully resisted the temptation! Was a little bodily rest to be preferred to the salvation of the immortal soul? This question suggested itself, and spurning the congregations of the unrighteous, as if their very neighbourhood were as dangerous as excommunication, he "with fainting steps and slow" trudged away home, wiser no doubt than when he left it.

The theological knowledge of the common people of Scotland is at once a cause and an effect of their religious dissensions. Their life is a species of bush-fighting; at every turn they are liable to be assailed by some one ready loaded and primed for deadly controversy; and we betide the poor wight who has not wherewith to make resistance. They are, therefore, one and all of them, up to the ears in theology, and have sounded the lowest depths of Calvinism.

Now, we have nothing to say against this, but think it laudable and necessary that every man be able to give an account of the faith that is in him. A complete knowledge of the Christian system is in every man a meritorious and a valuable acquisition; but what we are disposed to find fault with is the spirit of Sectarian acerbity and rancour which they also display, and which men are therefore apt to identify with religion. It is a feeling which has ever had an influence contrary to what it was intended to have; for zealous opposition kindles what it means to quench. Can there than this be a more powerful dissuasive from Religious Intolerance?

Kind reader! if thou hast followed us thus far, thou mayest perhaps wish to know what party in church and state, we who, you think perhaps, are here dictating too magisterial advices, adhere to; and in truth, most worthy reader, we could not for the soul of us refuse to answer so small a request but for dreading that we might tend to keep alive the disposition which we have been humbly essaying to knock on the head. For—we put the question to thyself, most excellent friend!—were we to say we were Tories and Episcopalians, would not the *canny* inhabitants of Scotland, and all the Whigs among us, regard us with aversion; and, on the other hand, were we to profess ourselves Whigs and Presbyterians, how would England and her Tories show their grinning teeth to us? Be not mistaken, however; we are not lax nor unconcerned in these matters,—we are neither sceptics nor radicals; and we can with perfect sincerity drink the health of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Chancellor Brougham, Sir C. Wetherell and Francis Jeffrey. We can, moreover, relish a good sermon, whether concocted by a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian divine, and have frequently, without any "compunctious visitings of nature," gone to the High church in the morning, the Scotch church in the afternoon, and been edified at night among the dissenters. In short, good reader, for we fear thy patience is now exhausted, we practise, as far as we can, the liberality which we have been extolling.

A. N.

## TO A ROSE-BUD.

COME from thy dew-gemm'd palace green ;  
 Ascend thy throne of silv'ry sheen,  
 And by thy subject flow'rs be seen,—  
 Queen of the Garden !

Rise from thy bed of loveliness,  
 Garb'd in thy richest virgin dress ;  
 Assume a blush of fairness,—  
 June's pretty Maiden !

Wake from thy dreamless slumbering,  
 And all thy native beauty bring ;  
 Smile, till the bees thy death-song sing,—  
 Child of a Sunshine !

Haste—haste thee, Bud,—thy moment live,—  
 Around thy fragrant sweetness pour,—  
 But ere thy roseate dream be o'er—  
 To the proud fair this lesson give,—  
 BEAUTY SOON FADETH !  
 AER.

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 SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN.

A mixture of strength and weakness produces anger or animosity ; true greatness produces mildness.—*Garve*.

A gardener entered into conversation with a coppersmith, and had resolved to amuse him with a downright lie, because he looked upon him as a blockhead. He told him, he once planted a cabbage, which had grown to such a size that a whole regiment of soldiers could have encamped under it. "Yes, yes—that I can readily believe," replied the other ; "but I will also tell you something remarkable ;—I once made a copper kettle, which was so large that, when one hammered at the top, another could not hear the sound at the bottom." "For heaven's sake, tell me—for what purpose was that large kettle made?" enquired the gardener. "To boil your cabbage in, to be sure," was the reply.—*Rievethal*.

It is related of Holbein, that he once entered into an agreement with his landlord, to paint the wall of his house. The latter perceived, that Holbein often left his work, and followed his pleasures. This induced him to keep an eye continually upon the artist. Holbein, who was very anxious to shake off the troublesome spy, painted two legs on the wall, which seemed to hang down from the scaffold. Hereby the landlord was effectually deceived on his coming, according to custom, to see if the painter was at work.—*Reichard*.

To obey one's moral sense is the duty of the present moment ; to correct it—the duty of one's whole life.—*Garve*.

As Philip of Macedon entertained Dionysius the younger at table

with him in Corinth, the former ridiculed the father of the latter for being a prince and an author at the same time. "How did your father," said the Macedonian monarch, "ever find leisure to write such stuff?" "In those hours," replied Dionysius, "when you and I drink and make merry."—*Zimmerman*.

Some one took a journey on horseback with Professor Bodmer through Appenzell; they came to a turnpike. "Open the gate, my lad!" cried the one to a boy who was just standing by. "Eh! I must first know who you are."—"I am so and so, and this person here is a Professor."—"What is a Professor?"—"He is a man who can do any thing."—"O then, he doesn't want me; he will be able to open the gate himself."—*Reichard*.

A prince kept a buffoon at his court for entertainment, and gave him a stick with the command, that, when he should find one who was a greater fool than himself, he should consign over the stick to him. A few years afterwards the gentleman fell ill, and his jester visited him. When the patient said that he must soon leave him, he asked,—“And whither are you going?” “To another world,” replied the gentleman. “And when will you return—in about four weeks?”—“No.”—“A year?”—“No.”—“When, then?”—“Never.”—“And what have you provided yourself with for so distant a journey, and for your stay at the place to which you are travelling?”—“With nothing at all.”—“What—with nothing at all!”—rejoined the jester: “here, take my stick! If you are on the point of travelling *for ever*, and have made no preparation, nor cared by what means you may live happy and contented in another world from which you will *never* return, receive my staff; for such folly I have never been guilty of. You are a greater fool than I.”—*Sulzer*.

A soldier came in terror to Leonidas, and informed him that the enemy was near. “If the enemy is near us,” replied he, “we also are near him.”—*Sulzer*.

The Cardinal Campeii was once involved in a violent dispute with a certain Duke of Modena. The latter reproached the former with his father's having been a swine-herd. “Certainly he was,” returned the Cardinal, “and if your's had been a swine-herd, you would unquestionably have been one too.”—*Weisse*.

A Spartan Philosopher was asked, what children ought to be taught. “What they ought to do, when they become men,” said the sage.—*Anonymous*.

When the commander of the citizen-soldiery (*national guard*?) at Paris appeared in the apartment of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, the king could not refrain from complaining about some disturbance that had arisen on the previous night. The commander exculpated himself by stating that necessity obliged him that night to sleep several hours. “If I had known,” replied the good-natured king, “that you were sleeping, I would not have awakened you.”—*Anonymous*.

Some cavilling literati having asked the Egyptian anchorite, Antonius, how he could live without books, his lofty reply was—“My book is God and nature.”—*Zimmerman*.

## THE STUDENT.

A PARODY ON "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

SCENE—*An Attic in "Auld Reekie."*

Not a laugh was heard, nor a bacchanal note,  
As to write his prize-essay he hurried ;  
Not a soul dared approach the gloomy spot,  
Where amid dusty tomes he sat buried.

He sat lone and darkly at dead of night,  
The leaves with his thin fingers turning,  
By the pale farthing candle's dusky light,  
Or the oil-lamp dimly burning.

No dandy stays inclosed his waist,—  
No trappings of finery bound him,  
But he sat, like a happy soul, at rest,  
With his thread-bare garments around him.

Scanty and short was the supper he took,—  
For to him meat and drink were a trifle,—  
While he constantly gazed on the back of the book,  
Whose stores he determined to rifle.

He thought, as he took up his stump of a pen,  
And laid out his sheet before him,  
How his name in the Newspapers would be seen,  
And the friends of his home would adore him.

Some lightly will talk of the Essay he'll write,  
And swear it was copied *verbatim* ;  
But nothing he'll reck, for sure he is quite,  
Those only will say so who hate him.

Not half of his heavy task was done,  
When he saw his dim light expiring ;  
And he heard St. Giles' clock toll one,  
So he thought it was time for retiring.

Slowly he rose and extinguish'd his fire—  
Then sank on his couch deeply thinking ;  
He slept,—and he dreamt of the fame he'd acquire,—  
Then he dreamt that with NORTH\* he was drinking.

AER.

\* North, (Christopher, Esq.) Editor of Blackwood.

## THE CONFESSION OF WISHART COLVILLE.

THE grave has closed over the being to whom I owed the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world, and I now feel that misery, desolation, and utter oblivion only await me. The ties of kindred, of home, and the amenities of human intercourse have lost their heart-awakening influences, for I have sought for rest everywhere, but I have found it nowhere, while my internal struggles have driven me to the very brink of madness. My brain is compressed, and my heart is longing to break, but I feel it chained up in my breast, as in a lone and weary prison. Alas! how darkly evolved are the destinies of some whom this earth numbers: but let me not murmur impiously at the severe decree of fate . . . The hand which now trembles over this sheet and traces these lines has helped to mould my destiny. I myself feel this. My poor Agatha!—but why expose the feebleness of language by attempting to describe her sufferings and my guilt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our attachment was of many years duration, and the remembrance of the hallowed hour that our mutual attachment was first confessed, felt, and rejoiced in, shall be the last to leave the perishing tablet of my isolated soul. It is locked up for ever in the innermost chamber of my heart, and though its retinue of nameless, undefined, but blessed emotions, are gone—all gone! yet they have made my memory their monument. At this very moment my Agatha seems present with me, and in my imagination she has suffered no prostitution, no decay, no mortality. Her spirit was all brightness, and the image of the being that has so often called up my sunniest hopes, and unsealed the fountains of pure and gentle emotion, is again reflected in all its vividness from the mirror of my heart, as when she smiled at my side, with a face pale in bliss, like a holy statue of enchantment. But now another picture has sprung, with horrid distinctness of detail, before my vision. I again see the bright eyes, into whose innocent depths I have looked down, till I have seen the soul beautifully indicated from beneath the dark eye lash, glazed, and the nerves fixed. I see the last faint struggle that quivered through her attenuated frame, and I again listen to the deep convulsive moan that betrayed the agony of her sufferings, and hear the earth rattle on her coffin. Oh! God! the very recollection of it makes my blood run cold, and the revulsion of feeling almost chokes me. \* \* \* \* \*

It was a beautiful summer's evening in June when I last walked with my Agatha. She was unusually sad, but the landscape that stretched before us, with its little amphitheatre of trees, and shining tracks of water, mellowed down with the soft radiance of the moonlight, lent its tenderness and beauty to her mind, till her mood of sorrowful excitement again gave way to vivacity, and melted into a feeling of sympathetic delight:

“ Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget  
 Our meeting-spots, our chosen, sacred hours;  
 Our burning words that utter'd all the soul;  
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love!

Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope  
Exalting, heart embracing heart entire."

These meetings were always happy meetings to us both, and the happiness which they gave has often sent me to sleep without a care, and surrounded my pillow with visions of bliss. We now reached the door of her father's house, and we parted, but not until my lips had given utterance to the fond prayer, that the hand which I then clasped in mine own, might be linked for ever with my fortunes. How dear—how unspeakably dear did I hold her at that moment! I indeed was blest! yes, blest beyond the limit of my wildest dream, for I then clung to my belief in the purity of the human heart, and I would still cherish, wretched as I am, the absurd dream. But my Agatha complained of desertion, neglect, and cruel treatment; and my pledged heart, corrupted and petrified by a selfish and scrupulous pride into inhuman insensibility, crushed at once every hope within her bosom, and left her to perish in the embrace of infamy.

Mine is a dark tale. A few days after our interview, Agatha received an invitation from Eustace Dillon, a young friend of her father, to attend a ball, which was to be given that night. Early in the forenoon of the same day, not being aware of Agatha's engagement with Dillon, I forwarded a billet, claiming the pleasure of her company, as I intended to be present at the ball myself. I was disliked, however, by her parents, principally from a misunderstanding that existed between my uncle and her father, and the consequence followed immediately. My note unfortunately reached her mother, who very unceremoniously broke it open, and, after fuming over its contents, committed it to the fire. Agatha was kept in entire ignorance of such a communication, and my surprise and chagrin may be more easily imagined than described, when after passing a day of the most bitter anxiety, I encountered Agatha, on her way to the festival, leaning on the arm of Eustace. Her glance met mine, and a haughty gleaming of anger escaped me. The expression of her countenance told that she was touched to the soul by this silent but expressive exhibition of displeasure. She turned half round affectionately to me, but my pride forced me to pass, without recognition, the being round whom my very heart-strings were entwined, and in a few minutes Dillon and Agatha entered the Assembly. An influence more powerful than my will drew me after them. I saw that my favoured rival was proud of his supposed conquest, and I was determined to scrutinize his actions closely. Mortified to the soul, I wandered around the ball room, wrapt in the half conscious reverie of a madman. It was in vain I strove to shroud the strong emotions of my heart in a borrowed apathy, for the intense and oppressive selfishness that took possession of it, silenced every manly and generous feeling, till life seemed curdled into one jealous thought. The commencement of the music had a wild meaning on my quivering ear and beating heart, and the temper it excited was the sullen and desponding one which makes the soul in love with deep and melancholy reflections. Agatha was now threading the mazes of the dance—my attention was roused, while mine eyes glanced involuntarily to the object of my conflicting passions.

She fitted along, a thing of light, the rich blood mantling up under the soft cheek, and her every feature expressive of happiness, but my thoughts and feelings at that moment I dare only whisper to my own heart. It pierced me to the soul to see Agatha smiling upon another, yet the selfish nature of my love arose only by its excess, and polluting though it was, I offer no apology for such selfishness. I watched Eustace and Agatha alternately in a state of condensed despair, and I had the mortification to see that being, who was more to me than heaven and earth, led down the dance by one whom I utterly detested. A death-like coldness ran through my veins at the very sight of him. And now the prevailing mood of the music was one of passion, and it floated like the voice of the spirit of youth adown the stately measure, and called up blissful rapture into every countenance. I alone wandered like a dark and bewildered cloud through the dazzlingly lighted assembly room. Twice I attempted to greet Agatha, but it was impossible,—my lips trembled, and pride stifled all yearnings of kindliness. After a short time, the music ceased, and Agatha sat down, and turned an inquiring glance towards me; but I felt wronged and lowered in my own esteem, and my anger was succeeded by that callosity of feeling which pride engenders in the human heart, when the spirit is bitterly stirred. I spoke not to her, but regarded her with a look of easy indifference, and approached to interchange a compliment with Miss G. who sat by her. Agatha changed colour, and dropt her eyes in confusion. This was enough for me. I knew not till then how much she had loved me, and I felt what it was to acquire importance in the eyes of a rival.

You will call this cruelty—but spare me, for you can form no judgment of my motives. My own misery at that moment—for till that night the tranquil progress of our affections had met no check, no jealousies—propelled me to act in the manner I did. But I digress from my story. Agatha listened silently for some time to a conversation of half-sportive gallantry, carried on by Miss G. and myself, until, impatient of this show of coldness on my part, and secretly piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, she pressed the hand of Dillon with her slender fingers, and requested to retire. This was not unnoticed by me. The simple pressure of Dillon's hand appeared in my eye an indelicate extravagance, and when she rose and left the dance, roused, as if from insensibility, I sprang from the room, regardless of the gay groups that laughed and talked on either side of me, and entered an adjoining apartment, in the utmost agitation. I had been left but a few minutes, however, in this state of feeling, when I heard Eustace pressing Agatha to a slight repast as they passed the door of the room which I had entered. This served to irritate yet the more the insidious passions that had grown up in my mind, and, distracted with the various emotions which struggled for utterance in my bosom, without a moment's hesitation I started to my feet, and thrust myself into their privacy. Agatha looked at me with surprise, and my presence of mind seemed to have forsaken me altogether. At last, however, I found my voice, and frantically persisted in accompanying her home. "Not now," said the trembling girl, with unaccustomed bitterness, at the same instant placing her arm within Dillon's—"I enjoy perfect liberty, Wishart, over my own

actions." I made no reply, but turned mine eyes for a moment contemptuously upon her, and hurried from her presence with my feelings excited to a delirium of rage which forbade all hopes of reconciliation.

Alas! how a few words may change the destiny of a life! No sooner did I find myself in the open street, than I seemed stricken with bewilderment at what had transpired. For some minutes I walked backwards and forwards in front of the building, and looking towards the principal entrance, I observed Agatha and Dillon leave the archway on their return homewards. Fortunately they did not notice me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch their steps unseen by them. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and miserable than ever,—however, I restrained my passion, and quietly dogged their footsteps. At length they reached the court-yard of Agatha's father. It was now after midnight, the lights were extinguished, and all was so still and motionless, that I heard my heart throb audibly within my breast as it drove life's red current through my veins. Dillon and Agatha entered the court yard,—I remained outside, and listened with intense and shuddering anxiety. They stood and talked to each other, and blended *my* name with their exchanged thoughts in a low and suppressed voice. Friendship is dangerous when carried to excess, and God knows their friendship was too like love, and yet I enjoyed the scene and felt a shivering maddening joy, in the very agitation of my jealous rage. Dillon embraced Agatha! I saw it all. An involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I witnessed the fine gloss of virgin modesty injured by another and one whom I despised. And yet I would not have quitted the place where I stood for worlds. A contest between Agatha and Dillon now took place, and I had the agony to see the lips—the consecrated lips on which I had hung in the sweet delirium of first and passionate love, kissed with roughness, and yielded to the stain of profanation. She might express her indignation,—she *did* do so—but she had forfeited my esteem, and I darted from my lurking place, and hurried home, with my blood stirred up in a perfect fever, to allay my powerfully excited feelings as I best could.

I made up my mind at once to see her no more. At an early hour on the following forenoon, therefore, I returned the letters, in a sealed packet, which I had received from Agatha during our intimacy, with the accompanying billet.

MADAM,

I have marked the change in your feelings towards me, and I hasten to release you from the restraint which the nature of our intimacy may impose upon you. My suspicion is entirely satisfied of her own suggestions, and quick decision on my part is above all things indispensable. It may save us both some trouble, if you will have the politeness to return my letters: I should be extremely loath to offend you, but permit me to say, that my esteem and confidence are withdrawn, and Eustace may now see you without danger of interruption. Farewell! May God bless you!



In the course of the afternoon I received a letter from Agatha, through the medium of the post, which I found means to peruse without damaging the folding. This letter I returned, under cover, shortly after it was put into my hands, *unopened*. What miserable infatuation! yet I pretended to be satisfied with this cruelty, and did not at all doubt the honourable nature of the motives which dictated it. A transcript of Agatha's communication which I took at the time, will best prove my callosity of heart:—

MY DEAR WISHART,

Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I feel myself lost for a moment to your sympathy and esteem. You speak of a *change in my feelings*,—I am at a loss to understand you. Has not the permanence of our mutual sentiments been confirmed by time and experience? I think I have a right to say so, for the feeling which first dictated my vow of fidelity to Wishart has never flagged for a moment, and I still rely with a fond affection on the attachment of him to whom that vow was made. Trust me, your cruel suspicions only are in fault, and when we have the happiness to meet again, I shall convince you, how much you are to blame for allowing a thought to pollute your mind which is injurious to your  
AGATHA.

I have been cruelly unjust to Agatha. This billet made little or no impression on my feelings, and that pride, which would not be trampled upon without reprisal, chalked out the path I was to pursue. The following day, I left N— with my uncle, who held one of the first places in the administration of finances, and travelled to London. It was towards the middle of June —; I do not know what were my thoughts, or what were my sensations during our journey; I only know that I could not prevail on myself to return to N—. The unusual stir in London soon assisted to beguile my thoughts from Agatha, and as I had some acquaintance with the routine of business, my uncle left me little leisure to ruminate over the past. I likewise found that my affection was not so strong as I supposed it to be, and I silenced the evanescent compunctions of my mind, in the thought that she could find happiness enough without me. In this manner I passed three years, and during that period I had heard nothing of Agatha. This, however, was rather matter of satisfaction to me than otherwise, for I at that time had ceased to regard her but with feelings of indifference. My confession is nearly finished. One evening as I was returning from the theatre, I was met by a female wrapt up in a cloak, who, by wild gestures rather than words, begged my charity. The seriousness of her appeal struck me forcibly, and I was induced to look back upon the destitute creature who continued to follow me along the street imploring my assistance. "I will not hear you, outcast," said I, in an angry tone of voice, and hurried on. Suddenly I was checked in my course by a dreadful scream—I started, and on looking round I perceived the miserable girl lying senseless before me on the pavement. I was but a moment in rushing to her assistance; I lifted her up in my arms and proceeded along Oxford-street in the direction of

a light which I saw in one of the windows. I cried aloud to the inmates, and the casement was hurriedly opened. I told how I had met with my fearful burthen, and craved that she should meet with immediate attention. My request was instantly attended to, and in a short time I procured a little wine for the apparently lifeless female, which acted with an instantaneous power of restoration. Exhausted with anxiety, I sat down and listened to her gentle breathings, and by the light of a dim lamp, I saw that the lids of her eyes were half unclosed. I took her hand, and looked steadily on her face. Merciful heaven! It was my Agatha! In an agony of distress and horror I drew her to my bosom and wept over her like a child. Her pale, cold eye met mine at that moment, and it seemed to cast upon me a glance of mournful reproach. She pressed my hand to her lips, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. It was the last effort of nature, the abrupt recognition had a fatal influence on her strength, and Agatha with one convulsive struggle passed into eternity in the arms of her murderer. \* \* \* \* \*

## SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

AIR—" *The Lee Rig.*"

Awa' ye flaunting days o' spring,  
 And simmer wi' your hours o' bloom,  
 To me nor hope nor joy ye bring,  
 For a' is grief and a' is gloom!—  
 For ay, when these bright seasons come  
 With wild woods green an' flow'rets gay,  
 To where the highland red-deer roam  
 My bonnie lassie hies away!—

My heart is by the mountain steep,—  
 My heart is in the highland glen,—  
 Or down the valley winding deep  
 Where walk fair maids and gallant men!  
 O! there my fairest strays, I ken,  
 In beauty bright an' fancy free;  
 O! for sic happy days as when  
 'Mang lawland braes she strayed wi' me.

Ye'll ken her smile an' witching glance  
 Where beauty reigns in sov'reign sway,  
 Or when she mingles in the dance,  
 Or raptured lists the vocal lay!  
 Or when the sun at close o' day  
 Soft sinks beneath the western sky,  
 When forth the blooming maidens stray,  
 Ye'll mark my bosom's dearest joy!

O! tent her weel where'er she gangs,  
 By streamlet clear or valley green,  
 Awake your sweetest minstrel sangs—  
 Ye'll sing to few sae fair, I ween!  
 By ilka star that blinks at e'en,  
 And by the sun that shines at day,  
 She'll live for ay my bosom queen—  
 The bonnie lass that's far away!

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### ON THE SENSE OF HONOUR.

OF the various emotions capable of influencing the human mind, no one appears to be more universally felt than the sense of honour. If we penetrate ever so little into the heart of man in every condition of life, we will find this to be a principle by which he is perpetually actuated; if we appeal to the annals of every age and of every country, we will not fail to discover the clearest traces of its presence, the most evident marks of its activity. Nor is there any other passion of the human mind which is more frequently before it, or to which we are more keenly sensitive. While, on the one hand, it seems to be ever uppermost in our thoughts, and to animate every action we perform; on the other, every attempt that is made to injure our self-estimation, to stab our reputation, or wound our conscious dignity, is viewed with the deepest resentment, and by the worldly mind is seldom forgiven.

A principle, the operation of which is so extensive, and which is so deeply rooted in the human constitution, is well worthy of attention for its own sake; while at the same time an investigation into its nature and origin is well calculated to display the nicety with which man has been adapted to the scene in which he moves. Life, it has often been said, is a state of warfare—a continued struggle with temptations, difficulties, and dangers, to encounter and conquer which requires no inconsiderable share of resolution and inborn courage of mind. Hence man has been furnished with weapons enough for the contest; but to enable him to wield them with skill and efficacy, it was necessary to bestow upon him a confidence in his own powers, a reliance on the sufficiency of his own strength for surmounting every obstacle. Possessed of this feeling of self-worth, self-dependance, and self-importance, he is soon led to perceive the inherent nobility of his own nature, and to act accordingly. Every difficulty with which fate encumbers his path through life is always met with vigour, and often triumphantly overcome; and to suffer a defeat in any such encounter is ever attended with a diminution of self-esteem. The principle before us carries him even further. With a soul rising above and dispising the weakness of his bodily powers, he relies on his grandeur of spirit, refuses to confess any thing to be beyond his reach, and nothing becomes too great or too daring for him to perform. Such are the effects which the principle here spoken of is calculated to produce on the life and active pursuits of man, and it might be easy

to shew that it exerts as powerful an influence on his well-being and happiness. On this point, however, I shall not at present say any thing, the more especially because I may have occasion to advert to it afterwards, and shall therefore proceed immediately to enquire into the nature and origin of the sense of Honour.

The emotion here alluded to originates directly in the selfish part of our nature, and appeals continually to that in estimating the propriety of the actions to which it gives rise. It encourages every feeling by which the dignity of its own nature may be exalted, and rejects with disdain every one that would depress it, or pave the way to self-abasement. Hence it directs our admiration to every action that is ennobling to human nature, and prompts the mind to emulate what it admires. In every case, however, in which the sense of honour is called into exercise our selfish feelings are sufficiently discernible, and it is felt at length to be in reality nothing else but a deeply rooted consciousness of self-worth, a modification of the love we bear towards ourselves. But though it is thus closely allied with, and indeed depending upon, the selfish part of our nature, it by no means bears the same signification as the term self-love. The sense of honour and that of self-love, it is true, have both the same great object in view—the aggrandizement of self; but the means employed by the one for that purpose may be different in the extreme from those adopted by the other. Self-love has always interest in view, and, if safety is secured, cares little about the manner in which it accomplishes its desires. Honour on the contrary is a noble, elevating feeling, a warm, generous passion, exciting the mind to praiseworthy deeds and lofty daring, and far different from that cold, calculating, careless spirit engendered by the desire of gain, or the hope of future reward. Self-love is a mere animal passion, leading us to esteem ourselves for our own sakes alone, such as we are; the sense of honour is a manly feeling, that tells us to respect others as well as ourselves, and that forms in the mind a personification of all that is noble and elevated, urging us to act accordingly. Self-love is chiefly conversant with the body; honour is a mental emotion, and is seated in the mind. Self-love rejoices in the fall and humiliation of a rival; the sense of honour is pleased with the exaltation of self, but is almost sorry that this cannot take place but at the expence of another. Self-love is loud in the praise of ease and pleasure, and paints danger in all the terrific colours imagination can furnish; honour regards the imputation of sloth as a disgrace, loves danger even for its terrors, and proclaims in loudest accents that it is better to “die” than to “shame.” Self-love is content with self-gratification, and regards all besides as vanity; honour is open, kind-hearted, and generous. Self-love asks—where are the great, the noble, the mighty of former times?—and points with a sneer at their tomb; but honour bends in reverence before their memory, points to the inscription on their tomb, and is satisfied.

If this distinction between the sense of honour and self-love be just, the former is by no means entitled to any of the disapprobation that commonly attaches to the latter. So far indeed is it from deserving this, that on many occasions its influence, both on morality and on the interests of society, is highly beneficial. Of this, however, I shall have occasion to speak more fully afterwards. In the mean time, taking the

sense of honour in the abstract, it may be defined as that part of our nature by which we are exquisitely alive to praise and blame. By its means reproof becomes invested with its host of disagreeable feelings, and praise always attended with deep gratification. By it the mind becomes possessed of one sort of standard by which it judges its own actions and the actions of others, and according as these come up to or fall beneath that, it awards or withholds the meed of praise and admiration.

From its very nature therefore, the sense of honour is an active principle, and the actions to which it most naturally gives rise are such as, in the general opinion of mankind, involve the greatest nobleness of spirit. But I think, that although it is thus an active principle, it is so only in society, and that in fact it arises from the relations which man feels to subsist between himself and the rest of his own species. For, how comes he to attach to any particular deed the epithet of *honourable* and *lofty*? Is it not because he has been accustomed to *associate* such feelings with such deeds, because in reality a part of his education has been to *make him believe* that such and such actions are *praiseworthy*? He has seen his fellow-men praise and admire certain deeds and condemn others, and if he attaches to these the ideas of praise and blame, it is only because he has been *accustomed* to do so. In a word, his *feeling* that they are honourable or dishonourable has been *instilled* into his mind by early association. For, take the sense of honour in any point of view whatever, and it is still nothing else but a *particular way* in which certain actions are regarded, with this additional circumstance that they are regarded not with respect to their own intrinsic worth, but only in *relation* to the *society* in which these actions have been performed. Accordingly, if we appeal to history, we will find the sense of honour perpetually changing its appearance and objects according to the genius of every particular people. With one race of men it has been the ruling passion of their lives, with another it has been, if not entirely destroyed, at least exceedingly obtuse; with one part of mankind it has prompted the performance of deeds, the propriety of which is at best questionable, with another it has excited to actions which are directly opposed to every principle of morality. In the now polished nations of Modern Europe what vices are more contemptibly dishonourable than lying and petty theft, yet in one of the warlike states of antiquity we find that they were frequently practised, and that it there became a point of honour to be guilty of them, provided this could take place with sufficient secrecy and artifice.

But we may arrive at the same conclusion by proceeding on other grounds. Let us, for example, consider what the sense of honour really is—viz. that it is a deeply felt consciousness of personal worth. This consciousness of worth, however, is not planted originally in the mind. It is a deduction of reason, arising from the exercise of certain powers, and a consequent feeling of being possessed of qualities which are valuable in themselves, and at the same time entitle their owner to external respect. But these qualities are valuable only in relation to society, and if man were not a social being, he could neither have a perception of their excellence, nor indeed an opportunity of exerting them at all, and accordingly the sense of honour would have had no existence.

Let man, however, be, as he is, a social being, and the very knowledge that he is so will inspire him with the propriety of behaving in a manner *consistent* with the *circumstances* in which he finds himself placed. He knows that he stands in certain relations towards other men; he perceives that these relations are, in the minds of his countrymen, accompanied with certain associations; and accordingly he feels that he has a *certain conduct prescribed* him, which he cannot refuse to observe without degradation. This moreover is perpetually pressed upon his notice by every day's experience, and the longer he lives, the more clearly will he perceive its excellence and propriety.

That the sense of honour is thus dependent on association may be proved by an appeal to facts. It is well known that there are some vices, which, though equally culpable in a moral sense wherever they are found, are regarded as still more degrading when we perceive them practised by persons of a rank in life which we have been accustomed to consider inconsistent with them. Thus lying, drunkenness, cheating have been termed the vices of the lower orders;—they are associated, in a word, with all that is low and mean, and are regarded as having existence only where man is supposed to be as grovelling in disposition as he is low in rank, as insensible to the stigma of infamy as he is beneath the notice of the world around him. But let us suppose that such actions are committed by a gentleman, by one of a superior rank in life—and immediately we will perceive how much they are opposed to the propriety and decorum of behaviour we have associated with his station, how inconsistent these things are with that nice sense of honour his rank in life enjoins him to observe. Thus the sense of honour, as far as rank in life is concerned, reduces itself to preconceived propriety of behaviour and the feeling of being bound to act up to it by the very consideration of that relation in which he stands to society. But the case is the same with regard to profession in life. By adopting that profession we place ourselves in a certain relation to society, and voluntarily impose upon ourselves certain duties, to perform which we are bound by that consistency of conduct which is obviously required in that profession. Thus War is a profession, and if we inquire into that high sense of honour enjoined to those who follow it, we will find it, I think, resulting from this of which I have been speaking. In War, personal courage and contempt of danger are qualities of soul necessarily required for carrying it on, and there cannot accordingly be a warlike hero without them. As the state of society, and by consequence the art of war, improves, many other things become requisite, and the soldier now feels he must be possessed not only of unshaken courage, but must be obedient to command—faithful to military engagements—true to his word, and so on. In short, he will form to himself a personification of all that is noble and dignified in the human character, and will think that he performs the duties of his profession aright only when he acts in consistency with it.

From these considerations therefore, as well as others that might easily be adduced in support of the same doctrine, I think it is next to demonstrable that the sense of honour of any man *depends entirely* upon his *country, profession, and rank in life*, and that the applying the epithet of *honourable* to any of his actions is nothing else but say-

ing that they are *suitable* to or *consistent* with his country, profession, rank in life, or other social relation of the same nature. Every man, when he enters upon active life, feels that he is bound to perform its duties not only by a principle of morality, but with the view of being consistent in his behaviour, and of acting in conformity with the ideas which mankind have associated with the situation he fills in society. This is his sense of honour, and according as he comes up to it or falls beneath it, he experiences self-satisfaction or self-reprobation.

But though the sense of honour, in my opinion, originates in this manner, there can be no doubt that it at length becomes a principle—regulating the life and conduct, in a certain degree, of every individual. It turns him in upon himself, enables him to see the nobleness of his own nature, and renders him in his own estimation of some importance in society and on the scale of being. By thus nourishing an opinion of self-worth, it makes him shudder at the thought of self-abasement, and when thus the value of a good character and of the esteem of men is perpetually brought before his mind, it is not wonderful that it should become to him a general principle of action. Its influence on his life, happiness and character is accordingly not a little extensive. It tends to make him high-spirited, courageous, honourable, and, I may say, virtuous; and so praiseworthy are these qualities considered by the generality of mankind, that even the mean, the cowardly and the vicious must assume, for the sake of their own reputation, the semblance of what they are not in the least degree possessed of. Let us therefore on this subject enter a little more into detail, and consider first the effects produced by the sense of honour in social life, and next its influence on morality.

With regard to the influence of the sense of honour on social life—it may be characterised as that principle of union which keeps the frame-work of society whole and entire. Man, though not depending absolutely for existence itself upon other men, is yet dependent upon them for a great portion of the happiness he enjoys in that existence, and in his conduct in society there is no other principle of his nature better calculated than the one before us for fixing that intercourse with the world around him on a proper basis. There are numberless actions which a man may perform, that, properly speaking, are not morally wrong, but which, if performed, might give rise to disunion, disgust, or ill-will in the community in which he lives. But by the influence of the sense of honour this is in a great measure prevented. It teaches man, not only to esteem himself, but to value his neighbour also; and feeling that that neighbour's good opinion of him does really add to his own internal satisfaction, he is not backward in attempting to deserve it, or in using the means that will produce such an effect. Hence arise all the graces of polished life, which, provided they are not carried to the extreme of fastidiousness, are well able to promote the happiness and true interests of society. Hence, too, arise the various social virtues, than which nothing is more pleasing,—gentleness, decorum, and mild external deportment—qualities which both serve to knit mankind together into closer bonds of union, and to cherish urbanity and general kindness of feeling. It is true, this desire to please and this admiration of polite demeanour have not unfrequently degenerated into punctilio and a foolish attention to trifles,

—consequences that can arise only from a perversion of the principle of which I have been speaking, from an attention to the shadow rather than to the substance.

The operation of the sense of honour is still more observable in all transactions of business between man and man. By its means, on the one hand, cunning, deceit, and every species of meanness, if not effectually repressed, are yet kept in salutary check; and on the other, a regard for truth and a fidelity to engagements are encouraged and supported. When an individual enters upon the performance of professional duties or the business of active life, he must soon feel that his success must entirely depend on a fair and unblemished reputation. Impressed with its intrinsic importance, he will watch over his own character with the most jealous solicitude, and the sense of honour will become to him an active power animating his conduct and influencing every motion he makes. But its activity will not stop here. Aware of the manner in which his own mind is directed, he will naturally expect the minds of others to be under a similar regulation, and his transactions with the world around him will be conducted on the principles of mutual faith. As long as these principles are maintained, commercial and other affairs will be carried on smoothly and to the satisfaction of all parties, but if they are neglected, and with them the sense of honour is blunted, the consequences must be fatal alike to private happiness and to the public welfare.

There is no point of view, however, in which we can regard the sense of honour where its influence is more powerful or more conspicuous, than as it affects national character. Here it becomes a feeling pervading society and binding the various members of it together in bonds of mutual sympathy and affection. It even goes still farther—and while it incites a man to love his own country better than other countries, it imparts to him an enthusiasm in its cause, a joyful exultation of feeling in all its successes, a regret and sorrow at its misfortunes, and an ardent desire to increase the glory and lustre of its name. Hence it naturally leads to the display of lofty talents of every description—the promotion of national literature—national science—national military renown. Thus among the Greeks it cherished a deep-rooted affection for their country and a contempt alike for Barbaric splendour and Barbaric manners—a burning love of liberty, and a loftiness of genius in literature, oratory, and the fine arts—scarcely, if ever, equalled in the experience of any other nation in the world. To the Roman his native country was almost the only deity whom he worshipped, and the sense of national honour the only principle by which his actions were guided. To him national aggrandizement was all in all, and while the innate nobleness of his spirit prompted him to high martial achievements—the great object of his exertions was to add to the glory, the greatness, and the empire of his country.

Though not a moral feeling itself, there yet can be no doubt that the sense of honour often produces on the moral nature of man many important effects. Being naturally so constituted as to encourage a high estimation of self, and to render the bosom in which it dwells particularly alive wherever personal dignity is concerned, it must make the mind shrink from executing what would be degrading to the conscious nobleness of its nature. Hence it is continually apt



to assume in some degree the functions of the moral sense, and interfere in the judgments given concerning various actions. Nor does it ask whether these actions are right or wrong, but merely whether they are consistent with honour or no, and its decrees accordingly are not always in unison with those of strict morality. It may often also become active in generating what the moral sense cannot perhaps approve of,—viz. a contempt for others, and its consequent vanity, pride, arrogance, and insolence. These are defects, however, which other principles in our nature are sufficiently able to correct, and even the sense of honour itself, if under proper regulation, would lead to their discontinuance. In other respects that part of our nature, of which I have been speaking, is rather productive than otherwise of beneficial effects. But nowhere is its influence more remarkably displayed than on those minds to which morality is either wholly unknown, or but in part communicated. And here the bounty of nature is most strikingly developed in bestowing a substitute for conscience where the suggestions of that principle are either not felt, or not attended to. Thus in early life, before morality is firmly established on the basis of reason, and in fact before the meaning of moral right and wrong is sufficiently clear, we can with ease distinguish the workings of a mind to which praise is grateful and blame unendurable. Let us look also to the savage warrior of the American wilds—he has no sense of justice—no moral guide, save what are derived from the inward consciousness of the nobleness of his own spirit. Yet with this alone he has often been seen practising, as if by intuition, virtues almost unknown to civilization. “I appeal,” said the Mingo chief, “to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.”

The sense of honour therefore is in some degree the patroness of virtue and the advocate of morality. From its very nature it leads mankind to regard vice as degrading and dishonourable, and fosters a rectitude of feeling, favourable to purity of manners and integrity of life. The sense of honour, however, it ought to be remembered, is thus beneficially effective only when directed by a higher principle than itself, and by no means would I be willing to deprive conscience of its empire over the mind in order to exalt this other principle in its stead. A person who possesses this sense and acts in conformity to it may be virtuous only because it is *honourable* to be so—because his reputation would suffer, (at least he thinks so) or his self-esteem be wounded by acting otherwise. Such a man’s virtue must be fixed on a very insecure foundation—his morality very imperfect—and his good deeds, if he performs any, hardly deserving of our moral approbation. The sense of honour being, as I have already had occasion to say, a selfish passion, must change its aspect according to the circumstances in which he whom it influences is placed, but conscience is as unchanging as it is dignified, as firm in its decisions as its voice when listened to is emphatic, and the morality of him who is guided by the former in preference to the latter must be as shallow in itself as the principle on which it is found is mutable. Let morality, however, be fixed on a foundation from whence it cannot be shaken, and the principle before us will add to the beauty of the superstructure; let virtue be firmly seated in the mind, and by means of this principle, its precepts

will become the more fascinating, and by its referring perpetually to self—the more attended to ; let religion assume its empire over our heart and conduct, and one of the most striking effects produced by it will be—the deep rooted desire to do nothing *unworthy* of the principles which we profess.

J. C.

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MEMORY.

BY ANNA.

[*These very sweet and promising verses are the composition of a young lady who has only reached her 13th year.—ED.*]

FAR over the hills and the vallies so green  
A youthful maiden is often seen ;  
Her form is lovely, her face is mild,  
She is nature's fairest and dearest child.

Her step is light as she trips o'er the glen,  
And the mountains re-echo her song again ;  
Oh who is this maiden, I pray thee, tell ?  
Her name is Mem'ry—I know her well.

Does she tell thee of love, of ladies, or war ?  
Of the Minstrel's lyre, or the lover's guitar ?  
Ah no ! she to me sings only of death—  
Of friends that are gone, and of fleeting breath.

She bids me remember my long-lost home,—  
The companions with whom I delighted to roam  
Through the golden fields and the waving corn,  
When I knew not what 'twas to sigh or to mourn.

She saith—remember thy sisters fair  
With their laughing eyes and shining hair,—  
And thy brothers brave who for thee would have died,  
And were happy and joyous when by thy side.

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RICHARD MACWILL.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

RICHARD MACWILL, son of a rich merchant of Dublin, to comeliness of person, and to sagacity of mind, united a tender and compassionate heart, which greatly enhanced the value of his other natural gifts. Commercial business having placed him in Algiers, he one day saw a vessel arrive, on board of which were two young ladies who wept bitterly. Affected by such a sight, he approached to ask infor-

mation about them, and learnt that they were two young slaves recently taken, and brought there to be sold. Impelled by a sweet motive of compassion, he soon presented himself as their purchaser, and paid whatever the greedy Corsairs demanded; with courteous terms began to comfort them, accompanied them to his ship, declared to both that they were free, and that he was ready to do every thing which they might require. Between astonishment and joy at generosity so unexpected, the two ladies fell upon their knees, and the lamentations of grief were converted into the most lively expressions of rejoicing and of gratitude.

Both of them possessed a noble and elegant air, and one, moreover, uncommon beauty. Richard was struck with it: and those sentiments of complacency, which are wont to inspire a beneficent man with an agreeable interest for the benefitted persons,—the sentiments of acknowledgment which he recognized in the fair one,—above all the merits which he discovered in her, her capacity, wit, prudence, spirit, sweetness of character, engaging manners, the palpable evidences, in short, of a noble and well-ordered education operated in such a way that he gradually conceived for her a most ardent affection. The damsel, on her part, already bound to him by the sweet ties of a tender gratitude, seeing his first attentions always increase, finding in him, conjoined to no ordinary handsomeness, the superior qualities of a cultivated mind and of a kind heart, could not but feel for him an equal attachment.

Richard often besought her with gentle entreaties to make known to him her name, her family, her country. She was contented to inform him that Constantia was her name, and that her companion was called Isabella, but begged permission to conceal the rest. "Suffice it," said she, "that heaven has favoured me with a birth not unworthy of the polite attention you have bestowed upon me, and that at a future period they will be amply recompensed."

Arrived at Dublin, Richard presented the two females to his father, told by what means he had acquired them, nor could he conceal the tender sentiments with which Constantia had inspired him. The good parent praised the generous action of his son in procuring their ransom; but did not approve of the matrimonial scheme which he wished to consummate with one unknown and a stranger,—it did not appear to him on the first impression, that it would be altogether suitable. It was not long, however, before, overcome by the noble manners and amiable qualities which he discerned in her, he could no longer resist the fervent desires and repeated solicitations of his son. When Constantia heard Richard's open avowal of the love he bore to her—a love of which he had given clear proofs, but which he had never dared to declare formally—and heard him at the same time offer her his hand,—although equally inflamed with love for him she felt the most vivid complacency in her mind, yet having restrained her emotions, she remained a long while dubious. At last love prevailed; Richard saw his wishes crowned, and before the end of the year, a most charming and delightful son was the fruit of their happy union.

Having thus passed two years amid the sweets of domestic peace, and the purest love, Richard's affairs obliged him to undertake a new and very long voyage. On parting from his endeared wife, many were

the tears that flowed, nor could he be induced to leave without carrying along with him her portrait which he caused to be set in a ring. After visiting various parts, he finally arrived at Palermo, where one day, while he stood fixedly contemplating the dear image, from which he could not long keep his eyes distant, it happened that an individual of the court being near him recognized it, and speedily communicated the intelligence to the king. The king instantly summoned him to his presence, and by concealing his real object, and shifting the conversation from one topic to another, he took occasion to observe attentively the ring. On first beholding it, he felt a very strong emotion spring up in his breast; but commanding himself and still dissembling, he placidly enquired, whom that likeness represented?—"It is the portrait of my wife," replied Richard.—"Of thy wife! and where is she?"—"At Dublin, with my father."—"What is her name?"—"Constantia."—"Is she a native of Dublin, or a foreigner?"—"She is a foreigner, but of what country I could not ascertain."—And here he began to narrate how he had obtained her from the Corsairs, conducted her to Dublin and married her. The king, having attentively listened to the whole recital, without saying a word, commanded him to be arrested. He then immediately prepared a vessel, and despatched it to Dublin, in order that Constantia, with her son and Isabella, might be straightway brought to him. Who could paint the dejection and consternation of the wretched husband, when he perceived the danger to which the imprudence of his narrative had subjected him! What would be the horror of the unhappy Constantia when she was apprehended by order of the king her father! What would be the desolation of the miserable old man in Dublin, suddenly robbed of a daughter-in-law, a grandchild, and a son!

Constantia having arrived at Palermo, and being brought before the king, on the first recognition nearly swooned with terror. Collecting courage and falling prostrate at his feet—"Sire," said she to him, "I must appear to you immeasurably guilty, and with submission I wait the effects of your anger. But this tender boy,—his unhappy father are innocent, and I pray that they may be unharmed. Although, if you will permit your wrath to give place for a moment to your accustomed pity, perhaps you will find even myself less criminal than I must now seem to you. On the fatal day which forced me from you, I was diverting myself with Isabella in that part of the royal gardens which extends towards the sea. A band of persons who were in ambuscade suddenly rushed upon us, and bore us both away. Fright, grief, despair drew from us the loudest cries, but they were in vain. The Duke of Bari, author of the treachery, secured us in a vessel, which he had stationed not far off, and which immediately set sail. I confess at your feet, O Sire, that my heart had not at first sufficiently protected itself from him, but I also solemnly affirm that, far from condescending to a flight so criminal, I regarded him at that moment as the most odious man on earth. When we got into the open deep, we were overtaken by a Pirate. The engagement was long and obstinate. The Duke fought like a madman, but at length paid with his death the penalty of his crime. We, made slaves, were conveyed to Algiers to be sold. A young stranger, appeared sent by heaven to save us. He, moved by a generous compassion, offered a large

sum for our rescue, and obtained it. Having restored us our liberty, there was no courtesy which he did not exercise towards us. He often questioned us concerning the country of our birth, and promised to accompany us thither. But I, fearing the suspicion, which you might justly entertain, that I was an accomplice in the flight, and dreading the consequences of your resentment, had never courage to make myself known. He conducted me to his father, and after having shown me for a long period the most respectful attentions, although I was a stranger, unknown, and pertinacious in the concealment of my parentage, he yet generously offered me his hand. I have offended you, O Sire,—perhaps I deserve not to be regarded by you as a daughter; but abandoned, as I thought myself, by all the world, agitated by an insuperable fear of your anger, despairing of ever again seeing you, influenced also by a feeling of tender gratitude, overcome, in fine, by a more agreeable sentiment with which his adorable manners inspired me, I yielded, and agreed to be his bride. Punish, O Sire, punish your daughter,—if she has deserved your rigour,—I shall not lament it. But my benefactor—he to whom I owe liberty and life,—but this infant—ah! let not them suffer the punishment of a crime for which I alone am to blame.”

On hearing this account, which the expression of the eyes, of the countenance, and of the voice rendered more energetic and more effective, the king, who at the commencement displayed anger and severity, gradually calmed, and was ultimately softened. The humble and downcast posture of Constantia, her sobs and her tears, the grief of the child which greatly increased that of the mother, produced a very powerful effect upon his heart. He lovingly extended his hand to his daughter, all the while prostrate at his feet, and raised her up. “Thou hast offended me,” said he, “by contracting a tie so unequal without my consent; thou hast offended me more by doubting my clemency, if thy flight had been innocent. But since I see that the wrongs thou hast committed, are the result of weakness, not of a wicked mind, I remember always that I am thy father, and I pardon thee.” Whereupon he affectionately embraced her, and ordered Richard to be conducted to his presence. Constantia shed a torrent of tears at this act,—tears at once of tenderness, of joy, and of gratitude; and the king more deeply touched mingled his own with hers.

Richard meanwhile, who had been so long perplexed and uncertain of his fate, agitated at this new order with a thousand terrors, came pale and trembling. When he saw Constantia, a sudden chillness ran through his blood, which being quickly succeeded by a lively warmth and transport, without regarding the circumstances, and unmindful of every thing else, he threw his arms around her, and alternately pressing to his bosom his wife and son, stood a considerable time completely tied to the two objects without other language than that of tears and sighs. At length loosening himself from them, and falling at the feet of the king: “I bow,” said he, “I bow with goodwill to whatever may be your decree; since I have been permitted again to see the two objects, in whom all my wishes centred, I desire nothing more: I only beg that myself, that my father”——“No, son,” interrupted the king, “no—do not disturb thyself, and fear not.

## THE SECOND EVENING AFTER THE BATTLE. 169

By thine own story and that of my daughter (nodding to Constantia) I know thine innocence, and admire thy generosity. It has been Heaven's will to recompense thee for it, and Heaven's providence I adore. Live both of you happy, and let your children be the comfort of my old age." Here the reciprocal tenderesses, embracings, and weeping increased.

The king, on the instant, re-commissioned a ship to Dublin, inviting Richard's father to court, who embraced the proffered privilege with a transport of joy. Blessed by Heaven, the current of their days glided pleasantly and joyfully along, and Richard had moreover the satisfaction of then being able to exercise more largely that beneficence which had been the origin of his elevation and his fortune.

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## THE SECOND EVENING AFTER THE BATTLE.

HARK! 'tis the note of the distant drum  
And the army slowly marching,  
And the battle-field at last is dumb,  
Where the conflict of late was echoing wide,—  
Where the war-horse amid the human blood-tide  
His neck was proudly arching.

But yesternorn! and the shout was here  
Of war, and the groan of the dying,—  
Methinks yet the cannon's dread thunder is near,—  
I see the red flash like the lightnings of heaven,—  
From their dreadful throats destruction is driven,  
Dark and dense the smoke is flying.

Aloft o'er the conflict, with lowering wings,  
The Demon of war is brooding,—  
His blood-shot eye flashes wild as he flings  
A look o'er the field, and he laughs with delight  
As the hostile squadrons are mown in the fight,  
And their gore the brooks is flooding.

Now still is the scene—'tis the stillness of death;  
How many around us are sleeping!  
But their bosoms heave not with life's sweet breath,  
And the gale of the evening, which slowly waves  
The fight-shattered trees that hang over their graves,  
Through the branches is mournfully sighing.

And here, side by side, in their narrow bed,  
With the blood of the slain damp and gory,  
Friends and foes, unheeded, unconfined are laid—  
They met in the fight nor parted again,  
Till their dearest heart's blood empurpled the plain,  
Till their lives were bartered for glory.

O Glory! are such the rewards thou bestow'st  
For the toils of the noble and brave?

On danger's wild sea must thy votary be tossed?  
 Sweet pity's last spark in his breast must be smother,  
 And seek for thee even in the blood of his brother,  
 But find thee alone in the grave?

O come, happy period! when mankind shall know  
 The vainness of glory, the folly of war,—  
 Let the tear war-extorted at last cease to flow;  
 Let truth, love and knowledge their empire assume;  
 And let Peace, like the sun dispelling the gloom  
 Of midnight, arise and all nature illumine  
 From the east to the climes of the western star.

J. C.

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### JUDGE AND JURY.

[We cannot positively say, whether the article, to which we have given the above title, ever appeared in any publication. This, however, we know,—the *original* MSS. that have furnished us with the sequel, are rendered venerable by the dust of at least a hundred years. Though we should hope that the national refinement and humanity will never so far retrograde, as to raise to the magisterial bench a person who could be guilty of conduct like that recorded; yet, in the event of whatever may issue from the moral and political changes of our native land, we trust there will at no period be wanting upright and honest men, who will nobly assert and resolutely maintain those dignities and functions, the legal conferment of which is the pride and boast of Britons, and the admiration of Europe. The fact about to follow conveys an impressive caution to every judge, and a suitable lesson to every jurymen.—Ed.]

IN a trial of great consequence, a jury brought in a verdict in favour of the defendant—much, it seems, in opposition to the opinion of the judge who tried the cause, which was a *criminal one*.

The court was enraged, but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause; and the judge told the jury “they must go back to their jury room and re-consider the matter”—adding “he was astonished they could presume to return so infamous a verdict.” The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the Foreman, a venerable and well-informed old man, thus addressed the bench—“My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury room, but as we then found no reason to alter our opinion or our verdict, we return it to you, in the same words as before, ‘*Not guilty.*’ We heard your lordship’s extraordinary language of reproof: but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. ’Tis true, my lord, that we ourselves, individually considered, in our private capacity, may be—poor insignificant men,—therefore, in that light we claim nothing, withoutside this box, above the common regards of our humble but honest stations: yet, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible to the

great and constitutional importance of the department we now fill. We feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution, not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but that by the favour of that constitution, we act in the situation of a still greater confidence, for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, passion or corruption of the bench. To you, my lord, meeting you without these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues: in this place your private character is invisible, for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and it is to open conduct alone that we can look.

“This jury, my lord, does not, in this business, presume to offer that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less insult; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay another, for the common honour of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny; no, we looked to it as the mercy-seat of royalty,—as the sanctuary of truth and justice; still my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school-book, nor erase the early inscriptions written in the first pages of our intellects and memories. Hence, we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a *Tressilian*, a *Scrags*, and a *Jefferies*.—(Here a frown from the bench.) Nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free-born subject of the kingdom, a member of the constitution, nay, I am now higher, for I am a representative thereof. I therefore do claim for myself and fellow jurors the liberty of speech, and if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the doors of this courthouse, and tell them why I deliver my mind there instead of in this place. (Here the bench re-assumed complacency.) I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character; we know you here only in that of judge, and as such we would respect you. You know nothing of us but as a jury, and in that we should look to you for a reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high in his title or rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal in whom they have vested the dearest privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinion on the evidence before us; we have, in our minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are accountable, not to your lordship, nor to that bench, nor to the king who placed you there; but to an higher power—the King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

(The bench was dumb—the bar was silent,—but astonishment murmured throughout the court—and the prisoner at the bar was discharged.)



## ST. MARY'S LAKE.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

St. Mary's lake! St. Mary's lake!  
 Thy vision'd form comes o'er me  
 As calm, as peaceful and as pure  
 As when I stood before thee!  
 I see thee, as I saw thee first  
 That holy summer even,  
 When thy fair face reflected back  
 The cloudless smile of heaven!

Grey Borehope gazing on thee stood,  
 His shadows o'er thee placing,  
 As if it were an aged sire  
 His daughter fair embracing!  
 And all his mountain kindred rear'd  
 Their foreheads high and hoary,  
 Wearing amid that summer sky  
 A venerable glory!

The waterfowl upon thee slept;  
 The murmur of the fountain  
 Came, mingled with the plover's song,  
 Adown the heathy mountain;  
 And round the ruin'd chapel walls  
 There breath'd a whisper holy,  
 That seem'd to consecrate the scene  
 To thoughtful melancholy!

Ah! might I have in thee remain'd,  
 My harmless fancies wreathing!  
 Or still had felt upon my heart  
 Thy heav'nly influence breathing!  
 How many bright and virtuous deeds—  
 By hope so fondly cherish'd—  
 Had realized my dreams in thee,  
 Which in those dreams have perish'd.

What beauties did each step disclose,  
 As up the hill I wander'd!  
 Dark Yarrow, streaming from the lake,  
 Adown the vale meander'd;  
 The castled clouds, that crown'd the hills  
 Along their lofty stature,  
 Fill'd high the heart—amid that calm  
 Magnificence of nature!

It was the sabbath of the soul!  
 And in that mountain temple  
 The heart gush'd o'er with holy love—  
 But was not taught to tremble!

For *there* was felt the kindred mind  
 To all created given—  
 The pure undying soul—diffus'd  
 Through all the works of heaven!

The broom into St. Mary's wave  
 Hangs down her golden blossom,  
 Like maiden fair to lave her hair  
 Bright streaming from her bosom!  
 And many a bonny May there dwells  
 Old Scotland's valleys thorough,  
 But can they with the "Flower" compare  
 Upon the banks of Yarrow?

Sweet lake! I ne'er again may see  
 Thy sunny bosom glowing,  
 Nor e'er, beneath her hills of heath,  
 Behold the Yarrow flowing!  
 But when my spirit freed shall be—  
 If I on earth must tarry—  
 I'll seek the lofty hills that crown  
 Thy lovely shore, St. Mary!

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### A STORY OF AN APPARITION.

IN June 1734, Mr. Walker lying at anchor off Cadiz, in his ship the *Elizabeth*, a gentleman of Ireland, whose name was Burnet, was then on board going to take his passage over to Ireland. This gentleman was a particular acquaintance of Mr. Walker's, who was extremely fond of him, being a man of great good sense, and very lively in conversation. One night the subject turned upon apparitions of deceased friends, with the belief of which the Irish gentleman seemed to be strongly impressed, and told many strange stories as authorities for them, besides giving some metaphysical arguments,—chiefly that the natural fear we had of them proved the soul's confession of them. But Mr. Walker, who was entirely of another way of thinking, treating all his arguments with ridicule, Mr. Burnet, who had been bred a physician, was curious to try how far fancy might be wrought on in an unbeliever, and resolved to prove the power of this natural fear over the senses: a strange way, it may be said, to convince the mind by attacking the imagination; or, if it arose from curiosity to see the operations of fear on fancy, it was too nice an experiment to anatomize a friend's mind for information only. Perhaps, however, the humour of the thought was the greatest motive; for he was a man of a gay temper, and frolicsome.

About noon, as they were standing upon deck near the fore-castle, with more of the ship's company, looking at some of the governor's guard-boats making fast to a buoy belonging to a ship in the bay, Mr. Burnet proposed, as a plan for a wager, he being a remarkably good swimmer, to leap off the ship, and dive all the way, quite under

water, from the ship to the boats at that distance, and to rise upon them, and startle the people at watch. A wager being laid, he undressed, jumped off, and dived entirely out of sight. Every body crowded forward, and kept their eyes fixed on the spot where he was expected to appear; but he never rising according to expectation, and the time running past their hopes of ever seeing him again, it was justly concluded he was drowned, and all were in the greatest pain and concern; especially those, who, by laying the wager, thought themselves in some measure accessory to his death. By skilful diving he had turned the other way behind the ship; and being also very active, had got up by the quarter ladder and in at the cabin window, while every body was busy and in confusion at the forward part of the ship: then concealing himself the remaining part of the day in a closet in the state room, wrapped himself up in a linen night gown of Mr. Walker's. As evening approached the whole ship's company became very melancholy at the accident, and Mr. Walker retired with a friend or two to his cabin, where, in their conversation, they often lamented the sad accident and loss of their friend and dear companion, speaking of every merit he had when living,—which is the unenvied praise generally given to our friends when they can receive nothing else from us. The supposed dead man remained still quiet, and heard more good things said to his memory than perhaps he would else have ever in his life time heard spoken to his face. As soon as it was night, Mr. Walker's company left him, and he himself, very low in spirits, went to bed; there while he lay still pensive on the late loss of his companion and friend, and the moon shone directly through the windows, he perceived the folding doors of the closet fly open, and looking steadfastly towards them, saw something, which could not fail of startling him, as he imagined it a representation of a human figure; but recalling his better senses, he was fond to persuade himself, it was only the workings of his disturbed fancy, and turned away his eyes. However, they soon again returned in search of the object; and seeing it now plainly advance upon him in a slow constant step, he recognized the image of his departed friend. He has not been ashamed to own that he felt terrors which shook him to the inmost soul. The mate, who lay in the steerage at the back of the cabin, divided only by the bulk-head, was not yet a-bed; and hearing Mr. Walker challenge with a loud and alarmed voice, "What are you?" ran in to him with a candle, and meeting Mr. Burnet in the linen gown, instantly dropped down without so much as an ejaculation. Mr. Burnet, now beginning himself to be afraid, ran for a bottle of smelling spirits which he knew lay in the window, and applied them to the nose and temples of the swooning mate. Mr. Walker, seeing the ghost so very alert and good-natured, began to recover from his own apprehension, when Mr. Burnet cried out to him, "Sir, I must ask your pardon; I fear I have carried the jest too far; I swam round and came in at the cabin window: I meant, sir, to prove to you the natural awe the bravest men must be under at such appearances, and have, I hope, convinced you in yourself." "Sir," says Mr. Walker, glad of being awakened from a terrible dream and belief of his friend's death, "you have given me a living instance,—there needs no better proof: but pray take care you do not bring death amongst us in earnest." He then lent his aid

in the recovery of the poor mate, who, as he regained his senses, still relapsed at the sight of Mr. Burnet; so that Mr. Walker was obliged to make him entirely disappear, and call others to his assistance, a work that occupied much time, in consequence of every body, as Mr. Burnet advanced to them, being more or less surprised, until they were called to by him, and told the manner of the cheat; and then they were by degrees convinced of his reality, though every one before was thoroughly satisfied of his death. The poor mate never rightly recovered the use of his senses from that hour. Nature had received too severe a shock, by which reason was flung from her seat, and could never regain it afterwards. A constant stupidity hung around him, and he could not be induced on any account to look direct at Mr. Burnet, though he was as brave a man as ever went, in his sound senses, to face death by day-light.

This story was told by Mr. Walker to his ship's crew in the year 1745, when setting out on his second cruise in the *Boscawen* private ship of war, to relieve their minds from an alarm of a report made by the French officers, when the ship was taken, that a gunner's wife had been murdered on board, and which was begun now to be looked upon by them as ominous of the misfortunes which would attend the cruise. One of the seamen, remarkable for his sobriety and good character, one night alarmed the ship by declaring he had seen a strange appearance of a woman, who informed him among other particulars that the ship would be lost, which laid such hold of the imagination of the whole crew, that Mr. Walker feared the impression thus produced would have been attended with the most serious consequences.

## THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

BY THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON, A. M.

A GENTLE tear, in silence shed,  
 Stray'd o'er sweet woman's lovely cheek,  
 Like gliding dew moistening the head  
 Of the queen-lily, fair and meek;—  
 A tender smile, soothingly bright,  
 As the young glow of April skies,  
 Stream'd, in its soft and shadowy light,  
 From woman's radiant eyes.

Mingling they fell with blended power,—  
 And on no barren rock they fell,—  
 Uprose a blushing, timid flower,  
 Beneath their bland awakening spell;  
 The tear-drop oft came o'er its bloom,  
 And oft the smile to cheer it strove,  
 Chequering its sky with joy and gloom,—  
 Thus sprung that flowret, Love.

Its germ drinks life from woman's tear ;  
 In woman's smile it buds and grows ;  
 A cold look all its hues will sear,  
 A frown deep blight over it throws :  
 Man vainly in his heart would store  
 That flowret like a valued prize ;  
 Soon its brief, tremulous bloom is o'er,—  
 Chill'd on his heart it lies.

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### CRITICAL REMARKS,

ON THE TWO APOPTHEGMS OF THE EMPEROR TITUS.

(The one—"I have lost a day." The other—"No person ought to go discontented from the presence of his prince.")

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR S. N. H. LINGUET.

[THESE CRITICAL REMARKS, now for the first time given to the public in an English dress, may be found in a history "Des Révolutions de l' Empire Romain" by the same author who writes the History of the Bastille.]

Few persons can be ignorant of what is related of Titus, that a day having gone over his head, without his having bestowed a pecuniary gift on any individual (*quòd nihil cuiquam toto die præstitisset,*) he said to his friends—"I have lost a day"—(*Diem perdidit*). This saying or sentiment is become famous, like many others, which a writer without judgment has chosen to hazard, which his followers without examining its merits have copied after him, and which seems afterwards to have acquired an incontestible authority, through the length of time it has passed current in the world.

Happily, however, for Titus, his reputation rests not entirely on this ridiculous apophthegm. Had it been true, it would certainly have given rise to the belief that there was more littleness in his mind, than generosity in his heart. What!—to believe a day to be lost because he had given nothing to any person!—What idea had he formed of the duties of his exalted station? Were they reduced in his mind to manual distributions, made to those who chanced to approach him? This function belongs only to a subaltern cash-keeper; not surely, to the chief of a great empire or kingdom.

There is often, on the part of princes, as I have had occasion already to observe respecting Vespasian, more real and true generosity in refusing than giving. Their liberalities not unfrequently render *ten families* unfortunate and poor, in order to the obliging and enriching of *one*; and although the bounty may administer to the satisfaction of the donor, (the Sovereign,) the thanks of the slave, who receives the gift, are greatly lessened in their value by the tears of the subject who contributes his portion towards it.

Further,—these sort of favours can only have regard to those who are in the way ready to solicit and receive them, that is, the inhabitants of the capital. But these were not the only persons who had

claims upon him. A prince, who could conceive that his obligations extended no farther than to those immediately about him, would have been unworthy of the name of Titus.

Besides—even when it is not considered a matter of ruinous consequence to a state for a prince to indulge himself in the pleasure and gratification of those surrounding him who may think proper to importune him, ought an enlightened sovereign to make it the first and most essential of his duties?—Ought he bitterly to regret the loss of those moments in which he may have been deprived of such a satisfaction?—There are a thousand ways in which they may be more usefully employed, and filled up. What should we say of a gardener, who could believe his day was lost because he had neglected watering one of his borders?—We should surely suspect him of knowing but little of his business, or of but ill fulfilling the obligations connected with it, since in forgetting all the necessary labours, he preferred one very indifferent precaution.

It is the same with a sovereign. Whoever, finding himself at the head of a great Empire, believes he has satisfied all its claims upon him by some transitory largesses, is either an ignorant or a weak man. Titus was neither the one nor the other. It is therefore not possible that he should have hazarded this absurd saying, by which Suetonius has dared to dishonour his memory, and in which almost all those who read it, are inclined to discover such grandeur, and such claim to applause.

As much may be remarked of another saying not less absurd than the preceding, attributed likewise to Titus by the same historian. This Emperor, says Suetonius, had much pleasure in holding out hopes: and on one of his ministers once representing to him that his promises were beyond his power to fulfil, he thought to excuse himself by replying, that “no person ought to go discontented from the presence of his Prince”—(*Non oportere quenquam a sermone principis discedere.*) There are writers blind enough to imagine that they will be adding to the glory of a great man, by attributing to him with an eulogium thereon a reply at once so cruel and senseless; for there is comprehended in it every thing that is odious—to wit,—faithlessness—imprudence—and cruelty.

It is no doubt, deceit in a Prince as well as in a private individual to make a promise he hath no design to fulfil. I have no objection that he should be obliged to soften his refusals, and clothe them with an affected politeness, in order to leave those, whose pretensions he destroys, to imagine he has some regret at not having it in his power to support them. But whatever goes beyond these attentions, without question, becomes a perfidy, and the more sacred the word of a sovereign ought to be, the more culpable he must be considered when he gives it, with the certainty that he shall be obliged to violate it.

Secondly, there is not less imprudence in the reply, as he has the power in his own hand,—as nothing constrains him to promise, being his own master to grant or to refuse. Those who depending on his word find themselves deceived, will attribute his failure of it towards them to the worst motives,—a bad intention: the fruit of this pretended policy is therefore to render himself odious; and a more durable hatred towards him will succeed to the short satisfaction they had on quitting his presence.

There is not in this proceeding less of cruelty than indiscretion. There is no person who has not experienced this. Nothing is so rendering to the heart of man than when he finds those hopes, which he believed infallible, completely, as it were, blasted. The chagrin consequent on the ruin of such hopes is ever in proportion to what was supposed to have been their solidity; and the art of thus tormenting men by false promises is an inhuman refinement of which even a Tiberius and a Nero were incapable.

I know the great have often the weakness to put this scheme in practice; but it is not at least a reflected principle of conduct—it arises from a sort of mechanical motion, which causes them to dread the appearance of any thing melancholy near them. This species of men, destined to be more unfortunate by the evils they fear, than fortunate through the blessings they are in possession of, urge themselves by every effort carefully to remove from about them all that has the appearance of sadness. They know, that in holding out hopes, joy will display itself in their presence,—hence they endeavour to prolong as much as they can this apparent security. When it is destroyed in one object, it is revived in another, and thus by these feigned complaisances they eternize at least the gratitude of their flatterers. In the meantime, as I have said, they act thus, as it were, by instinct, rather than by system: they do not precisely propose to themselves to deceive men,—they fear only to behold them afflicted in their presence, and to be in some manner constrained to partake of their distress.

But this culpable caution, even thus modified, is by no means consistent with a benefactor of mankind. It is dishonouring to a prince chosen to be an example to all others. What is to be thought of an historian of so little judgment, as to relate to the glory of his hero, two sayings which, if they were probable, would convict *him*, the one of a revolting incapacity—the other of an inhuman deceit.”

J. T.

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LINES.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

SUMMER has passed away—(and oh how bright  
 Did the earth glitter in her silvery light!  
 The northern heavens were cloudless as the sky  
 Which arches o'er the sun-lit Italy)—  
 And showery Autumn too is gone—and now  
 Winter draws near with storms upon his brow;  
 His steeds, the wild wind and the hurricane,  
 Pant to get free, and madden 'neath the rein:  
 And nature is in mourning weeds: her tear  
 Of frozen dew falls for the dying year;  
 While all the sweet-song'd tenants of the wood,  
 To tongueless silence change their joyous mood;

And o'er the whiten'd fields, at break of morn,  
 The deep, dull lowings of the steers are borne,—  
 As if they join'd with nature in her moan  
 Of sorrow, for the winged year that's flown.  
 And shall I sit all heedless? shall no tear  
 Of mine be shed o'er Autumn's fun'ral bier?  
 Shall I, with cold frigidity of heart,  
 See from the world the sunny months depart,  
 And not weep for them, when each lesser thing  
 To the dread pyre their mournful tribute bring?  
 Oh may that living fountain, whence proceed  
 The streams of feeling and each generous deed,  
 Be frozen at its source, ere I pass by  
 The grave of Autumn, with a tearless eye!  
 There let me strew the wild flow'rs of the heart,  
 Whose bloom of beauty fade not, nor depart  
 With changing seasons, since their essence be  
 Spirit—the germ of immortality.

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## ROBBERS IN FRANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FISCHER.

At length, my dear friend, have I reached my first winter-station, and—what indeed is not saying little—without having been robbed. For in Avignon all were filled with fear and consternation, in consequence of a number of Bandits having nearly four weeks since again appeared in those parts. They had already not only plundered the courier at sundry times, but also a few days ago made a feint for attacking the Diligence. Nay, bills are said to have been stuck up, in which a loan of two carolinas was demanded from every passenger on pain of death. The subject was very important to the whole company, and formed the topic of conversation during the entire evening.

First came on the carpet, on this occasion, the numerous robber-stories of the year 1799—1800, at which period it had gotten to such a pitch, that scarcely a week passed without several aggressions. In vain were the Diligences accompanied by *gensdarmes*,—in vain were soldiers posted on the outside of the coach; the Robbers appeared in great numbers, and always carried their point. Not—as the story goes—before a formal treaty was entered into with them, or rather before large detachments of cavalry were made to patrol incessantly, did the government at last succeed in putting a stop to these enormities.

At first the Robbers strove to get possession of the public monies alone, and took not the smallest trifle from passengers. They treated them, on the contrary, with extreme politeness, begged pardon for the delay, and very civilly assisted the ladies in particular into the carriage again. Those only, who made themselves suspicious, or offered resistance, were in some instances ill-treated or put to death.

As soon, however, as the Diligences ceased to take charge of the



public monies, the Robbers began to plunder passengers, and demanded from them, besides their cash, their watches, rings, boxes, &c. likewise. But they always in the end returned the customary day's expenses of seven livres, in which due attention was paid to the route of each individual—a sort of villanous generosity and equity, which ought not to pass unnoticed.

Connected with this period many pretty stories were related. The Robbers once stopped a courier, in whose company there was another traveller. The courier handed out his fifteen louis without hesitation; the traveller declared he had just a few dollars about him. "Be pleased to give us off your boots," said the highwaymen; and, suiting the action to the word, they drew them off for him, when out popped a hundred louis d'or!—During the aforesaid operation one of those gentlemen discovered in the clothes of the traveller a strong smell of musk—"Ha, ha! 'tis a fop," exclaimed the leader, "let him have half; he will want it!" And in truth fifty louis d'or were counted out to him, and the Robbers went away laughing.

At another time they stopped a Diligence in which were three gentlemen and a lady. The former were *cased* as usual, when at last it came to the lady's turn—"Comment, Messieurs?" said she with complete presence of mind and the most confident tone in the world—"Des Français insulteroient-ils une femme?" "Certainly not, Madam," was the reply—"Nous ne voulons que vous embrasser." They kept their word, and the lady escaped with merely a penalty of half-a-dozen kisses.

On a similar attack the Diligence contained a Swede. When his turn arrived, he said with ease and composure—"Je suis d'étranger, Messieurs! Je voyage sous la sauvegarde de la loyauté française."—They demanded his pass, and having found it correct, they said with no less grace than politeness—"Montez, Monsieur! vous ne payez rien."

At another time a merchant of Toulouse was in the Diligence, and had with him four thousand livres in gold. When he alighted, he held out to the robbers a purse containing three or four livres small coin, and remarked in his Gascon accent—"Ah, if you had come a quarter of an hour before, you would have seen a thousand louis d'or in it." The "*bedi garde d'ure*" (little quarter hour), pronounced with the most ludicrous importance, caused the honest folks to smile, and they suffered "the poor devil" to depart in peace.

An Italian, however, managed to get off the best, and, according to the national character, most to his own advantage. He had sewed his gold under his shoulders, but put into his pocket a large purse, to all appearance full of louis d'or. The Diligence was stopped, he composedly surrendered his purse, and merely begged the customary travelling allowance to carry him as far as Nitza. "By all means, of course!" was the reply—"but you will be so good as take it in silver!" In this manner he obtained four-and-twenty dollars, and had overreached the thieves. In the purse there was nothing but counters, whose value at the highest did not amount to twelve livres.

Not ill-contrived also seem to have been the measures of several other travellers. One, for example, let his rolls of gold fall into the window-frame; another hung them on a hook; some had deposited

their louis in an apple, or in a loaf; a fourth had concealed his in a hollow stick-head; a fifth carried them sewed on as buttons; a sixth had fastened them under his spaniel's belly; and—to end the catalogue—a seventh conveyed them in a stinking physic-box.

Long did the conversation continue about these bandits; at last nothing more remained for us to do, but quietly retire to bed. Each in the mean time hastened to put his superfluous money into his trunk, that is, he retained no more about his person than two carolinas. Prepared for the worst, we pursued our journey the next morning. But the dangerous places were passed, and not a vestige of the robbers was to be seen.

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ALBUM LEAVES.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

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GOOD NIGHT!

Good night! the heart that's deepest mov'd  
 Its passion most will hide,  
 And wordless love I offer thee,  
                   When by thy side.

Good night! 'thou dwell'st among my thoughts  
 As pure as childhood's prayer,  
 And O, what light and gladness, love,  
                   Thou sheddest there!

Good night! before my spirit's gaze,  
 Amid the land of dreams,  
 Mild as the moonlight on the lake  
                   Thy beauty gleams!

Good night! at this our parting hour,  
 I make no useless vow,  
 I could not, love, be more thine own  
                   Than I am now!

Good night! the star of gloamin sleeps,  
 In its own drowsy light,  
 We have been long together, love,  
                   Good night! good night!

---

THE IDLE SCHOOL-BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

I wist not how it is, but I  
 Can never like my master,  
 And though the taws are in my eye,  
                   By Jing! I won't go faster!

'Tis after ten! I'm far too late—  
 And yonder Dicky lingers,  
 It's nonsense running down to get  
 The skin switch'd off my fingers :

I'll take my satchel to the crows,—  
 And down among the bushes,  
 I think that cousin Harry knows  
 Where there's a nest of thrushes.

My holidays have pass'd away  
 Without the least diversion,  
 For I've been bothered night and day  
 With that long Latin version.

And what's the use of it to me,—  
 I'll never write another,  
 I'll tell at once I'm going to sea,  
 Whene'er I meet my mother ;—

I'll let her know I'm not a fool,  
 For I do well remember,  
 She told me I should leave the school  
 The fifth of last September !

And now another year is gone,  
 And though I daily fleech her,  
 She tells me I must still go on,  
 As I've to be a Preacher !

And father says it is no joke,  
 And tries to make me gulp it,  
 But I will sooner *die*, than knock  
 My head against a pulpit.

I know 'tis wrong to disobey,  
 And give my friends vexation,  
 But why, in all the world, won't they  
 Consult my inclination.

---

### MUSIC !

As the dew and the sunlight of morn recall  
 To beauty, the flowers that seem to have perish'd,  
 So Music brings fresh from the past again  
 All that the heart has lov'd and cherish'd !

A song poured into the ear of age  
 Will carry him back to his youthful dreaming,  
 Till he thinks once more that he glides along  
 Through the dance where love's bright eyes were beaming :

And the feebleness of the present hour,  
 He feels not then as a cloud thrown o'er him,  
 For the merry days of his childhood seem  
 To be spread in their rainbow-light before him!

And the exiled and the captive one,  
 When he hears beneath his casement swelling  
 The old simple airs heard long ago  
 By the hearth of his father's humble dwelling,

Is borne—whilst cool and welcome tears  
 Are wrung from his wearied eyes on the minute—  
 To the land where his thoughts do wander still,  
 And the home his heart has enshrin'd within it.

And who has not turned him round to weep  
 With the keenness of delightful feeling,  
 When the tones of the softly-breathing flute  
 In the twilight hour through the grove were stealing.

O, there is a spell in Music's sigh  
 That wakes in the heart, with rapture filling,—  
 An echo that seems to the bounding soul  
 Like the voice of Heaven within us thrilling!

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### MY BROTHER!

OUR mother waits, my darling,  
 To put thee o'er to rest,  
 And sweet will be thy lullaby  
 Upon her holy breast,  
                                   My Brother!  
 Upon her holy breast.

And I will watch thy cradle,  
 And near thy infant bed,  
 No heedless footsteps shall approach  
 To wake thee with its tread,  
                                   My Brother!  
 To wake thee with its tread.

Then kiss me—kiss your sister,  
 With those sweet lips of thine,  
 And let your arms around her neck  
 In baby fondness twine,  
                                   My Brother!  
 In baby fondness twine.

And when thy sleep is over,  
 We'll seek the garden's bowers,  
 To catch the blue-winged butterfly

## ALBUM LEAVES.

That sports among the flowers,  
 My Brother!  
 That sports among the flowers.

And I will pluck young rose-buds  
 And wreath them round thy brow,  
 If thou wilt come away with me  
 To our dear mother now,  
 My Brother!  
 To our dear mother now.

## AN APOLOGY FOR SCRIBBLERS.

O FROWN not ye on the pale-faced youth,  
 Who turns up his frenzied eyes,  
 To see what is going on amidst  
 The stars of Autumnal skies.

And when he embodies his thoughts in words,  
 O scorn not his vulgar song,  
 For his heart would wither beneath the taunt,  
 And the jeer of the idle throng:

For they know not his lucubrations are  
 The safety-valves that ease  
 And lighten distressed and morbid minds  
 Of a thousand phantasies!

Were he not to write by day and night,  
 He would go distracted soon,  
 And ten to one but the lunatic  
 Would fall in love with the moon!

Pen, ink, and paper afford to him,—  
 And ne'er do we speak profane,—  
 An intellectual stomach-pump  
 That eases his spirit's pain.

Then let bardlings of every shape and size,  
 Scribble on for the meed of fame,  
 For you see they're objects of pity, whom  
 It would be very wrong to blame.

## IMPROMPTU

TO A SUGAR BASIN.

HAIL muse! and so forth,—I would laud  
 The sugar basin now before me,  
 And if good rhymes are to be had,  
 O send me *sweet* ones I implore thee.

'Tis *sweet* the small white lumps to see  
 Within the basin in a body,  
 Which belles do put into their tea  
 And beaux into their whisky-toddy!

I see the sugar sparkling bright,  
 And O, the sight my soul entrances;  
 For in the *sweetness* there to-night  
 I read a thousand smiles and glances.

The tea—the party—and the cream!—  
 With all the eyes that I found grace in,  
 Are brought before me like a dream  
 By that delightful sugar-basin.

And nice *choice spirits* seem to rise  
 Like bottles round the table's centre,  
 And form before my brightening eyes  
 A circle care can never enter!

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## SCRAPS FROM READINGS

MADE IN THE COURSE OF THE SEPTUAGENARY PERIOD.

[*Those marked with an asterisk are Translations.*]

It is interesting to ruminate on what is passing in various parts of the world at the same moment. While some of the inhabitants of earth are enjoying the warmth of a meridian sun, others are ploughing the trackless deep in the obscurity of night; some are at their morning meal, some enjoying the evening breeze; others renewing their strength and vigour in the repose of night; and all at the same instant of time.

\* Of all the qualities of the soul, the most eminent is wisdom, the most useful is prudence.

\* Nature neither gives nor refuses us any virtues,—she grants us but the faculties, and leaves them to our own employ: by sowing in our hearts the seeds of all the passions, she there deposits the principles of all the virtues—in consequence we receive at our birth an aptitude more or less approaching to become virtuous,—an inclination more or less powerful, for what is virtuous.—ARISTOTLE.

The magnificence of expression in a writer or orator serves but very often to manifest the sterility of his ideas.

\* The people of Mitylene, having subdued some of their allies who had thought proper to withdraw from them, forbade them to give the least instruction to their children;—thus, it seems, they found no surer nor better means for keeping them in subjection, than by keeping them in ignorance.

\* The object of *Education* is to preserve to the body all the strength that it ought to possess; and to the soul, all the perfection of which it is susceptible. With the Athenians it began with the birth of the child, and finished not till its twentieth year.—BARTHELEMY'S *Anacharsis*.

\* The Bœotians having once consulted the oracle of Jupiter Dodona on an undertaking they meditated, the priestess answered, "Commit an impiety and you will succeed." The Bœotians, however, suspecting her of favouring their enemies, instantly threw her into the fire—saying, if the priestess deceives us, she merits death; if she speaks the truth, we obey the oracle by committing an impious action.—*The same*.

\* Men who are really reasonable, ever subject their prejudices to rule.—MONTESQUIEU.

No human being submits to power with so ill a grace as the man who has unjustifiably exerted it; and when its restrictions fall heavily on such, mere retribution becomes in effect a severe revenge.

In every season of life, grief brings its own peculiar antidote along with it. The buoyancy of youth soon repels its deadening weight; the firmness of manhood resists its weakening influence; and the torpor of age is often, nay generally, insensible to its most acute pangs.—*Marriage*.

It ill becomes a man to complain of what he had in his power to avoid; and, therefore, he who omits to perform those things which are necessary for the preservation of his own peace and character, must be content to endure the consequences of his neglect.

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

..... Airy dreams  
Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.

#### THE ATHEIST.

This forlorn and abandoned mortal lays himself down at night without committing himself to heaven, and rises in the morning without returning thanks for his safety. He has no deity but his own will; his soul, like the sandy desert, is barren of every flower of hope to throw a solitary bloom over the dead level of sterility, and softens the wide extent of desolation;—his darkened views extend not beyond the horizon that bounds his cheerless existence, and to him no blissful perspective opens beyond the grave.

#### AUTUMN.

In the fields, at this season, there is a full and mature luxuriance that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only in blossoms; nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance;—it is that

certain fruition of the labours of the past,—that prospect of comfortable realities, which they will be sure to enjoy who have improved the bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted away their spring and summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence. At this season, too, there is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an OLD MAN; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other, and parting with a melancholy smile,—like a couple of old friends, who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

#### HUMANITY.

This quality in man does not consist in a squeamish ear, it does not consist in shrinking and starting at tales of cruelty,—but in a disposition of the heart to remedy the evils they unfold. Humanity belongs rather to the mind than to the nerves.—C. J. FOX.

Good example, amiable feelings, or the desire of reputation, may lead to a few acts which will have a fair appearance in the eyes of the world; but the love and fear of God alone can command universal allegiance, keep the rebellious passions under restraint, or bring the thoughts into captivity to the obedience of Christ.—SUMMERS.

Systems, schemes, and hypotheses, all bred of heat in the warm region of controversy, will, like meteors in a troubled sky, each have its turn to blaze, and pass away. But the *Bible* is eternal, like the sun, the never-failing source of light and life.—WARBURTON.

It is the spirit of the age that must direct the course of genius. Academies can do little more than stimulate mediocrity, or excite pretension.

The proper excellency of man above other animals lies in his conscience, or what he knows without reasoning. The apostles in addressing men had no respect to what distinguishes one man from another, but to that which is common to them all; they commended themselves to *every man's conscience*, and their success from the beginning has chiefly been amongst those least skilled in reasoning. On the other hand, the seats of learning, where the reasoning faculty is cultivated with the greatest industry, have been first and last the chief sources of opposition to the gospel. The meanest day-labourers have full as great sensibility of conscience as those who are fully employed in learning; yea, we may perceive this sensibility more evident in the poorest villages, than in the cities furnished with all the branches of education. Philosophers themselves often find it necessary to have recourse to the sentiments of the plain man, as the last resort. All schemes devised by human wisdom, find their way from the learned by slow degrees down to the vulgar. The gospel was first taught by the meanest of the vulgar. The fishers of Galilee were stationed, as the preachers of it, at the chief seat of learning among the Jews; and Paul, who was



skilled in Jewish learning was sent to the Gentiles, who held that learning in great contempt. So little regard did the Deity pay to those things on account of which men glory over one another.—*Palemon.*

The wise man's soul reposes at the root of his tongue; but a fool's is ever dancing on the tip.—*Arabian Proverb.*

Minutes, hours, days and years are not properly the measures of time, but of the motion and duration of all corruptible beings: for time is infinite, and beyond all dimensions: in a word, it is no otherwise distinguished from eternity, than barely by a name.—*Turkish Spy.*

#### LANGUAGES.

The only pure maternal languages now current in any part of Europe, are the Teutonic—Sclavonic—and British. The *first* is spoken in Germany to perfection, but corruptly in Swedeland, Denmark, and the united provinces. The *second* is common to the Hungarians, Moldavians, Poles, Prussians, and many other nations. The last is confined to the *Welsh*, who inhabit a corner of Great Britain, driven thither by the Saxons, their conquerors, above a thousand years ago. As for the rest, they are only mixed Dialects, and so not worth taking notice of; excepting one mountainous part of *Spain*, where the inhabitants are said to speak pure Arabic at this day; they are supposed to be a remnant of the Moors.—*The same.*

\* He who is embued with superstition, can neither have a pleasing remembrance of the past, enjoy the present in peace, nor look forward with pleasure to the future.—*CICERO.*

Dispute as much and as long as you please on the questions of logic, but on morality content yourself with good sense, and the light which the reading of the gospel sheds over your mind; for, if you undertake to dispute in a scholastic manner, you quickly will not know how to get out of the labyrinth.—*BAYLE.*

#### SONNET.

I SAT me down and mused on former days,  
 When eyes shot beams of gladness all around,  
 When hearts leapt high, and many a joyous sound  
 Rose on the air in passion's wildest lays.  
 Where are they now—those hours of infant mirth  
 Made sweet by father's smile, or mother's kiss,—  
 My boyhood's rioting in careless bliss,—  
 My youth's fond dreaming, that this sin-clad earth  
 Might treasure love sincere and friendship's worth?—  
 Delusion all!—Gone with th' eternal past,  
 Leaving behind no portion save regret,  
 For on the present mem'ry scarce hath cast  
 A faint effulgence of their glories set:  
 And ev'n life's remnant hours are fading fleet and fast.

AER.

## CRITICAL NOTICE.

*Chalmers' Political Economy.* Glasgow—1832.

WE have always been inclined to consider the politico-economical schemes and theories of this great and popular divine, as rather visionary and ingenious, than just and practicable. But the present volume has effected a radical change in our former opinions. There is a depth of thought—and a force of argument—and a sufficiency and happiness of illustration displayed in every part of it, which, in our opinion, are well worthy the author of the inimitable *Sermons connected with Modern Astronomy*.

We were particularly struck with the chapters on Taxes and Tithes. That the present state of the country requires a change in the manner of obtaining these no man is more fully sensible than Dr. Chalmers. And yet no man is more decidedly opposed to their total abolition than he. He proposes, what appears to us by far the most prudent and politic method, a commutation for a "territorial impost." He shows in a clear and convincing manner what would be the effects of the former plan and what of the latter, and proves by the most vigorous and sufficient argument, that though the former would produce more immediate beneficial consequences—though the country would, for a time, feel as if a mighty load had been taken from its shoulders,—and, though, perhaps, provisions might be cheaper and even more plentiful,—yet, that a commutation of Taxes and Tithes will alone be productive of lasting and sure advantages to the people of England.

The object of the work he thus states:—"Our endeavour is to prove that, in every direction, there is a limit to the augmentation of our physical resources, and that in virtue of this, there must, especially in old countries, be a felt pressure and discomfort throughout every community, which has either outgrown the means for its christian instruction, or, in any other way, renounced the habits and decencies of a christian land. In other words, our object will be gained, if we can demonstrate, that, even but for the economic well-being of a people, their moral and religious education is the first and greatest object of national policy; and that, while this is neglected, a government, in its anxious and incessant labours for a well conditioned state of the commonwealth, will only flounder from one delusive shift or expedient to another, under the double misfortune, of being held responsible, and yet finding this to be an element most helplessly and hopelessly beyond its controul." Preface. Page 4.

In page 26, he thus expresses himself:—"All the remedies which have been proposed against a state of general destitution in society, may be classed under two descriptions. By the first, it is sought to provide the adequate means for the increasing numbers of mankind. By the second, to keep down the numbers to the stationary, or comparatively speaking, to the slowly increasing means. The first may, we think, be conveniently designated the external remedies—inasmuch that their object is to equalize the means with the population, by an increase on the former term, or by an increase and enlargement of the resources from without. The second may, perhaps, be contradistinguished from the other, by viewing it in the light of an internal

remedy—inso much as its object is to maintain the equality of the two by preventing an undue increase on the latter term, which can only be achieved, in a right way, by adding to the restraints of prudence and principle from within. It is our main design to demonstrate the insufficiency of one and all the remedies put together which belong to the first class—and to contrast, with their operation, the effect of the moral remedy, the prosperous economic state that will surely be realized through the medium of general intelligence and virtue, or by an action on the minds of the people themselves.”

Such is the object of the work, and it is an object, which the learned author has accomplished in the most successful manner. And though there are some of his views we should be inclined to dispute, yet with his general principle we must agree, that it is in the power of the peasantry of Great Britain, whether they shall be a happy and a high conditioned race, or sink into all the grossness and ignorance, and depravity and poverty which obtain among the lower orders of the sister island. His general doctrine strikes us as peculiarly analogous to that expressed by the immortal Goldsmith, in the conclusion of his “Traveller.”

“In every government though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
 How small of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which *laws* or kings can cause or cure ;  
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,  
 Our own felicity we make or find.  
 With secret course which no loud storms annoy  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
 Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,  
 To those remote from power but rarely known,  
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.”

We cannot refrain from subjoining the following well-merited compliment to Burke—a statesman, undoubtedly, of the very first order, and who, we are sorry to add, has of late been too much vilified.—Talking of the introduction of poor laws into Ireland, our author thus observes :—“ His (Burke's) was the wisdom of intuition, so that without formal development, or the aid of any logical process, he often, by a single glance, made the discovery of a great principle ; and by a single word, memorably and felicitously expressed it. That *education is the cheap defence of nations*, is one of the weightiest of those sentences, or oracular sayings, which have ever fallen from any of the seers or sages of our land. And he characterized, with no less force and justness, the other expedient for the amelioration of *his* country, when he pronounced of a legal charity for the relief of indigence, bearing on its forehead the smile and promise of a benevolence, which is never realized—that *it was a downright fraud*.”

In conclusion, we feel deeply impressed, and without hesitation say, that the volume now before us, is one of the most philosophical works that has proceeded from the press of late, not merely on the subject of Political Economy, but on any subject whatever, and will assuredly add another laurel to the many that encircle the brow of its learned and talented author.

## MATHEMATICS.

### SOLUTION OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

*Solution of Question 8th, by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

THE square of 18 multiplied by .07958 = 25.78392, the area of the base; and 103.13208 divided by 25.78392 = 3.99986, the one third of the height; consequently 11.99958 is the altitude of that part containing the apex; and 103.13208 multiplied by 5 gives 515.6604, solidity of the whole sugar loaf.

Then as 103.13208 : cube of 11.99958 :: 515.6604 : 8639.09283. 175162956 the cube of the whole height, and by extracting the cube root it will be found, that 20.511 is the required height of the sugar-loaf.

A correct solution of the above has also been received from Mr. Paxton.

The solution of Question 9th, if received, has been mislaid; it therefore lies over till next month.

### QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

*Proposed by Mr. William Weatherhead, Swinton.*

10. In the forenoon of the 15th July, 1832, A sets out from a place in latitude  $55^{\circ} 47' N.$ , and at the same instant B sets out in latitude  $50^{\circ} 7' N.$ —both on the same meridian, and the sun's altitude at the time of starting being at both places the same. After travelling some days, they met and found that A had travelled 50 miles more than B, and that the angle, at the place reached, subtended by the distance between the places left, was  $75^{\circ} 45' 34''$ . Required the time of starting, and also the distance travelled by each, supposing the sun's declination to be  $21^{\circ} 31' N.$

*Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

On the night of the 20th of August, 1832, I observed three stars A, B, and C, so situated, that the star A bore due west from the star B and distant  $26^{\circ} 34'$ , and the star C bore due north from the star B at the distance of  $90^{\circ}$ . Required the distance between the stars A and C: also the angles they make with each other.

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### *Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

#### BIRTHS.

At Newbattle Abbey, on the 12th ult., the Marchioness of Lothian, of a son and heir.

At Mellerstain, on the 20th ult., the Lady of George Baillie, Esq., jun. of Jarviswoode, of a son.

At Coldstream, on the 26th ult., the Lady of Thomas Fair, Esq., of Buenos Ayres, of a son.

On the 30th ult., Mrs. W. G. Carr, Western-lane, of a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Penegoes, Montgomeryshire, on the 1st ult., the Rev. Wm. K. Fletcher, M. A. chaplain to the Hon. the East India Company, to

Maria Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Jewsbury, commission agent, Manchester. This celebrated poetess leaves her native country for India, the scene of her husband's labours.

Lately, Mr. Rodwell, composer, to Emma, only daughter of Mr. Liston, the comedian.

At London, on the 16th ult., at St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Hereford, Lord Viscount Howick, to Maria, second daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., of Sprotsborough, Yorkshire.

Here, on the 23d ult., Mr. Edward Davidson, to Miss Johnson, of the Hen and Chickens Inn.

#### DEATHS.

Lately at Dumfries, William M'Cormick, Esq., editor of the Ayr Advertiser.

At Montreal, on the 9th July, of Asiatic cholera, Mr. James Cockburn, late of this town, corn-merchant. The deceased and his family had only arrived there on the 2d, where he intended to settle.

At the Rectory, Fardingham, Norfolk, on the 23d July, aged 73, the Rev. Walter Whiter, M. A., formerly Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. He was the author of some ingenious works in literature and criticism, and more particularly of the *Etymological Universale*.

At Montreal, on the 28th July, of cholera morbus, Christian Selby, youngest daughter of the late Robert Selby, Esq. of North Earle, Northumberland, and wife of Deputy Assistant Commissary-General Cameron, aged 35, much respected by a large circle of friends.

On the 11th ult., at Enniscorthy, Ingleby, the Newcastle emperor of all conjurors.

At Norham, on the 15th ult., James White, Esq., in his 73d year, much respected.

At Hope House, near Alnwick, the wife of Mr. William Skelly, aged 45.

At Leamington, on the 19th ult., George Aspull, the celebrated pianist, aged 18. With a musical genius of the highest order, unaffected manners and a modest deportment adorned his youth. He will long be remembered.

At Tweedmouth, on the 31st ult., Esther, wife of Mr. William Crow, captain of the smack Commerce, aged 56.

At Gladsmuir, on the 4th inst., the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, minister of that parish, in the 76th year of his age.

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#### To Readers and Correspondents.

EPSILON and M. J. are under consideration.

We expect to find room for H. next month.

We promise to favour our readers in the ensuing Number with a second *extract* from "Tibby Shiel's Creel."

We thank M. Y. for her interesting communication:—it did not reach us in time for this month's Number, but it shall be duly attended to in our next.

Our readers must excuse the present unusual delay in the publication, as it chiefly arose from a multiplicity of imperative engagements with which the Printer's hands were occupied.

THE  
**BORDER MAGAZINE.**

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No. XII.]

OCTOBER, 1832.

[VOL. II.

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**POPULAR EDUCATION—MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.**

There is a striking analogy betwixt the political and the intellectual history of mankind. Philosophers have descanted on the social contract which is supposed to be the basis of civil government; but the notion is hypothetical, for instead of an equality of rights and privileges among the members of society, we find, even in the most remote periods, that tyranny and oppression characterised the transactions of every nation. Patriarchal authority seems to have paved the way for systematic domination, and ever since history recorded the condition and the transactions of our species, it has had to narrate the same tale of the injustice of rulers, and of the misery of the great mass of the people.

But happily a spirit of improvement has manifested itself, if not in a constant, at least in a gradual and unequivocal amelioration of the human race. How almost every nation came to have in the earliest ages a despotic government, we do not mean to inquire: the fact itself is certain. But it is cheering to observe the great body of the people, who were then abject slaves, rising by degrees to respectability, affluence and power, and eventually proving a useful barrier to the extension of royal prerogative. The affairs of all civilized nations are now administered in a more or less equable manner, and though there is still in almost all of them—heaven knows!—enough to reform, yet the career of improvement will not, we hope, be prematurely checked.

In a despotic government it is a measure of policy to discourage the diffusion of knowledge; and genius, like liberty, is opposed by every conceivable obstacle. But the want of the latter is more keenly felt, and therefore we find, that people, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is comparatively light, may yet exist in a state of the grossest mental darkness. Still the government which encourages such measures is not more unjust to its subjects than it is short-sighted to its own interests. Scotland, Holland, Sweden,—the best educated nations in the world are ever found to be the most moral and the most peaceable. How, in truth, could it be otherwise? None but quacks are afraid of their conduct being scrutinized, and little respect and gratitude is that government entitled to, which, in order to ensure its own safety, will sacrifice the happiness and the best interests of its subjects.

Notwithstanding the high degree of political improvement which England has possessed for upwards of a century, it is remarkable that

the major portion of her inhabitants should be so far back in intellectual cultivation. Where is the Magna Charta that released her from mental bondage? Samuel Johnson, whose pitiable prejudices more than balanced his mental greatness, chuckled with satisfaction at the thought, that in Scotland, where every person receives a decent education, there are no such profound scholars as in England; as if it were more advantageous or more proper that one or two should have too much and all the rest be furnished, than that all should enjoy a sufficiency. But John Bull, whether on the authority of his dictionary or from some preconceived notion of his own brain, thinks *mores majorum* and *sacra* to be synonymes, and, in spite of all the logic in the world, argues that what has been must be.

The spirit of the age, however, will not be kept down by hoary prejudices, and every philanthropist must rejoice to see the efforts that are in progress for the extension of knowledge through all orders of the people. It is only a few years since the plan was first tried; and such has been its success that a tolerably accurate acquaintance with most of the practical sciences may now be gained by every cobbler, weaver, collier,—in short, by all his Majesty's liege subjects, in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and we hoped to have included the far-famed city of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

We are glad to observe the success of Mechanics' Institutions. They are calculated to form an excellent addition to the common school education, supplying its defects, and communicating much knowledge that will be of use in the business of life. Nor is this their only advantage. They lead the mind to seek for amusement and instruction of a benefitting kind, and prevent it from degrading itself by those brutish habits which have tended so much to demoralise the lower orders. The system, however, is yet in its infancy, and will admit of vast improvement. The principal defect we see in it is, that at present it exclusively embraces scientific pursuits. The attainments of Brougham, Birkbeck, and other patrons of these institutions in this branch of knowledge appear to be the reason why physical science is cultivated so much more than literature and morals.

For this we can discover no *substantial* reason. The great end of Mechanics' Institutions, we conceive, is to open up the minds of the lower classes, and call into action their latent energies; to which may be added—to inspire them with proper objects of pursuit, and rescue them from the thralldom of vice. Are we to lay it down, then, as an axiom or broad principle, on which the whole management of these institutions is to be conducted, that physical science is best fitted to accomplish the end in view? Surely not—is the answer both of reason and of experience. It is true, there are those whose minds have a natural bias in favour of scientific studies, and of mathematics in particular; and we, of course, approve of the system so far as such individuals are concerned,—we allow, that those individuals will profit by following the dictates of their own minds, and that it would be wrong to direct them in a different channel. But there are others—and this is perhaps the more numerous class—whom the gods not having made mathematical, look upon curves and triangles as a person bitten by a mad dog looks upon water. No advantage can result to them from studying Algebra, Mechanics, &c. On the contrary, their

aversion to such branches is apt to engender disgust at all study whatever. Far are we from thinking that these studies ought to be neglected. They may be of signal advantage to artificers and practical men, which class of the community, be it remembered, gave birth to Watt, Ferguson, Arkwright, and Rennie. But is every luckless wight on this account to be initiated into the arcana of Chemistry, and dragged per force into the abysses of Natural Philosophy? There are other subjects, which are both interesting in themselves, and are admirably adapted to produce greater benefits. We may just notice History, Politics, Mental Philosophy, and Morals. What can be more interesting than the study of History, which leads us through the lapse of years, and gives us, as it were, a panoramic view of the rise and fall of empires, the life and conduct of the great good and bad in every age, the peculiarities of character in every stage of society from rudeness to refinement,—the rapid or slow advances, and the rapid or slow retrogressions of art, science, philosophy, and religion at different periods,—in short, of the world from the beginning? What can be more useful than the study of Politics, which concern every one, and which it is the duty of every one to know, more or less, who countenances and lives under the British constitution? What can be more interesting and useful than the study of one's self — 'know thyself,' said an ancient sage, and shall we of modern times negative the precept? And last, but not least of all, is the study of Morals, which unfold the duties of life, and prepare for the better fulfilment of the high and important duties of religion.

Mechanics and labourers have but small scraps of time to devote to study, and therefore it cannot be expected that they should enter minutely into the abstract difficulties of science. That they might understand the elements, it would actually require a course of prelections to explain the meaning of certain words and terms which have no counterpart in popular language; and even then the explanation could not be long remembered by those who never heard of such things before.

Morals, politics, and general literature are not without their difficulties too, but it is easy to treat them in an intelligible manner, so as to command the closest attention. What can easily be understood will evidently be most cultivated, and the study of these departments of knowledge, besides gratifying a laudable curiosity, will have a most beneficial influence on the general character of the people. This is genuine, sterling knowledge; unlike physical science, it amends the character and the conduct; and when it shall be universally diffused, those Utopian visions of earthly felicity, in which imagination has so often indulged, will be realised. If ever wars fall into disuse, it will be by this means alone; an enlightened people will disdain to deluge the earth with blood, in order to gratify the petty jealousies of kings.

Prudent policy would dictate this addition to the course of education bestowed upon the lower orders in the recently formed institutions. We sincerely think it would have a powerful tendency in ameliorating their condition; the moral and political knowledge thus communicated would make more virtuous men and more loyal subjects. In our large towns the moral character of the populace is frightfully dete-



riorated. A radical reform is become necessary, and this reform must be accomplished, not by any proposition in geometry nor by any principle in dynamics, but by a course of moral and political instruction. The addition we suggest to Mechanics' Institutes seems to furnish an engine likely enough to effect in some measure this purpose; and from its gradual operation we would anticipate the most happy result. The people, discovering a novel and delightful source of gratification, would relinquish the sensual and degrading practices to which they had habituated themselves, and endeavour to excel each other in sobriety and virtue. In fine, a mighty change would be effected, to which we may be pardoned in applying the beautiful metaphor of an Oriental poet, describing a change still more wonderful:—

The glowing sand shall become a pool,  
And the thirsty soil bubbling springs.

A. N. A. R.

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### ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

Oh Heav'ns! whence comes that magic sound,  
That makes my heart in raptures bound?  
Whence flows that sweet mellifluous air,  
So apt to soften ev'ry care?—  
Now, as the ocean billows roll,  
The music-flood moves o'er my soul:  
Now, as the dancing moonbeams play,  
Sport the wild notes of some wild lay:  
Now, as the deluge sweeps the shores,  
Down an o'erpow'ring torrent pours:  
Now, as the echo of the distant sea,  
The last notes, faint and ling'ring, die away.

A mortal sure it cannot be,  
Possess'd of so much harmony!—  
But some fair spirit of the choir  
That sings in Heav'n, come to inspire  
The earth-bound hearts of men, and win  
Their loves to those who know no sin.  
Or if a child of dust as I,—  
O happy he, for whom a sigh  
Heaves from thy snow-white bosom! He  
May live upon thy songs, and be  
For ever and for ever thine—  
Oh might I hope thou would'st be mine!  
For thy enchanting charms,—thy spell  
Of heav'nly sorcery might quell  
Each panging thought within my breast,—  
And thou would'st sing my soul to rest.

AER.

## TIBBIE SHIEL'S CREEL.

SOME of my readers may perhaps remember a certain delectable paper—purporting to be the first of a series—called Tibbie Shiel's Creel, and they have, no doubt, often anxiously looked for another of those excellent and witty performances. And they should long ere this have been gratified, had the large creel containing the papers not unfortunately fallen out of the way. With Tibbie's permission, I had brought the creel and MSS. home to my own house in Mershaum Close, Edinburgh, and safely, as I thought, disposed of it on the top of an old chest of drawers which once belonged to my aunt Katie of blessed memory. So soon as I had got myself settled, after my return from my excursion, I began to consider of my intention respecting the MSS. But lo! the creel and papers were vanished! After several days of searchings and enquiries I was obliged to sit down with my loss. Fortune, however, was not sufficiently cruel to allow these excellent productions to suffer the fate which other works of equal merit have undergone, and to consign them to the dreary "*scissura*," which is the only voice of much of Cicero's eloquence and Cæsar's poesy.

And I am well assured that not Maio himself—when he discovered the "*De Republicâ*" under the obscure history of an obscure religious house, (if I remember aright)—could be more delighted than when I laid my hands on my beloved creel this very fifth of September, A. D. 1832. As the details of the discovery will, beyond question, be eagerly sought after by the learned, I shall state them.

Among the sweet pledges of connubial bliss—as the novels say—with which Mrs. Mershaum has annually for the last fifteen years presented me, there is one unlucky urchin whose thrice unhappy name is David. From his childhood he has never spent a day without getting into some scrape or other. He used to burst out into the most agonizing cries, and distort his face as if suffering the most dreadful pain, and then, when he saw every body in bustle and fear around him, he would burst out into a laugh, and mock at the anxiety he had created. When he was only a month old, he fought a pitched battle with the kitten, and nearly got his eyes scratched out. As he grew up, he used to terrify his friends by running along the ledges of the house-tops and climbing spouts for sparrow nests. He was continually stealing some farmer's turnips,—and *felling* his ducks and chickens. He has different times nearly blown himself up with gunpowder, and once shot away almost the whole of an old gentleman's coat tails by carrying a gun which went off only at half cock—and that only under certain circumstances. He used to carry his pockets full of mice to school, and get his flogs for putting them down the necks of the girls. No one was oftener caught shooting potato-guns at the master's nose, when the worthy man had fallen into a doze, overcome with the heat of the summer afternoon, and the *susurrum* of the school boys. "*Rap the Ginger—Ring the Bell*" was his favourite game o' nights—and not an apple woman's stall within four streets was safe from his machinations. In short he was and is the most incorrigible of thoughtless urchins. Yet there is something about the lad which I like. Would any one believe, that I have my-

self flogged him regularly night after night with my own cane for six weeks, in order to get him to leave off playing at marbles when he should be getting off his task,—and when, all this being ineffectual, I spoke a dozen kind words to him, he gave up marbles of his own accord,—and never touched *tau* for many months after.

Well, this unlucky urchin, it appears, had laid his hands on my inestimable creel, and thinking it would do fine for holding divers private matters of his, such as powder, daggers, bullets, old pistols, ballads, &c. he very quietly carried it off to his own room. The first thing he heard of it was, that I was enraged at its loss, and of course he was afraid to say a word about it. However, I happened to be seeking for a pistol in his sanctum this morning, in order to frighten the sparrows from my little plot of Cobbett corn—and lo! there was my identical creel! I have not yet considered of David's punishment. Possibly I may make him commit every paper I send you to memory.

Of D. J. Lietch, whose name stands at the head of the following poem, I know nothing, except that asking my excellent friend the Ettrick Shepherd about him—he answered—“He's a queer mad English deevil,—that's fond o' fishing and auld ballands. He ance climbed up the Grey Mare's tail stark naked,—a mere tempting o' Providence: he's just even down mad.”

DANIEL MERSHAUM.

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### THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

FITTE THE FIRST.

A SINGLE solitary man  
 Among the city graves  
 Where, group'd together, peaceful lie  
 The dust of old nobility  
 And the ashes of their slaves  
 So still—they seem to Fancy's eye  
 A sea of silent waves!—  
 An ancient church,—with all its towers  
 And pinnacles, whose faded splendour  
 Upon the gazer darkly lowers  
 In calm and cloudy grandeur!  
 Beauty and rank, and men whose names  
 Recall the times of torture, flames  
 And martyrs' persecution,  
 Blended in death, do peaceful lie  
 Like children of one family  
 In strange—but sweet confusion:  
 For surely it is beautiful  
 That those estranged in life  
 Or faithless friends or enemies  
 In death should end their strife—  
 And mingle 'neath the funeral pall  
 Their hate and fiercer passions all.—

Amid a scene like this, he stood  
 A melancholy man,—  
 Though youthful passions in his blood  
 Ran riot oft, unblest and rude  
 Yet sombre thought, in solemna mood,  
 Amid his musings ran.—  
 He stood beside the murderers' grave  
 Where the grey and wrinkled stone  
 Told of a tale too dark to hear  
 Imag'd a scene almost too drear  
 For man to gaze upon.

Three sisters, fair and beautiful,  
 Stood on a pedestal :—  
 Their murder'd father lay beneath,—  
 Peaceful he lay, with sculptur'd wreath  
 And carv'd with hollow scull—  
 While letters quaint, on the mould'ring wall  
 The dark and fearful tale recall :—  
 How they for love of sordid gold  
 And man's unblest embrace  
 Had slain the old man in his sleep!  
 And then the faithful marble told  
 How justice met them face to face  
 With vengeance swift and deep—  
 For on the fatal gallows tree,  
 Died in their youth these sisters three ! \*  
 And how the mob sent forth a yell  
 Even in their dying hour—  
 (A sound like a welcoming to hell  
 Of demons dark and terrible !—)  
 Such was the nameless power  
 Of that fierce, deep, and swelling cry  
 That cheer'd them to Eternity !—  
 Oh Christ ! these maidens young and fair—  
 Some demon must have them possess'd  
 That they, in scorn of womanhood  
 And all its feelings pure and good,  
 Should dare that savage deed to do  
 And in the blood their hands imbrue  
 Of the heart that lov'd them best !

Another tomb—a new fill'd grave !  
 And pure as the May moonlight  
 The marble rises o'er the bed  
 Where sleeps the sleep of endless night  
 A young and pure and lovely maid—  
 Who ne'er had known or grief or crime—  
 A perish'd flower, in the young spring time !  
 Alas ! how bright the flaunting day  
 Shines on the turf that wraps her clay !

\* This is no fiction—neither in the tale nor the tomb.

## THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

But who may tell the nameless throng  
 Of high and low degree  
 That slept these churchyard mounds among  
 As still as buried memory !  
 Amid this scene, where noisy folly  
 Ne'er stood with step profane,  
 But calm and sombre melancholy  
 For ever holds her reign,  
 Stalk'd the sad solitary man  
 And thus his moody musings ran :—  
 " O surely virtue is a name  
 And beauty is a dream,  
 And hate and love, and bliss and woe  
 But bubbles on life's stream ;  
 Upon whose wild impetuous flow  
 These transient air-bells burst and die  
 While still the stream doth rush on to eternity !  
 The meanest reptile, that around  
 This dank and loamy charnel ground  
 Doth crawl in the splashing rain,  
 Howe'er in life our race beneath  
 Seemeth to equal us in death ;—  
 Oh ! then how false and vain  
 To pride ourselves on the fleshly form  
 That rotteth as fast as the slimy worm !  
 Or speak of the spirit that never can die  
 Which the toad may not possess !  
 For see ! together the reptiles lie  
 In kindred rottenness !  
 Then why should we precedence claim  
 O'er that which moulders in death the same ?  
 The intellectual ray, less bright,  
 Less pure and clear and strong,  
 Hath been pour'd by the Father of mental light  
 Upon the reptile throng :  
 Yet still, though dim to the human sense,  
 'Tis a ray of the *same* Intelligence.  
 Around each mould'ring vaulted wall  
 How many names have faded away !  
*If grief could die*,—her funeral  
 Should be chaunted beneath oblivion's pall  
 Amid those tombstones grey !  
 Where the dead—and the mourner's words of woe  
 A sister's—or husband's lines of love  
 That told who slept in peace below  
 Untrac'd, unknown are mould'ring slow  
 And the rank grass waving above !  
 What is the history of the world ?—  
 The Epitaph of nation's past !  
 Each page is but a churchyard stone,  
 That telleth of kingdoms one by one  
 In the shadows of death o'er cast

Their pride, and power, and victories all  
 Shrunk to a scarce remember'd scrawl !"  
 —The stranger cast him on the ground  
 And he prayed for speedy death,  
 For when he gaz'd on each heaving mound  
 And knew, those mounds beneath,  
 The beautiful of ages gone  
 Were mouldering slowly "bone by bone,"—  
 He felt like one whose heart would burst  
 With a love which he long had fondly nurs'd  
 For those who held him in scorn—  
 And he cast him on the ground to die  
 Like one of hope forlorn :  
 How could he think of hope or joy ?  
 His heart was full of bitter thoughts  
 And he cast him down to die !—

## FITTE THE SECOND.

AH me ! how full of fresh delights  
 Is the young and leafy Spring !—  
 Like a thought of the soul, the flowers arise  
 In th' dewy evening !  
 To bathe their spirits serene and bright  
 In the sacred stream of the evening light.  
 When the thrush upon the loftiest tree,  
 Among the bursting buds,  
 Carves out his curious melody,  
 Re-echoing round the woods—  
 Till the Robin upon the castle wall  
 Responds in strain most musical !  
 When one by one the modest stars  
 That shun the noon-day light  
 Arise, and seem to lie in bliss  
 On the breast of their mother—Night !  
 And the shape of the mountain's proud array  
 Is sinking—shadowy—slow—away.—  
 And oh ! the impulses young Spring  
 Doth to the heart of the mourner bring !  
 It telleth him of the God on high  
 Of light and life and joy :  
 It showeth the sin of the sophistry  
 Which the atheist doth employ.  
 And who that impulse strong would give—  
 That cometh he knows not how—  
 For all that men have ever writ  
 To prove that God is true ?  
 Doth he not *feel* it in the power—  
 The eloquence of the Evening hour ?—  
 And *thus* it was with him whose soul  
 Was writhing in despair :  
 A vision of bliss came o'er his heart  
 And breath'd its influence there,

## THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

As the fragrance which the hawthorn flings  
Upon the midnight air!—

Beneath an arch, which curiously  
The builder had cut in stone,  
(It hath stood there for a century  
Yet none of its beauty is gone)  
A train of blooming boys appear  
Now stepping one by one!—  
How strange to see those boys come forth  
That ancient arch beneath!  
And to gaze on their faces of life and mirth,  
Amid the haunts of Death!  
Three hundred children beautiful  
Were in that lovely train,  
Oh joy! to see their gladsome smile,  
As they never should ken of pain;  
It seem'd as if happiness and love  
Were dwelling on earth again!  
(Yet with a mockery of the dead  
For these children there to be;  
Above the long-forgotten bed,  
Where the young and beautiful were laid  
Of many a centurie!)  
The sun burst out from a sudden cloud,  
And a stream of golden light  
Play'd all along the lengthened crowd  
Of that troop of children bright—  
The glory ting'd each youthful face  
Most beautiful to see!  
Oh! surely they were cherubim  
From the heavenly countree!—  
The solitary man arose  
From the damp ground where he lay—  
He felt the beauty of the sight,  
Yet he wist not what to say;  
He gently trode across the graves—  
He felt as in a dream,  
And still he gaz'd on the youthful band  
Bright in that holy beam:  
Till they entered the low and narrow porch  
That crown'd the steps to the ancient church.  
The gloom had past from his soul—away,  
Which death had shadow'd there,  
And he felt the hope that never dies,  
Hope—stronger than despair!—  
Breathe on his heart like a melody  
From an angel's dulcimer!  
With humbled head, and solemn mien,  
He followed the steps of that lovely train.

## LETTERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DURING THE YEARS 1829—30—31.

BY AN ASSISTANT-SURGEON IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

[By way of preliminary we extract the following from the note accompanying the communication with which we have been favoured:—  
 “These Letters having never been intended for the public eye, most of the sentences are characterized by that abruptness and want of connexion, to which an absent friend must often have recourse, when he wishes to crowd much into small space, and that, too, in a short time.”  
 If any apology be requisite, this is amply sufficient.—ED.]

## LETTER I.

\* \* \* \* WE had a quick passage from England to Malta—only three weeks—but very rough weather until we entered the Mediterranean, and then it was extremely mild—the evenings lovely. Unfortunately we passed Gibraltar rock during the evening, so that I lost that magnificent sight. Malta Harbour is an agreeable sight; its margin, almost all around, is solid rock of free stone, which makes it appear extremely neat. Many of the roads are of the same substance, and the few carts that pass, have worn deep ruts in the rock, where the wheels run. The climate is very fine—plenty of fruits—oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, &c. There are no trees in the island, except those cultivated in gardens, which gives it rather a bare appearance. The orange trees with their golden fruit are beautiful, and form a delightful shade. We stayed here a week. I was only twice or thrice a-shore, and one day went to see a splendid garden—open to all visitors. But it happened to be a holiday, and the keepers were absent, so that I returned ungratified. The town is fine upon the whole, and the streets like those in the country are in general very irregular—some of them so steep as to have a flight of stairs from top to bottom instead of pavement—owing to this, there are very few carriages of any sort, burdens being transported on horses which are small, but handsome. There are two or three splendid Roman Catholic Chapels—the pavement, ceiling and walls inside are lined with marble of different colours cut in small pieces and put in so neatly as to represent figures of saints, &c. you would actually believe it painted if you were not told the contrary. There were also immense massy silver candlesticks, with candles two or three feet long. We went next to Corfu (Corcyra) one of the seven islands in the Ionian sea belonging to Britain. A rock is here shown where Ulysses was shipwrecked. The town is rather poor, but the country is lovely from the number of olive groves—myrtles in rich green beneath the olive trees—with a few solitary cypresses shooting their tall taper tops here and there above the rest—fine gardens of apple, pear, and cherry trees. Here I saw the women twisting the ancient distaff—the *rock* was held under the left arm, the thread drawn out by the same hand, while the right twists a piece of stick by which the thread is at the same time twisted and wound up. I had a most delightful ride here, with our second Lieutenant and another



officer, and the interest was much enhanced by little difficulties we met with, for after finding our way to the top of a very high hill by a path rugged enough, we wished to descend on the other side, but after getting down a little, we were put to a stand by precipices; nor was it possible to get back. Our horses were very tractable, and allowed us to lead them, and here I am sure the road was not 18 inches wide. Making towards the most sloping points, we found patches of vineyards about 15 feet broad, barricadoed up with a wall 4 feet, or so high—a succession of these like stairs would descend a good way, until some steep places interrupted them, down these we made our horses leap—and when interrupted we wandered along the side of the mountain with much labour until we could find a practicable descent, sometimes leaving our horses to reconnoitre the different tracts, for if we went wrong, getting back was impossible. Our gallant horses left unsecured, were yet secure,—never did we find them moved from the spot. From the extreme slowness of our progress we began to think of sleeping on the hill-side; however we got down without any accident, except that, when going to mount my horse, one of the stirrups was observed torn away and lost. In two hours more we reached the town a little past seven—dusk—so that the *singular* number of the stirrups could not be seen. We set out at 10 A. M. and were tired enough. In a valley by the sea side richly ornamented with gardens, we saw a tall pillar of rock about 500 feet high, top about 5 feet square, at the base not more in proportion. What makes it so striking is that no rocks are around it, but the ground is flat. It looks like a tall tower at a distance. We also saw the ruins of an ancient temple (supposed of Neptune) lately cleared from the earth, under which it had been buried. The stone is coarse marble. One pillar remains erect,—it stands on a lovely spot not much elevated above the sea which here forms a bay, and on the opposite side of which are highly picturesque woody mountains. With many interesting subjects before me, I have written a very uninteresting letter; but without quiet and retirement, I can neither write nor study to any satisfaction.

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## LETTER II.

*Malta, \* \* \**

CEPHALONIA, the largest of the Ionian islands, is of little note. Ithaca, besides its classical interest, has a romantic land-locked harbour. Its entrance is from the east by a narrow passage running a considerable way into the heart of the island, and then expanding into a wide bay which is terminated by a lofty mountain. The entrance also is bounded on each side by a ridge of mountains, which give it a most sublime and imposing effect. Just before it expands, a narrow creek runs to the south, breaking off from the entrance at right angles, and likewise stretches into an extensive bay which is the proper harbour. The town is a poor-looking place, although it has increased much of late. The former chief town is situated at a distance from the sea, on the side of a hill, that it might be less exposed to piratical incursions, which were common in those days; it is now almost quite

deserted, and only a few mean houses and innumerable roofless walls remain to tell that a large and populous city once existed there.

I found here in November a species of crocuses with a red auricula at the bottom of the cup—hyacinths and some of the daffodil tribe, but neither in flower—arbutus trees with berries resembling strawberries, and a large sort of juniper. I visited the castle of Ulysses, of which there is scarcely a vestige remaining. It stands on the top of a hill, and has been built with stones of immense magnitude; but the iron hand of time has prevailed over its massy strength. The cattle walk unobstructed over its levelled walls, and vegetation will speedily cover the few fragments that remain. Ulysses' cave, where he deposited the presents he received from the Phoenicians, is at the head of the bay, but has lately been destroyed by an English road being carried quite over its site. Mount Neritos is termed *woody* by Homer—though it certainly cannot now be distinguished by that character, as there are very few trees on the island.

I visited also Arethusa's fountain, and an old house called Homer's school. In Ulysses' castle is a subterranean cell in which I found a few manuscript lines of Romaic (modern Greek) eulogising the heroes who had fought in the late struggle, and lamenting that another Homer could never arise to immortalize their heroic deeds. We have been up the gulf of Patras (Sinus Sardonicus). A narrow strait leads from thence into the gulf of Lepanto, (Sinus Frissacus). Morea castle defends the strait on the north side and Lepanto (Naupactus) on the south. Their shattered walls and battlements bear melancholy traces of the ravages of war. The latter place was taken while we lay at Santa Maura, and I regret very much that we did not see the siege. In November we sailed for the Archipelago and passed the Strophades anciently noted for the Harpies and now dreaded for its numerous rocks—but a light-house has been erected within the last few months. Observed Cerigo (Cythera) still famous for its turtle doves—Hydra and Ægina. From thence sailed to Paros, in quest of the Admiral, but were soon forced by a strong gale to bear up and take shelter in a bay a few miles' distance from Cape Colonna, the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, and still further remarkable for the ruins of a temple of Minerva. Sixteen splendid columns of Parian marble remain entire, and we had a very distinct view of them from the sea. It is very pleasant sailing in the Archipelago—for you are just losing sight of one island when the haze of another is rising in the dim horizon; and for the same reason there is never much sea. At Paros the only stone seems to be a beautiful white marble—as the streets are all paved (though very badly) with it. The rocks by the sea-side are intersected with seams of the same, which gives them a pretty variegated appearance. In some of the highest situations they are beautifully smoothed and worn into the most fantastic shapes, which shews that they must once have been under water. The principal curiosity in this island is a Venetian battery constructed from the ruins of an ancient temple, whose magnificent pillars and cornices, peeping from amongst the rough stones of a solid wall, filled up without mortar, form a very grotesque appearance. Here for the first time I saw wine-presses, probably similar to those we read of in scripture. A space is enclosed (about 8 feet square) with a low wall—the floor is

paved with flags sloping to one side, where is an opening to let the juice of the trodden grapes escape to be received in a vessel outside. The houses differ from those of the Ionian islands in being flat roofed, which is also the case in Asia, at least in those parts which I visited. In December there were beautiful little lambkins, jet black, milk white, and spotted of a variety of colours;—the flowers here are blue and pink Anemonies, Stocks, the Polyanthus, the Narcissus, Larkspurs, &c.

Several of our officers made an excursion to the grotto of Antiparos and amongst the rest our Surgeon, so that I was obliged to remain on board and content myself with a piece of the spar as a curiosity. From Paros we sailed for Smyrna, passed Naxos, Delos, and Scio, which last, from its beauty forms an exception to the appearance of the *Ægean* Isles, and of Greece in general,—apparently very much impoverished by the ravages of war, both with respect to the bareness of the country which is naturally beautiful and fertile, and also the wretched appearance of the hovels, and the pallid looks of the inhabitants and the children in particular.—I visited Smyrna with much satisfaction, as being a very ancient city, and having contained one of the seven churches of Asia. The country is finely diversified with well wooded hills. Here you see people of all nations in their various costumes. The Arminians particularly attracted my attention from their feminine delicacy and the fairness of their complexion. The Turkish burying grounds appear like groves of cypress trees, of which there is one planted at the head of each grave,—a small stone is also set up—and, if a male repose beneath, a turban is carved on the top, which is painted yellow if the individual has in the course of his life made a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Franks have a separate burying place without cypress trees. There is nothing particular about the mosques or bazaars. The camels attracted my attention from their novelty, and also from necessity, for the streets are so narrow, that if you were not careful to draw yourself up by the house sides, you would frequently be knocked down as they pass along with their burdens, all kinds of moveables being transported on the backs of porters, camels, or asses. They are as destitute of carriages of any description as in the primitive days of the patriarchs. The figs here are very large and excellent. We lay a few days at Vourla where the surgeon got a chameleon, but it lived only a few weeks. From thence we went to Napoli di Romania (Nauplia) which is the present seat of the Greek government. The castle stands on a steep high rock inaccessible except on one side.

I was one of a party made by the Captain to ride across the plain of Argos to Mycenæ, once Agamemnon's royal residence—it now contains only a few paltry hovels, some of which are built with bricks made of clay and chopped straw, but not burnt. A large dome under ground built of pudding stone and about 30 feet high is denominated Agamemnon's tomb. It was quite covered over until a few years ago when an entrance was cut down to it—here we found some beautiful crimson anemonies. On our way back we visited Argos, which is a pretty large town. On the side of the Castle hill is an ancient theatre consisting merely of a number of stone seats rising one above another, in a semicircular form, which would accommodate an immense concourse of people. The stage is the ground at the foot of the seats.

We saw a number of schoolboys marching two abreast carrying little flags, and singing a song of their triumphs over the Turks. They were divided into companies, and one of the eldest boys walked at the head of each. We crossed three rivers smaller than the Blackadder,—one of them must be the Machus;—passed the ruins of Tiryntus the favourite residence of Hercules, and got to Napoli just before the gates were shut. There is not a single tree on Argos plain, nor all the country round, though but a few years ago it was covered with olive groves. From Napoli came to Malta.

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### LETTER III.

*Off Algiers, August 6th, 1830.*

WHEN I last wrote you, we were lying in quarantine at Malta, and were shortly afterwards sent to Algiers with a frigate to bring the Admiral word whether the Commodore of the French blockading squadron persisted in refusing leave to the frigate to wait on our Consul there. Leave was granted, and we again sailed with a fair wind for Sardinia. On the 12th of May, about the dusk of evening, we arrived off Pulmas Bay, where the Admiral awaited our return, but hove to for day-light to run in. During the night, however, the wind became foul, and increased into a gale, accompanied with occasional violent squalls, and thus continued for three days, driving us quite away from our port. On the fourth morning it blew with redoubled fury, and towards noon of the same day a singular phenomenon occurred. The whole visible heaven became suddenly obscured by a uniformly dismal yellowish glare oppressive to look at, and shedding a livid yellow gleam on every object to which the eye could turn. No bright spot pointed out the sun's place in the heavens, nor was there a single cloud to relieve the unvaried gloom which sat heavily and oppressively around us. Light was so dim that candles were required at dinner. The appearance forcibly struck me as similar to that described in books before a volcanic eruption, and the only familiar object to which I can compare it is the light proceeding from a dull red fire, behind some diaphanous substance, as a white paper screen. Shortly after noon the sky cleared up, and we then found that a considerable quantity of reddish impalpable dust had fallen on the yards and sails. The same phenomenon occurred at Malta, and, as we afterwards understood, the terrified inhabitants ran about praying to their tutelary saints, and all the bells were set a ringing. From public prints I see an eruption of *Ætna* happened on the 16th May destroying five villages. This is probably a mistake, as that which I have related to you occurred on the 15th, and the fall of ashes must have been preceded by the eruption. We got into the bay on the following evening, but were again despatched before day-light, to observe the progress of the French expedition at Algiers where it was daily expected. On our arrival we communicated without anchoring, and brought out the sad news to the French Commodore, that half the crews of two brigs of his squadron who had gone ashore had been butchered by the Arabs, and the rest carried prisoners to Algiers. We returned to Malta with the news, where we arrived on the 26th May, and found strawberries,

cherries, green pease and potatoes already in abundance. Having victualled we again put to sea, and anchored for the first time in the bay of Algiers, two miles distant from the town. The bay is of a semi-circular form, and ten miles broad at the widest part. The view from it is limited, but truly delightful, the ground rising almost from the water's edge with a gentle elevation until it forms a ridge of highly cultivated pleasant little hills which follow the sweep of the bay. These are intersected by numerous glens or dells covered with a thick copse of bush and shrub, and the beauty of the whole is crowned by the numberless snow-white villas peeping forth from green groves in which may be seen the tall Palm or the graceful Cypress proudly peering above the humbler trees. Most of these mansions have annexed to them cool shady walks under arcades of the luxuriant vine, trained from the ground up a long arched trellis supported by marble pillars. Considerably inland is seen a branch of the Atlas Mountain, rearing their rugged summits far above the clouds, while midway up they are enveloped in a light blue mist. As you may suppose, all were eager to visit the Town so long notorious for its piracies, and which probably soon might be spoken of as having once existed. It is of a triangular form, situate on the side of a hill, the cupola of the Dey's Palace forming the highest part of the town. The houses are low, generally of two stories, all white washed, with flat roofs, and small grated windows. The streets are so narrow that the balconies which project from the upper story actually meet in many places, and so exclude the burning rays of the sun, for which they are in many instances intended. The population consists of Arabs—the most numerous race—Turks and Jews. The men are swarthy. \* \* \*

The women seem rather diminutive. Their face is covered by two white screens which meet in front in such a manner that nothing but two dark shining orbs down the slant of a—nobody knows what—can be seen. If the eyebrows which are painted black are allowed to appear, you may at once pronounce the lady of a questionable age. They all wear shoes but no stockings—a white manteau covers the head and shoulders, and sometimes under this is placed a white cone about sixteen inches high and three broad at the base. One day I was somewhat amused with what was called an Algerine carriage. This was neither more nor less than an *ass* bearing a richly caparisoned deep square-sided basket and hung with curtains. The peak of the cone described, projecting from the rest, unravelled the mystery and told me a *lady* was the cargo. As the French armament was now seen from the heights above the town, we returned to our vessel, leaving the inhabitants, all of them in excellent spirits. Their harvest had been long over, and, like the Chinese, they seemed quite lost in contemplating their own strength and prowess, declaring they would not prevent the French from landing, else they would not get a *slap* at them. Next morning we weighed to go out of the bay, as the Algerine gun-boats were hauling out, the hostile fleet bearing down apparently towards the town. —\* men of war in a long line, followed by 300 or 400 transports, formed a most magnificent sight. They passed us and bore off to a bay 15 miles west from the town

\* The numbers here are illegible in the MS. and we have no means of correctly ascertaining them.

where they disembarked without opposition. We went there also to cruise, that we might have an opportunity of viewing their skirmishes, but as these always took place early in the morning before we could get near the shore—prudence requiring us always to run out to sea at night—we saw but little of their manœuvring. When they had advanced pretty close to the town we returned to the bay there, and standing in pretty close, with very little wind, were somewhat surprised one afternoon to see a shot, *fired* at us from the Algerine batteries, fall within a few yards of our vessel; and though we immediately wore round and stood out, a dozen more followed in quick succession. Two nights after, about sunset, being out of shot range, we observed a number of gun-boats stealing out from the mole along shore in a rather suspicious manner, so that we deemed it prudent to keep outside the bay during night ever after. We had various conjectures respecting their hostile appearances. Perhaps it might be done without the Dey's orders, as he had been very friendly before, having sent us a present of bullocks, &c.

On the 3d July the French fleet hauled close in shore, and saluted the batteries with a broadside, each vessel firing as it passed in succession. We were close behind, and had an excellent view of this spirit-stirring scene, for it was indeed a gallant sight to behold, as unconcerned spectators, the lightning flash, and hear the thunder peal from the cannons' iron throat, and to see the clouds of smoke, sometimes concealing, and sometimes revealing to partial view, the stately vessel towering forth in majestic pride from her wreathy envelopment. Very little damage was done on either side, owing to the distance; indeed this bit of manœuvre was only intended as an exercise for the ships, and in the mean time preparations for an attack were being actively carried on by land. Next morning the troops opened their batteries on Fort Emperor, which is situated on an eminence above the town. After a few hours' smart firing it was silenced, and blown up by the Turks themselves, who retired with the intention of involving the besiegers, whom they imagined would immediately enter after their evacuation. Fortunately for the French, however, the train was prematurely ignited, and the intended destruction of their troops thereby avoided.

As this fort commanded the town, the Dey surrendered on the following morning, and according to his own wishes was sent to Naples in a French vessel, having first requested to go to Malta, which was refused him. He also wished our vessel to accompany and see him safely landed at Naples, but as duty required us elsewhere, and probably there existed a feeling on the part of the Captain that the French would not like our convoy, this was refused him also. Most of the Turks have gone to Smyrna and Constantinople. Those who remain seem quite crest-fallen and dejected; the dark rolling eye, the lowering brow, and the universal sullen gloom depicted on their countenances, indicate a spirit writhing and storming with a mixture of regret for glory past, and indignation at the galling idea of being enthralled by the Christian Dogs—their hated conquerors. Two days after the surrender of the town I ventured into the country beyond the heights which had hitherto bounded my view. But I doubt that I shall scarcely be able to give you any idea of what there so much delighted

me. The views are not very extensive, but the nearer, the sweeter they are, and a new scene arises, every fifty yards, before you. Figure to yourself a vast amphitheatre surrounded by two pretty large hills, whose sloping sides are adorned with groves and cultivated fields, and which, converging at each extremity of the thus sequestered vale, leave merely a narrow defile for the passage of a brook. Conceive numerous little hills and verdant knolls rising on the bosom of this vale clothed in the richest profusion of varied greenery and murmuring rills, protected by a thick shrubbery from the scorching sun;—and by an effort of the imagination you may thus possibly conceive something resembling the scenery which I would describe to you. As you wander up the course of these little streams you feel the air around you refreshingly cool, while the rose with a luxuriance unknown in less genial climes, the honeysuckle and a sort of fragrant jessamine entwining themselves among the branches of an elm or a mulberry tree, form numerous arbours, which wooingly invite the enraptured traveller to repose under their shade. Surely, thought I, contemplating this scene, if, as has been said, the calm beauties of nature arising from a mild climate, a clear serene heaven, a luxuriant soil, exhibiting the emblems of virtue and peace, tranquillize the mind, and excite a taste for the arts and sciences, ennoble and elevate the soul from grovelling pursuits to the cultivation of the sublimer virtues and kindlier feelings of the heart, what might be the state of this happy people!—But, alas! the spirit of man here is bound in “despot chains”—the grossest ignorance and fanaticism prevail, lethargic indifference, or apathy, to instruction (mental of course) has spread by its unhallowed rays a blighting deadly influence over the powers of the human mind, so that little if any thing better than the brutes, it remains unmoved by almost any stimuli, but those of malice and revenge.—But I must now stop as I have other letters to write, and be ready before the bag is made up.

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#### LETTER IV.

*Marseilles, 25th September, 1831.*

EARLY on the 2d of September I was awakened by one of the boys bringing me your letter of the 2d June, which had at length returned to Malta from its peregrination in the Archipelago. We had just arrived from cruising off the volcanic island (named Graham Island) which has lately arisen off the coast of Sicily, and where we had been stationed for the purpose of warning vessels, which might be passing that way at night, of its existence—the rumbling noise and terrible eruptions which served as a beacon to navigators having entirely subsided shortly after its appearance. When we first saw the island, about the latter end of July, it presented a most interesting spectacle, two little block hills parallel to each other, connected at their extremities by low narrow necks of land, forming the whole about a mile in circumference. When we first visited, however, there was a breach

in the S. W. neck, which allowed free communication between the sea and the crater, occupying the centre of the island. From its columns of steam blended with ashes, cinders and stones were perpetually being ejected at about a minute of interval, to the height of 200 feet. It continued thus for an hour or so, when the eruptions began to be more violent, to rise higher and quicker in succession. But I must try to give you some idea of the appearance. Perhaps you may have seen a cypress tree, which grows in form of a cone, of almost mathematical exactness. Figure to yourself a grove of cypress trees. When seen from a little distance they will seem blended in one dark mass below, while their neatly tapering tops, admitting the light between them, will appear distinct and well defined. Fancy, then, a grove of steam and vapoury trees mantled to their summits with a jet black robe of ashes specked with red hot stones, which in the day-time were of somewhat a whitish appearance, like stars in the twilight. Fancy it shooting up into the heavens with so swift, smooth, so graceful and straight a motion, till having exhausted its strength, the tapering summits bend earthward with an elegant horizontal curve. The cypress form is now lost, and the black veil drops swiftly and gracefully to earth, disclosing to view a pillar of conglomerated fleecy wreaths of vapour of the purest snowy whiteness. This, in the space of half a minute, is fanned away by the breeze, to be replaced by a similar display. This sight had in it something extremely beautiful, and indeed every one of us seemed delighted. But when the more violent eruptions commenced, the handsome symmetry of form and regularity of succession was done away, and a growling rumbling noise now muttered its thunder. The eruptions increased in height, and also in the rapidity of succession, and were surrounded by the dark ebony pall which rarely had fallen to the ground, when another arose in its place, so that the delicate snow-white wreaths did not present that lovely appearance which they did in the former, but the sight was inconceivably more grand and imposing, and the feeling of beauty and symmetry was exchanged for that of majesty and sublimity. Lightnings were seen darting between the top of the column and the crater. Thunder followed, nothing different from that on ordinary occasions, except in not being so loud, or the peals so lengthened—it was now at the very acme of its fury,—all stood silent, lost in wonder at the awful and stupendous magnificence of the scene. The dense vapour, which the wind could not drive away fast enough, settled down and enveloped the whole island, while a tall column was again seen shooting from the centre upwards of 2000 feet high, and the lighter vapour rising far above this to the very heavens. It reminded me of what Sinai might have appeared to the Israelites when the law was uttered to them from amid clouds and thunder, or when the pillar of cloud guided them by day, and the pillar of fire by night. The ashes and stones shot up from the volcano appeared red hot by night. The violent eruptions might occur every hour and a half, and last a third of that time, when the less violent ones followed. During one of these moderate intervals, the Captain, along with some others, attempted to land, and had actually got within half a dozen yards of the beach, when all on a sudden they were covered by clouds of ashes and smoke, accompanied by a volley of cinders discharged from the crater. They suffered nothing how-



ever, but a thorough blackening, and a risk of upsetting the boat from the alarm of the crew. We had all an opportunity of going ashore afterwards. The ground is quite firm to walk upon, the ashes and cinders being consolidated. The crater is a large funnel-shaped basin, its longest diameter is 90 feet, and about a third full of boiling salt water of a brownish yellow colour, from which a wreath of steam is perpetually rising. There is also an unpleasant, but not suffocating vapour. I went down the side of the basin to the crater easily enough, but must confess that some considerable difficulty occurred in getting up again. For though the ascent was not steep, yet there was nothing to lay hold of, and having thrown my shoes up before me, thinking that by so doing I should be better enabled to scramble upon my hands and feet, which it was necessary to do, and to dig them into the ashes which continually slid from below me. I did not know that the ashes were so hot as I found them to be, before throwing up my shoes, but really I paid for my folly. My hands and feet were so much burned, that on some places the skin came off, in others it rose in blisters; bating this, no other misfortune occurred, and after a few unsuccessful attempts I got to the top.

We visited Smyrna in April, when the fields and woods looked beautifully green; the gardens were exceedingly beautiful, and as you walked through them, the orange tree (which was in flower) in particular sent forth a sweet perfume, and when the land breeze set in at even, its fragrant odours were wafted to us on board. I had only one long walk into the country, which was to the top of a neighbouring mountain. From its summit I had a commanding view of the rich plain, at the extremity of which Smyrna is situate, with all its gardens, woods, vineyards, and smiling snow-white villages scattered over its surface. It is completely shut in on three sides by mountains, like the arena of an amphitheatre, and by the sea on the fourth. As I was walking up the mountain side a wolf started up from among some brushwood, but he trotted quietly away. I saw a number of eagles hovering on the top—these were the first I had seen in a wild state. On my return from this excursion I entered a small village, walked into a coffee-house, and asked for wine, but could not make the good Mussulman landlord comprehend my request, and fortunately perhaps, for wine is strictly forbidden by the Koran, and it might have been construed into an insult. I got some coffee however, but without milk or sugar, for they use neither; to make amends for this I was entertained with the cheerful song of a swallow perched on a peg in the wall, over against a nest there, in which his mate was brooding. It was a pleasing sight to see him flying out and in, without the slightest fear of offence from the two-legged beings who were smoking within and without the door, or, stretched at length, were listlessly dosing away the time. The Turks, I believe, view this bird with a sort of superstitious feeling. They look with the same favourable eye on the crane which nestles on the minarets of their mosques, and is remarkably tame. The principal road from the town is said to be an old Roman causeway, which is likely enough, as a pavement of large stones must last a long time where there are no carriages to break it up. There are now several wide breaches in it, without any attempt to repair them. It is rather an interesting sight to see a long line of

camels marching along with slow and solemn steps, and all their bells tinkling; these are suspended from their neck to encourage them. The plague made its appearance, and a few died. All the ships of war—American, Austrian, French, and British—immediately stopped communication with the town, and even with one another. It was odd enough to see the boats of the different vessels pull along-side each other to learn the news, and lying off on their oars, as if infection were sure to seize them, if they but touched the vessel. We, however, were shortly after sent to Napoli di Romania, and from thence to Athens; we anchored in the Piræus, and next day rode to the city, distant about five miles from the harbour. Our way lay over an extensive plain, mostly covered with a thin olive wood; strong corn grew every where among the trees. The town is but a wretched looking place, and ill corresponds with its splendid name. It is still surrounded by a wall, but of little strength, and the buildings do not nearly occupy the whole of the enclosed space. A broad belt round the walls (inside) is in cultivation, except on the E. and N. E. where the Acropolis Rock rises abruptly from a plain close to the city, somewhat like Edinburgh Castle, but not quite so high nor so steep, though the road that leads up to it is more so. On its summit, within the fortifications, is the famous Parthenon, and two or three other small temples, one of which was pointed out to me as being the temple of Aristides. Of the Parthenon many large columns of whitest marble still remain, but surrounded by great heaps of stones and rubbish. The building, I suppose, was tolerably entire before the late struggle for independence. It had been converted into a magazine, and suffered accordingly. Hard by one of the gates, and just within the wall, stands the temple of Theseus, having its form still entire; which, with the roof which is flat, is a portico supported by marble pillars. On the wall of the main body there is sculptured a scene which appears to be the battle of the Centaurs with the Læpithæ; the windows and door are loosely built up. In the heart of the city is the temple of Æolus, a neat octagonal building having on each side, in bass-relief, a characteristic figure of the wind it faces. Not far from this stands the lantern of Demosthenes, a little round tower about twelve feet high. Outside the walls is, or rather was, the temple of Jupiter—not a bit of wall or vestige of ruin remains save 16 tall fluted columns which rise majestically to the height of 60 feet; 12 of these stand in a line and the other four apart by themselves. The height of these columns, the elegance of the workmanship and beauty of the marble excited higher feelings of admiration within me than those I had any where experienced. The other temples I had viewed rather with an interest arising from their name, their antiquity and their being the works of a people famous for their literature and their skill in the arts and sciences, while the world as yet slumbered in the darkness of barbarism. The Parthenon, even with its multitude of pillars, did not strike me much, but this arose perhaps from the hasty view which I took of it. Being pressed for time I could trace no order or proportion amid the heaps of rubbish which lay in great abundance around them. The houses of the city are wretched buildings, and many of them in ruins, especially near the Acropolis where entire streets have sunk in decay, and you can often cross over into an adjoining street, by riding over fallen walls with only

a small risk. There are several Greek churches, but none of them any way remarkable for their architecture. The walls inside are covered with figures of saints and apostles rudely painted, many of them defaced about the head which may probably have been done by the Turks. This church, I believe, makes use of pictures in worship as the Roman Catholics do images—we were only one day in Athens, we returned to the harbour at night, and weighed for Corinth next morning. This was the pleasantest voyage I ever enjoyed; there was just sufficient wind to keep the sails full, and the water was smooth and shining. Our course lay through a narrow winding channel between Salamis and the main; new and varied scenery—a great desideratum in ordinary sailing—were continually rising up to view. On the continental shore we saw Eleusis, now but a name and a group of miserable huts;—somewhat farther is Megara a city of roofless walls, fit dwelling for owls and bats.—I may mention I was particularly struck with the number of birds of prey almost every where in Greece. Even in Minerva's favourite city, hawks and owls may be seen pouncing on their prey on the houses, and indeed in every direction. The thinness of the population, the great number of decayed temples and tenantless dwellings render it in every respect a fit habitation for such dreary occupants, and of course their increase has been prodigious. We got to the head of the gulf on the same day we set sail, and on the following journeyed to Corinth. The town is situated on the Peloponnesian side of the Isthmus, almost on the shore of the gulf of Lepanto, but five or seven miles from the gulf bearing its own name. The narrowest part of the Isthmus does not appear to be less than three miles broad. The Acrocœrinthus is situated on the summit of a high conical mountain isolated from the neighbouring hills from its natural strength. The fortifications are quite neglected, and the few pieces of cannon seem as if they would be more formidable to the defenders than the assailants. The once splendid and stately Corinth is now in ruins, and almost hateful to look at. Her sumptuous halls, and her temples, and her palaces, adorned by the richness and gaiety of her luxuriant and lively capital, have now mouldered into dust, and a few paltry habitable houses have succeeded in their place. The town may contain a population equal to half that in your village (about two hundred individuals). I found this conjecture on the fact of having myself seen the whole swarm assemble with great alacrity to behold a woman broomsticking a man. I happened to be riding out of town when this piece of *manœuvre* took place, and of course stopped to see the *fun*. Some laid hold of the man, and the mass of bodies interposing kept off the virago. No one laid hold of her, whether from a sense of gallantry to the fair sex, or from fear, I presume not to determine, but certes she brandished her staff most threateningly. Erynnis herself could not have disdained her as a representative—only where snakes should have raised their heads, dirty loose hair floated on the wind. I left before the conclusion of the scene, but not without recompense for the time I had thus spent, and returned to our vessel. You want a description of the mode of life in ship. I could as readily think of packing up the Brig, inmates and all her paraphernalia into my chest, as attempt describing that. It won't do; that must be by a pleasant fire side, when evils may be remembered

and laughed at, and not felt. But as a text for dreaming upon, take the following—some French ladies (we are just now at Marseilles recollect) have been visiting us with straw vessels pitched upon their heads, and for which our berth, that contains eight persons, would be but a sufficiently roomy hat box, after half an hour's work of a carpenter to enlarge the door way for their admittance.

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 LINES

*Supposed to be spoken by Peden, on his first visit to Cameron's grave.*

O WHAT is pleasure now to me?  
 A bubble on a stormy sea,  
 Since Richard Cameron's far frae me.  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

I lov'd thee, Ritchie, aye the best,—  
 But now the flower waves on thy breast,—  
 Thou wast o' men the loveliest!  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

Whene'er I think upon my loss,  
 A'neath the cludy lift seems dross,  
 And fain I would auld Jordan cross,  
     Just to be wi' Ritchie.

This warld a fairy spot may seem,  
 Yon' vullies stretch'd its hills between;  
 But what's it a'? a lying dream—  
     Match'd wi' the joys o' Ritchie.

I've made wi' thee the moss my bed,  
 The spreading tree was a' our shed,  
 But now, O Ritchie, thou art dead,—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

Unshaded from the mountain air,  
 Long nights I've spent wi' thee in pray'r,  
 And aye 'twas hame if thou wert there,—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

But now where brushwood's overgrown,  
 I wander wild, and all alone;  
 My seat's the cold, cold mountain stone,—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

No more in Ritchie's talk I find  
 A soothing med'cine for the mind;  
 He's gone! he's gone, who once was kind!  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

When on the mountain sides I ly,  
 My temples bared to the sky,  
 I think on thee and often sigh—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

For now, when night descends with showers,  
 And brings her still protracted hours,  
 My friends are but the forest flowers.  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

There hangs a storm on Scotland's brow,  
 That these proud hills ken nought o' now;  
 'Twill gar the rankest verdure bow,  
     That drank the bluid o' Ritchie.

Auld Sandy too, among the rest,  
 Shall feel its pressure on his breast,  
 When Richard Cameron's at his rest.  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

In dens on some sequester'd dell,  
 Where blooms unseen the heather-bell,  
 Auld Sandy then maun cour himsel,  
     Nor look nor word frae Ritchie.

O could I think thy spirit free  
 Wad bend frae heaven and pity me,  
 It wad ae blink o' comfort gie  
     To one wha lov'd thee, Ritchie.

But hush, my soul! for I may see  
 The trace o' aye on brake and lea,  
 Wha should mak mair than mends ti' me,  
     For loss o' a' an' Ritchie.

Yet here man on his promise leans,  
 Like drooping willow over streams,—  
 The best o' us are shaking things,  
     'Till we be a' like Ritchie.

Yes! yonder where he walks on high,  
 The tear is wip'd from every eye,  
 And Sandy there no more shall cry—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

For with the Lamb that once was slain  
 Shall walk in white the martyr'd train,  
 And never, never more complain—  
     O to be wi' Ritchie!

## A SCENE IN HUTTON.

BY DAVID WHITE.

It is in "sweet, merry, frisking childhood," that those remarkable impressions are received, which influence the pleasures and pursuits of more advanced years. The little innocent friendships, which we then form, and the sentiments, vulgar or sublime, which we imbibe from those around us, remain indelibly stamped upon our hearts through the various scenes and vicissitudes of life. Now, it was during these tender years, that my guardian's strange and interesting descriptions of his native country, Scotland, made so marvellous an impression on my mind, that I resolved, at a more mature age, to make a pilgrimage to that land which was so brightly hallowed by the enchanting strains of poesy and the immortal deeds of the "brave and the daring." Accordingly, when I had finished an academical education, I took farewell of my parental hearth, and my lovely *fair one*, Maria, and hastened with a buoyant spirit to the residence of my maternal uncle in the highlands of Scotland. In visiting the scenery of the wild and romantic mountains of Caledonia, and those famed and haunted spots where the sons of freedom had fought and bled and conquered, it is impossible to describe the admiration, the joy, and enthusiasm of my youthful heart. Every day and month and year, I became more and more attached to the "land of the mountain and the flood,"—and, indeed, so much so, that I began to cast in my mind how I could conquer the reluctance of my relations to a resolution of becoming a naturalized son of Scotia. This fond desire was soon and unexpectedly gratified. My uncle, under whose roof I had passed six happy years, was suddenly deprived of existence by apoplexy, and left me the sole heir of his beautiful estate. Shortly after this melancholy occurrence, and after I had shed a thousand tears of—"joy" for the loss of so kind a relation, I resolved to visit once more the sweet sunny hearth of my childhood—for be it remembered, that, in all my wanderings, HOME with its irresistible attractions was never forgotten. Often, and with transport, I had written an account of my adventures to my parents and my beloved Maria, and every token or expression of regard from the latter, never failed of calling up a thousand pleasant and endearing associations. Distance and time had not impaired the strength of my affection—I felt in the midst of every enjoyment one dear solitary chord of my heart remain untuned—her presence only was wanting to complete the fairy charm of my happiness. I determined, therefore, to revisit my native village, and seal the consummation of my felicity, by being united to the angel of my heart. Accordingly, after having given instructions to my steward to have every thing in readiness for the reception of his future mistress, and after assuring my many friends and acquaintances, that, on some early day, I should surprise them, by introducing into their company the "bonniest bride that ever moved on Scottish ground," I hastened to Berwickshire to bid a short adieu to a beloved old crony previous to my departure for England. While passing through the village of Hutton, which was not far from his mansion, I was informed

that he had lately departed for the Lammermoors to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting—for it was the month of September—and was not expected to return before the termination of the sporting season. This grieved me much, for as evening had approached, and the thick brooding clouds and gloomy atmosphere portended a storm, I knew the inconvenience of proceeding on my journey. However, making enquiry if accommodations could be found in the village, I was conducted to a dirty, little bovel of an inn, tenanted by a bustling, busy and loquacious old personage,—ycleped GUSTY MITCHELL, who after a great many interrogations, scruples, and excuses, granted me, at length, permission to nestle, for one night at least, under his humble shieling. Houses of entertainment in country places, some sixty or seventy years ago, presented no attractions to allure the wearied traveller. They commonly consisted of a but-an-ben, and, perhaps, a garret room or so, and these always so indifferently furnished, that they seldom contained so much as a bed or a chair, sufficient to afford that ease and security, which the aching head or the gouty extremities demand. Hutton inn was rather an exception. I was ushered into an apartment which mine hostess denominated the kitchen, where I remained till I had partaken of the *gude cheer* of the house; and upon expressing a wish to retire to my chamber, the officious, kind landlord started to his feet, snatched hold of a newly trimmed lamp, and, in a very polite manner, desired me to follow him. Making my way with some difficulty up an almost perpendicular stair, and along a dark, narrow passage, I approached the entrance of a gloomy but spacious apartment, which was partially lighted by a window whose shattered panes were clumsily patched up with fragments of cloth and paper, and which commanded a fine view of the village and the adjacent country. Mine host, observing my surprise and momentary disinclination to proceed further, hurried to the window, and thrusting out these impediments to the entrance of light, gave me a satisfactory view of the whole of the interior of the garret room. It contained a clean and comfortable bed, a table, and two or three time-worn and old-fashioned chairs. Yet, if the cobwebbed apartment was disagreeable in aught, it was more than counterpoised by the unwearied attention and good-natured simplicity of the landlord, who, as soon as I was seated, entertained me, above an hour, with an interesting relation of every event which had occurred during *his day* in the village and its neighbourhood. Shortly afterwards, he retired, and left me alone to my solitary musings. During our conversation, the storm had poured forth its fury, and the rain fallen in torrents: but as the evening advanced, the sky became pure and serene, and the prospect which I had of the landscape before me, was beautiful and cheering.

I was sitting at my room window listening to the soothing song of the blackbird, when I heard the trampling of horses at a distance, and beheld, in a few minutes, a carriage drive up to the door of the inn. The postilion, a well-dressed and respectable looking person, had no sooner dismounted, and halloed most lustily for the attendance of the landlord, than he hurried to the door of the carriage, and assisted a gentleman of the appearance of a military man of rank to alight. His figure, which was above the middle size, was rather ele-

gant and prepossessing, and his countenance, corresponding with his general appearance, was interesting and expressive. He was dressed in the uniform of a Colonel, wore upon his breast a splendid medal of gold, and a sword of very superior beauty hung dangling at his side. He might be between the term of thirty and forty years.

As soon as the landlord, half dressed and in his night cap, appeared, the gentleman, in a polite manner, expressed his regret at having been necessitated to intrude upon him so untimely; and informed him, that his lady, who had been afflicted for some time past with a lingering distemper, had become suddenly and unexpectedly worse; that they, therefore, had been compelled to discontinue their journey, and hasten to the village with expectations of finding accommodations in the inn till such time as her convalescence should enable them to depart. The landlord, well aware that his little humble dwelling contained no apartments fit for the accommodation of people of distinction—especially a lady in distress—and that the only one, which might assume the designation of a comfortable chamber, had been previously engaged, pointed out to the gentleman the impossibility of gratifying his expectations or desire, and advised him to proceed onwards to a small village in the neighbourhood, where he should find those conveniences which the distressed unquestionably required, and of which his obscure and lowly abiding was so obviously destitute. "Believe me, friend," said the gentleman in an entreating tone, "that we shall be happy, in our present circumstances, to accept of such accommodations as you have for the night." The landlord remained silent. "I can assure you," rejoined the gentleman, "that I am most solicitous to obtain some shelter—however mean—immediately, for were we—especially at so late an hour, to proceed further, we should assuredly endanger the life of my distressed lady. Mine host, however, unmoved by the supplicating manner of the gentleman, and his affecting relation of her ladyship's distress, persisted in his former declaration, and surveying his petitioner with a wild and scrutinizing gaze, exclaimed "it is impossible, sir, it is impossible," and turning round briskly on his heel, began to move off. Expressions of distress were now heard to issue out of the carriage—the gentleman hurried thither, and continued, for some time, speaking in a subdued tone to his unhappy sufferer. When he had returned, I could perceive that a material change had taken place in the tone of his feelings, for instead of the serenity which formerly played upon his countenance, the expressions of offended pride and determination were marked in every feature. "Unsympathizing clown!" said he emphatically, and his hand fell instinctively upon his sword, "think not that such inhumanity shall always go unpunished. In distress, I have appealed to your feelings, as to those of a christian and a man, and have found thee void of every better sensation, and I shall—mark me—I shall use thee as such."

Being exceedingly interested in the issue of the gentleman's solicitations, and deeply affected by the frequent bursts of lamentation which proceeded from the unhappy lady, I beckoned the landlord to my presence, and informed him of my desire to resign the apartment, which I had engaged for the night, to the service of the unfortunate strangers. The poor trembler, who was now mightily awed by the deter-



mined manner of the gentleman, felt truly overjoyed at this, and immediately hastening back, assured him with a thousand apologies, that he was at liberty to examine the interior of his dwelling, and take possession of whatever apartment he should consider the most convenient and comfortable. Accordingly the gentleman took a hasty survey of the room, from which I had previously disappeared, and expressed himself satisfied.—Her ladyship was now assisted out of the carriage, and, as she entered the inn leaning upon the arm of her husband, I had a momentary glimpse of her person and her countenance. The former was without exception the most lovely I had ever seen, and the latter the very picture of melancholy and despair. Every feature, so deeply imprinted with the shades of grief, expressed a heart pining away with some secret and blighting sorrow. A few lingering rays of beauty could be traced upon her pale face and well-formed forehead, over which hung in graceful, though apparently much neglected ringlets, her bright auburn hair. Her eyes, which were a rich brownish hazel, sparkled through the half-formed tear with a beauty more than earthly—sweet and bright and eloquent. Her figure was tall and elegant, and she had apparently reached her twentieth year. She was attended by an elderly woman who, as I afterwards learned, had been the nurse of her husband.

After they had taken possession of the room, the gentleman drew the landlord apart, and inquired of him in a low and hesitating tone, if any individuals besides himself and his family were to sleep in the inn during the night. Mine host, who had formed no very favourable estimation of his guest's good-nature, and naturally reflecting that such an enquiry proceeded from the apprehension of being disturbed during their slumbers, answered in the negative.

After the lapse of an hour, when it was considered that the unfortunate travellers had forgotten their sorrows in repose, I was shewn into a small chamber, separated from the one in which they slept by a thin partition only, so that I heard distinctly the wail of distress emanating from the lovely stranger, and indicating the deep and disconsolate anguish of her depressed spirit. I became most indescribably affected. I found myself more than ordinarily interested in the fate of the lady, and the passing glimpse, which I had of her melancholy and lovely appearance, flung around my heart a strangeness of sensation inferior only to the throbbings of despair. Methought that I could learn from some expressions, which I overheard, that there existed a certain harshness of manner in the husband towards his wife, and a want of conjugal affection, confidence and endearment on the part of both. I trembled with apprehension. I retired to bed, but the image of the unhappy woman—her extreme youth—her loveliness—the cause of her grief, and many other associations of the evening pressed too intensely upon my mind and imagination, to grant me the indulgence of sweet repose. However, as midnight approached, her sad and piercing plaint began to die gradually away, and as I listened long and anxiously, to catch the less distinct expressions of her voice, I sank unconsciously into a sort of unearthly slumber.

How long I slept I know not, but the duration seemed an eternity—its moments were those of anguish and of horror—I felt my spirit sicken—my brain grew feverish—the circulation of my life's blood be-

gin to languish—the murkiness of death closing around my heart, and I was receiving the last—the sad—the farewell caresses of my friends, when I was suddenly awakened from that horrible state of existence by a strange noise at my room door. I listened breathlessly—it grew louder—I became alarmed. Every thing around seemed to prognosticate some awful event—the wind was roaring most dismally without, and the rain pattering heavily against my room window. The noise still continuing to increase, I sprang up, grasped my naked sword, and crept cautiously forward to ascertain the cause. “For heaven’s sake! open, maister, open!” whispered a well-known voice. In an instant the landlord stood before me, trembling and pale and distracted, and casting his eyes most wildly around, as if afraid of being overheard, he exclaimed, “O maister, maister, this is an awfu’ night!” Before I had recovered so far from my surprise and consternation, as to beseech an explanation of his strange words and appearance, he grasped me firmly by the hand, looked the very image of despair, and turning himself half around pointed to the adjoining apartment, exclaiming “blood, blood, blood!” This horrible expression, uttered in a tone of the wildest emotion, had such an overpowering effect upon my imagination and spirit, (for a terrible suspicion darted across my mind) that I felt my very flesh creeping upon my bones, my eyes become dim, and I was prevented only from sinking on the floor, by supporting myself upon a chair till I found myself recover from my momentary stupor. After a few minutes of death-like silence, the landlord informed me, that his wife and he, about midnight, were startled out of sleep by some inexplicable sounds, and that while they lay musing upon that which they considered an unlucky omen, they heard distinctly the screams of a new-born child. This, however, did not alarm them—they were aware of the situation of the lady, but that, shortly afterwards, they heard some persons steal softly down stair, open the street door and pass by the kitchen window. The landlord, unobserved, followed them at a little distance, and beheld the gentleman and the nurse standing at his stable door, seemingly in a deep conversation: the latter almost instantly returned to the inn, and the former entered the stable—where the postilion had taken up his quarters for the night. The landlord, having concealed himself behind a wall a few yards from the stable door which was partially open, overheard the gentleman endeavouring to induce the postilion by promises of reward and preferment to convey him and the nurse immediately and clandestinely from the village, and to leave the distressed and unsuspecting lady to her own fate and the protection of strangers. The baseness and cruelty of this unfeeling design was manfully and heroically opposed by the postilion, upon which the gentleman, determined to effect his purpose, had recourse to every kind of intimidation, but the fidelity of the servant to his mistress remained irresoluble and unshaken. Both becoming highly incensed, the quarrel soon grew uproarious, and “think not, Sir,” exclaimed the fearless postilion, “that I shall be a partner in your villany—never, never shall I desert the helpless, the innocent, the seduced and ruined daughter of my old and generous master.” These sad and pointed expressions were scarcely uttered when they were succeeded by the astounding shout of “murder”—the landlord started from his place of concealment, and beheld

the noble postilion weltering in his blood——at the feet of his murderer. The thunderstruck landlord fled into the inn, and heard, in a few minutes afterwards, the assassin steal up stairs and re-enter his apartment.

This affecting information—made yet more terrible by my lively presentiment, that the awful tragedy was yet uncompleted—deprived me for a moment of speech, resolution and courage; but instantly recovering from my apprehension and stupor I unsheathed my sword with the nerve of determination, and the word “revenge,” “revenge” escaped from my lips as I moved hastily across the room with the resolution of wreaking my vengeance upon the head of the assassin. The landlord observing my emotion, and rash and inconsiderate intention, threw his arms around me, and intercepted my progress—and laying his finger upon my lip as if to solicit silence, he whispered, “stay, stay for God’s sake!—the murderer has overheard us—we are discovered—do you not hear that, Sir, do you not hear that?” At that instant, I heard the strangers’ room door open, and the sound of footsteps moving almost noiselessly along the passage. I turned my eyes towards that quarter and beheld the gentleman and the nurse approach the steps—the latter having under her arm a basket, which was partially covered by a cloak suspended loosely from her shoulders. I listened intently. “Lose not a moment,” whispered the gentleman, “the morning favours our design, proceed onwards cautiously, for if you are discovered, awful will be the consequence.” The woman, returning no reply, moved quickly down stairs, opened the street door and disappeared. As soon as the gentleman re-entered his chamber, I hastened to inform the landlord of what I had overheard, and of my lively suspicion of their unfeeling and bloody design. I besought him to spread an immediate alarm through the village—to pursue the woman and rescue the little innocent from destruction. “Gude preserve us, gude preserve us, we’ll be a murdered ere lang,” muttered mine host in a tone of terror, as he passed tremblingly by me, and shrank away unwillingly through fear, to execute whatever he should consider the urgency of the case demanded.

Anticipating from what had occurred that the gentleman, by consulting his safety, would withdraw from the inn in the dusk of the morning, and being determined to watch his motions, and intercept, if possible, his every chance of escape, I enlarged with the point of my cutlass a fissure in the slender partition, and thus obtained a distinct view of every thing in the interior of the adjoining apartment. I beheld the lady in bed—apparently fast asleep, and her husband examining, by the light of a lamp, the contents of a portmanteau. After having selected a few articles, and placed them in his bosom, he took out a brace of beautiful pistols, and having loaded and primed them, thrust them into a white broad belt with which he was girt. Then for a minute or so more, he stood, as if wrapt in deep thought, with his eye unwaveringly fixed upon the fire, which was emitting a faint blaze, but suddenly starting from his reverie, and fixing his eye of the dim glimmering taper, he approached the bedside of his lady, and gazed, for some time, upon her pale and emaciated countenance, as if he were anxious to convince himself of the soundness of her slumber. From his appearance, and cautious manner of procedure, I could

hastily perceiving that he was determined to leave the inn without apprizing his afflicted wife of his barbarous intention. Being satisfied that she was, indeed, asleep, he hastily seized hold of his hat and his sword, advanced to the room door and was unlocking it, when the loud and astounding peals of the village church bell sounding an alarm, burst like a death-sound upon his ear. He started back—looked amazed, and for a moment fear seemed to overpower him—the next, he rushed out of the room, flew along the passage—his foot was on the stair, when the shrill and menacing voices of people at the door of the inn arrested his progress, and caused him with a bursting heart to hurry back to his apartment.

The window of my chamber having a commanding view of the village, I beheld a considerable number of half dressed men, women and children issuing out of their houses, and mingling themselves among those who had already assembled. Every one was armed with whatever chance seemed to have thrown in his way—some had clubs or bludgeons, others stones or pitchforks, and one old man shouldered a rusty blunderbuss. As they were but indifferently informed of the particular cause of the alarm, they looked at each other anxiously but vainly for an explanation, and vented their fury by uttering heart-stirring shouts only, till the lifeless body of the postilion, which had been accidentally discovered, was brought forth all mangled and bloody to their horrified view; they then, almost simultaneously and with a thundering murmur of malediction, rushed against the street door—which was firmly secured within, and demanded an immediate admittance to the presence of the murderer. But to return to the scene within. No sooner had the sound of the alarm bell, and the menacing expressions of those who were assembling before the inn, become audible, than the affrighted lady started out of her sleep, and being ignorant of the cause of such appalling sounds, exclaimed, as she sprang from her bed and approached her husband, "O where is my child, my child?" "Your child is safe," answered he sternly, "the nurse hath conveyed it to another apartment." The noise without now became every moment louder and more alarming—the frequent mention of the "postilion," the "child," and the awful execrations against the assassin, fell like a thunderbolt upon the ear of the lady, and soon the wild and despairing expressions of her countenance told but too plainly that to her the whole scene was no longer a mystery. "And is my child indeed alive?" enquired she in a plaintive and entreating tone, and at the same time clasping his hand as he was moving away to the further end of the room. "O take me to my little cherub and I shall die happy." "I tell you, woman," said he pushing her forcibly from him, "that the child is, indeed, safe." The thundering sound of a sledge hammer playing most lustily upon the street door was now heard, and which elicited from the murderer an involuntary burst of terror. His agitation became extreme. Like a bewildered brigand, he hurried to and fro, gazed fearfully at a distance out of the window, and every now and then advanced to the room door, to convince himself of its security. "A most merited punishment awaits me," muttered he to himself, as he stood for an instant to listen to the appalling sounds without, and then looking upon his lady with more than usual tenderness, exclaimed, "yes, I deserve it all! I have ruined the most

lovely and innocent creature on earth." "O speak not so," replied she, forgetting his former asperity, "let us not despair."—"What!" cried he interrupting her, "and can you then feel for, and forgive your unfeeling seducer?" "My seducer!" exclaimed she, looking mournfully and inquisitively in his face. "Yes, your seducer," continued he, "for I have loved thee, and wooed thee with the passions of a villain!" "O heaven!" exclaimed the lady clasping her hands in the wildest despair, "and were my suspicions, then, true?" "They were indeed too true," answered the gentleman with emotion, "and the baseness of my heart must soon, very soon"—here he stopped suddenly, for his confession to the truth of her suspicions had fallen upon her soul like the murmur of perdition. She stood for a second, like one entranced, with her hands clasped and her eyes raised on high, and with one wild and sad and piercing scream, fell insensible on the floor. The gentleman flew to her assistance, and was upraising her in his arms, when to his terror the street door was burst open, and a sudden rush made against that of his apartment. Starting to his feet, he remained, for an instant, as if revolving something of mighty import in his mind, then darting towards the portmanteau, and grasping it in his arms, he hurled it, with a giant's strength, against the room window and dashed it to pieces. Then grasping his sword fiercely in one hand, and firing a pistol to disperse those without with the other, he sprang upon the window-seat, leapt from the eminence to the ground below—rushed past the crowd, and made for the Whiteadder. It was the work of a moment. The boldness and unexpectedness of the action thrilled every heart with awe, and chained every inclination to pursue him, till the loud and piercing cry of "Stop the murderer—stop the murderer!" dispersed every fear, and excited even the most timid to join in a pursuit.

But the lady! No sooner was the door of her apartment pushed open, than the minister of the parish, accompanied by the landlady, hurried to her assistance—and after raising her from the floor on which she was found stretched in a state of insensibility, happily succeeded in rekindling the almost quenched spark of animation, and in breathing the holy calm of resignation and comfort over the wild and distracted spirit of her mind.

Being anxious to witness the issue of the pursuit, I mounted a horse which was standing at the door of the inn, and moving off at full gallop, quickly overtook the panting but resolute pursuers. Fear having given wings to the flight of the fugitive, he continued, in spite of their eagerness, to distance them considerably; and making his way with the greatest facility over fences and across fields, soon approached within sight of the treeless banks of the river. Being confident that the success of the pursuit would depend entirely upon my exertions, I dashed my spurs into the blood-streaming sides of the horse—brushed forward furiously and was upon the very point of apprehending him, when he, perceiving his danger, leapt over a stone fence, which was impassable on horseback, and hastened along a foot path, which struck across a corn field, and terminated at an angle of an adjoining plantation. Immediately perceiving the importance of reaching the angle before him, I hastened, with the speed of lightning, along the thoroughfare which encircled the field, and accomplish-

ed my point by a very short distance only. As I neared the murderer at a rapid pace, I felt the blood of revenge boiling within my veins—my fury increased—and every nerve was strained ready to bounce upon him like a tiger, when the thought—as terrible as death—rushed across my mind, “that I was unarmed.” It was now too late to recede—a fatal pistol was already in his hand—and a distance of twenty paces only separated me from my antagonist. I knew that my destruction was inevitable—heaven and earth could not save me. My heart grew sick. I beheld the instrument of death pointed towards my body. I placed my hand upon my heart. I closed my eyes. I fainted. A loud—a strange—a reverberating sound almost instantaneously succeeded by another more strange and overpowering as if from a thousand voices roused me from my momentary swoon. I opened my eyes, and beheld, to my joy and surprise, the body of the murderer stretched lifeless on the ground. I doubted my vision, and the reality of my miraculous escape. One word from those around me explained the whole. To the old man with the blunderbuss over his shoulder I was indebted for my life.

When I had returned to the village, and hastened into the inn to gain information concerning the fate of the lady, the minister beckoned me aside, and after briefly observing, that the landlord’s pursuit after the nurse had proved unsuccessful, as no vestige of her or the child could be seen, gave me an affecting relation of every incident which had occurred during my absence from the village. “Alas, Sir,” said he, and a tear trembled in his eye as he spoke, “the scene, which I have witnessed this morning has been, indeed, a most painful one. The lady’s sufferings are nearly at an end—a few minutes—and she is no more. Since the moment in which you joined the pursuit, I have never left her bedside, and have learned from her own lips the following heart-freezing information. The lady is the youngest daughter of most respectable parents who reside in England. About a year ago, the colonel of a certain regiment which was passing through the place of her nativity, being thrown from his horse, received a very dangerous wound, and was conveyed into her father’s house by her brother, and several other gentlemen who were present when the accident occurred. Upon his recovery, the colonel, as a compensation for the unremitting and disinterested attention of her family, obtained for her brother a commission in some regiment abroad. Her friends were so overjoyed at this mark of acknowledgment and generosity, that their expressions of gratitude bordered upon the extravagant. They, however, soon became the dupes of his cunning and hypocrisy. Pretending to have fallen desperately in love with the young lady, he offered her his hand, which she most resolutely refused—he persisted—would receive no denial, and addressed himself to the feelings of her deluded parents, promised a thousand fine things, till at last by their threats and remonstrances, she became united to the man whom her heart never loved. A few months passed away agreeably enough, and the colonel and his bride appeared, in the eyes of all, to be the most happy couple in the world. The young lady, from her husband’s unabated attention and love, thought that since fate had willed their union, she would, in the course of time, learn to look upon him with feelings of real affection and attachment, and enjoy that

happiness in his company, which he seemed anxious for her to possess. Her hopes, however, were vain: for one evening while at the house of a friend, she received an anonymous letter, stating that the colonel was the husband of a woman in Scotland and the father of two or three children. Upon being made acquainted with the contents of this letter, the colonel ridiculed it as a base and lowly imposition, and wondered how the lady and her parents could think him possessed of such a wicked and dishonourable heart. This, however, did not give the satisfaction that the unfortunate lady had wished, so, from that day, she became the prey of melancholy and despair. The colonel seeing that the conviction of his guilt was daily festering more deeply in her heart, and that her relations looked upon him with distrust and dissatisfaction, resolved to convey her to Scotland with the pretence of convincing her of his innocence and honour, but really with the intention of deserting her in some strange place, where neither of them was known. Accordingly they left England attended by her father's postilion and the nurse, and after enduring "hardships innumerable," arrived here last night, where the base wretch hath confessed to the truth of the lady's suspicions."—The minister had scarcely concluded this extraordinary information, when the landlady appeared and desired our immediate attendance to witness the last moments of the ill-fated woman.

When we had entered her chamber, it is impossible to conceive my emotion, when I beheld the lovely but heart-broken sufferer struggling in the agonies of death. It was a painful sensation to look on one, so young—so innocent—so fair—yet so soon blighted and so soon writhing under the throbbings of death and despair. Her countenance was pale and languid and expressionless—and her eyes which once sparkled with eloquence were almost rayless and wild and wandering. Yet, even in these moments of pain and of anguish, there was a loveliness—a witchery around her, which faintly told of brighter and more fascinating moments. She wept much, and her looks and expressions were full of despair. "I knew it," said she, as I approached her bedside, "I knew that I should die thus wretched, thus hopeless, thus forsaken. O convey me! dear strangers, convey me to my home, to my parents, to my brother and my sister. Yet I know it is a vain wish,—I will not think of it again." Every one present was deeply affected, and every eye was wet with tears. She beheld our emotion, and looking mournfully upon us, she said, "do you then weep for me? Yet I would not—no, I would not have you to weep! Yet it is hard—very—very hard, in the last, sad moments of life, not to have one kind relation—one feeling friend to watch over me—to comfort me—to cheer my soul in the struggles of death!" I could bear it no longer—I sprang forward to console her—I raised her up in my arms, and exclaimed, "Despair not, my sweet lady—I shall attend thee with the feelings and the affection of a brother!"—As I uttered these words, she raised her drooping head—gazed for a moment most wistfully in my face, and then flinging her arms with rapture around my neck, and with a look which I shall never forget, exclaimed, "Yes! yes! it is he,—my own love—my HENRY!" and fell lifeless on my bosom. O heaven! it was MARIA!!

## THE MANIAC.

BY ANNA.

THE lone one! the lone one! I saw her passing by—  
Despair was on her sunken cheek, and wildness in her eye;  
And like a ghost she wanders, through this weary world of ours,  
With none to cheer her broken heart, or rouse her dormant powers.

You hint that she was beautiful,—has all her beauty flown?  
Or why does the poor Maniac live in this world alone? [be past;  
Ah! my child, the flower is sometimes bright, though all its bloom  
And she, who was so much belov'd, forgotten is at last.

Her father and her mother were opulent and gay,—  
Proud of their ancient family and of their wealth were they;  
The life of Emma then was like the sky without a cloud,  
Till Henry to the charms of the youthful fair one bowed.

Her father was hardhearted, and pitiless was he—  
He told the youthful lover that his bride she ne'er could be;  
Young Henry went abroad, and he promised back to come—  
But the Maniac now is destitute, and left without a home.

Ah! 'tis no wonder that she shrieks, and wildly tears her hair,—  
The mind and reason once so bright have left their places there;  
Her parents, brothers, lover, friends, all, all from her are fled—  
And soon the Maniac girl will lie with the forgotten dead.

## A DREADFUL STORY.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

“Death takes a thousand shapes  
Borne on the wings of sullen slow disease,  
Or hovering o'er the field of bloody fight,  
In calm, in tempest, in the dead of night,  
Or in the light'ning of the summer noon;  
In all how terrible!”

ANONYMOUS.

AMONG the many scenes of savage sublimity which the lowlands of Scotland display, there is none more impressive in its solitary grandeur, than that in the neighbourhood of Loch Skene, on the borders of Moffat Dale. At a considerable elevation above the sea, and surrounded by the loftiest mountains in the south of Scotland, the Loch has collected its dark mass of waters; astonishing the lover of nature by its great height above the valley which he has just ascended, and by its still and terrible beauty, overpowering his mind with sentiments of melancholy and awe. Down the cliffs which girdle in the shores of the



Loch, and seem to support the lofty piles of mountains above them, a hundred mountain torrents leap from rock to rock, flashing and roaring, until they reach the dark reservoir beneath. A canopy of grey mist almost continually shrouds from the sight the summits of the hills, leaving the imagination to guess at those immense heights which seem to pierce the very clouds of heaven. Occasionally, however, this veil is withdrawn, and then you may see the sovereign brow of Pal-moodie encircled with his diadem of snow, and the green summits of many less lofty hills arranged round him, like courtiers uncovered before their monarch. Amid this scene, consecrated to solitude and the most sombre melancholy, no sound comes upon the mountain breeze save the wail of the plover or the whirr of the heath-cock's wing, or haply, the sullen plunge of a trout leaping up in the heart of the lake.

At times indeed, the solitary wanderer may be startled by the scream of the grey eagle as, dropping with the rapidity of light from his solitary cliff, he shoots past, enraged that his retreat is polluted by the presence of man; and then darts aloft into the loftiest chambers of the sky, or dallying with the piercing sunbeams, is lost amid their glory.\* At the eastern extremity of the lake, the superfluous waters are discharged by a stream, during dry weather, of no great size, but which after heavy showers among the mountains, pours along its deep and turbid torrent with frightful impetuosity.

After running along the mountain for about half a mile, it suddenly precipitates itself over the edge of a rocky ridge which traverses its course, and falling sheer down a height of three hundred feet, leaps and bounds over some smaller precipices, until at length far down in Moffat Dale it entirely changes its character, and pursues a calm and peaceful course through a fine pastoral country. Standing on the brow of a mountain which overlooks the fall, the eye takes in at once the whole of the course which I have described;—and to a poetical mind, which recognizes in mountain scenery the cradle of liberty and the

\* Round about the shores of Loch Skene the Estrick Shepherd herded the flocks of his master,—and fed his boyish fancies with the romance and beauty which breathes from every feature of the scene.—One day when I was at Loch Skene on a fishing excursion with him, he pointed up to a black crag overhanging the water and said, “Ye see the edge o’ that cliff; I ance as near dropped frae it intill eternity, as I dinna care to think o’. I was herdin’ about here, and lang and lang I thoct o’ speedin’ up to the Eyrie, frae which I could hear the young eagles screamin’ as plain as my ain bonny Mary Gray (his youngest daughter) when she’s so pleased wi’ the colley; but the fear o’ the auld ones aye keepit me frae the attempt.—At last, ae day, when I was at the head o’ the cliff, and the auld eagle away frae the nest, I took heart o’ grace, and clambered down; (for there was nae gettin’ up). Weel, sir, I was at the maist kittle bit o’ the crag, wi’ my feet on a bit ledge just wide enough to bear me, and sair bothered wi’ my plaid and stick—when guid saf’s! I heard the boom o’ the auld eagle’s wings come whauff! whauffing through the air, and in a moment o’ time she brought me such a whang wi’ her wing as she rushed enraged by,—and then turning short again and fetching me another! I thought I was gane for ever, but Providence gae me presence o’ mind to regain my former resting place, and there slingin’ off my plaid, I keepit aye nobbing the bird wi’ my stick till I was out o’ danger. It was a fearsome time!” It would have been dreadful had the pleasure which Kilmeny, Queen Hynde, and the hundred other beautiful creations of the glorious old Bard, have given us, been all thus destroyed ‘at one fell swoop.’

favourite dwelling-place of imagination, the character of the stream seems a type of the human mind,—stormy, bounding, and impetuous when wrapt up in the glorious feelings which belong to romantic countries, peaceful, dull, and monotonous amid the less interesting lowlands. Yet after indulging in such a fancy for a time, another reflection arises which, if it be less pleasing and poetical, is perhaps more useful,—that the impetuous course of the mountain torrent, though gratifying to the lover of nature, is unaccompanied with any other benefit to man; while the stream that pursues its unpretending path through the plains, bestows fertility on a thousand fields. Such thoughts as these, however, only arise in the mind, when it has become somewhat familiar with the surrounding scenes. The roar of the cataract, the savage appearance of the dark rocks which border the falling waters, and that painful feeling which the sweeping and inevitable course of the stream produces, at first paralyze the mind, and for some time after it has recovered its tone, occupy it to the exclusion of every other sentiment. Standing on the giddy edge of that precipice and gazing down through the mist which envelopes the tumbling torrent, let us repeat,—for here alone we can fully feel their immortal force and beauty—those stanzas of Byron, written upon the “*Cascata del Marmore*” of Terzi.

“The roar of waters! from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice,  
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony,—wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulph around, in pitiless horror set.  
 And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald: how profound  
 The gulph! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent,  
 To the broad column, which rolls on and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers which flow gushingly  
 With many windings through the vale:—Look back!  
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track  
 Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract.  
 Horribly beautiful! but on the verge  
 From side to side, beneath the glittering moors

An Iris sits,—amidst the infernal surge—  
 Like Hope upon a death-bed ; and, unworn,  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn,  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
 Lone watching Madness with unalterable mein."

And now, gentle reader, that we have beheld this scene, and had its beauty interpreted to us by the great high priest of nature himself, let us walk towards the simple stone seat which some shepherd boy has erected under yon silvery stem'd birch tree, where the sound of the waterfall comes only in a pleasant monotone, and where the most romantic part of old Scotland is spread out beneath our feet. There you see the eternal foam of the torrent, without being distracted with its roar ; and you can trace the course of the stream till it terminates in yon clear and pellucid pool at the foot of the hill, which seems too pure for aught but

"A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters ;"

yet beautiful in its purity as it seems, it is indeed the scene of the following true and terrible tale.

Phillips Grey was one of the most active young shepherds in the parish of Traquhair. For two or three years he had carried off the medal given at the Innerliethen Border Games to him who made the best high leap, and at the last meeting of the games, he had been first at the running hop, step and jump—had beat all competitors in running, and though but slightly formed had gained the second prize for throwing the hammer—a favourite old Scottish exercise—but almost unknown in England. Athletic sports were indeed his favourite pursuits, and he cultivated them with an ardour which very few of my readers will be able to imagine. But among the shepherds and indeed all inhabitants of pastoral districts, he who excels in these sports, possesses a superiority over his contemporaries which cannot but be gratifying in the highest degree to its possessor. His name is known far and wide, his friendship is courted by the men, and his hand either as a partner in a country dance, or in a longer "minuet of the heart"—marriage—is coquetted for by the maidens ; he in fact possesses all the power which superiority of intellect bestows in more populous and polished societies. But it is by no means the case, as is often said, that ardour in the pursuit of violent sports, is connected with ignorance or mediocrity of intellect. On the contrary by far the greater number of victors at games of agility and strength will be found to possess a degree of mental energy, which is, in fact, the power that impels them to corporeal excitement, and is often the secret of their success over more muscular antagonists. Phillips Grey in particular, was a striking instance of this fact. Notwithstanding his passion for athletic sports, he had found time, while on the hill side tending his flock, or in the long winter nights, to make himself well acquainted with the Latin classics. This is by no means uncommon among the Scottish peasantry. Smith, and Black, and Murray are not singular instances of self-taught scholars, for there is scarce a valley in Scotland

in which you will not hear of one or more young men of this stamp. Phillips also played exquisitely on the violin, and had that true taste for the simple Scottish melody, which can perhaps be cultivated no where so well as among the mountains and streams which have frequently inspired them. Many a time when you ask the name of the author of some sweet ballad which the country girl is breathing among these hills, the tear will start into her eye as she answers "Poor Phillips Grey, that met a dreadful death at the grey mare's tail." With these admirable qualities Phillips unfortunately possessed a mood of mind which is often an attendant on genius;—he was subject to attacks of the deepest melancholy. Gay, cheerful, humorous, active and violent in his sports as he was, there were periods when the darkest gloom overshadowed his mind, and when his friends ever trembled for his reason. It is said that he frequently stated his belief that he should die a dreadful death; alas! that this strange presentiment should have indeed been prophetic! It is not surprising that Phillips Grey with his accomplishments, should have won the heart of a maiden somewhat above his own degree, and even gained the consent of her father to his early marriage. The old man dwelt in Moffat Dale, and the night before Phillips' wedding day, he and his younger brother walked over to his intended father-in-law's house in order to be nearer the church. That night the young shepherd was in his gayest humour; his bonny bride was by his side, and looking more beautiful than ever; he sang his finest songs, played his favourite tunes, and completely bewitched his companions. All on a sudden while he was relating some extraordinary feat of strength which had been performed by one of his acquaintances, he stopped in the middle of the story, and exchanged the animation with which he was speaking, for silence and a look of the deepest despair. His friends were horror-struck; but as he insisted that nothing was the matter with him, and as his younger brother said that he had not been in bed for two nights, the old man dismissed the family saying—"Gang awa' to bed, Phillips; my mon, and get a sound sleep—or if ye do lie wauken a wee bittie it's nae great matter—odd! it's the last night my bonny Marion 'll keep ye lying wauken for her sake—Will't no, my bonny doo?" "Dced, faither, I dinna ken," quoth Marion, simply and yet archly. And the party separated. Phillips however walked down the burn-side in order to try if the cool air would dissipate his unaccountable anxiety. But in spite of his efforts, a presentiment of some fatal event gathered strength in his mind, and he involuntarily found himself revolving the occurrences of his past life.—Here he found little to condemn, for he had never received an unkind word from his father, who was now in the grave;—and his mother was wearing out a green and comfortable old age beneath his own roof. He had brought up his younger brothers, and they were now in a fair way to succeed in life. He could not help feeling satisfied at this, yet why peculiarly at that time he knew not. Then came the thought of his lovely Marion, and the very agony which at once rushed on his heart had well-nigh choked him. Immediately, however, the fear which had hung about him seemed to vanish, for strange and mysterious as it was, it was not sufficiently powerful to withstand the force of that other horrible imagination. So he returned to the house, and was surprised to find himself consi-

dering how his little property should be distributed after his death, just as he reached the door. He stepped for a moment, overcome with this pertinacity in the supernatural influence which seemed exercised over him, and at length with gloomy resolution entered the house. His brother was asleep and a candle was burning on the table. He sank down into a chair and went on with his little calculations respecting his will. At length having decided upon all these things, and having fixed upon the church yard of St. Mary's for his burial place, he arose from his chair, took up the candle and crossed the room towards his brother, intending to convey his wishes to him.

The boy lay on the front side of one of these beds with sliding doors so common in Scotland, and beyond him there was room for Phillips to lie down. Something bright seemed gleaming in the dark recess of the bed, he advanced the candle, and beheld—oh! sight of horror!—a plate upon what bore the shape of a coffin, bearing the words "Phillips Grey—aged 23." For a moment he gazed steadily upon it, and was about to stretch out his hand towards it when the lid slowly rose and he beheld a mutilated and bloody corpse, the features of which were utterly undistinguishable, but which by some unearthly impulse he instantly knew to be his own. Still he kept a calm and unmoved gaze at it, though the big drops of sweat stood on his brow with the agony of his feelings; and while he was thus contemplating the dreadful revelation it gradually faded away, and at length totally vanished. The power which had upheld him seemed to depart along with the phantom, his sight failed him—and he sank on the floor. Presently he recovered, and found himself in bed, with his brother by his side, chafing his temples. He explained every thing that had occurred, seemed calm and collected, shook his head when his brother attempted to explain away the vision, and finally sank into a tranquil sleep.

Whether the horrible resemblance of his own coffin and mutilated corpse was in reality revealed to him by the agency of some supernatural power,—or whether it was (as sceptics will say) the natural effect of his hypochondriac state of mind, producing an optical deception, I will not take upon me to determine; certain, however, it is, that with a calm voice and collected manner he described to his brother James, a scene, the dreadful reality of which was soon to be displayed.

It would in fact, appear irrational to conceive that warnings of this kind, so obscure in their meaning, and generally so useless, are the result of the direct interference of Providence. This argument, together with the many foolish superstitions of the ignorant have influenced many to deny the possibility of any such revelations. But this seems to me, to be very superficial reasoning.—To those who say that it seems irrational to conceive the direct interference of Providence in such cases, it might be answered that he without whose knowledge a sparrow falls not to the ground, can in no case be imagined indifferent to any thing which in the most remote manner, can influence the eternal destiny of man. But setting this aside, I think it is by no means proved that any more direct interposition of God is developed in a case such as I have described, than in a thousand other obscure occurrences in nature.

Who has discovered the laws which regulate the motions of comets? Who has explained the causes of those sweeping pestilences which at various times have depopulated cities, and broken the power of nations? Yet it has been the opinion of the wisest men, that these things are subject to laws as immutable as those of the planets whose movements are known to man, or as the diseases which spring from direct and obvious causes. As to the apparent inutility of such warnings,—how vain is the objection! If they were to influence us to sober thought alone, as they are well calculated to do, that is one manifest good resulting from them. But are not the warnings which the fates of our fellow-creatures daily give us, generally just as useless? The ambitious man who looks into history, and finds the memory of tyrants execrated, still persists in “wading through slaughter to a throne,” and though dissipation of every kind has its daily victims, is the present generation more moral than the last? For my own part, as I have known some most striking instances of presentiments and revelations of the kind I am now speaking of, producing beneficial results, I cannot help thinking that the general scepticism concerning supernatural appearances is very unphilosophical. To our tale however.—In the morning Phillips awoke cheerful and calm,—the memory of last night's occurrence seeming but a dreadful dream. On the grass before the door he met his beloved Marion, who on that blessed sabbath was to become his wife. The sight of her perfect loveliness, arrayed in a white dress—emblem of purity and innocence—filled his heart with rapture, and as he clasped her in his arms, every sombre feeling vanished away. It is not my intention to describe the simplicity of their marriage ceremony, or the calm and holy happiness which filled Phillips Grey's heart during that sabbath morning, while sitting in the church by the side of his lovely bride.

They returned home, and in the afternoon the young couple, together with James Grey and the bride's-maid, walked out among the glades of Craigie Burn Wood—a spot rendered classic by the immortal Burns. Phillips had gathered some of the wild flowers that sprang among their feet—the pale primrose, the fair anemone, and the dropping blue bells of Scotland—and woven them into a garland. As he was placing them on Marion's brow, and shading back the long flaxen tresses that hung across her cheek, he said gaily—“There wants but a broad water lily to place in the centre of thy forehead, my sweet Marion—for where should the fairest flower of the valley be, but on the brow of its Queen?—Come with me, Jamie, and in half an hour we will bring back the fairest that floats on Loch Skene”—so, kissing the cheek of his bride, Phillips and his brother set off up the hill with the speed of the mountain deer. They arrived at the foot of the waterfall, panting and excited with their exertions. By climbing up the rocks close to the stream, the distance to the Loch is considerably shortened, and Phillips, who had a hundred times clambered to the top of the Bitch Craig—a high cliff in the Manor water—proposed to his brother that they should “speel the height.” The other, a supple and agile lad, instantly consented. “Gie me your plaid, then, Jamie, my man, it will may be fash ye,” said Phillips, “and gang ye first, and keep weel to the hill-side.” Accordingly the boy gave his brother the plaid, and began the ascent. While Phillips was knotting his bro-

ther's plaid round his body above his own, a fox peeped out of his hole half way up the cliff, and thinking flight advisable, dropped down the precipice, twisting his tail round the stumps of the bushes, thus curiously supporting himself in his descent. Laughing till the very echoes rang, Phillips followed his brother. Confident in his agility, he ascended with a firm step till he was within a few yards of the summit, every now and then bursting out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as the humorous manœuvres of Reynard occurred to him. James was now on the top of the precipice, and looking down on his brother, and not knowing the cause of his mirth, exclaimed, "Daur say, callant, ye're fey."\* In a moment the memory of his last night's vision rushed on Phillips Grey's mind, his eyes became dim, his limbs powerless, he dropped off the very verge of the giddy precipice, and his form was lost in the black gulph below. For a few minutes James felt a sickness of heart which rendered him almost insensible, and sank down on the grass lest he should also be precipitated over the cliff. At length, gathering strength from very terror, he advanced to the edge of the cataract, and gazed downwards. There about two-thirds down the fall, he could perceive the remains of his brother—mangled and mutilated—the body being firmly wedged between two projecting points of rock, and whereon the descending water streamed, while the bleeding head hung dangling, and almost separated from the body; and turned upwards, discovered to the horrified boy the starting eyeballs of his brother, already fixed in death, and the teeth clenched in the bitter agony which had tortured his passing spirit.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is scarcely necessary to detail the consequence of this cruel accident. Assistance was procured, and the mangled body conveyed to the house of Marion's father, whence a few short hours ago the young shepherd had issued in vigour and happiness. When the widowed bride saw James Grey return to them with horror painted on his features, she seemed instantly to divine the full extent of her misfortune; she sank down on the grass, with the unfinished garland of her dead lover in her hand,—and in this state was carried home. For two days she passed from one fit into another,—but on the night of the second day she sank into a deep sleep. That night James Grey was watching the corpse of his brother:† the coffin was placed on the very bed where they had slept two nights ago. The plate gleamed from the shadowy recess, and the words "Phillips Grey, aged 23," were distinctly visible. While James was reflecting on the prophetic vision of his brother, a figure, arrayed in long white garments, entered the room and moved towards the dead body. It was poor Marion. She slowly lifted the lid of the coffin, and gazed long and intently on the features of her dead husband. Then turning round to James, she uttered a short shrill shriek and fell backwards on the corse. She hovered between life and death for a few days, and at length expired. She now lies by the side of her lover, in the solitary burial ground of

\* "Fey," a Scottish word expressive of that unaccountable and violent mirth which is supposed frequently to portend sudden death.

† Scottish superstition says that a corpse should never be left by itself, evil spirits being then considered to have power over it.

St. Mary's. Such is the event which combines with others not less dark and terrible, to throw a wild interest around these gloomy rocks. Many a time you will hear the story from the inhabitants of these hills, and—until fritted away by the wind and rain—the plaid and bonnet of the unfortunate Phillips Grey hung upon the splintered precipice, to attest the truth of the tale.

ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENTAL FIGURE

OF A CHILD IN THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

*Addressed to the Sculptor.*

THIS sculpture of a child in death's embrace,—  
 How tranquil seems its sleep!—no mark, nor trace,  
 By death impress'd of terror or of fear,  
 On the cherubic countenance appear.—  
 No,—thus reclined in balmy sleep it seems  
 As if entranc'd in heav'nly halcyon dreams,  
 Forebodings they of waking into bliss  
 Angelic, in the realms of paradise!—  
 O matchless Artist! with what truth hast thou  
 The calm here chisell'd of an infant's brow,  
 That ne'er had guilt imbit'd to discompose  
 The spirit's transit, at life's final close!—  
 And strong must sure thy feelings be imprest  
 With nature's influence in the human breast,  
 To charm, at death's approach, the soul to rest;  
 Or whence hadst thou the genius to pourtray,  
 And give those feelings blest such chaste display!  
 For can it be his skill should faithful trace  
 The smile of innocence upon a face,  
 Whose soul that attribute does not embrace?  
 No,—Chantry, this choice effort of thy art,  
 Will a new ray of glory bright impart—  
 To crown thy genius, to exalt the fame  
 Already thine, and eternize thy name.

J. T.

A BUNCH OF ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

AN old woman long in the service of Provost H of —— having heard an advertisement read by her master from the Kelso Mail, which ended with this intimation, "Not to be repeated;" exclaimed with great naiveté, "Hech, sir, that maun be a great secret. I wad hae ye to stap the newspaper i' the fire, for fear that body Tamson poke his nose intill't, an' bring ye into het water wi' the Toon Council!"

A clergyman having complained to the aforesaid Provost H. that



many of the members of his church were in the habit of spending the afternoon of the Lord's day in taverns; the Provost humorously exclaimed, "Harry, Harry, I doot ye hae been sleepin' at your post, ma man, for gin ye were to fire aff a wheen twuntty-four punders at the heads an hearts o' the delinquents, ye wad soon drive them frae their strang haulds." But replied the minister, "they are not within bearing." "Hoot awa!" responded Provost H. "the explosion wad bring them the-gither, man, an ye get credit for being a *great gun*, Harry; but to help ye the mair effectually, I'll issue an order, that all persons drinkin' an' tipplin' upon Sundays or holidays in taverns or the like, during public worship, are authorised to depart without payin' for what they hae had. That will soon toom the houses, friend Harry."

An old married couple of the name of Anderson, who had lived for upwards of half a century in the West Country, having occasion to visit Tweedmouth some few years ago, were encountered by a pert servant girl, originally from Hawick, whilst on their way to Berwick. "Janet Anderson!" exclaimed their quondam friend, "what in a' the world has brought ye an' Tammy doon here. Gudesake for twa auld feckless windlestraes like ye to come siccan a gait! Are ye weel aneuch?" "Ou, aye," replied the nettled dame, "we canna compleen, we're baith weel aneuch, God be thank't, but ye see Tammy an' me like the lave o' the world, didna like to dee fuils, sae we took it into owr heads to see the sea, an' we're just gan ower to the Mary Magdalen fields, to see the far end on't." The aged pair accordingly footed it away across the bridge, and after much *specering*, arrived on the face of the bank which overhangs the pier. Their sensations on witnessing the German Ocean, blossoming into foam, as the wind curled the water, and swept the tops of the waves, will best be gathered from the *natural* description which they gave of it to Betty on their return to Tweedmouth. "Weel, Janet," said the girl, on meeting them a second time, "what did ye think o' the sea?" "At weel, Betty," answered Janet, "I couldna thole anither sight o't; for it gaed ay out, an' it cam ay in, just like a live thing, an' when the wund tried to pit it down, it threw up stuff like barn aboon the stanes, an ower the lang braid dyke\*, which dams it in, till Tammy an' me grew dizzy wi' lookin' at it. We didna see the far end o' it, for we thought we had just gane far aneuch. My certy, they're weel aff wha live out o' the reach o't; for what a hungry lape it has a' along the bottom o' the bit toon whar they get the haddies. I wadna live yonder were I to get haddies for a ha'penny a piece an' flukes for nae-*thin'*.—I maena live to hear o't, but to my certain knowledge ye will wutness the sea lick it a' in some day."

The same couple standing upon the bridge a few days afterwards, and seeing a Smack sailing up the river, with a pilot in tow, were heard to exclaim, "Eh! see hoo natural the young ane fallows the auld ane;" "Ou, aye," responded Janet, "every thing after its kind, Tammy."

A few weeks ago, a stocking seller of this town went to a farmhouse in the country, and knocking at the door, inquired if any stockings were wanted. In the absence of the servant girl the door was

\* Query—The pier!

opened by the farmer's wife, who, feeling angry at being put to the trouble by such a paltry person, screwed up her beautiful features, and answered angrily, "I don't want none." "Well, I'm sure," said the stocking vender, turning upon her, "I think you might have spoken grammatically even if you did not choose to give a civil answer. Two *negatives* in English, Madam, are equivalent to an *affirmative*. You should have said, 'I do not want any, Sir, I thank you for calling.'"

Shortly after the news arrived at Dunse of the resignation of Earl Grey and his colleagues, a company of gentlemen being invited to the house of Mr. B—, the conversation happening to turn upon his Majesty's Ministers, and the consequent dilemma in which his Majesty was placed, the housekeeper who had overheard them, while arranging the wine-glasses, with much naiveté, said,— "Can the King no just gang to anither Kirk, or bring-them afore the Session? Ministers!" continued she, with a sardonic smile, "it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made about Ministers noo-a-days. If ye like to believe me, Sirs, our Madge is sae muckle ta'en up wi' the way-gan o' Mr. M'G—, that she haena spoken to a leevin' soul this sax weeks! he! he! he! An' whilk o' them I sude like to ken wull bate John, puir man, at walein' out or readin' up a portion o' the word. Ye'll see the King wull soon hae him up to Lunnan for his heid Minister—he'll be a *prime* ane!—"

John Simson, precentor of the parish church of E—, is a singularly original person. Talk to John of schools, and he will tell you with all the gravity imaginable, that "his faither never gied half-a-croon oot o' his pooch for schuil wages, in a' his born days. My Granny," continues John, "learn't me the letters frae the Carritches, and then pat me intill the Sixpenny at ance!" How he should have raised himself to the office of precentor we know not, but that John, in his own estimation, is the most important man in the parish, the Minister not excepted, cannot be disputed. John has a small unpleasant voice, not unlike the whistle of the wind through a key hole, on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country, but his intonations in reading out the *line* are rich in the extreme. On one occasion the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth verses of the eighty-third Psalm forming part of the Psalmody, John found himself not a little puzzled at sight of such an assemblage of "lang-nebbed words," as he was pleased to call dissyllables not of common use. He made an effort, however, to get over the fifth and sixth verses, but when he approached the seventh, John's scholarship entirely deserted him at his utmost need. "Ge—Ge—Ge," stammered John, for several seconds, when up rose his help-mate, who sat in a pew immediately below him, and very unceremoniously interrupted him, by calling out, "Na, John, ye're clean wrang noo a'thegither,—It's Gabble!"—John feeling indignant at such an unseasonable interruption, and being, moreover, determined to maintain his superiority in the *desk*, after making a solemn pause, looked up beseechingly in the pastor's face, and resumed, by spelling the word with double emphasis, G-e-b-a-l, when the minister immediately freed John from his painful dilemma, by reading the verse aloud.

A clergyman in Northumberland, famed all over the county for his love of Cows, preaching one day in his own chapel, happened in the very midst of the discourse to have his attention withdrawn from his subject, by the entrance of the stable lad. The thought of his Cow, which laboured at the time under some distemper, flashed across his mind the moment he saw him, and subduing his tone of voice, he leaned over the pulpit, and whispered to the young man, loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, "Joe, has wur cow got any water this smornin, my good lad?" A shepherd's dog\* that had placed his fore paws upon the front ledge of one of the pews in the centre of the gallery, no sooner heard the preacher mention the word *Cow*, than he darted from the side of his master, and ran barking down stairs, and along the aisle, to the no small danger of upsetting the gravity of the worshipping people.

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SCOTCH SONG.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

My heart is divided between them,  
 I dinna ken whilk I wad hae!  
 Right willin' my haud I wad gien them,  
 But how can I gie it to twa,  
 There's Jenny, a fairer or better  
 I'm certain there couldna weel be,  
 Dumfounded the first time I met her,  
 What signified Mary to me!

Yet Mary is gentle an' bonny,  
 I liked her ere Jenny I saw,  
 An' they say it is sinfu' for ony  
 Man upon earth to like twa.  
 My heart it is rug'd an' tormented,  
 I'd live wi' or die for them baith,  
 I've dune what I've aften repented,—  
 To baith I have plighted my aith.

An' aft when I'm walkin' wi' Jenny,  
 I'll say ' my dear Mary' an' start!  
 While fearfu' she'll say—Weel I ken ye  
 Hae ithers mair dear to your heart.  
 Was ever a man sae confounded?  
 I dinna ken what 'ill be done,  
 Baith sides o' my bosom are wounded,  
 An' they'll be the death o' me sune.

\* It is told of the same dog, that sabbath after sabbath, he was to be seen with his fore-paws upon the ledge of his master's pew, and his eyes fixed intently upon the movements of the preacher. During the psalmody too, the dog was in the habit of howling in a low tone, and it is actually said, that his howl was increased and lessened in accordance with the voice of the singer.

## MATHEMATICS.

### SOLUTION OF QUESTIONS IN FORMER NUMBERS.

*Solution of Question 9th, by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

FIRST,—By having the two altitudes of the sun and the time elapsed between them, (by a well known process in spherical trigonometry) the latitude left will be found to be  $54^{\circ}$  N.

Secondly,—We have given the sun's azimuth declination and the hour of the day to find the latitude come to, which (by a similiar process) will be found to be  $48^{\circ}$  N. therefore the difference of latitude is 360 miles. Then—As Rad.  $90^{\circ}$  : difference of latitude 360 :: tang. con. 30 : Dep. 207.9 miles; therefore 207.9 plus 100 = 307.9 miles the Dep. the ship has made. And as the difference of latitude 360 : Rad.  $90^{\circ}$  :: 307.9 : tang. con.  $40^{\circ} 32'$ ; but the true course between the two ports is  $30^{\circ}$ , therefore  $40^{\circ} 32'$  minus  $30^{\circ} = 10^{\circ} 32'$  the quantity of variation; and its nature is Easterly, being to the right hand of the true course; and the ship's course is S.  $40^{\circ} 32'$  W., and distance sailed 473.6 miles in the first position.

As the sum of the sides 150 miles: diff. of sides 50 :: tang. of half the supp. angle  $30^{\circ}$  : tang. of half the diff. of the angles  $10^{\circ} 54'$ ; then  $30^{\circ}$  minus  $10^{\circ} 54' = 19^{\circ} 6'$ ; therefore the setting of the current is E. by N.  $\frac{2}{3}$  N. consequently her course will be E. N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  E., and distance run 132.3 miles in the second position.

*Solution of Question 10th, by Mr. George Giles, Tweedmouth.*

THE sun's altitude will be equal at both places when he is equidistant from each; therefore  $55^{\circ} 47'$  added to  $50^{\circ} 7' = 105^{\circ} 54'$ , half of which is  $52^{\circ} 57'$  the sun's place on the prime vertical. Thus we have given the latitude of the place and sun's declination to find the hour when the sun is due east; hence it will be—As Rad.  $90^{\circ}$  : cotang.  $52^{\circ} 57'$  :: Tang. Dec.  $21^{\circ} 31'$  : sine h. fr. 6 =  $17^{\circ} 18' 54''$  which converted into time gives first,  $9^h 15^m 36^s$  for the time after six. therefore  $9^h 15^m 36^s$  past seven is the time of starting. Again, to find the distance travelled by each, it will be—As the diff. of lat. 340 miles : 50 :: sine of half the sum of the angles at the base  $52^{\circ} 7' 13''$  : sine of  $6^{\circ} 39' 56'' =$  the diff. of the angles at the base, half of which added to and subtracted from  $52^{\circ} 7' 13'' = 58^{\circ} 47' 9''$  and  $45^{\circ} 27' 17''$  the angles at the base; hence it follows—As the sine angles  $75^{\circ} 45' 34''$  : 340 ::  $58^{\circ} 47' 49''$  : 300 miles the distance A travelled; consequently B travelled 250 miles.

No Solution of Question 11th has been received.

We regret—for reasons formerly stated—that we cannot insert the Theorem from Alnwick. The author must not have attended to former Numbers, which announce that we are not provided with diagrams to accompany such a demonstration as that under notice.

*Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

## BIRTHS.

ON the 21st ult., at Egghingham Hall, Northumberland, Mrs. William Tewart, of a son.

At the Palace, Hereford, on the 22d ult. the Hon. Mrs. Grey, of a daughter.

At Wooler, on the 24th ult., Mrs. C. W. Forster, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Here, on the 16th ult., Mr. H. N. Barrett, to Miss Hilliard, both members of our *corps dramatique*.

At Warkworth church, on the 19th ult., Mr. Archibald Brankston, ironmonger, Alnwick, to Dorothy, second daughter of Mr. John Muers, of the Sun inn, Warkworth.

Here, on the 3d inst., Mr. John Nesbit, farmer, Horse Close, to Miss Catherine Rankin.

## DEATHS.

AT his sister's house, Halifax, after a short but severe illness, aged 88 years, the Rev. Robert Elliot, of Preston, formerly pastor of the Independent congregation, Pendlebury, Lancashire, England. The deceased was a native of Roxburghshire, and for several years a school-master in Tweedmouth.

At Norham, on the 17th ult., aged 13, Thomas Fergy, third son of Alexander Smith, Esq., a boy of great intellectual worth.

On the 18th ult., of cholera, at his house in Lambeth, Molesworth Phillips, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel of Marines, the last surviving companion of the illustrious circumnavigator Cook, of whose death he was an eye-witness, and, to a certain extent, the avenger.

At Norham, on the 26th ult., Jane, only daughter of Alexander Smith, Esq. aged 15.

At Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, on the 12th ult., the Rev. Alexander Nisbet, minister of the Secession church in Portsburgh, in the 26th year of his age, and in the 10th month of his ministry. Mr. Nisbet was a young man of the highest promise,—endowed with extraordinary talents, and yet distinguished by unassuming manners and a child-like simplicity. During his college curriculum his abilities did not pass unnoticed; and besides reaping a large share of the public honours periodically conferred in the University of Edinburgh, his indefatigable industry—an industry the more wonderful in the midst of circumstances which his friends alone know—elicited many marked eulogiums from the Professors. To Mr. N. we are indebted for one or two contributions to our Magazine; and we trust that his numerous and valuable manuscripts will be placed in the hands of a person competent to give to the world a "LIFE AND REMAINS," the materials for which are ample, and, under proper management, cannot fail to be interesting and edifying.

On the 21st ult., at Abbotsford, aged 61, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

Here, on the 2d inst., Barbara, widow of Mr. James Good, painter, and mother of the celebrated artist, T. S. Good, Esq., aged 80.

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[VOL. II.

**ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF MAN.**

It is a very common notion among those who know any thing of the history of nations, to conceive that man is subject to an eternal alternation of advancement and decay; that there is a certain culminating point, after the attainment of which his career is prone to the occidant. They found their opinion, they will tell you, on a contemplation of the uniform experience of mankind. They bid you look at Rome, who, with most apparent justice, claimed for herself the name of the Eternal City, and tell you from her duration to calculate man's eternity. They bid you look at Athens, the eye of Greece, extinguished, the mother of arts and genius forsaken by her children. From the view of the fate of these and other distinguished portions of the human race in times that are past, they draw gloomy anticipations with regard to the destiny of man in the ages that are to come. And they look on the meridian sun of civilization which enlightens our age and country, only as the sure presage of a now rapid descent.

But such prospects are, in fact, as destitute of foundation as they are disheartening. They rest altogether on a superficial view of things, and no sooner do we bring the light of reason and philosophy to bear on them than they vanish away like things of the night at the matin crowing of the cock.

Specific events often arise from general causes; but it is evidently false in philosophy, to attribute general effects to specific causes. Now, this is precisely the error of those who conceive, that, because Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome, have pursued the same career of gradual ascent and rapid overthrow, therefore the destiny of mankind is to flow and ebb, to ebb and flow, for ever in a tide of perpetual fluctuation. The false principle alluded to operates in two distinct ways in producing this opinion: First, by disposing those who are under its influence to conceive that the vibrating principle (if we may use the expression) is, in each of the cases on which their opinion is founded, one and the same general cause; and, secondly, by leading them to identify the destinies of the human race with the fortunes of any separate age or nation.

The first of these mistaken views comes to the mind with a plausible array of apparent proof upon its side; it seems to rest on a pretty general and impartial induction of facts: "What," say the patrons of this doctrine, "when we see each tree of the forest in its turn insec-

sibly shoot up from a tender sapling, which each passing infant may destroy, to the majestic trunk which mocks the Crotonia's strength, and presently the hoary lichen gathers on its bark, and the parasitic ivy twines around its trunk, and its stiff neck is bowed to the plain, laden with the weight of years—what do we conclude, but that it is a law of their common nature, that such should be the process of their existence? And, in the same way, when we see nation after nation rising up in a series of gradual advances to the maturity of a full-grown people, and then, incrusting with prescriptive mischiefs, and wreathed with the specious clasp of luxury, sinking to a depth proportioned to the height of its elevation—what else are we to gather from all this, but that there is an inherent principle of alternate growth and decay in human society?" This is not the first instance in which analogy has been mistaken for proof: we grant that the forest oak may be fitly and strikingly used as a figure of a commonwealth, but when we reason from the one to the other, we evidently forsake the path of legitimate judgment. I apprehend that in all the cases which can be produced as exemplifications of the opinion which I am combating, the phenomena may be explained by the exclusive operation of their specific causes, without any reference to an inherent principle of alternation in the fortunes of human society. If the effect in all the cases were produced by similar proximate causes, we might conceive the first cause to be the same or similar; but when we perceive these vary as they do, it must require some little ingenuity to show, that at bottom they are one and the same—that the *coup de main* which overturned the Babylonian monarchy in the pride of its barbaric splendour—the want of consolidation and system in government which dissolved the Grecian commonwealths—and the national degeneracy and unwieldy greatness which undermined and unhinged the empires of Persia and of Rome, can all be reduced to the same elements. These causes will produce the same effects in the same circumstances; but if a nation is exempted from obnoxiousness to these causes, it is evident that its ruin cannot be effected in the same way. Now, from all these causes of decay, the modern governments of Christendom seem, in a great measure, free. The age is long past when a single courageous stroke could overthrow a monarchy. There is now a circumspection in cabinets, and an extensiveness and vigour of action very different from the temper of Belshazzar and his thousand lords, that sent them to the banqueting-house, when their river-guardian was forsaking his accustomed channel, and the brazen gates were unfolding to the victor: there is in some degree a unity of interest not only among the subjects of the same government, but among the governments of a continent and of the world, very different from the spirit of jealous rivalry which gave up the heroic but improvident Greeks to the toils of Philip—and, finally, the surface of Christendom is portioned out into divisions of such an extent as are easily within the reach of a single metropolitan administration. To guard against the causes which wrought the overthrow of other nations is just the grand practical lesson which history teaches commonwealths. There may be, and very probably there are, other maladies in the constitution of the people which now bids fairest for permanence, that in time may poison its life-blood; but of this we may rest assured, that if such a re-

sult should take place, the fault will not be that of any political necessity, and its fate will only prove another addition to the stock of particular facts which will serve as beacons to future states and generations.

Besides the general truth, that there is no necessary tendency to decay involved in the abstract notion of a political society, there are various particular phenomena in the character and circumstances of the present age which seem to promise uniformity of progress to mankind. We cannot uplift the curtain of futurity, but there are certain tokens of good in the present, which some extraordinary visitation alone seems capable of frustrating. What we commonly call the civilization of ancient times, in truth, does not deserve the name. At best it was very partial and very imperfect. The grand majority of the Greek and Roman populace were utterly unacquainted with letters, and consequently confined in their views, and guided only by their passions; and even among those who had drunk deeper at the fountains of literature there remained, in consequence of the temper and circumstances of their countrymen, a considerable want of refinement and delicacy. There is no more striking example of this fact to be found than in the energetic, no doubt, yet coarse invectives with which political and private adversaries assailed each other, and the unblushing eulogies which they accumulated on their own character and acts. And here I cannot forbear stepping aside for a moment to demand justice for the greatest of ancient orators, and most interesting, though least original of ancient philosophers. It has been the custom to adduce, as decisive proofs of the overweening vanity of Cicero, the liberal praises which, in his own writings, he lavishes upon himself. That Cicero was a vain man there is no doubt, but that the passages alluded to were peculiar ebullitions of self-admiration ought by no means to be supposed. They were the common terms in which the manners of the age permitted a man to speak of himself; and, until Demosthenes is included with Cicero in the condemnation, the Roman has a right to a verdict. The truth is, that what is commonly considered an evidence of Cicero's peculiar vanity is nothing more than a proof of the general want of refinement in his age. Now, what is the character of our times? Information has pervaded all classes of society—men perceive the reasons of things, and are hence qualified to act rationally, no longer the dupes of those who address the affections alone. There is, too, a public mind established over Europe, which animates and informs all the parts of the colossal body, and which, whatever subordinate changes may take place with regard to particular members, promises to urge forward civilization with unexampled rapidity, and to preserve it in unexampled permanence. And not to be tedious in the enumeration of subordinate particulars, there is the press, the palladium of the rights of man, an instrument which has already achieved many a sublime exploit, and for which still more splendid triumphs are yet in reserve.

With such considerations as these, we may prove the baselessness of those gloomy anticipations which would doom our race to endless fluctuation, and throw a shade of doubt on the likelihood of its onward march towards the goal of its perfectibility on earth. But there is another point of view in which the principle to which we adverted in the outset has misled its votaries. For it has induced them to over-



look the profounder workings of the administration of the world in contemplating its more obvious procedure, to sink the more important though less prominent bearings of events on the destiny of the species in those more striking and particular relations which they occupy to the fortunes of individual nations. They see in the fall of the Babylonian empire the destruction of a system of civility and grandeur, but they do not perceive the first grand step taken to establish the dominion of right in place of the tyranny of force, to erect the pillar of constitutional government on the ruins of the throne of despotism. In the irruption of the barbarian hordes into the Roman empire they perceive the inundation of brute violence subverting the most majestic pile of dominion ever reared in time; but they cannot see moving upon its waters the spirit of magnanimity and enterprise which had long been extinct in the degenerate south. In the revolution of France they see the terrors of anarchy and tyranny chasing each other with fearful and destructive rapidity across the stage; but they are blind to that shaking of men's minds, from the chaos of which will ultimately rise the seeds of freedom to the world. This purblind contemplation of history takes its rise partly from inconsideration, and partly from selfishness—from inconsideration, which renders men contented with the first results they find floating on the surface of history; and from selfishness, which, suggesting to us, that each individual is of one age and one country, and preventing the interests of the whole species in all its extensiveness, and all its duration, from making a lodging in our bosoms as an object of ultimate regard, contracts our views and paralyzes our powers of abstract and general reflection. The best way, perhaps, of counteracting the influence of these principles is to represent to our mind's eye the whole human race as an individual, and the whole duration of time as his life. By taking this notion along with us, and tracing the course of universal history, we shall perceive that there has been no period which has not contributed something to his improvement; and that, though, in many cases, it was necessary, in order to effectuate some useful result, to blot out apparently some other advantage which had been already communicated, yet the time arrived when the process was accomplished, and the beneficial results, which, in the means of their production, appeared directly hostile to each other, were found in their ultimate ends fully to coincide, and to strengthen as well as beautify each other by their union. A remarkable instance of this fact is to be found in that period which is generally supposed the most unproductive of any that has marked the history of man. I mean the period that elapsed between the overthrow of the Roman empire and the Reformation. Amid all the darkness which then brooded over the nations, a process was going on silently, but surely, which was moulding the character of man into a stamp of greater firmness and vigour; which was infusing into his bosom a hardihood strong as the mail that covered it; was maturing that spirit of bold enterprise which unfolded a new world to his astonishment, and raising the fairest and most interesting half of our kind to its due station and distinctions. As far as we can discover, these results could not have been produced except by the extinction, for a time, of the refinement and literature of a former age. But then it was only for a time. Man had not to purchase one train of benefits at the price

of another. His attention indeed, while the former were in preparation, was diverted from the latter; but when the desired ends were gained, he resumed the use of the treasures which former civilization had accumulated, and found with astonishment, that the long neglect in which they had lain had only purified them from what was debased in them and debasing. And thus, while to an eye that goes no deeper than the surface, that period seemed the utter abolishment of all the benefits for which the sages and poets of Greece and Rome had been labouring, we find that it was only a passing eclipse that obscured man's intellectual glory, in the course of which, however, a mighty change to the better had been effected on his moral character. These observations place in a more pleasing point of light the future destiny of our species than that in which it is often viewed. The physical arrangements of our world will continue the same. But still, observation and experience concur in leading us to hope, that the career which man has to run upon this earth is one of progressive improvement—that partial evil will issue in universal good, and the mysterious administration of Heaven be vindicated even in the worldly results it shall produce. This consideration is calculated to animate our present exertions with the vigorous inspiration of hope, which the opposite doctrine would damp and extinguish. And, at all events, "Si in hoc erro, lubenter erro, nec mihi hunc errorem, dum vivo, extorqueri volo."

J. P.

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YESTERDAY.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

ALL round me slept. The village clock struck twelve,  
 And where! I asked—where now is yesterday!  
 When echo from the infant morning said—  
 'Tis gone—'tis lost in the Eternal's years,  
 Dark, vast duration, rushing, unconfined,  
 In the oblivious bosom of the past  
 Engulphed it, with our joys, our tears, and smiles.  
 Time, like a greedy ocean, yawning wide,  
 Insatiate swallows its remembrance up,  
 O'erwhelming all the yesterdays of life  
 In one black sepulchre, and all that was,  
 Is in the dreary void of nothing lost.  
 And yet how imperceptible it pass'd—  
 As morning dawns, or silent twilight veils  
 The summit of the hills. A few short hours  
 It waded like a meteor, through the blank  
 Of sunless space, illuming in its course  
 A portion of immensity. It was  
 A shred, a fragment by the Eternal torn  
 From off his robes of Deity!—a wave,

That on infinity's wide ocean broke,  
 And having run its course, and swept away  
 A portion of time's creatures, and its works,  
 Receded back into eternity.  
 There was a yesterday when Time began ;—  
 When sin defaced God's image in the soul !—  
 When Death began its havoc !—and when Heaven,  
 Wearied with wickedness, let loose the deep  
 On impious ingratitude ! and when  
 The angry waters gushed from heaven and hill,—  
 Ocean and opening earth, till cities fell,  
 And lesser mountains vanish'd. From the heights  
 Of each uncovered pinnacle, men screamed—  
 Prayed piteously,—blasphemed, and plunged in *death*.  
 The roaring lion, and the ravening wolf,  
 With all the desert tribe, forgot their nature—  
 Mingled with men, and in their terror howled.  
 The eagle's wing drooped useless, and it fell  
 With a wild scream, amidst the multitude.  
 Into the flood the mother dropped her child,  
 To scale the uncovered cliff ! and the young lover  
 Cast forth the maiden of his love ! and strove  
 Fiercely against her, for the elevation  
 Of a poor foot, that he might linger out  
 Another hour of misery and life.  
 Then men grew mad with hunger and with horror,  
 And quarrelling with each other, headlong fell  
 Down rock and precipice, in grappling crowds !  
 Till the last point had sunk, and all of life  
 In one long scream expired ! save only where  
 Some desperate swimmer struggled with the waves,  
 Gasping, and cursing as he dashed them back,  
 Straining toward the ark, which floated by,  
 Covered with all the feathered race of heaven,  
 Till they too mutinied with fear and want,  
 And strove to eat each other, till the last  
 Fell in the flood a skeleton. And now,  
 Those yesterdays within the earth have stamped  
 Their terrible impression,—to proclaim  
 To doubting arrogance, that once they were.  
 Revolving yesterdays have swept away  
 The massy pyramids that laugh at time !  
 And they, and all their generations, have  
 Been buried in the charnel-house that stretched  
 In mightiness to heaven. There too, the bat  
 That nestled on their coffin, drooped and died  
 Upon proud Pharaoh's breast, and there its ashes,  
 In darkness scattered by its fluttering brood,  
 Mingled promiscuous with his royal dust.  
 The law of Moses, and the Jewish Kings—  
 The age of prophecy and miracles,  
 When Mercy infinite appeared as man,

And triumphed o'er the grave, all these are lost  
 Within the back-gone tide of yesterdays.  
 Proud Babylon and Greece, and mighty Rome,  
 Cyrus, great Alexander, all the Cæsars,  
 Where are they now?—all sunk in yesterdays!  
 No marble marks their sepulchre with truth,—  
 Their blood has sapped some little spot on earth  
 That brought forth fruit, and slaves did feed on it.  
 Otho, and Charlemagne, and greatest, last,  
 Best known, most wonderful, Napoleon, too,  
 With all their glories, conquests, victories,  
 These yesterdays have conquered and destroyed.  
 To trace the yesterdays that meted out  
 Our span of past existence, and recal  
 Their scenes of rapture and of guileless joy,  
 Throws o'er the soul the balmy dreaming calm  
 Of music from the lips of those we love.  
 To list an absent or dead parent's tale—  
 To live our boyhood o'er, and, worn with sport,  
 Hallooing, homeward run,—to snatch the book,  
 And, heedless, hurried, read our morning task!  
 Who has not in his lonely moments lived  
 Again o'er scenes like these! or fondly dwelt  
 Upon the yesterday when beauty first  
 Inflamed the breast, and flushed the stripling's cheek!  
 When unsophisticated feelings glowed  
 In giddy extacy! and every frown  
 From the fair idol of his worship, spoke  
 Death, agony, and terror! when her smile  
 Was ravishment and bliss, and every word  
 Divinest music touched by heavenly love.—  
 When her mild eye was paradise unveiled,  
 And from her lips hung grateful incense, steeped  
 In sweetest blandishment. Blush not, for these  
 Were yesterdays of innocence and joy.  
 Who has forgot the yesterday, when first  
 'Twas his to leave nativity, and say  
 In anguish, "fare thee well;"—when o'er him stood  
 A weeping mother, who exclaimed "my son!"  
 Sank on his breast, and kissed his burning cheek.—  
 When from his eyes the struggling tears burst forth  
 She dropped his hand, and cried—"God bless my child;"  
 When all had said adieu; and, lingering, last,  
 One favourite friend in silence stretched his hand,—  
 When on the shore the last fond signal died,  
 And gathering darkly, indistinctness fell  
 In distant clouds upon his father's home—  
 Who has that farewell yesterday forgot?  
 Who has forgot the yesterday of love!  
 When each pulsation throbb'd with warm delight,  
 And his glad heart swam with tumultuous joy,  
 As from the altar in delicious bliss,

And happiness supreme, he bore his bride!  
 Hath he forgot the yesterday, when first  
 Their first-born guided by the mother's hand,  
 In tottering eagerness, had clasped his knee,  
 And, faltering in its fondness—*father* lisped!  
 Can he, when robbed of every joy that gave  
 Endearment to existence, ere forget,  
 Nor in a daily retrospect, recal  
 The brighter bye-gone yesterdays of peace!  
 Can he forget the dark and cheerless day  
 When heaven and earth seem'd changed, and the fair sun  
 Shone on a dismal nothingness! that day,  
 When sadly following slow the sable hearse,  
 The solitary mourner lonely wept,  
 Or gazed upon the coffin that contained  
 The wife of his young love, or on the grave  
 Where their fair children slept, and saw their bones  
 Whitened, and broken, and consumed by worms,  
 Cast with rude earth upon their mother's bier.  
 Or when the last sad obsequies were said,  
 How bitter was the sigh that answered back,—  
 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" and then  
 Farewell, it said, farewell to all on earth.  
 When seated by his lonely hearth, he gazed  
 On ghostly vacancy, and sighing heard  
 No language at his table, save his groans—  
 How thought he on that yesterday of death!  
 Yet yesterdays have passed—do pass and plunge  
 Backward in rapid masses through the void  
 Of black, unfathomed, drear immensity.



## ON THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

FOR the purpose of illustration, let us suppose, with Condillac, that a statue, which to the minutest part is a perfect model of the corporeal structure of man, becomes suddenly endowed with all his bodily and mental faculties. Let this new-formed man be placed in the light of day, and where his opening powers may have full scope for exercise. What will be the nature of his earliest feelings? From the instant in which the animating principle takes possession of his frame, from the moment in which he draws his first breath, he must have a dream-like, half-certain consciousness of self-existence, a consciousness that is more and more confirmed by every succeeding sensation. But, though some time must elapse before he arrives at the full-satisfied conviction of his own existence, and though the causes of his sensations are yet hid in mysterious obscurity, still the first exercise of his bodily functions is accompanied with the intensest pleasure, and the earliest moments of his life are characterized by a delighted expansion and elevation of soul, and the most complete mental gratification. He feels life in every muscle, and energy in every limb, and in his experience, "even

to breathe becomes an act of will, and sense, and pleasure." Let his spirit now enter into community with the external universe; let him feel what harmony resides in every sound, what beauty in every "hue of the earth and tint of the sky;" let him feel the joy of the light, the warmth of the sunshine, the coolness of the breeze. Delight will now give place to ecstasy, and gazing round on the scenes of loveliness, wonder, and novelty that are opened up to his view, he may almost, in the buoyancy of his feelings, deem himself a being as ethereal as the air in which he breathes. Up to this period his mind, engrossed with the joy resulting from the consciousness of self-existence, has been perpetually engaged in viewing external things. In a word, SENSATION and the joy consequent upon it, form the first state of mind which the sentient being that has been supposed, must experience.

As the transport, however, into which he has been thrown, subsides, and the more sober and deliberative faculties of his mind have room for action, he will soon discover himself possessed of other powers; he feels that he can revert in thought to his past sensations, and bring them before his mind, to the partial exclusion of those that are actually impressing his organs of sense. Immediately the process of classification commences, and the associating faculty begins to appear. The objects he formerly viewed with so much interest, he now remembers, affected him in different ways; and in his mind each object and the feeling it excited are for ever after associated together. But this is not all. The capacity of thought, the first exercise of which he has experienced, he feels at length become more and more extensive. He has not only the power of laying up ideas in "the store-house of his memory," but he feels, in doing so, they assume almost of themselves a certain order and arrangement. And, when he turns and reflects on past sensations, he finds that the current of his thoughts flows on by no means at random, but after a particular manner and in obedience to certain laws.

Such, I conceive, is the gradual yet rapid progress of a being thus constituted, from sensation to the exercise of the principle of association—a principle which therefore not only gives all our thoughts their form and symmetry, and puts in some degree the properties of the external world within our power, but by so doing opens up a thousand ways of employing the understanding, and fixes happiness itself on the firmest basis. The being, whom I supposed above to be suddenly called into existence, might and, as I endeavoured to shew, would receive from his earliest sensations the most heartfelt enjoyment, but the agency of the principle of which I am speaking is necessary to extend this enjoyment to futurity, as well as to raise him in the scale of being above the beasts of the field, and to enable him to turn to his own purposes alike the strength of the brute creation, and the inert properties of material things.

The associating faculty may be viewed in a no less interesting light as that instrument by which the whole fabric of human thought and human knowledge is formed and compacted. Nature herself implanted in man the various faculties we see existing in him, but she left to other causes the office of bringing them to maturity. She furnished him with sagacity enough to perceive that "knowledge" truly is

"power," and while she pointed out to him the necessity and utility of that knowledge, she supplied him abundantly with the means of acquiring, retaining, and exercising it. Accordingly, man is employed perpetually in adding to, modifying, and reducing into practice, the knowledge he possesses, by attending to, and "storing up," to use Mr. Locke's expression, the reports of actual sensation, and the conclusions he has deduced from these by means of reason and judgment. From the earliest dawn of intellect, from the first moment in which the infant begins to feel within itself a consciousness of existence, the mind's whole faculties are engaged in the great work of accumulating ideas—in collecting together the materials of future thought. Weak perhaps may be the first efforts made by the infantile mind, and variable may be its after progress, but it will receive additional vigour from every exertion of its inherent powers, and go on from strength to strength in its intellectual career, till, with Shakspeare, it revels in a world of its own imaginings, or, with Newton, travels through illimitable space, making systems its play-things, and confining within actual calculation all but immensity itself. Throughout all this wonderful progress of the mind, from the unconsciousness of inaction to the full and uncontrolled exercise of gigantic powers, the great agent is the associating faculty. It is even more than this. Not only is it the active principle in raising the mighty fabric of human knowledge, in creating, if I may use such an expression, the world of thought, but over its own work, like a presiding agency, it is ever intently hovering. By it we are enabled not only to add thought to thought, and experience to experience, but we find our whole ideas so linked together and vivified by means of it, that without any apparent exercise of will, they float before the imagination in an uninterrupted stream, taking their form, hue, and texture from our active predominant feelings, ever at hand to aid us in the season of business, and to fill up our hours of reverie with images of beauty and tenderness reflected from the past.

Association may therefore be considered in two points of view. We may regard it, first, as that power by which we collect around any particular idea innumerable other ideas, all tending to heighten or modify the former; and, second, as that power by which the mind proceeds from thought to thought, to any indefinite extent. It is true the former may be easily resolved into the latter, inasmuch as the mental process in both is nearly the same, but with the view of explaining in a simpler manner several phenomena of the mind, it will, I think, be better to consider them as distinct.

First, then, let us consider the power of association as exerted in compounding our ideas, in clustering around one conceived object many other feelings and ideas.

This power of the associating faculty is not the least important of those which it exerts. By it we are enabled to combine together a variety of simple ideas into one complex whole, which, complex though it be, is regarded at length as making but one impression on the mind, and is suggested as such with equal rapidity and distinctness. By it we are enabled to classify our ideas, and reduce them, to use an ancient term, to *genera* and *species*. It is not my purpose to enter into any discussion such as those which amused the schoolmen many centuries

ago, as to whether such genera and species exist or no in nature ; but this I may say as far as the mind is concerned, such relations among external things are perceived actually to subsist. Were the case otherwise indeed, and had we, as a consequence of it, no power of arranging and classifying our thoughts and feelings, the mind would be, if not a perfect void, at least an unproductive chaos of loose and crude materials. For, let us consider the matter closely. Sensation furnishes us, in fact, with but a *single* idea at a time, and if the mind were under the necessity of laying up these impressions on sense, one by one, without any connection save what results from their sequence in time, they must at length become too numerous to be contained by any mind, and any thing like knowledge would be next to impossible, and at all events could never be made available to any human purpose. The universe itself would form but a mass of confusion, and if the capacity of thought would not be totally annihilated, the task of acquiring the power of following out a short train of insulated ideas would be even more laborious than to master the eighty thousand characters of the Chinese language, to obtain an adequate knowledge of a moiety of which requires a life-time.

Such is the utility of this department of the associating faculty in a general point of view. But its influence is equally observable in many other particulars. There is scarcely, I may indeed say there is not, a passion in human nature, an affection public or private, an emotion of intellect, a moral sentiment, a religious feeling, or, in fact, a single principle in the human mind, in which its working is not conspicuous. For, what is any passion but a concentration of an indefinite number of diverging rays of feeling into one focus where the collected heat glows in all its intensity? I do not mean to say that association constitutes a passion, but this I may safely affirm, that it is the principal agent in calling it into action, and raising it afterwards to higher degrees of energy. With regard to our public and private affections, it is this faculty chiefly that elevates them to their proper pitch, and knits the objects of them to the human heart with bonds that can never be burst asunder. To prove this position I need but mention such words as *parent, home, country*, each of which owes its influence over the heart principally to the tenderness of the associations that are connected with it. The power of the association is further observable in the feelings which are suggested at the mentioning of any celebrated place or illustrious individual. We have *much* of them, we have in a manner spent a part of our life in associating certain ideas with them, and when they are presented to the mind, they seldom fail to appear with their retinue of attendant feelings. Hence Marathon has become a "magic word," which, uttered, comes to the hearer's ear, accompanied with a thousand associations of Grecian spirit and Grecian freedom ; hence Bannockburn has for ages been the rallying word for Scotchmen, endeared to their hearts as the scene of the triumph of national pride and patriotic valour ; hence Cato has become the personification of all that is stern, lofty and unbending in the Roman character ; hence Xerxes is regarded as another name for all that is presumptuous in eastern vanity, all that is gorgeous in despotic magnificence. In a moral point of view the exerted influence of this part of the associating faculty is equally observable. Virtue by



the moral imagination is arrayed in all the loveliness of innocence and purity,—Vice is deformed, in aspect hideous, to the view loathsome; and indeed not a little of the diversity in moral feeling which pervades mankind, may be traced to the different lights in which the moral duties are regarded, and of course to the difference of the associations which are connected with them. In a word, every object of human thought, though single when originally placed before the mind, is soon, by the principle of which I have been speaking, made the centre around which innumerable related ideas and feelings are assembled. In this respect it is with the intellectual universe as with the universe of external space. If from our spot of earth we cast our eye on the “clear blue depths” of heaven, and aided by imagination in all its intensity, attempt to fathom the immeasurable expanse before us, peopled with life, motion, and sublimity, we must sink at length before its overwhelming magnificence, and confess that an eternity of duration would alone be sufficient for the performance of the task. This much, however, we may conceive of the fearful immensity of space in which height, depth, length, and breadth are all lost, that it is teeming with the works of Omnipotence, that system rises over system in never-ending continuity, each having its own centre, and retinue of surrounding worlds. So it is with the universe of the human mind. To calculate all its thoughts, or measure the extent of the ideal arena over which the mind is at liberty to traverse, would be a task far beyond mortal capacity; but this much we may perceive of it, that, like the external universe, it comprises within itself innumerable systems of feelings, each assembled round its own centre. The analogy may even be carried still further. For if we look narrowly into the objects of human knowledge, we will find *each* of them *individually* the centre of its own little system of associations: this with its attendants forms but one satellite to a more distant and comprehensive centre; and so on, almost to infinity. Here we see in another light the wonderful skill with which the human mind has been adapted for unity yet diversity of thought, and the facility with which it may carry on its most extensive operations. No one thought can be suggested which bears not some relation to some other thought; and accordingly, one individual in the series cannot present itself before the mind, without every other associated with it being also ready to appear at a bidding. When once two thoughts are associated together, the link subsisting between them is seldom, if ever, broken asunder.

As yet I have considered merely that *plastic* power of the associating faculty by which it assembles and combines a number of ideas into one complex whole, which is at length embodied as such in language. In doing so I have confined myself chiefly to illustration, leaving till afterwards the consideration of the laws by which this mental process is carried on, they being exactly the same with those which regulate our thoughts in the more extensive operations of the associating principle. In what I have already said it has been my object to shew, both the immense scope the mind has when arrived at maturity for exerting its faculties, that a great part of our life is spent in investigating the properties of material objects and combining them together under the form of a complex idea which the mind considers as *one*; and that by this means at length the whole fabric of human thought and know-

ledge is found. Up to this period therefore I have spoken of ideas as if they had a separate existence of themselves, and as if some real connection subsisted among them independent of the mind itself. Let me be regarded, however, as having spoken figuratively. Ideas are but particular ways in which the mind is affected, and the association of ideas means nothing more than that law of our constitution by which one state of mind succeeds another. Between things associated together no absolute connection really subsists, and this may often be very distinctly perceived. What relation for example can there be in nature between the mere *sound* of any word and the *thing* signified by it? Yet at length, (and this phenomenon is fully accounted for by the influence of habit and practice,) the one is hardly uttered when the other is suggested. But the same thing may be proved on other grounds. The mind is a sentient being, and it is only as it is *affected* that it becomes acquainted with external things, or its own thoughts. If, accordingly, these are at length formed into certain classes or clusters, the case is so only in *relation* to the mind itself, and from no "magical coherence," to use Dr. Fergusson's expression, or independent connection between them.

In considering therefore the laws of association, it ought never to be forgotten that the whole history of the mind is nothing else than a series of *states* of different kinds, according as it is employed in actual sensation, or in the contemplation of its own thoughts, and that all we wish to know is what there is in one state which disposes it to enter another. In such an investigation it ought also to be kept in mind, that this process of suggestion may take place in two different manners. The state into which the mind enters may be suggested by a *real perceived* object, or by one that is merely *ideal*; we may pass from a *sensation* to a *thought*, or from one *thought* to another. Both modes of association are extensively employed in life, and by their means our ideas become possessed both of vividness and variety; but while this is the case, the operations of mind by them are rendered not a little complicated and difficult of detection. If we could conceive a man arrived at full maturity, and endowed with all the faculties of the rest of mankind, to be suddenly deprived of the power of exercising his organs of sense, so that he could hold no converse with external nature, and to be left in possession of no other faculties than those of memory and thought, then we might have some notion of the associating principle as exerted in all its strength, and without interruption from without. But man is placed in other circumstances than are here contemplated. His continued trains of thought, properly so called, are, comparatively speaking, of short duration, and he is too much a being of the world, to have his waking senses long averted from it. His ear is continually open, his sense of feeling is ever on the alert; the lifting of a diminutive lid may let in upon his soul the rays of light from a thousand objects at once, and when it is considered that by attending to the least information derived from these sources, the mind may be led into a new train of thought, we need not wonder at the frequency with which the current of his ideas is diverted into a different channel from that in which they may have been for some time moving.

In such trains of thought, however, of which the human mind is

capable, little acuteness is requisite to perceive that the process of suggestion is by no means fortuitous. Accordingly, so far back as the time of Aristotle, we find such principles as Resemblance, Contrast, and Contiguity, laid down as the laws which direct the mind in proceeding from thought to thought, and from conception to conception. This arrangement however, even as modified by Mr. Hume, is at best incomplete, and seems indeed in my opinion to be not only unnecessarily prolix, but to have proceeded from a very superficial view of the human mind. On such a point as this, however, we must advance with caution, on an induction of facts alone, and a regular appeal to consciousness. Accordingly, let us suppose the mind in any particular state, and by an analysis of this endeavour to discover what it is that induces it to enter one that is different.

Every state into which the mind can enter is either one of *sensation* or of *conception*, and in each it is either *pleased*, *pained*, or *tranquil*. If the sensation be the first sensation it has ever experienced, it is plain the associating principle cannot be called into action; if it be conception, the very name implies that that *conceived object* has been formerly before the mind in the form of a sensation, if not as a *whole*, at least in its *elements*. But sensation is often joined with conception, that is to say, I may look at an object, and the very instant I am doing so, I may have some conception concerning it, foreign in some degree to the impression it makes on sense. Let us, however, suppose that the mind is in a state of pure conception, unexcited either by pain or pleasure, but allowed to follow its own thoughts in comparative tranquillity. Here it is understood that the mind has arrived at maturity, and that it has lived in continued intercourse with the external world. In such a case when the mind is in a state of conception, it has before it some particular scene or object. I scarcely use such an expression in a figurative sense. It *thinks it sees it*, it endeavours to fix itself in such a situation as that it may *actually see it*, and sometimes, as in dreaming and in reverie, the mental pictures float before it in the vivid hues of reality. In every conception therefore we *try to conceive* what our *sensations* would be if we were in the presence of the conceived object, and accordingly form an empty, unsubstantial outline of it before the imagination. But in this manner we may paint, as it were, before the mind's eye not only one single object, but a whole extensive scene; and although this is made up of an infinite variety of individual conceptions, still the mind can have a notion of it as a whole. Now, as I formerly endeavoured to shew, a great part of the life of man is spent in clustering around any particular object, a great variety of associations, and accordingly by this means our ideas at length become so compounded that no one can appear before the mind single and unaccompanied with other associated ideas. When therefore the mind is in the state of conception above supposed, some scene or perhaps single object is figured out before the imagination. If it is a single object, it does not come before the mind *alone*, but is in reality the centre of its own system of associations; and although the mind is engrossed principally with the former, the latter are not wholly removed,—they may be in the back ground, and in dim perspective, but are not totally invisible. If the mind has before it the conception of a particular *scene*, the mental eye is in a manner perpetually *roving over* it, and

though but one object at a time is the prominent figure in the ideal picture, still therest are in perspective, and each in turn may *at will* become the direct object of the mind's observation. In this respect the mental and bodily eyes are similarly situated. If we stand on an eminence, and look down on some extensive piece of natural scenery, one object at a time is really all that is within the reach of *direct* vision; but though this is the case, the rest of the scenery is by no means unseen—it remains ready to supply at the command of the will new objects for the mind's contemplation. Some tree perhaps in such a scene, some cascade, some tower, or some cottage, may be all that we observe at any single instant of time, but while we are looking at any *one* of these, we have the *notion* of having *perceived* the others, and may turn the eye to them again at pleasure.

In every conceptive state, therefore, into which the mind is thrown, it has before it in imagination some object or objects, and in directing its vision from one of these to another, it follows no other law than that of the *will*, than the desire to please itself. I hear, for example, the words "at the North Pole" pronounced; and the mind sets out immediately on the task of assembling together into one complex idea, the ideas I have already associated with such a place. In a word, I conceive myself there, and the mind's eye roves over an imagined landscape—where there is unfathomable ice beneath—cold around—the aurora and starry heavens above. But of all these conceived objects I can at will choose any particular one, and make it the centre of a new system of conceptions, and the same process as before will be recommenced. Thus for instance I may take the Pole Star—a part of the *conceived scene*, and commence by calling up the ideas I have associated with the word Star. I may view in imagination the whole starry host around me, and as a part of the sublime scene, see Newton and Herschell gazing on their glittering orbs and detecting the minutest motions, or I may picture before me a number of Chaldean shepherds watching at midnight their silent spheres, and framing their constellations into fantastic shapes. From hence I may pass to the consideration of the history of the east; the characters who have figured on the stage of life may successively rise before my imagination; and in fact, if uninterrupted by sensation, the current of thought might thus flow on for ever.

Now, in all this mental process the mind follows no law except that of the *will* alone. One object is presented to it, but it comes before it attended with a retinue of associations, out of which it *chooses* one with which to commence a new train of thought. The whole question therefore reduces itself to this, Why, or by what means, do I associate certain ideas with certain objects, why did I associate the idea of ice with the idea of the North Pole, why does the mere *sound* of the word *virtue* suggest its meaning? Here certainly it will not be asserted that there is any *natural* connection between them, and the only answer that can be given to such a question is, that I have been *accustomed* to conceive them *together*—I first understood what was meant by the one idea and then what by the other, and at last *combined* them into one complex idea. In a word, I *virtually* conceived them *together*: and to this simple principle all others, such as Resemblance, Contrast, &c. may be reduced.

With regard to *Resemblance*, this, I conceive, may be very easily done. In laying down this as a law of association Mr. Hume gives as an example of it the case of a portrait suggesting the idea of a friend. Now, in such an instance as this it is obvious the portrait could never have suggested the friend, had it not contained something in *common* with that friend, something we had *formerly* associated in our mind as a *part* of that friend; and accordingly when that *part* was presented to the mind, by a very simple exercise of remembrance it felt that it had seen it *before*, and immediately called up many *other* ideas it had *associated* with it. St. Pierre imagines that the famous Swiss Song—the *raux des Vaches*—must *imitate* the lowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the repercussion of echoes, and other local associations; but in fact, all this is not necessary to account for the effects this song is said to produce on the Swiss' mind. The air itself and the words of the song are ideas it had been wont to associate with certain scenery, and it feels disappointed accordingly, when it considers itself removed to a distance from the objects of its tenderest affections contained within it.

In *Contrast* the associating principle is still the same. *Heat*, it is said, suggests *cold*; *night*, *day*, and this by means of contrast. Now I think, a being that had never experienced the sensation of *cold* could have no notion of it—he that had lived in perpetual *day* could not understand what was meant by *night*, and to him therefore they could not be associated together. But when he has experienced both, he finds that the one is every thing that the other is not; the transition between them is so abrupt that it cannot fail to be striking, and for that very reason the *two* are conceived by the mind at *once*, and the one may ever after be termed an idea *associated* with the other.

*Contiguity in Time and Place* necessarily supposes that a particular scene is before the mind out of which it *chooses* the objects to which it shall pay the greatest attention, and of course the same principle as before is still operating. In Causation, which is in reality but a modification of Contiguity, the effect and the cause are considered as one complex idea, and the one suggests the other only because we have always been accustomed to contemplate them together.

From infancy upwards therefore, we are accustomed to conceive of objects as the representations of certain collections or bundles of ideas, and out of these we have the power of *choosing* those which we deem worthiest of attention, and calling up by their means the ideas associated with them. This power, which the will exerts in our trains of thought, is further exemplified in the colouring which our *feelings* give to our *thoughts*. If the mind is tranquil and unimpassioned, the current of ideas flows on in an uninterrupted stream; if under the influence of sorrow, it *chooses* out from among the ideas suggested to it only such as refer to its downcast state; when joyful, images of cheerfulness are alone selected for its intimate inspection; and, in a word, whatever the state of the mind may be, its thoughts always correspond to it.

## THE POET'S DEATH-BED.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

I HAVE prepar'd my heart—and 'tis resign'd,—  
 And yet I feel, now that the hour draws near,  
 How sad a thing it is to leave behind  
 All I hold dear!

By short and easy stages I've been led  
 Into my narrow dwelling, day by day;  
 But when I see those tears of parting shed,  
 I still would stay.

Weep not that I should bid the world farewell!  
 For hopes around my sinking soul arise,  
 That of a land of light and glory tell  
 Beyond the skies!

I pray thee do not wake, with look or tone,  
 The feelings that are slumbering in my heart,  
 But leave me here awhile to gaze alone  
 Ere I depart.

I would be still,—yet ere the day be flown,  
 O, let me feel once more the blissful breeze,  
 And see my last of earthly suns go down  
 Among the trees!

Shut ye not out his last sweet smile that still  
 Is seen to linger o'er our quiet cot,  
 To-morrow he will hearts with gladness fill  
 When I am not.

It stirs my blood with life to hear again  
 From yon green glade the happy children's call;  
 They ne'er have felt the mind and body's pain,  
 God bless them all!

The spirit of the past I fancied dead,—  
 But young, romantic thoughts still brightly glow  
 Within the heart whose dreams of fame have fled  
 Long, long ago!

O, it has been my life's best hope to twine  
 The poet's wreath around my burning brow,  
 But youth calls many a rainbow forth to shine,—  
 'Tis idle now.

And there is one whose pale thin hands are rais'd  
 In gentle prayer to great Creation's throne,  
 Whom I in early, long lost years had deem'd—  
 Vainly—mine own!



## THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

IN THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR TITUS.

*Translated from S. N. H. Linguet's "Histoire des Revolutions de L'Empire Romain."*

THE short and mild reign of Titus was visited by almost perpetual scourges. An eruption of Vesuvius terrified Italy, which a frightful plague afterwards desolated; and a dreadful conflagration brought Rome into the same state to which she was reduced in the reign of Nero. The plague and fire were, without doubt, very afflicting events, but yet were of a kind more afflicting than astonishing; they are not absolutely uncommon, and cannot therefore be placed in the rank of those extraordinary calamities which leave a very lasting impression on the minds of men, and, upon the earth, indelible monuments of their ravages. It is not so with such an eruption of Vesuvius to which we have alluded: history, neither ancient nor modern, presents us with any calamity approaching to it.

We have witnessed in our day *Calleo* totally submerged, and *Lima* almost entirely destroyed, attended with the most terrifying circumstances. We have seen the shore of Lisbon serve that capital for a grave; and the shocks of the earthquake that destroyed it, were felt at the extremities of the two hemispheres. The conflagration of Vesuvius, however, appears to have originated more fatal consequences, and certainly produced more singular effects. At Lisbon, and also at Lima, the fire, that tormented the entrails of the globe, only agitated it with violence; the inhabitants had merely to dread this species of fearful convulsions which overthrew their buildings; the womb of the earth shewed itself by the wide opening of chasms ready to engulf every living soul. But in the mean time they might seek for and find asylums: in flying from one danger they fell not into another: they still had a pure air in which to breathe, and to lament over the desolation of their country; and even at the very time, when the soil on which they trode was sinking beneath their feet, those who had not been swallowed up, were under no fear or apprehension of being overwhelmed in the open plain.

Here, on the contrary, all nature appeared to be armed for the destruction of mankind. The four elements seemed combined to render the spectacle more terrific, and the catastrophe more tragic. Torrents of liquid flame, known under the name of lava, inundated the earth agitated by incessant violent concussions. A shower of burning stones rendered the air more dreadful, and in the midst of clouds of ashes, by which it was darkened, the raging and swelling of the sea, together with the noise of its waves, seemed to repulse and pursue the remnant of the unfortunate thousands who had escaped the violence of the fire—the ruins of edifices—and the fall, with great crashes, of large portions of rocks precipitately broken on every side of them.

It is known how two entire cities were then, not only destroyed, but buried,—they disappeared in the midst of the ashes vomited up from the crater of Vesuvius; and an interval of sixteen hundred years has expired, ere one of these cities has been discovered in our days.



This discovery was, perhaps, one of the most valuable that could possibly happen to the lovers of antiquity. They were about to mingle with the Italians of the first century of our æra; they were about, they imagined, to witness the manners of these people, their customs, and their civil life. It was no longer those decayed monuments, injured by barbarism, or mutilated by time, and very frequently rendered of no use by erudite enquiries, that they expected to behold brought forth into light:—it was the age of Augustus himself whose restoration they anticipated.

Herculaneum was a city considerable enough in extent to flatter us with the hopes of finding every thing, hitherto wanting to us, elucidatory of ancient history. We laid our account in the certainty of these lights, involved for so many ages in darkness, throwing a greater brilliancy around by emerging from their tomb.

To this period of time the general expectation has been frustrated. The search has produced nothing to instruct us regarding things of which we have been long ignorant, or which are contested amongst us. Perhaps it might have been wished, that the exploration had been directed by more intelligent men, and upon a different plan;—they seem rather to have been eager to examine, than to examine with care and well; they have gone through the streets, and traversed the squares and places, where there is nothing to be ascertained or learnt not already known. The interior of the houses and habitations, where alone information and instruction were likely to be acquired, has hitherto been entirely neglected.

It was the private apartments that ought first to have been sought for with great precaution, and examined with much patience. It is in them, no doubt, that must lie concealed what alone can satisfy a reasonable curiosity. Therein might have been verified what were the instruments in use by the ancients to facilitate the useful arts; and by an enlightened comparison then, we might have perfected our own: We might have acquired a knowledge of the degree to which they had carried their industry in the fabrication of their cloths, &c.—and what had been the form of their garments; there would then no longer have remained any obscurity in these things, more particularly in the latter article, which is, at the present day, so indeterminate, notwithstanding the ancient monuments which should have set the matter in a clearer light.

Above all, what might have proved still more interesting, would have been the manuscripts. This discovery, by giving us the whole of many works of the ancients, would have formed a remarkable epoch in the history of literature: for it cannot be doubted that there must exist of the manuscripts more than one kind in Herculaneum; and if they have not yet been brought forth to light, it must infallibly arise either from the want of skill in the workmen employed, or from the negligence of those who have hitherto had the direction of their operations. In fine, if this opportunity of procuring them should be lost, what hopes are there of ever finding such another? \*

\* It may be proper to notice in defence, as well as to the credit of our Author, that what discoveries have been made by the exploration of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, have been made since he composed the history from which this account is taken, and therefore it is not improbable that the remarks and com-

Dion, in relating the submersion of this city, very seriously assures us, that all the inhabitants were surprised and suffocated in the theatre by the ashes with which it was then filled. But Dion, as is common with him, has related an absurdity, and the best and surest proof of it is, that the theatre has been the first edifice discovered and visited, and no remains or semblance of a human corpse found therein. Had there ever been any, they would have been preserved under the crust, so impenetrable to the air, by which the city was covered. Many things were found there quite at least as corruptible in nature as a human corpse, which appeared to have undergone no exterior alteration, although not burnt, as some ignorant writers have asserted, but consumed and reduced to powder, as is the case with all things long shut up in subterraneous places excluded from air.

Dion is not the only historian who has thrown reason in the back ground, and burdened the truth, in the recital of circumstances relative to this event; and it is truly melancholy that we are obliged to associate with him in this respect the younger Pliny, a more celebrated writer, and very differently esteemed from Dion. In the meantime, on this occasion, he has been neither more judicious, nor veridical; to prove it we shall make but two remarks.

Pliny the elder, his uncle, lost his life at this time from a desire of examining the symptoms of the scourge too near to its source. He was suffocated, it can hardly be doubted, almost at the foot of the mountain by the deluge of ashes it threw out, and which became fatal to the towns in its vicinage. They were dispersed as far as Rome, and into Syria and Africa, that is to say, in every possible direction: and of necessity must then have been very abundant in the place where Pliny was lost. They became heaped together upon the ground, many feet in thickness, like the snow when falling heavily and in great flakes; and must of course have covered his body in a manner not to permit its being found again; his attendants too, who had withdrawn themselves so soon as they saw it out of their power to render him any assistance, fearful of subjecting themselves to the same fate, could give no account or information of the place where they had left him. Yet notwithstanding this, his nephew pretends that his

plaints so profuse in these paragraphs have been in no small measure a stimulant to those engaged in the exploration, and productive of what benefits may hitherto have been derived to us of the present day from their labours.

We scruple not, however, to acknowledge our own ignorance of what improvement the arts, sciences or manufactures with us have yet undergone by the contemplation of the objects already brought to light; and it is with some confidence we express our doubts, that any thing has been added to our literature by the manuscripts found in the excavations of Herculaneum. Four of them, we are told, have been unrolled by the ingenuity of a Monk, and their fac-similes with translations published by the Neapolitan government, but the subjects of which they treat, we believe, have been found barren of new information, and by no means of a nature to interest the learned student, however much they may tend to gratify the curiosity of an antiquary. The number of these papyri discovered, has been very great, and many crumbled into dust when exposed to the air, nor were a few of them destroyed by unsuccessful attempts to unroll them. Yet, we are informed, not fewer than eighteen hundred remain untouched—let us, then, not despair of the imaginings of our Author being at no distant period verified—"that we shall become by the discovery of these books possessed of the whole of many works of the ancients, parts of which only we now possess."—THE TRANSLATOR.

body was sought for the day after his death, and found without any difficulty. It is not, however, an easy matter to believe him on his word. Certainly of two things, one of them must be, either that the elder Pliny was lost at a great distance from Vesuvius and out of the reach of the dreadful storm of ashes that issued therefrom, or that he was not found, if ever found at all, so soon as his nephew relates he was.

Thus we have urged our first remark—and our second we are disposed to believe will be allowed materially to strengthen it. At Messina, five leagues and more distant from the mountain than so destructive, the nephew ran the imminent risk, in the midst of the open country, of being covered and suffocated by the same shower of ashes that deprived the uncle of life: he was under the necessity, he said, from time to time, of exerting himself in removing the ashes, to prevent himself from perishing in them. Now, a shower such as this, strong enough to cover a living man, and put him in danger of being suffocated thereby, must surely have been heavy enough to cover also a dead man, and entirely to bury his body.

Further, Pliny the younger should have acquainted us, how he found himself able to breathe in the midst of a shower of ashes so thick as to change the day into a night, darker than that of a room so entirely closed up as to preclude all entrance whatever of light: for it is thus he expresses himself—“*Vix viam deserueramus, et nox, non quasi illunis et nubila, sed qualis in locis clausis, lumine extincto:*” and particularly when the shower was composed of burning cinders, thrown out with such rapidity and force as to spread round a district of country not less than three hundred leagues distant from its centre.

Pliny might have been sensible that it was weakening a recital, how tragical soever it might otherwise have been, by mingling absurdities therewith. This, one should have thought, would forcibly have struck his mind; but it is in general the mind that describes. Reason renders the descriptions too tame and frigid; and it is less our pride, in describing events of this nature, to paint that which has terrified the imagination during the danger, than that which flatters it when the danger is past.

It is not through malignity that we have given way to these observations: but in the end it is not less useful to make known how much we may be led astray and deceived by great names. This authority not unfrequently is a kind of veil to absurdities, as in a sumptuous building, the finest varnish decorates and sometimes throws a brilliancy over the meanest materials.

To finish our account and remarks, as we have begun them, with the name of Titus; it is to his honour—his historians have observed, that time alone was wanting to the people to solicit in order to obtain relief from him to their miseries. The Emperor hastened to prevent their demands by transporting himself to the theatre, on which the scenes we have described had passed. It seems he was desirous of convincing himself, as fully as it was possible, of the necessity of an immediate reparation of the evils they had occasioned, by obliging himself to consider the consequences of them as near to where they happened as was in his power to do.

He took the same method, and availed himself of the same means, both in regard to the Plague and the Conflagration: he made use of

every plan occurring to his mind to combat them and cause them to be forgotten ; and all the power which the grandeur of the state gave to a sovereign of Rome, and all the activity with which an inexhaustible tenderness could inspire an affectionate father of his people. He was profuse of remedies of every kind ; he encouraged by exhortations and rewards all persons expert in the art of curing the evils ; he took upon himself the reconstruction of all the edifices destroyed by the fire ; and while he thus charged his treasury with an increase of expences, he lessened the imposts, many of which he entirely suppressed, and others he ameliorated. His economy even furnished him with funds to display in shows, now become necessary to the Roman people, a magnificence unattainable by the prodigality of his predecessors.

J. T.

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 TO A LADY.

*Supposed to be addressed to her by a Domestic Circle on the termination of a visit to them.*

FORGET us not ! Forget us not !  
 When Time's dark pall is thrown  
 Around, where late with living smiles  
 The glad group brightly shone :—  
 When distance dims the retrospect,  
 And Mem'ry scarce can trace  
 A faint and fading outline of  
 The hearth,—each form and face,—  
 Oh ! then forget us not !

Forget us not ! Forget us not !  
 When other scenes invite,  
 And draw thy sympathies away—  
 At morn, or noon, or night :—  
 When *present* joys and earlier friends  
 The heart's affection claim,—  
 While pleasures *past*, then lost to sense,  
 Leave but an empty name,—  
 Forget—forget us not !

Forget us not ! Forget us not !  
 Throughout life's varied range,  
 'Mid storm or sunshine, weal or woe,  
 'Mid aught of chance or change :—  
 Our wishes follow thee ;—our pray'rs  
 To Heav'n's high throne shall rise,  
 When Day withdraws, and Night succeeds  
 With star-illumin'd skies ;—  
 Oh ! then, forget us not !

Forget us not ! Forget us not !—  
 And yet how sad a thing—

Oblivion e'er should o'er the past  
 Her dismal shadows fling!  
 Immortal Hope! be thou our stay;—  
 Faith! guide us to that shore,  
 Where happy souls shall dwell, and need  
 The painful words no more—  
 "Forget—forget us not!"

AER.

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### A DREADFUL PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. ALPHONSO TOMKINS.

MAR. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;  
 And will not let belief take hold of him,  
 Touching this dreaded sight TWICE SEEN of us.

HAMLET.

OUR hero belongs to a class of men, who have lately figured much in romance.\* We mean "travellers," and in order to give our readers,—at least, our *intelligent* readers,—a high idea of his talents, it is only necessary to say, that, in his professional career, he was fully as distinguished as the *majority* of his *enterprising* brethren. Some may, perhaps, suppose, that this implies nothing more than activity, a practical knowledge of trade, and what the newspapers call a "good address." But there can be no doubt, that "the degree of mental energy" amounting nearly, if not positively, to genius; which the author of the "DREADFUL STORY" maintains, *generally* speaking, to be the secret of success at hop-step-and-jump and throwing the hammer, is also, *generally* speaking, the secret of success in our hero's department. Phillips Grey's talent for poetry might readily suggest the remark, and the case of Mr. Tomkins fully justifies our application of it. In fact, he was not only familiar with every romance that had issued from the Minerva Press, but, in addition to innumerable Valentines (some of which, *even* to this day, cannot be repeated without tears by the Bond-street loungers,) he had composed an exquisite "Sonnet to the Moon," and an "Epithalamium to Miss Jemima Higgins on her marriage to Mr. Frederick Theodore Plym." So much for our hero, we must now proceed to our story:—

It was a beautiful moon-light night about the end of January 1816, when Mr. Alphonso Tomkins alighted at the door of a little inn, on a solitary moor, in the north of England. He would have preferred *better* accommodation. But he had no alternative, as the next stage was twenty miles distant; and both he and his horse were already exhausted. We repeat, that the very appearance of the place was inconsistent with his ideas of comfort, and his mind was by no means relieved on coming into contact with the landlord. He was a tall, muscular, swarthy fellow, with a burly chest, a crimson face, a "Bar-dolph nose," and a retreating forehead. Nature, however, had in some

\* See "The Stout Gentleman," &c.

degree, made up for the rude construction of his exterior, by giving him a voice of singular power and sweetness. But, from the particular circumstances in which he and our hero met, the union of qualities so opposite rather increased than diminished the repulsive impression which the latter had received. In fact, the deep, mellow tones of the landlord's "Good night, Sir," sank like lead on the traveller's heart,—he almost fancied, that there was something unearthly in them.

After seeing his horse rubbed down and fed, Mr. Tomkins was ushered by his host into a little room with a sanded floor. A large chair with mahogany arms and a faded yellow moreen cover stood at the fire-side, and the walls were decorated with emblematic pictures of the four seasons. But, as Coleridge says,

"every goodly or familiar form  
"Had 'even' a strange power of spreading terror round him."

The cheerful fire, contrasted with the cold, moorland air, had no effect in relaxing the gloomy tendency of our hero's feelings. He was so assailed by a succession of bewildering fancies, that he was only recalled from his reverie by the sight of his supper, which consisted of a large dish of ham and eggs, a bottle of strong ale and a reasonable allowance of gin and water, to which he did ample justice. But like the hero of the Spanish Play

"His sadness  
"Was a PART of him, no more a passion or a madness,"—

and he strove in vain to overcome it. He had a volume of Shakespeare in his pocket, and began to read "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but without feeling any relief. He then thought, that it might do him good, and that it would be proper, as Valentine's eve was so near, to write a few lines to Miss Sophia Hicks, which we beg leave to sub-join, in case that our readers should wish to have a specimen of his poetry.

Maiden so dear, but so far above  
My lyre's *full* tones and my heart's *first* love!  
Oh pardon this trembling attempt to weave  
Thee a rude song-wreath on St. Valentine's eve!

Ah! where is the heath-bell that may vie  
With the soft, blue light of thy deep love-eye,  
And the branching veins that rise, half hid  
By the long, dark lash, on its drooping lid!

Ah! who can forget the æry grace  
Of the smile that gently dimples *thy* face!  
*Thy* arching neck, *thy* golden hair,  
As it falls in its lustrous beauty there!

*Who* can forget! ah! I see thee now  
With that deep repose o'er thy large fair brow—  
That deep repose which seems to be  
The symbol of thought and feeling in thee.

Maiden! thou art like the bright Queen-flower,  
Which the poor bird woos in his Persian bower;  
Like him, I live in the very thought  
Of my Love,—but like it, *oh! she knows me not.* \*

After this effort of genius, Mr. Tomkins felt inclined to retire to rest. So he rang the bell, and desired to be shewn to his bed-chamber.

His anomalous landlord then took the candle and conducted him up stairs to a small apartment. The furniture consisted of what is commonly called "a folding-down bed" with a slim, blue-check curtain suspended from the upper extremity to shield the face, a cane-chair, a fir table, a narrow stripe of grey "crumb-cloth," and a little, square looking-glass, in a red, wooden frame, placed over the chimney-piece. The window had no shutters and the panes were very small and thick, with large, green nobs, and partially incrustated with the spreading rind of a strong frost.—

Our hero had scarcely placed his head on his pillow (which, by the way, was not remarkable either for its fragrance or its softness) when he was alarmed by a rushing sound in the room, and with a considerable exertion of self-control, he sprang up.—But, greatly to his relief, he discovered, that it had proceeded from a shower of half-formed icicles, which an old ash-tree had shaken against the window. So, he once more lay down and tried to compose himself to sleep, in which he at last succeeded. We say to *sleep*, for we cannot say to *rest*. His visions were most terrific.

He dreamt, that he was sitting in a room with a stone-floor. The flags were black with damp, and coarse, lank weeds were shooting up through the chinks and cracks. The desolate aspect of the place was also heightened by the massy foliage of a sycamore that grew on the opposite edge of a gravel-walk in front. He had come, he thought, to meet some one,—*he knew not whom*—and after an interval of oppressive suspense, the air, in the middle of the apartment, seemed (if we may be allowed the expression) to thicken gradually into a wild outline, and he saw \* \* \* \* \*. But we cannot describe that hideous anomaly. Mr. Tomkins is known to have declared, "upon his honour," that if he could recall its features distinctly, "he was confident it would throw him into convulsions." He could trust his memory, however, so far as to assert, that, in particular, its ears were narrow, conical and deeply indented, and that it bore *some* resemblance to a baboon!—To his utter dismay, it flung its arms (*seu quocunque alio nomine gaudent*) round his neck, and he felt a "desire with loathing strangely mixed" to press his lips against its hard, scurfy cheek. He thought, too, that he had continued for some moments in that unnatural conjunction, when the image of Miss Sophia Hicks flashed across his mind, and, with a sudden effort, he threw the foul abortion into the fire-place.—"Yes!" he used to say, "Yes! I heard distinctly the dull sound of its fall upon the naked bars." But it instantly started up and muttered some mysterious words, and myriads of gro-

\* Mr. Tomkins, it will be observed, in applying the Persian fable of the Nightingale and the Rose, to his own situation, assumes the lady, by a poetical latitude, to be inanimate.

tesque combinations, like the notes in a stream of light that breaks through the joinings of a window-shutter in a summer morning, floated before him.—His brain reeled, and the scene changed. He thought that he had lain down on a green plot, in front of an old, baronial castle. It was a June evening, and nothing was to be heard but the rustling of the leaves and blossoms in the adjoining orchard, and the hum of the wild-bees among the white clover and the fading wall-flowers. All at once, Miss Sophia Hicks stood before him, and exclaimed,—pointing to a magpie perched on the topmost twig of a gigantic poplar,—“Ah! Tomkins, 'ow I sigh to possess that lovely bird!” “My hangel!” replied Mr. Tomkins, “I shall procure it for you.”—“But Tomkins,” resumed Miss Hicks, “you must not hatterp to climb the tree, as it is dreadfully 'igh and this is *Sunday* hevening, and it would be rather hawkward and hindecorous, if you were to lose your life for such a trife.”—“Tho' it were a trife, my love!” said our hero, “I should be 'appy to prove, even by my death, that I appreciate your sensibility to the *beauties* of nature.”—He then thought, that he had ascended far up the naked trunk, which creaked and swung beneath him, when he came into contact with a glutinous substance. He raised his head, and what was his horror to see the shrunk eye of an immense snake, glistening upon him with a heavy, animal expression!—The shock was too much for his nerves,—he let go his hold and—awoke,—greatly to his satisfaction and, we dare say, greatly to the satisfaction of our kind-hearted readers.

The visions, which he had just had, seemed to him altogether out of the ordinary course of nature. Here we may observe, that the theory laid down by the author of the “Dreadful Story,” with regard to such visitations as his hero encountered, may be justly extended to dreams. “As to the *apparent inutilty* of such warnings,” he says, “how vain is the objection! If they were to influence us to sober thought alone, as they are well calculated to do, that is one manifest good resulting from them.” Like Phillips Grey, after his terrible presentiment, our hero “involuntarily found himself revolving the occurrences of his past life,” and “here,” like him too, but like few others, “he found *little* to condemn.” He recollected with peculiar satisfaction, (as he said to a friend on a Sunday-trip to Margate) that he had done much to promote the interest of his employers, and that he had often received a grateful “Bless you, sir,” from “Boots” for an additional twopence.

He was engaged in these reflections, when a little wooden clock, (whose energies were apparently benumbed by the frost), after a spasmodic effort, struck four. The sound had scarcely died away, when he heard the iron-latch of a door, that led into the back kitchen, tingle, and this was succeeded by what seemed to be a *heavy foot* on the staircase. We say a *foot*, for, strained as his attention was, he could not discover the sound of more than *one*. It approached slowly and sullenly,—like a solid body moved by some unaccountable agency,—and his room-door, which had only an imperfect fastening, gave way. Mr. Tomkins, like

“A vulture frighted from Imaus,  
Before an earthquake's tread,”

lost all command over himself.



The brilliant moon-light broke through the icy coating of the window-panes, and displayed the gaunt, shrivelled semblance of an old man. It approached the bed-side, and drew an instrument, somewhat resembling a shoemaker's knife, from a leather-belt which was buckled round its waist. It is impossible to describe the effect, which this produced on the mind of our hero. He drew in his breath,—shut his eyes and clenched his hands till the nails struck into the palms. He was roused, however, by a strong grasp, and on opening his eyes, the figure pointed the knife at its own throat, accompanying the gesture with some wild and inarticulate sounds. It then proceeded towards the door, and, frowning upon our hero, made a signal for him to follow. As our readers, however, may easily imagine, he felt no inclination to obey, and it retired. But shortly after, two or three piercing shrieks struck upon his ear, and his panic, which had begun to subside, returned. He was again struggling to overcome it, when a faint light, as if from below, passed the window, and the figure, ascending with the same solemn steps, approached the bed, and held out the knife. But, what was his horror, when he observed long, white hairs sticking to the left, and thin flakes of blood half-coagulated on the cold, blue blade! \*—He fainted.

It was two or three hours before his recollection returned, and, as may be supposed, he scarcely knew how to act, or to use his own expression, "he felt delicately situated." He rose, however, and examined his portmanteau where he found every thing safe. This circumstance tended to remove any doubt, (if indeed it was possible for him to have any,) that he had seen a spectre, and he could not check a suspicion, that the object of this preternatural interference was to lead to the discovery of a murder which had been committed by his landlord. He resolved therefore to leave the inn as quickly as possible and to cause a judicial inquiry to be made.

After dressing very hastily he went down to the sitting-room and called for the landlord who instantly made his appearance, evidently in a very agitated state, and exclaimed, "Oh Zur,—I'm very sorry, that thee's been sodisturbed!"—"Disturbed! What do you mean?" said our hero. "I'll tell thee, Zur, how it happened."

He then confessed, with great contrition, that the bed, in which Mr. Tomkins had slept, was usually allotted to the "lad" who had agreed for that night to content himself with the hay-loft, and that a *dumb* man, with a wooden leg, who was to assist him in killing a pig that morning, had retired at an early hour (so as to be soon up) to "a shake-down" in the back-kitchen. The latter, however, had not been informed, from the bustle occasioned by our hero's arrival, of the new arrangements, and had repaired to his companion's room expecting to find him there. This was the key-stone of the whole mystery. When he found that he could not rouse his supposed friend he killed the pig himself, and on returning to upbraid him for his sloth, discovered his mistake but was so perplexed that he had only made a disclosure to the landlord a few minutes before Mr. Tomkins came down stairs.

Who can describe the effect of this denouement on Mr. Tomkins?

\* Founded on fact.

We, at least cannot make the attempt. We shall only add, that he thought "the physiognomy of the landlord not so bad after all" and regretted, that, instead of "hindulging melancholy," he had not asked him for a song.

N. D. S.

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STRAY LEAVES

FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

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LINES

*Written on visiting the Falls of Clyde.*

HEAR the voice of the foam through the woodlands break,  
 Like the eve of eternity whispering—awake!  
 Ere the angel burst forth in his glory and gloom,  
 And the lightnings of heaven strike life through the tomb.  
 And see! where the cataract bursts on the sight,  
 A *varying sameness*:—a dazzling white!  
 While the sunbeams leap in the glowing spray,  
 Like the birth of waters hailing day,  
 As they bound from the cliffs in jocund glee  
 To join in the dance of sublimity!  
 Ascend ye now to the craggy shore,  
 Where Cora shouts amidst surges hoar,  
 There gaze as a moth by the rocky steep  
 Where the waters plunge to embrace the deep,  
 And revel in light down the deep-voiced linn,  
 While thou art the only thing of sin  
 Amongst rocks where the floods have scooped an abode  
 And temple fair for nature's God!  
 There gaze where the glistening waters gush  
 And think how ages onward rush,  
 Or turn thine eyes around to see  
 The wall of rocks—the trembling tree,—  
 The height—the depth—the chasm riven—  
 The shadows of the hand of heaven!  
 Ascend ye now to the giddy height,  
 Where the rainbowed sheet in glory bright,  
 Like an infant glacier bathed in gold,  
 Deep wreathed in many a snowy fold,  
 Hurls headlong down, and thou art left,  
 Of every sense but sight bereft,

Rapt in magnificence. Then go  
 And wend thee to the little Oe\*—  
 The isle of cascades, while thy tract  
 Is one continued cataract.  
 There muse around an hour alone,  
 Till all of earth save glory's gone.

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*The Clyde and Tweed.*

NURSED on a rocky mountain's breast  
 Two twin-born rivers played,  
 And parting, one rushed fleetly west,  
 The other eastward strayed.

The Clyde rolled on, a warrior's song  
 Of triumph, while the Tweed  
 With stilly murmur swept along,  
 Its voice the shepherd's reed.

A bridegroom leaping light with joy,  
 On, onward bounded Clyde,  
 The Tweed a maiden timid, coy,  
 Moved like a blushing bride.

The Clyde rushed forth in glory where  
 The sunbeams revelled wild;  
 The Tweed in beauty, softly fair,  
 Was kissed by moonlight mild.

Sublimity and beauty's tread  
 Impressed their favoured Clyde,  
 While loveliness hung o'er her Tweed,  
 And slumbered on its side.

The Clyde embraced a golden Firth  
 Where lake and mountain shone,  
 And fairy islands left the earth  
 To deck their marriage throne.

The Tweed her deckings cast aside,  
 Plain was her bridal bed—  
 Fair Tweed an unadorned bride  
 The hoary ocean wed.

\* Oe, a small island

*Thoughts on Midnight Prayer.*

At the holy hour of midnight, when the busy world's asleep,  
 And the angels of Jehovah fixed and faithful watchings keep  
 O'er the helplessness of mortals, when dark silence grows sublime,—  
 'Tis rapture past the joy of worlds to hold at such a time

Communings with our God, who was, who is, and is to come,  
 To vision o'er the glories of our last eternal home;  
 Forgetful of the dreams around—the yesterdays of care,—  
 To spend that hour, an hour our own, with God, our God in prayer!

As life unto the doomed one, as an anxious mother's joy,  
 When the smile of health revisiteth her first—her darling boy,  
 Is the grateful sleep that falleth, diffusing balmy rest,  
 When this holy hour of prayer is past, upon the tranquil breast.

O who has spent an hour like this, and felt its after quiet,  
 Its confidence in Providence,—would join the midnight riot,  
 Would quaff the drunkard's maddening bowl or recklessly enrol  
 Themselves with insane poisoners of body and of soul?

Can the mirth of noisy bacchanals a retrospect afford,  
 Like the soul's that looketh back upon high converse with his Lord,  
 When health and youth are blasted, when character is lost,  
 When despair and death are lowering and the troubled soul is tost.

With a first poor prayer of torture through the wilderness of death,  
 A prayer half broke by blasphemies groaned with his parting breath,  
 Will the scoffer feel the transport of his nightly revel then,  
 Will he glory in their memory—would he live them o'er again?

Will he plead the deep seductions of habit, nature grown,  
 When he standeth as a criminal before his Maker's throne,  
 When, ere the wild AMEN that closed his first, his dying prayer  
 Has reached the footstool of his God, his soul stands trembling there!

At the holy hour of midnight, when the busy world's asleep,  
 And the angels of Jehovah fixed and faithful watchings keep  
 O'er the helplessness of mortals, fly, my soul, from such despair,  
 Nor wait until a death-bed teach the PRIVILEGE of prayer.

## POETIC IMITATIONS.

*Professor Wilson.*

BRIGHT as yon cloud now cradled o'er the throne,  
 Where genius burns with radiance all its own,  
 Dreams, bathed in glory, charmed me while a child—  
 Dreams, bright as beauteous, and as sweet as wild;—  
 Fair gleams of bliss from angel's pinions given,  
 To raise the eye and steal the soul to heaven!—  
 Visions of beauty, floating round my sight,  
 Like smiling stars amidst the clouds of night;

With whispered music, from a heavenly sphere,  
 Fell soft as incense o'er the eye and ear ;  
 Long did I watch the moving glories roll,  
 Then sketched the golden fancies of my soul.

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*Moore.*

I HAVE sung of the loves in the vale of Cashmere,  
 Where the maidens are melting, and eunuchs severe,  
 Where cheeks, like the rose in its summer-day splendour,  
 Invite us to kiss the joys blooming and tender :  
 I have rocked Love asleep in my bowers of bliss,  
 And the tone of my verses is, Kiss us, love, Kiss !  
 They are smooth as a lake run away from the sea,  
 And kissing the roots of a pomegranate tree ;—  
 They are sweet as the honey in Araby's grove,  
 They are fond as the lips of the maiden we love ;  
 They are light as a Peri—that delicate thing  
 That rides through the air on a gossamer's wing !  
 The ladies all love me—the lovers all read,  
 They have crowned me with ringlets !—they have so—indeed !

---

*Wordsworth.*

I AM a stamp distributor, sweet friends,  
 A plain and simple man, who sometimes sends  
 A volume through the engine called the Press,  
 Of some three hundred pages more or less.  
 And I have wandered round about Grassmere,  
 Till I have thought the umbrageous woods could hear  
 All my imaginings ! For they were bright  
 As Keswick's ripples on a moonshine night !  
 And full of poesy ! But why say full ?—  
 The lakes, the trees, the cattle were my school ;  
 I saw it playing with the wavy grass—  
 Beautiful poetry ! a gentle ass  
 Cropped the green blades ; and 'twas my bosom's joy  
 To sing about that ass and Betty Foy \*,  
 For they were unsophisticated creatures,  
 And carried mother nature in their features !

---

*Crabbe.*

FILLED with compassion for the wretched poor,  
 Whose broken windows, and whose hingeless door,  
 Expose their ragged limbs to all the woes  
 Of summer's heat, and winter's drifting snows ;

\* Characters of Wordsworth.

Where guilt lies dying upon putrid straw,  
 And cries for food without a crust to gnaw ;  
 Or starving babes, who never knew their sire,  
 Hold their blue fingers to a coalless fire !  
 Where idiots mop, and helpless cripples lurch,  
 With rogues whose shadows ne'er bedimmed a church ;  
 Where thievish parents teach their babes to steal !  
 For scenes like these what poet would not feel ?—  
 Describe their broken delf, and footless chair,  
 Their want of blankets, and their uncombed hair,—  
 Count all the cobwebs,—watch their passions rise,  
 And see how nature struggles in their eyes.  
 Such are the thrilling scenes my muse invokes,—  
 I sing the parish workhouse and the stocks !

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*James Hogg.*

My teacher was the gloaming's bride,  
 In beauty peering out at e'en ;  
 My school-room Ettrick's forest wide,  
 Beneath its roof of glowing green ;

My lessons were the daisy flowers,—  
 The birds that carolled in the sky,—  
 The fæes that haunted Yarrow's bowers,—  
 A sunny blink from beauty's eye.

I lay and looked on all around,  
 My spirit melted clean away !  
 For all seemed bursting into sound,  
 And what could I, but join the lay !

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#### ADDRESS TO MEMORY.

SPIRIT ! revealing the scenes that are past,—  
 Magical mirror, reflecting the soul !  
 Back to gay childhood thy shadows are cast,—  
 Shadows of brightness and visions that roll  
 Lovely as sunlight, but mocking control.  
 What do we owe thee, thou mystical sprite,  
 Waving thy wings like a radiant scroll,  
 Where writ in darkness or graven in light,  
 Bright spirit !—the past is flung back on our sight.

Sweet is thy whisper though echoed in dreams,  
 Sighing o'er scenes ever blooming with flowers ;  
 Breathing the evening voice of the streams,  
 Murmuring love by the home that was ours !  
 Soft as the linnet that sung in its bowers,  
 Sing ye the music of childhood again,  
 Build ye its baseless but beautiful towers,—

Walk in thy rainbow of light o'er the plain,  
And sing us, fair spirit, youth's rapturous strain!

Time, like a trembler, before thee shall stand!  
Swifter than light is the rush of thy wings  
Over the ocean, and over the land,  
Bearing the heart to invisible things,—  
From the glad banquet where revelry rings,  
Back to the woodland, the hill, or the river—  
Homes of the exile!—and sighing he flings  
His soul on the light of pinions that quiver  
O'er the scenes of his youth in beauty for ever.

Spirit of purity!—voice of the grave!—  
There in the halls of thy glory art thou,—  
There do thy wings of magnificence wave—  
Torches that flash on eternity's brow!  
Scenes where the lover has whispered his vow,  
Melted in rapture, or wandered in glee,—  
Spirit of youth! thou revealest them now;  
All that was rugged is mellowed by thee,  
Like moonbeams asleep on a motionless sea.

Thine are the smiles of a father we love,—  
Thine the delight of our mother's mild eye,—  
Thine are the play-ground, the school-house, and grove,  
Hope's temple of dreams, when twilight was nigh,  
Stealing its holiness over the sky!  
Wandering then in our palace of trees,  
Wrapt in their shade and imaginings high,—  
Fancy away on the unfettered breeze!  
Ah! where has futurity pleasures like these!

Thine are the friendships, the joy, and the praise,  
All that delighted in days that are gone!—  
Lovely eyes flashing their passionate rays,—  
Rays that were answered by fire from our own,—  
Rays where the starlight of innocence shone!  
Thine is the whisper that breathes through the gloom  
Where yesterday died: and thine is the tone  
Melting to music the silence of doom,  
Still uttered from voices now hushed in the tomb!

Terrible spirit! from brightness we turn,—  
View thee a fury consuming the heart!  
Welt'ring 'mid blushes in darkness that burn!  
Wasting, devouring, wherever thou art!  
An arrow of God!—of conscience a part!  
Shooting in thunder, and clothed in its cloud,  
Baring the soul with thy shadowy dart,—  
Revealing its darkness,—proclaiming aloud  
The actions we strive from all others to shroud!

Dreadful, yet exquisite spirit of power !  
 Still may my bosom thy dwelling place be,  
 Frown may the present,—futuraity lower,—  
 Hope be a mocker that passeth from me !  
 Dwell with me, spirit!—I'll wander with thee,—  
 Wander in bliss, and awaken the lyre ;  
 Wild o'er its strings still my fingers shall flee !  
 Shades of the past raise their voice in the choir,  
 And strike to thee, Memory, thy anthem of fire.

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PASQUINO AND MARFORIO.

BY H. NACHOT, DR. PH.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, the vicegerent of Christ was thrown into much perplexity. A great number of witty epigrams were put into circulation and directed against no less a personage than Pope Sixtus the fifth himself. In all circles, high and low, nothing was spoken of but Pasquino's impudence.

Pasquino! how often do we meet this name in the history of modern Italy. The owner of this great name was a tailor, a fellow of much wit and humour. Wherever he appeared with his red broad face and the knowing twinkle of his black eyes, he was surrounded by a listening crowd whom he delighted with his jests; for, in addition to an incomparable gift of cracking a joke, he possessed the accomplishment of making faces which enforced the comical effect of his stories. In a short time his name was considered indispensable to add point and grace to every witty conceit engendered at Rome, and this privilege continued to be attached to it even after poor Pasquino's death. The people soon found a proper heir to his name. An old mutilated statue had been dug up opposite to the palace of Torres, and erected close by the late jester's house. This statue raised a spirit of antiquarian curiosity among the scholars of Rome. According to some it was an Alexander, and according to others a Hercules, but the people cut the matter short by calling it Pasquino, to the honour and everlasting remembrance of the poor tailor. This marble Pasquino was in the practice of passing off his jests not only against his neighbours, but even against the oppression of the great nobility, the depravity of the clergy and of the government itself. Whoever conceived a good idea made at once Pasquino the bearer of it to the world by writing his epigram above the neck of the statue, or upon the wall overhanging it. Some time afterwards people felt the want of an additional personage. Not far from Pasquino lay another mutilated statue representing a god or an emperor. The scholars thought it was a Jupiter, but the people made him a cousin of Pasquino's; called him Marforio the questioner, and thus began the jest of query and answer. "Well, cousin," asked Marforio, "what made the clergy order the new fast day?" Pasquino answered: "To the honour of the new tax; as the people are starving the Vatican thought to make a virtue of necessity."



"You look very vulgar, Pasquino, why do you appear in the street with a dirty shirt?" "My washer-woman has been made a princess;" replied the censor, reflecting on the character of the Pope's sister who, before being created a princess, was nothing else than a washer-woman. Sixtus ordered the erection of several public fountains. The next day Pasquino produced a parody of the decree beginning: S. Q. Pontifex Maximus,—the holy father remained long in possession of this nickname. Sixtus however, vexed at this impudence, and desirous to find out and punish the offender, did not venture to remove Pasquino the favourite of the people, their modern censor and last representative of the democratical opposition. But all at once the smaller concetti were discontinued, and every question of Marforio's was answered in verses, the powerful language of which apparently belonged to one and the same graphic pen. Important questions were agitated in this way; the government was addressed in the name of reason and justice, and the people were admonished of their rights. The two statues were thus in reality converted into two civic tribunes. The people gathered in crowds round the mute orators of this new forum, and on two or three occasions had abused and maltreated the Sbirri who came to remove the satirical libels in which the Pope was by no means spared, and of which copies were everywhere circulated.

Sixtus in his eagerness to discover the author of the epigrams made a proclamation in the streets, offering 2000 pistoles as a reward to him who should produce the guilty person, but no one appeared. His next order was to seize all poets in Rome, or those at least who were reputed to have a turn for poetry, and to lodge them during the pleasure of his Holiness in the tower of St. Angelo. To judge by the number of prisoners, one would never have suspected that the "Eternal City" had nourished so many votaries of the muses in her maternal lap. Some protested loudly against the intended honour, others however were too happy to get into prison, and have their vanity thus agreeably flattered even at the expence of their freedom. Among the latter was Pandolfo Norsini who, thanks to his secretary, was a clever poetaster. His heart swelled with pride to be supposed capable of giving birth to poetry, that was at once so bold and effective.—Sixtus the fifth, however, was not a man to be trifled with, and dearly had they to pay who wished to enact the part of the ancient Roman, "*patriotic* and stern." He was determined to have the guilty man in his power. Accordingly gentle means of meekness and religion were applied to in the first instance. The prisoners, after an examination before the judge, were bound over to the confessor, but still the secret was unrevealed. Sixtus went himself to the castle of St. Angelo, ordered the prisoners into his presence, but withheld his blessing. He admonished them to name the madman who had ventured to violate the double authority and power conferred upon him by God and man, as the successor of St. Peter and the *chosen* one of the Emperors. He is among you, said he; if you know him, name him, and the gates of your prison will be thrown open. You are silent. Well, let the offender come forward and declare himself, and I promise to spare his life and make him a donation of 2000 pistoles besides.

Sixtus continued for some time in an attitude of composure which contrasted curiously with the anxious expression of his keen grey eyes;

surveying calmly, but with glances that pierced to the quick, the trembling victims who stood overawed in the presence of the irritated priest, and as each met the portentous lightnings, down he sunk on his knees, and made the sign of the cross. While all remained silent the priest appeared to be wrapt in momentary reflection, and removing his hand from his face which he had covered for a moment, all were struck with the sudden change in his countenance. His half sunken eyes and closely pressed lips might have led one to suppose a gay idea had given his thoughts another turn, but soon his features lost all marks of either satisfaction or anger, and nothing remained but the humble and resigned countenance of the former cardinal Montalto. His eyes had lost their former lustre, and with a voice faltering and low he murmured these words: "My children, it is in the power of God Almighty alone to penetrate into the thoughts of man,—he alone reads the human heart. But I, the humble servant of the servants of God, I can discover the truth only through human means—to-morrow then the rack will do its work."

On the following day marched through the streets of Rome the myrmidons of the rack: they walked two by two, the instruments of torture in their hands, their eyes filled with pride, and joy beaming in their countenance; for they were to perform, on this occasion, in the presence of the holy father himself. Consternation and fear preceded them; and the silent crowd that followed, terror-struck and dismayed, stopped in front of the Palace Quirinal;—a young man alone, rushing through the dense crowd, overtook with a hasty step the torturers and entered the large colonnade before them.

The Pope was at that time presiding at the great ecclesiastical council of absolution. Near him, at the right and left, were seated on lower chairs the cardinal treasurer, the cardinal chancellor, and the cardinal vicar, and further down the rest of the cardinals in full dress and at their feet their train-bearers with the soutana and the silk gown. In the back ground stood the prelates, divines and laymen, ready to kindle and shed forth the light of their learning whenever the Pope's pleasure should demand it. The business of the day had proceeded some length, when three smart strokes were applied to the door, and the chamberlain entered clothed in his gown and surplice, and winding his way cautiously behind the spiritual lords stepped up to the Pope and whispered a few words into his ear. Sixtus rose, "Princes of the Church and Prelates," said he, addressing the congregation, "let us now terminate the work of absolution and bulls; I beg your advice in an affair of no less importance, and by mine own authority I declare and constitute you a Consulta. A stranger has offered to reveal to me the name of the author of the Pasquinades levelled against me. He is at the door, let him come in. As to the prisoners now under accusation, the cardinal vicar will, in my name and place, preside at the torture with which it is my pleasure immediately to begin. The more ways and means there are to get at the truth, the better."

The informer was conducted into the hall; he was the same young man who had hastened into the palace before the servants of the torture. In his countenance was no trace of the brand which indicates the low and vulgar soul of the informer, but virtue and a sound vigour of mind were

impressed on it in indelible characters. The most experienced physiognomist would have been unable to detect in this noble face the expression of disorderly desires, but on the contrary might have discovered the evidence of deep feelings and a lofty soul. It was not without a feeling of embarrassment and fear that he presented himself to the assembly. By the direction of the chamberlain he made a low reverence on entering the hall, a second when in the middle of the floor, and bowed his knee when permitted to approach the Pope. Sixtus gave him the apostolic blessing, ordered, as customary, a chaplet to be presented to him, and commenced the enquiry by asking him—"What is your name?" He mentioned it. "What is your occupation?" The young man hesitating to reply, a prelate said—"He is amanuensis of Signor Pandolfo Norsini, my neighbour." "Well," said the Pope to the chamberlain, "let Signor Pandolfo be put to the question." "Stop," said the informer, "I am here for no other purpose than to spare my master and the other accused persons the pain of the rack which none of them has deserved, for the guilty person is before you. I am he!" At the same time he opened a bundle of papers; "here are Satires, Epigrams, exclusively my own work; here are the original papers; passages altered and improved with my own hand; no soul was acquainted with my secret; I myself fixed the Pasquinades to the statue. I speak nothing but truth, so help me God. I know not whether I have acted wisely, but having doomed myself to be judged by man, I shall submit to the consequences of an action, the honour or the shame of which I will share with none."

Sixtus the fifth, the most implacable and remorseless of all priests, did not disdain the pleasure of keeping his victims trembling in his grasp. Accomplished in the art of dissimulation, he knew how to conceal the most irksome vexation; and we need not be surprised if, after describing the enormity of the crime in a laboured speech full of fine sentences, he succeeded in kindling in the breast of the unfortunate young man a spark of hope with no other intention than to render more painful the blow he was about to inflict. He had pledged his most sacred word, that if the guilty should name himself, not only should he receive the reward of 2000 pistoles, but that his life also should not in the least degree be endangered. As for the 2000 pistoles our poet refused them, but his life he accepted it as a boon; prepared to lose it, he received it back with heartfelt delight. Life is sweet at the age of twenty-three; it is doubly sweet when poetry touches all around us with its magic wand, and every object breathes the language of love, and all flushes with life, when we still trust the word of man, on the face of woman. His life, which he felt as given to him a second time by the hand of God was for him a boon which filled his heart with the utmost exultations of joy. Tears of joy rushed down his cheeks, and his proud heart was subdued in gratitude and repentance. Noble and generous youth! couldst thou believe in the sincere forgiveness of a priest? Looking with secret remorse on the late productions of his satirical pen, he was about to bend his knees in thanksgiving, when Sixtus uttered his terrible sentence. "I have promised you life, but never impunity. To spare the head of a libeller or of a murderer, and thus allow them to do more mischief, would be to act in the teeth of humanity and justice. Is it

enough to have broken the pen or the dagger? Were they the true instruments in the perpetration of the crime? Are there not other pens and daggers to be had? No! the spirit, the mind alone is the criminal. You may deprive the wretch of his liberty, but are you sure that the wicked fruit of the mind will not break forth through the walls of a dungeon. Therefore the body must not be incarcerated, but the spirit. Is that your opinion?" A few heads bowed assent; but the Pope, sure of his red-caps' submission, did not pay any attention to it, and went on: "Thus then we pass our irrevocable sentence:—that tongue which spoke against us slanderous and damnable words shall be cut out with the knife; the hand which wrote them down, and the hand which was instrumental in posting them up, shall be both cut away, and nailed on Pasquino's statue. Thus the spirit of this man, his spirit sweltering with poison, shall henceforth become a weapon harmless to all but himself."

Sixtus rose; the cardinals in silent horror gazed on the terrible man whom they had elected their chief, and in the distant part of the hall, prelates and divines whispered to one another; some glancing timidly on the poet, others doubting whether legal forms had been infringed, or whether the execution would be public. The officiating chamberlain ran through the hall in all directions, delivering and receiving messages; and in the meanwhile the tale of woe and horror had transpired abroad. The condemned stood motionless as if entranced. A cold perspiration ran down his forehead, while his limbs were quivering. One while he cast round a glance, struggling, as it were, to awake from a heavy dream. He clasped his hands and touched the chaplet with his lips, while his whole frame was convulsed; but suddenly grasping his light cloak which lay on his shoulders, he wrapped himself up with the fearful looks of a man who is ready to receive the pointed dagger in his breast. Sixtus was just in the act of descending from the Estrada to leave the assembly, when a piercing shriek, a woman's voice, was repeatedly heard through the palace. This mournful, heart-rending voice instilled a shuddering into the hearts of all present. Sixtus himself was struck and stopt at the first utterance of the shriek; the unhappy youth lifted up his head, a fearful paleness overspread his countenance; he listened for some time to this voice, which becoming fainter died gradually away; now it was heard no more. His foot struck furiously the ground, he raised his hand towards the Pope, as if commanding him to stop. He darted towards him a glance in which rage and contempt were mingled, indicating to all who could read it, that now he would fling his curse on the cruel hoary man; but the fearful battle of his feelings had subdued his powers; his quivering lips refused to give utterance to one word. Sixtus, the cardinals respectfully following behind, walked out with a firm composed step; and the wretched youth, overpowered by the raging tempest in his breast, fell senseless into the arms of—the executioner.

## THE TRYSTING STONE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

BESIDE the ruin'd chapel—in the dell  
 There stands an aged hawthorn, spreading wide  
 His moss-grown branches:—in the summer time  
 He sheds a shower of white and withered blossoms  
 On a stone seat beneath—THE TRYSTING STONE.  
 There in the olden time the holy men  
 Who dwelt within yon grey and mouldering walls,  
 Would oft retire in the cool evening hour,  
 By sweet and pensive contemplation led.  
 But they are gone: their temples are cast down,  
 Their altars desecrated, and their faith  
 Become the scorn and by-word of the world.  
 Alas! that men should for *Religion's* sake  
 Nourish and vent upon their fellow men  
 The savage passions which *she* bids them quell!—  
 Amid the wreck of the old chapel's splendour  
 This little seat remains: there many a scrawl,  
 Cut in the stone, of lover's names entwin'd,  
 Trac'd by the trembling hand of passionate love,  
 Are fading fast away. Three centuries  
 Have pass'd since first the Trysting Stone became  
 The haunt of youthful lovers:—ah! since then  
 What a sad wreck of all the loves it witness'd!  
 Death has slain Love in many a burning bosom;  
 And Time has conquered many:—some have felt  
 The fearful pangs of Jealousy succeed  
 To the fierce passion of their headlong youth;—  
 Most have sunk down into the apathy  
 Which waits all early joys;—some have been faithless:—  
 I've a brief tale of such an one to tell.

Beneath yon little plot of darkest green,  
 Near the old carved gateway of the chapel,  
 There is a lovely grave:—a rich laburnum  
 Flings down its shower of gold upon the turf—  
 So fall the purity and joys of youth!—  
 'Tis Ellen Beaumont's grave: she fixed her love  
 Beneath her own degree: gentle he seem'd,  
 And he was fair and tall, and in his speech  
 Youthful enthusiasm seem'd to breathe  
 Its truthful music;—ah! well might she deem—  
 So well he play'd his part—that he was true.  
 But Henry Sitwell had a sordid soul,  
 So wed to base ambition—avarice—  
 And lust of power, that he did hold affection  
 But as a minister to these desires.

And so it was, that rising in the world—  
 (The busy world—whose cares like thorns do spring  
 Choking the sweet and dewy flower of Love!)  
 He did forget his plighted vows to Ellen.  
 She saw his growing coldness, and she felt  
 Its gradual distinctness grasp her heart,  
 Crushing its hopes and impulses to dust!  
 Yet scorned she to complain;—for well she knew  
 That Henry never could have been to her  
 What her young, fond, and spotless heart had deemed.  
 She mourn'd not then for him; 'twas the fair dream  
 Of bliss and love, which beautified her youth,  
 Gone—lost and withered, ne'er to spring again,  
 Which told her, earth was not a resting-place  
 Fit for *her* pure desires and impulses.  
 She died:—and as I've seen a prison'd bird  
 Pour such a flood of plaintive melody,  
 As made the heart ache with a strange emotion,  
 The night before it died,—so 'twas with her:  
 The whole day long, she sat upon her couch  
 Weaving flow'r chaplets, roses, lilies,—pale  
 And perishing flowers of every form and hue  
 Mingled in sweet confusion, and as she went on  
 With her strange delicate work, she sang such strains  
 Of ancient melody, that ne'er before  
 Her voice seem'd half so musical as then:—  
 'Twas in the evening; she fell asleep  
 Like a tired child,—fatigued and overspent.  
 Her sister spake to her—she answer'd not:—  
 'Twas strange to see her smile so like to life—  
 Her own sweet, pensive life,—when she was dead!  
 A finish'd chaplet in one hand she held,  
 And in the other was a withered rose-bud  
 Which she had pluck'd from the fresh blooming flower.  
 'Twas strange and wond'rous sorrowful to see  
 That wither'd rose-bud in her slender hand,—  
 Herself a withered, pale and beauteous flower  
 Pluck'd from the fresh and blooming wreath of life!

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 ANOTHER BUNCH OF ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

"ONCE upon a time"—to commence with the introductory phrase  
 of fairy tales and infantile romaunts—"there lived" in a celebrated  
 Anglo-Scoto borough an equally famous public character, *alias* com-  
 mon beggar, designated DANCIN' GEORDIE, cotemporary with a no  
 less infamous dame, vulgarly called—for what reason we are not old  
 enough to divine—MEGGY THE GOAT. The just mentioned matron  
 inhabited a tenement in one of the remote lanes of the superlatively  
 "good (?) town," and her domicile was resorted to at such untimorous

hours, and by such questionable company, that both the house and hostess were evilly spoken of far and near. We may observe *en passant* that her notoriety was of an extent and kind to immortalize her name,—at least to render it as abiding as *Meggy-the-Goat Lane*. Well, the aforesaid Geordie, whose wont it was to recommend his needful condition to the lieges by a *pas seul*—whence originated the above cognomen,—chanced to come to terms with Meggy anent the privilege of occupying a corner of her garret after his daily wanderings. Now, whereas George, though reckoned a fool, possessed a considerable share of mother-wit, being once questioned by an old country gentleman respecting the place of his habitation, gave for answer “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” ‘Bless me!’ exclaimed Mr. ———, ‘I could not have supposed that you, George, who profess to be so religious, would fix your lodgment in the house of a woman so disreputable! I’m sure, you are well acquainted with her character?’ ‘Ou aye,’ replied Geordie with apparently supreme simplicity; ‘but you ken, the sheep an’ the goats maun gang th’gither for a time, Maister.’ Suffice it to notify, that the sage pun was succeeded by a hearty laugh on the part of the auditor, and a substantial dinner to the credit of Geordie.

In the same borough abode Mrs. ———, whose *nearness* and *niggardliness* were proverbial, notwithstanding she enjoyed a large share of this world’s goods. One day, when engaged in some economical occupation, her ears were stunned by the unwelcome sound of “Serve a puir man, Ma’am!” Turning round to the intruder, she vociferated in hasteful wrath—(oh! shame upon the pen that records such dishonour to one of the *fair*!)—“Gang to h—I wi’ you!”—The philosophical mendicant, no way daunted, coolly informed her—“I’ve been there already, Ma’am.” Startled at the unexpected intelligence, our virago’s curiosity was excited;—“Aye, an’ what’s gain’ on in that quarter?”—“Just what’s gain’ on here, Ma’am,” answered the complaisant beggar, “the puir stand at the gates, an’ the rich get far’her ben.” “Hae—hae,” hurriedly spake the other, either conscience-stricken by the prospect, or unwilling longer to encounter a person with whom she could not successfully cope,—“hae, hae, there’s a whin saut herrin’ for ye.” The man of rags bagg’d the spoil of his prowess, and with a “Thank ye, Ma’am,” departed.

A celebrated clergyman of the Scottish church was remarkable for a strong and inveterate antipathy to cats,—so much so, that his nervous system was excessively irritated whenever one of the race appeared in the same room with him. On a certain occasion, while holding a diet of examination at Mr. ———’s farm-stead within the parish, one of the feline tribe entered the apartment where the family and servants were being catechized. The minister shook, but decency forbade him to complain. A few minutes elapsed: in popped puss the second; then a third; then a fourth; then a fifth; and lastly a sixth. The unhappy divine trembled from head to foot, and joyful to him was the concluding “Amen.” Subsequently seated at the farmer’s hospitable board, the worthy minister commenced—“Mr. ———, you have surely a great number of *cats* in your house.” “Ou, I dinna ken,—I think we hae *twal* the noo.” Reader! conceive, if thou canst, the ten-fold horror which followed this announcement. The reverend

visitor, quite miserable in the vicinity of so many dread inspiring objects, very speedily took his leave, nor felt completely at ease, till bristling before the blazing fire of his own snug manse, within whose precincts not a *sole* of the hated animals was suffered to move.

A clergyman of the same church, well-known for his poetical temperament, being closeted with a *new* parishioner, proceeded, after explaining the nature and purposes of the solemn ordinance of the Supper, to put some questions to the latter. Wishing to ascertain whether his auditor properly understood the spiritual qualifications which were becoming in a communicant, asked among other interrogatories—"With what *garments* should we approach this ordinance?"—John, who was little conversant with figurative language, after pondering awhile, gave for answer—"I think, *black* would be the most suitable; what think you, sir?" This afforded fresh scope for commentary.

A late minister of E——, as much credited among his brethren for the tediousness and dulness of his sermons, as he took credit to himself for making lengthy discourses and long sabbath-services, rode over to a neighbouring manse, after church had been dismissed, to meet a number of his fellow-presbyters who were assisting in the dispensation of the Sacrament there. Full of himself, he began to enumerate the particulars of his day's work, stated the time which each sermon, &c. occupied in the delivery, and finally observed that he had "concluded all by intimating a *fast*." A clerical wag in company, sorely bored by his egotism, yet heard him patiently to the end, and then punished him by exclaiming—"Right, right, my excellent friend, highly proper to give your people a *fast* after a *surfeit*."

During the last century, when the spirit of bigotry was abroad, it would have been deemed unpardonable for an anti-burgher to enter the polluted courts of the church of England. One day, however, when the godly pastor of a dissenting chapel in Northumberland was "from home," an aged dame of Scottish extraction verging on three-score years and ten, magnanimously resolved to tread on the forbidden ground, whereon she had never set foot before, that she might see with her own eyes, and hear with her own ears, the abominations of the anathematized temple. Accordingly, having put on her best apparel, including a tartan plaid and a white petticoat made visible by the precaution she had adopted of tucking up her gown for the sake of saving it from the dirt,—our heroine sallied forth. The service had commenced ere she arrived at the door of the church; with trembling steps and slow she entered, and passed along the middle aisle. At this moment the clerk was repeating, with his peculiar nasal expression, that part of the Litany which runs—"Lord, have mercy upon us," and so on. The gentlewoman was evidently put about,—she stared at the spectacled speaker, but was silent. Not so, when the same words were repeated again and again; waxing wroth at what in her ignorance she conceived was a personal affront, she stood still, stuck her left hand into her sinister side, balanced her tottering frame on her ivory-headed staff, and glancing a look of indignation at the unsuspecting clerk, cried out at the highest pitch of a shrill and shaking voice—"The Lord hae mercy on *you*! Did ye never see an



auld woman wi' a tartan plaid an' a white petticoat afore?" The unintentional offender was "dumfounded," the clergyman and congregation *sensibly* affected, and the "auld woman" frowning audibly turned on her heel and vanished.

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 STANZAS.

PRIDE of soul shall nerve me now  
 To think of thee no more,  
 And coldness steal the heart and brow  
 That passion swayed before!  
 Think'st thou that I will share thy breast,  
 Whilst dwells a fondlier cherished guest  
 Deep in its inmost core?  
 No: by my hopes of heaven! I'll be  
 All—All—or nothing unto thee.

Thy hand hath oft been clasped in mine  
 Bondly, since first we met;  
 My lip hath e'en been press'd to thine,  
 In greeting wild!—but yet  
 Lightly avails it now to tell  
 Of moments only loved too well—  
 Joys I would fain forget,  
 Since memory's star can ill controul  
 The moonless midnight of my soul.

But I'll reproach thee not;—Farewell!  
 Whilst yet I'm somewhat free,  
 'Twere better for to break the spell  
 That binds my soul to thee,  
 Than wait till Time each pulse shall lend  
 A strength that will not let it bend  
 To Reason's stern decree;  
 Since fate hath willed that we must part  
 'Twere better now to brave the smart.

Not seldom is the soul depress'd  
 Whilst tearless is the eye;  
 For there are woes that wring the breast  
 When feeling's fount is dry,  
 Sorrows that do not fade with years,  
 But—dwelling all too deep for tears—  
 Rankle eternally;—  
 Such now as in my bosom swell,  
 Read thou in this last word—Farewell!

## MATHEMATICS.

THIS, for a reason that will be seen in the Notices to Readers and Correspondents, being the last of our Mathematical papers, we are under the necessity of declining all further "Questions for Solution." On a former occasion one appeared which has never yet been solved, and we therefore insert

*Solution of Question 11th, by Mr. George Giles, Teacher, Berwick.*

From the data of the Question it is quite clear that the star C must be in the north pole, and the stars A and B on the equinoctial; therefore, as all meridians cut the equinoctial at right angles, it is obvious that the angles formed at the base will be each  $90^\circ$ , and the distance between the stars A and C is also  $90^\circ$ ; also the distance between the stars A and B is the measure of the angle at the vertex, viz.  $26^\circ 34'$ .

Mr. Giles having been amongst our most attentive Mathematical friends, we have no hesitation in stretching a point on his account, and adding the following which has been a considerable time in our possession. At the same time we beg to express a wish, that Mr. G. may meet with that encouragement in his new premises, to which his merits entitle him.

*Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Teacher.*

12. A gentleman has an estate in the form of a semi-circle, and its area is 907.9224 acres; he wishes to have a circular fish-pond placed in the following manner, viz. two equal semi-circles to be described on the diameter of the estate, each to touch its centre and circumference, and the fish-pond to touch all the three circumferences. Required the expence of digging the pond at  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per solid yard (its depth being every where 12 feet).

*Solution of Question 12th, by the Author.*

First, 907.9224 divided by .7854 = 1156; its square root = 34, diameter of the estate; and 34 divided by 2 = 17, diameter of each of the semi-circles. If on the diameter of a semi-circle two equal semi-circles be described, and in the space included by the three circumferences a circle be inscribed, its diameter will be two-thirds of the diameter of either of the equal semi-circles. Therefore two-thirds of 17 =  $11\frac{1}{3}$ , diameter of the fish-pond; and  $11\frac{1}{3}$  square = 128 4.9ths multiplied by 12 = 1541 $\frac{1}{3}$ ; this multiplied by  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. = £28 18s. the expence of digging.

## LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

THE Annuals have come forth in all the gaudy colourings of the Rainbow, or the Butterfly, or any like short-lived beauty. Not to speak of their evanescent texture—which is a matter of moonshine,—we cannot but regret that, in too many cases, the literary productions are not calculated to survive the joyous seasons for which they are specially intended. Would it not be more to the honour of the age, and the benefit of the reading world, if there were less of external comeliness and hollow splendour, and more of soul and solidity? Of course, it is not our part to rail against the monstrous expenditure lavished upon these now no longer *rare aves*, but certainly it is a pity that so many able pens should not be employed in inditing goodlier works, and thereby rendering efficient service to the cause of sterling knowledge, while they reared to themselves a monument which would only perish with the memory of man. Be it recorded, however, that, in general, the engravings are perfect gems, forming conjointly a rich combination of moral and intellectual gold. The *Literary Souvenir* is—taking it all in all—a commendable and delightful publication; and *The Forget-me-not*—the Father of Annuals—is not behind its numerous competitors. In the latter is a contribution from Mr. John Mackay Wilson, who is justly deserving of our gratitude for the able and extensive help he has afforded us.

It has often been remarked, that, go into what corner of the world you will, a larger or smaller proportion of Britons—especially Scotchmen—will be found, mingling with the communities of every tongue, and engaged in some lucrative or honourable calling. We are almost inclined to make as broad an assertion of Berwick-on-Tweed, not perhaps as to the number of its emigrant natives, but undoubtedly as to the extent of territory that lies in every direction between them and their birth-place. This observation has been elicited by certain particulars we have just gathered concerning the recent tour of a tasteful and talented gentleman in the neighbourhood. Traversing the island of Sicily—the largest and most celebrated in the Mediterranean sea—he arrived at the city of Syracuse, which gave birth to Theocritus and Archimedes. Having stopped at the principal Inn there, he entered the Travellers' room, whose walls were adorned with a solitary suspension at the farther extremity. He approached to examine it,—and what was his agreeable surprise to discover a framed engraving of Berwick-on-Tweed! It was the *only* work of art in the room, but how many *real* pictures did it conjure up before the eye of the Traveller! By whom was it executed?—How came it there?—Who was the bearer?—are questions we are unable to answer, though *unquestionably* the intelligence will raise as many surmises in the minds of our readers, as in our own;—to a happy hour and a warm imagination we commend it.

*Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths.*

## BIRTHS.

At Coupland Castle, on the 14th ult., the lady of Matthew Culley, Esq., of a son and heir.

Here, on the 2d inst., Mrs. G. K. Nicholson, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At the Chain Bridge, on the 15th ult., Captain John Lindsay, of this port, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Perry, late confectioner here.

Here, on the 6th inst., Mr. John Winter, baker, to Miss Isabella Lumsden.

Here, on Tuesday last, Mr. Redpath, teacher, to Miss Maria Main, both of this place.

## DEATHS.

On the 9th ult., in London, suddenly, the Rev. Thomas Stanley, Wesleyan minister, a native of Alnwick.

At Old Greenlaw, on the 10th ult., after a few days' illness, Mr. Alexander Hogg, tenant there.

At Dunse, on the 11th ult., Mr. Alex. Houlston, aged 77.

At Sprouston Manse, on the 12th ult., the Rev. Nimian Trotter.

Here, on the 13th ult., of cholera, John Sinclair, shoemaker, aged 32.

At Whinckerstanes, Berwickshire, on the 16th ult., Mr. Robert Thomson, farmer there, in the 91st year of his age. Much respected in life, his death is deeply regretted by his family and acquaintances.

At Tweedmouth, on the 17th ult., of cholera, John Robertson, better known as "Jack Dumps," aged 60.

At Holy Island, on the 20th ult., Sarah Vane Selby, wife of Mr. Thomas Goodman, aged 71.

Here, on the 23d ult., Elizabeth, widow of Samuel Lough, aged 78.

At Tweedmouth, same day, of cholera, Sarah, wife of James Beach North, late sailing-master, R. N., aged 64.

Here, on the 24th ult., Sarah Pattison, aged 75, well known as a writer of electioneering *poetical puffs*.

On the 28th ult., at Ripon, aged 48, Mr. Thomas Langdale, printer and stationer, and author of "The Topographical Dictionary of Yorkshire."

At Aberdeen, on the 31st ult., George Hogarth, Esq., of Berwick, aged 83—and senior member of the corporation.

On the 3d inst., at Coats, the seat of the deceased, Sir John Leslie, Knt., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and a scientific star of the first magnitude.

At Tweedmouth, on the 3d inst., of cholera, Mary, daughter of Mr. George Giles, Teacher, aged 5.

At Rugley, near Alnwick, on the 5th inst., aged 35, deeply lamented, Isabella, wife of Mr. John Chrisp, and daughter of the Rev. William Proctor of Alnwick.

Suddenly, of apoplexy, at his house in Ravensdowne-place, on the 7th inst., Commander William Sanders, R. N., Inspecting Commander of Coast Guard of this port, aged 43. This officer commenced his naval career at the battle of Trafalgar, and finished at that of Algiers. In various actions, he was present at the taking of 37 sail of the line, 14 frigates, 30 sloops and corvettes, and upwards of 60 gun boats.

At Dumfries, at a very advanced age, Mr. James Strong, turner. He officiated as clerk in the Episcopal Chapel; and up to the Sunday preceding his death, had not been once absent during 47 years, or 2,444 sabbaths.

At Dumfries, lately, of cholera, John M'Ghee, Esq., surgeon.

On the 7th inst., Mr. Richard Nicholson, watchmaker, Bridge-street, aged 64.

### *To Readers and Correspondents.*

THE rhyming budget from Crookham does not suit us. The writer, if he is possessed of the slightest knowledge of the grammatical elements, will discover various radical blunders, besides other errors of *every* description too numerous to detail.

As it is intended that the December Number shall complete the present undertaking, those who have imperfect sets of the work are recommended to supply themselves without delay, as only a limited quantity of odd Numbers remain to be issued. In this statement many of our esteemed correspondents will likewise see a reason for withholding from the public numerous poetical favours lately sent us. We are in arrears with our *regular* contributors, and, if a preference is to be shewn, *they* are justly entitled to it. Should any require their MSS. to be returned, they may have them by applying at the Publisher's. Title Pages and Tables of Contents for both Volumes will accompany the last Number.

### ERRATA.

- No. XII. p. 214, line 8 from bottom, for *Evyannis* read *Erynnis*.  
 ——— p. 230, — 7 for *Lone* read *Love*.  
 ——— p. 235, — 23 for *nature's* read *virtue's*.

THE  
**BORDER MAGAZINE.**

No. XIV.]

DECEMBER, 1832.

[Vol. II.

THE EDITORIAL CLOSET.—No. III.

*SCENE—A snug Apartment in the Hen-and-Chickens Inn, Sandgate—Present the entire Editorial personæ—The table furnished with the usual literary apparatus.—Time—post meridiem.*

NESTOR.

GENTLEMEN, from the notes I sent you, you will understand the purposes of the present meeting. I thought it proper that we should assemble in Town, both for the sake of expediting the business, and of accommodating a select party of literary friends who mean to honour us with their company to a Farewell Dinner;—not that we are about to leave our native shores, or that we are never again unitedly to enjoy “the feast of reason and the flow of soul;” but you are aware this is the *last* occasion on which we shall appear in a public capacity.—The first thing to which I beg to solicit your attention, is a statement of our accounts. By comparing the receipts and expenditure, and notwithstanding the most rigid economy, it appears that we—shall—be—*losers* of a sum not exceeding one hundred pounds. (*Siroc groans.*) Lieutenant, where is your philosophy? We do not stand alone in the narrative of unsuccessful enterprize; and you need not be informed how many of the noblest heirs of genius have been doomed to pine in poverty, while their productions enriched the greedy and ungrateful bibliopolists, and delighted and instructed the world. Besides, the loss will not bear so hard upon us individually, as it rests equally upon us all. Think, moreover, of the justice which we cannot fail to receive at the hands of posterity!

SIROC.

Aye, aye, 'tis very well in name and prospect,—but what signifies the erection of a monument to your memory, while your exertions are unrewarded now; who, do you suppose, would fight in defence of his country, if that country did not guarantee to make amends for his limbless trunk by a pension, or to provide for his wife and family, should he fall?

NESTOR.

But, my dear Sir, you are not in a destitute situation,—you have plenty and to spare.

SIROC.

Granted ; yet I do not so much plead my own cause. as that of all who are neglected in life, and mocked in death by the foolery of a heap of stones. Witness Walter Scott !

COURTLY.

I hold that the author of *Waverley* has been amply remunerated for every line he penned. If he suffered under pecuniary embarrassments, so have thousands before him. Had he been contented with the rewards of his literary labours, instead of braving the perils of extensive trading speculations, he might yet, in all human probability, have been a living and a wealthy man. Too much has been said about him.

DR. PLODDER.

Ah ! but he was a glorious antiquary—to him I owe all my enthusiasm for the science.

COURTLY.

'Twere more to the comfort and safety of your friends, Doctor, if you had never known him.

DR. PLODDER.

How now, Matthew ! Have you not yet forgotten the fatal *overthrow* ?

MR. PLACID.

A truce with disagreeable recollections. I do opine with Courtly, that Sir Walter has been too highly eulogized. Allowing him every reasonable praise for exalted talents and prowess in wielding the quill, and without noticing his assailable points, his partizans are chargeable with the grossest impiety in rendering him a measure of homage not a whit inferior to the adorations offered to the Deity.

COURTLY.

Perfectly true,—in their biased judgment his character is spotless. Among other particulars they assert, that he bore his afflictions with an equanimity of mind never witnessed. Now, I can assure you on the best authority, that during the five years immediately preceding his death, his temper was exceedingly irritable ; and this fact is mentioned, not to detract from his merits, but to contradict the rash and unqualified commendations of his admirers.

MR. PLACID.

In one respect I can scarcely go so far with you. In a moral point of view they indeed esteem him blameless. At the same time, it cannot have escaped your observation, that not a syllable is breathed in reference to his religious excellence. I dare not take it upon me to affirm, he was *not* a Christian ; and yet the silence of his advocates regarding this very prominent feature in human character generally, leaves an impression on my mind, far from being favourable to the deceased. Although it was his boast that he had not written a line which, "dying, he would wish to blot," his ridicule of the Covenanters is, I maintain, a stigma which every zealous adherent of the faith

of his ancestors, will associate with the remembrance of the name of Scott.—But I suspect we have been sadly digressing from the business before us. President, have you any thing further to mention?

NESTOR.

No,—you may examine the items of this paper afterwards at your leisure. Meanwhile, I presume, you will accept my word for its correctness, and furnish me in due season with your respective portions of the debt.

OMNES.

Agreed!

SIROC.

Certainly, where honour is concerned, we will be forthcoming. I confess too, that I have less reason to complain, considering the little I've been able to achieve in my department, though, doubtless, you excuse my remissness, since it was entirely owing to involuntary imprisonment under the heavy shackles of that old tormentor the gout.

DR. PLODDEM.

So far as the colleagues of Lieutenant Siroc are concerned, you will find no lack of either sympathy or forgiveness. Let it not be concealed, however, that there are malcontents out of doors, whom no consideration will pacify. They are loud in their abuse of "all and sundries," deny us the slightest claim to merit, and gratuitously disparage every article we have published.

SIROC.

Umph!—mere envy and stupidity!—Only bring me alongside of the blockheads, and if I dont give 'em such a salute us will try the strength of their timbers—blow me!

COURTLY.

A set of long-eared animals!—who have neither judgment to discern, nor generosity to acknowledge worth when they perceive it in spite of their blindness. Such wasps may buzz,—they cannot sting. Shall we suffer ourselves to be annoyed by brainless things like them, when we possess the approving and unsought testimonies of the most distinguished men of the day? If James Hogg, and Campbell, and Professor Wilson are not amongst our regular contributors, we have those with whom the shepherd delights to angle, whom he of "The Pleasures of Hope" has highly commended, and whom Christopher North disdains not to honour at a *Nox Ambrosiana*. We have those whose works adorn the annals of literature, and whose abilities lend a charm and potency to the leading periodicals of the day. And in fine, but for the discouraging support of our numerous patronizers, the Laureate would have tuned his lyre to weave a lay for the BORDER, and Mont Benger would have rung and re-echoed with the revelry of Fairyland!

DR. PLODDEM.

Perhaps, it would have been preferable, had my advice been followed. I was anxious that our labours should terminate at the conclusion of one volume.



NESTOR.

Nay—render good for evil ;—though from the earliest Number there was a palpable deficiency in the receipts, it was noble, and it will unquestionably prove satisfactory to our own minds, to resolve on accomplishing a complete work at all hazards, that our *real* friends, who are entitled to every mark of gratitude, might not be affronted with an *odd* Volume. Believe me, moreover, I entertain a fondness for this adopted child, which does not fall short of a parent's attachment to a first-born,—a fondness that increased in depth and intensity, as the toils and difficulties attending its nursing multiplied ; and though no longer henceforth to be engaged in watching and helping its progress to maturity, I shall reflect with indescribable pleasure on those “labours of love,” when the hand that sustained its infancy shall be enfeebled by age, and the eye that sparkled with delight at the beauty of its expanding loveliness shall be dimmed by the mist of years.

SIROC.

Why—zounds! I'm quite reconciled to my loss, and not a fig care I, if it were double.

NESTOR.

That we may not even *appear* to overlook any of our contributors of decided talent, I have selected a few of those pieces which would probably have occupied a separate page or two, had circumstances allowed. Specimens of the style and composition may delight us till our guests arrive.

COURTLY.

By the by, I saw Dabble down stairs ; I thought you had dismissed him.

NESTOR.

Yes,—his gluttony became intolerable, and he was discharged ; but somehow or other, one of the maid servants, with whom he never ceased to quarrel previously, contrived very unaccountably to win his affections.

DR. PLODDEN.

Ancient History teems with parallel cases ;—she had pledged herself, of course, to grant him unrestricted liberty in the pantry ?

NESTOR.

I can't tell ;—however, he pleaded hard to be restored, promised moderation, et cætera, and at length I endeavoured to accommodate the couple. I must attest, too, that from being totally unmanageable before, he is now as quiet as a lamb.

DR. PLODDEN.

And well he may, after being led to the “*haltar*.” But should a progeny of Dabbles be the consequence, how will you do ?

NESTOR.

In the event of such a consummation—most devoutly to be depre-

cated—I must endeavour to set him up in “some small way for himself.” If I recollect right, he once acted in the capacity of a house-painter.

MR. PLACID.

Since you mention *painting*, I am glad to observe that the Newcastle Institution has been remodelled on a broader basis. It was by far too contracted formerly, while under the management of an interested few. Now that its principles are more liberal, we may hope that the fine arts in North Britain will prosper. I see none of our native artists among the exhibitors.

NESTOR.

As to our princely Good, I believe he can hardly execute his orders,—they pour in from all quarters; and it is perhaps owing to his non-appearance that a host of second-rate imitators have sprung up in those parts.

COURTLY.

Good's fame and fortune have been established long ago: I don't wonder, therefore, that he seem indifferent. But have we no rising genius, to whom such channels of communicating with the public might be an object? What so particularly occupies Henderson, and Evans, and Sinclair, and Wilson?

NESTOR.

The first named is very profitably employed in the Métropolis, where during his residence for some time back he has improved mightily both in style and execution; his faces are now fleshy, his colours more harmoniously disposed, and his entire portraits vivid and striking. Evans has restrained his loftier flight, and set himself down as an ornamental painter, in which capacity he excels. Sinclair's energies are crippled by multifarious engagements, and it is said that the junior aspirant intends to mature his promising faculties in the warmer clime of Italy.

SIROC.

Why, in my humble opinion, Sinclair is one of the most useful of our citizens. There is an evident advance in the march of public taste for the fine arts, and surely the delicate fingers of many of the fair sex might, with much advantage to their *minds*, be submitted to his guidance, rather than that a major portion of their education should consist in pursuing diverse vanities—what else are they?—which neither inform the judgment, nor touch the heart.

DR. FLODDER.

A most sensible remark! Half of the nonage of our modern Misses is consumed in Gallopades, Novel-reading, and like nonsense; and then forsooth, without one solid acquirement, and totally ignorant of domestic duties, they look out for husbands!

SIROC.

Impertinent babies! I trust that—boasting apart—Lieutenant Siroc

has set a praise-worthy example in the system adopted by him for the education of *his* daughter. 'Tis not mine to notice her varied talents and information—her intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern history, seventeen languages, and so forth; but in one thing I may be allowed to assert, she pleases me exceedingly.—Her drawings, Gentlemen, are of the most exquisite description,—yet why should I speak!—you've all seen them, and I feel gratified in being able to certify, that she studied under Sinclair, whose industry and perseverance I cannot sufficiently admire, who is moreover a fellow of infinite humour, and whom, in the single department of pencilling, I'd match against the world.

MR. PLACID.

It is to be hoped his merits will be appreciated, and the eyes of parents be opened to the necessity of uniting *sterling advantages* with accomplishments. Painting is calculated to delight and instruct simultaneously, and in proper hands is available as a powerful instrument of conveying and deeply impressing the important lessons of morality.

COURTLY.

If the interruption be not disagreeable, can any of you tell me who is to be the successor of Sir John Leslie, the late professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh?

NESTOR.

Herschel, I understand, has declined acceptance of the chair, as his present pursuits call him to a distant country. Sir David Brewster seems the likely man, a pleasant sketch of whose life appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*—from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd.

DR. PLODDEM.

Which is quite correct, with one exception:—it is not true that Sir David is "a *stichel minister*;" he is beyond question modest and diffident, but he preached publicly several times, and a gentleman in town heard his first sermon in the Modern Athens.—[*Enter Waiter.*]

WAITER.

A person at the door desires to see Mr. Nestor.

NESTOR.

Were 'nt you ordered to admit no intruders?

WAITER.

But, Sir, he insists upon seeing you.

OMNES.

Insists!—Shew the fellow in.—[*Exit Waiter, —and enter the Printer's Devil, his terrific countenance visible—only to Editors—through gleams of fire and clouds of darkness.*]

COURTLY.

President, I'll thank you for your box; my late indisposition has quite unnerved my courage—the smell of brimstone is almost death to

me; and were it not that our connexion with "the Gentleman in black" is about to be dissolved, I should be driven to the painful necessity of resigning.

FIEND.

My Master—

SIROC.

[*Aside.*]—His Master! umph!

FIEND.

—Has commanded me not to leave you *without copy.*

DR. FLODDEM.

Give him a page or two of *The Editorial Closet*, and get quit of him.

NESTOR.

Here! take this—and inform your master that the whole budget for the *last* number shall be forthcoming early to-morrow morning.

FIEND.

Very well, Sir.—[*He vanishes rather clumsily through a panel of the room door—instantly a loud rumbling noise is heard in the staircase.*]

SIROC.

Ha! ha! ha!—The cloven foot has missed a step, and capsized the Fiend,—Ha! ha! ha! Courtly, you 're all over in a cold sweat, eh?

COURTLY.

No—a little faintish:—Nestor, proceed with your specimens, they'll refresh me.

NESTOR.

The time is so far gone, that you must be contented with two, or three at the utmost. The following contains a common truth neatly told in verse—

#### NO MAN IS MISSED.

ON ocean's ever-working breast  
 Thousands of waves you see;  
 On yonder woody mountain's crest  
 Leaves fill each spreading tree.  
 Millions of drops the grassy plain  
 Shews in the dewy morn;  
 And countless ears of foodful grain,  
 The teeming fields adorn.  
 Amid such numbers, unity  
 Can no distinction claim;  
 When one is lost, deficiency  
 Obtains not e'en a name.

And such is man! Though thousands die,  
By death no blank is found;  
Succeeding men their place supply:  
All run the common round.

The next is a Song by D. H.—the *feeling* which pervades it, is good.

## SONG.

THE leaves are fading, the flowers are gone,  
The harvest is over, the fields are bare,  
The winds o'er the moorlands mournfully moan,  
And the bee no longer is humming there.

Now weary I wander pale with care,  
Where the sere leaves fall on the water's breast,  
And no ruby-lip'd maiden with tresses fair,  
Is near me ever to make me blest.

The lotus and wood vetch clung to the bower  
Where I met with Helen in times long past;  
And many a happy love-fraught hour  
The visions of hope there o'er us cast.

But youth and beauty fleet away fast  
Like the fragrant bloom o' the hawthorn tree,  
And my Helen is free from the scowling blast  
Of woe and scorn now threatening me.

The milk-wort blue, and the cowslip pale,  
In a wreath for thee, Helen, no more I'll twine;  
With the burn-side flowers perfuming the gale,  
I'll garland no more that breast o' thine.

For thou art past from the sweet sunshine,  
And dark and low is thy dwelling now—  
Thou canst not see how this heart doth pine  
With the cold damp earth above thy brow.

By Billy burn in the lang syne days,  
The globe-flower \* oft I have plucked with thee,  
Or wandered about on the mossy braes  
Chasing the dragon fly, and wild red bee—

But by bog or burn thou wilt no more be  
To cast thy smile on my dreary way;  
And O! at our kirn there's been little glee  
Since thou wert laid i' the silent clay.

The SCOTTISH WANDERER'S Song wants harmony—the opening stanza is the best—

The hills! the hills of Caledon! where grows the heather wild—  
The glens! the glens of Caledon! where blooms all nature mild—

\* The Trollius European—the Locker gowan of Allan Ramsay.

These are the hills, and these the glens, I love to gaze upon ;—  
Oh ! there's no place i' the world like my own dear Caledon !

[ *Waiter announces the arrival of guests.* ]

NESTOR.

I crave your patience a few moments longer,—I had almost forgotten to announce the receipt of a *last* contribution from a dear young friend in Edinburgh ; and though the little Siren chooses to flatter our vanity, I shall not be so scrupulously modest as to withhold it. Here it is—

A F A R E W E L L.

FROM ANNA.

TO THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

FAREWELL, sweet Magazine !  
Farewell, dear Magazine !  
Alas ! I fear 'twill break my heart  
To think that we so soon must part ;—  
Farewell, sweet Magazine !

But soon, I hope, the time will come  
When from thy ashes in the tomb  
Another Magazine shall rise,  
Like thee, triumphant to the skies—  
A new and welcome Magazine !

Farewell, my Border Magazine !  
Farewell, my earliest friend !  
I fear with thee my muse will end ;—  
Farewell, sweet Magazine !  
Farewell, dear Magazine !

Fare thee well, joy of my heart !  
Though 'tis hard that we must part,  
Yet I hope we'll meet again,  
So I will my grief restrain ;—  
Fare thee well, sweet Magazine !

Gentlemen, we must now pause. Let us at the festive board forget our toils ; we may be hilarious, and yet temperate, unless the good cheer of the Hen-and-Chickens surpass even its wonted excellence.—[ *The curtain falls.* ]

BLACKADDER.

A TRADITION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDMUND WAINSCOT, A. M.

THOSE who are familiar with the ancient history of Scotland, particularly of Berwickshire—are aware that for many years the splendid abbey and monastery of Coldingham was a prey of the powerful border

family of Home. After the assassination of James the Third, in which nefarious transaction that clan had taken so prominent a part, the connexion that had subsisted during a long period between the Homes and this religious establishment, became gradually weaker and weaker. James the Fourth, though indebted to them for his sudden, and perhaps premature elevation to the throne, when calmly seated there, and left to meditate at leisure upon the odious means by which he had attained it, looked with such disgust upon the very name as to be induced to confer the Priorship upon one of the family of Blackadder, on that office becoming vacant by the murder of the late Prior. Young Blackadder incurred the hatred of the Homes, not more by his promotion to that office, which the latter had been led to consider peculiarly and hereditarily their own, than by his happening to be a near relative of Hepburn of Hailes, the reputed murderer of their kinsman. In those days, when the spirit of revenge, once conjured up, was seldom allayed without revelling in the blood of its victim, the situation of the youthful Prior, detested so keenly on the part of the powerful family of the Homes, must be regarded as one of no ordinary peril. The former had returned from abroad, where he had passed a considerable portion of his youth, but a few weeks previous to the event which introduced him to the Priorship. No sooner was it known that the office had been conferred upon their kinsman, than the Blackadders of the Merse, the Hepburns, and the Setons, flocked to Edinburgh to pay their obedience, and escort him thence to the ceremony of instalment. This was expected to be one of the most splendid that had ever been performed within the hallowed walls of Coldingham. No expence was to be spared, it being the first time that a Blackadder had reached the dignified office of Prior. For some weeks preceding the entry of the Prior into his new domains, the good people of Coldingham were actively engaged in preparing for the ceremony. Almost every individual in that then far-from inconsiderable township found business moving on more briskly than usual, in consequence of the anticipated ceremony. Watty Geddes, the tailor, found trade increase so fast upon his hands, being employed to fit out the monks with a new assortment of cowls and scapulars, that he required to enlist into his service *pro tempore*, that is to say, until the completion of the scapular job, some four or five knights of the needle from the neighbouring hamlets of Auld Cambus and Auchencraw. And while the wrights, blacksmiths, &c. were all busily occupied in making repairs upon the monastery itself, it was with no small exultation that Mistress Grizzel Turnpenny was enabled one evening to declare to "a weel stowed roomfu'" of her neighbours, whom the briskness of trade had induced to squander an extraordinary merk or two' upon her liquor, that her fingers were "clean blistered wi' turnin' the spiggot."

In ordinary cases of instalment the procession usually consisted merely of a long train of monks of the same order as those over which the new Prior was to preside, dressed in fresh attire. This was preceded by a four-wheeled vehicle, covered with Tuscan cloth, in which were two monks clad in white, and kneeling at the foot of an *arbor vitæ* crucifix, to which was affixed an illuminated figure of the Saviour. Behind followed a richly mounted cavalcade composed of the kinsmen and friends of the new dignitary, all the neighbouring emi-

nences, being occupied by groups of people from the surrounding district, who might be induced by curiosity to witness the splendid spectacle. In the present instance, however, they were escorted by a strong body of the armed retainers of the Prior and his relatives, as a precautionary measure against any interruption that might be attempted by the Homes, whose strongholds of Fast Castle and Dungleass were but little removed from the tract in which the procession moved on the route to Coldingham. Meanwhile Sir David Home, who conceived himself to be the person that ought to have succeeded to the office, shut up in his neighbouring lonely retreat, of Fast Castle, heard, with emotions of the bitterest chagrin, of the sumptuous arrangements in progress for the inauguration of his rival. His pride, too, was mortally hurt at the thoughts of the joy that prevailed among the inhabitants of Coldingham, who, at any rate, had undoubtedly been no sufferers during the rule of his family,—though that rejoicing was perhaps rather engendered by the advantage they supposed would accrue from the present briskness of trade, than by any pleasure felt at the downfall of their old superiors. These feelings, stimulated to a fearful height by a morbid insensibility—the consequence of a severe bodily indisposition with which he had been recently afflicted—urged him to devise schemes for the destruction of his rival, from which at another season he would have revolted. In the adjustment of matters for the execution of his project, he was ably assisted by one of the monks of the establishment, Father Benedict by name, whose craft and insinuating manners had often proved efficient to the family in former times in allaying the dissensions which not unfrequently manifested themselves among the monks during that turbulent age. Father B., at the same time that he contrived to impress his brother monks with the belief that he was in no wise unfavourable to the advancement of young Blackadder to the vacant office, aware that many of the relatives of the latter were then in the possession of several inferior ecclesiastical places, and jealous of their appointment to higher, by which his own interest might be diminished, found means to have frequent interviews with Sir David, without exciting suspicion.

A few days antecedent to the celebration of the instalment, the grand aisle of the church had been splendidly decorated with figures of the saints, round whose necks were entwined long and showy wreaths of flowers; and instead of some antiquated full-length portraits of the Homes who had held office in that fane, were substituted those of some of the Priors of older date which for more than a century had been laid aside in an obscure corner of the building. On the portals being thrown open for the entry of the procession, the latter were found to have been removed, the portraitures of the more recent Priors to have been replaced, the wreaths stripped from the bodies of the images, and the whole interior of the church restored nearly to its former condition. This disarrangement however—which afterwards proved fatal to the person to whom the keys of the sanctuary had been assigned—was insufficient to prevent the completion of the ceremony. The usual oaths were administered to, and papers signed by the new dignitary in the presence of eighty black-clad monks of the order of St. Benedict, and nothing occurred to break in upon the order of the ritual till that part of it intervened wherein it was declared by the



bailie or Sub-Prior, that the election had taken place *nemine contradicente*. At that instant a deep-toned voice replied from the upper part of the building—"A Home objects, and a Home still lives to punish!"—and on looking upward in the direction whence this ominous declaration seemed to proceed, the reflected shadow of a man apparently in armour was seen emerging from behind one of the fluted buttresses. The astonished bailie stood aghast—the parchment fell from his hand to the pavement, while a tremulous "Save us, Holy Benedict," escaped from his lips. The rest of the congregation remained for a minute in mute bewilderment. At length silence was broken by Hepburn of Hailes who demanded in a loud tone who it was that had the audacity so to interrupt the ceremony, at the same time ordering the gates to be locked and the whole monastery searched for the apprehension of the intruder. Animated by his example a hundred subordinates were in motion,—every corner of the building was speedily and thoroughly scoured, but no traces of the mysterious visitant were apparent, if we except the impressions of recent footsteps visible on the garden surrounding the monastery, and traced from the bottom of a winding stair-case which communicated with the upper part of the building by a neglected postern. After this fruitless search the parties returned to the church and the remainder of the ceremony was gone through, but the spirits of all present had received such a "damper" as resisted the effects of several flagons of Mistress Turnpenny's best liquor, which was afterwards dispensed free to all who choose to partake of the new Prior's bounty.

On the day following, young Blackadder, accompanied by the same retinue as had attended at the installation, in accordance with the usual custom proceeded on a diet of visitation to the various cells and chapelries within the jurisdiction of his Priorship. Having visited the cell at Ayton, the cavalcade proceeded towards Lambertton, the eastern boundary of the diocese. On visitations of such a nature it was common for all whom they met on their way to retire to a little distance from the road, till the company who formed the procession had passed by. The latter had traversed only about half of the ground between the above-named places, when a body of armed horsemen appeared advancing toward them across the moor. Instead, however, of observing the general custom of falling off to the left, they continued to advance boldly onwards, still retaining the centre of the road. Perceiving the inclination thus manifested to neglect this point of etiquette, one of the horsemen connected with the cavalcade galloped up to the irreverent and daring equestrians to expostulate with them on the impropriety of non-compliance therewith. His exhortations were, however, utterly disregarded, and on using certain language deemed insulting by the party, a scuffle ensued which shortly terminated in the overthrow of the unfortunate mediator. Meanwhile, the monastic assemblage looked not on with indifference. The armed escort now left their position in the rear and planted themselves in a dense body on the middle of the path, resolved to revenge the insult thus offered to clerical dignity. The monks retired to an eminence a little removed from the road, to await the result of the contest. Nor did the recusant horsemen seem to have anticipated a submissive toleration of the affront; for no sooner had they vented their rage upon the person of the

wight who had dared to dictate to them, than they formed themselves into fighting array, and continued their march till they arrived within a few yards of the insulted Prior and his escort. Nothing in the shape of parley was for a moment attempted. It was obvious from the firm and unbending posture into which all present had thrown themselves, that nothing less than the blood of his antagonist would satisfy the rancour which burned within the breast of each. The result of the skirmish was long doubtful. At length, fortune declared in favour of the Homes, (for it was they who had wittingly thrown themselves in the way for purposes of revenge) not one of their opponents escaping without wounds, and the Prior himself falling a sacrifice to the dirk of Father Benedict.

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ON MY NATIVE PLACE.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

AND shall the day,—Oh thought of grief!—  
 And shall the day appear  
 When scenes so bright and beautiful  
 Will be no longer dear!  
 When memory shall reflect on them,  
 But coldly let them fly  
 Like shadows o'er a wintry lake,  
 Without one passing sigh!  
 And this chill'd heart no more shall beat  
 Responsive to the name  
 Of that dear spot whence all my cares  
 And all my sorrows came?—  
 No! while the tide of life shall flow,  
 And while the soul shall be  
 A tenant of this ruin'd dome,  
 They shall be dear to me!

How I delight to think of thee,  
 Thou home of smiles and tears!  
 How beautiful thou seem'st to me  
 Thro' the dim mist of years!  
 Thou art indeed a fairy spot  
 Of such as we may dream,  
 Hung round with rocks, and beautified  
 With mountain, vale, and stream!  
 How well can I remember all  
 Those lineaments of thine,  
 That mark thee out, romantic spot,  
 As with a silver line!  
 Thy dells of living greenery—  
 Thy rocks of forest-flowers—  
 Thy rivulets and water-falls—  
 Thy cool coves and thy bowers—

Thy craggy cliffs—thy low'ring peaks  
 That battle with the sky,  
 And, like earth's giant sons of old,  
 Toss their proud heads on high—  
 Thy rock-embosom'd lakes that sleep  
 In stillness 'neath the storm,  
 Like faith whose deep placidity  
 E'en Death cannot deform,—  
 All speak to me of former times,  
 And in the language say  
 Of eloquence, thy holy joys  
 Like dreams have pass'd away !  
 Yes! they have pass'd, and never more  
 Will they come back again ;—  
 Like ships that vanish from the shore  
 And melt into the main,  
 They've fled for aye ; and now, alas !  
 The wide world is my home,  
 And boundless is the wilderness,  
 I shall hereafter roam.  
 But though the radiant dreams have fled,  
 That cherish'd life so young,  
 And all the chords that bind the heart,  
 To pleasure only strung ;  
 Will the bright memory of these joys,  
 Like visions pass away ?  
 Or vanish like the golden mists  
 Before the eye of day ?  
 No! while the tide of life shall flow,  
 And while the soul shall be  
 A tenant of this ruin'd dome,  
 They shall be dear to me !

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 TIO-HANG.

A CHINESE TALE.

*From the Italian of Soave.*

TIE-KIN, one of the Literati of Tam-ing—among the principal cities in the province of Pekin—had a son named Tio-hang, a young man of prompt and vivacious wit, and of a noble and generous mind. Having been sent off to Pekin, in order to get instruction in the Chinese literature, in a few years he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, there called Siou-tsai ; and while, clad in the azure garments with which the Siou-tsai are distinguished, he was returning to his native place, being obliged to pass the night in a town distant from Tam-ing about half-a-day's journey, he there requested lodgings of a good woman whom he fell in with, and who according to the very ancient custom of the Chinese, courteously received him with every expression of hospitable friendship.

While he tarried with her, he observed that she oftentimes sighed, and in secret shed a profusion of tears. Deeply affected by the sorrow which she could not conceal, he ventured to ask her the reason of it, "Ah!" answered she, with a profound breathing indicative of her grief, "I fear that I shall yet have more cause to mourn. The inconsolable affliction of my son, his dejection and languor which may lead to results even more disastrous than I anticipate, fills my mind with sadness. He ardently loved a young girl of Tam-ing, as beautiful as she was intelligent and virtuous; and he was equally beloved by her. Having asked her in marriage of her parents, he obtained their consent, and the welcome day of their nuptials was already at hand; when unexpectedly the chief Mandarin of the city, the inhuman Takuai, deputed some of his menials to carry off the damsel, nor can it be ascertained in what quarter he has confined her. My son, on hearing the sad news, ran instantly to Tam-ing, and made every effort to recover his intended bride; but all was in vain. Now buried in profound dejection, overcome by an inexpressible anguish, tears and moanings are his only food. To no purpose have I sought by all possible means to comfort him; they have just served to exasperate his wound. A slow fever has for six days past assailed him, under which he gradually pines away, and ah me! I fear that ere long death will be the issue, and I shall lose my dear son."—Here she paused, and broken sobs succeeded her simple and affecting tale.

The youthful Tio-hang, melted to tenderness, and animated by a lively courage, bade her take heart, and console herself. "The evil," said he, "is not without a remedy; where is your son? Will he permit me to see him?" The good dame conducted him to the room where he lay. He beheld, stretched upon a bed, a young man who had scarcely reached the years of maturity. The lineaments of his countenance bespoke a beauty more than ordinary; but attenuated and faint, he then bore the impress of grief, and the paleness of death. The languid eyes, heavy with weeping, rolled wearisomely in their sockets, and shutting themselves up in their lids seemed to shun the light. Frequent groans, interrupted by deep-drawn sighs, agitated the inmost recesses of his breast, and a mournful voice was now and then audible, repeating in accents of mingled affection and despair,— "Ah Sohe-pin! my dear, dear—my beloved Sohe-pin!"

Tio-hang accosting him, and kindly offering him his hand, said— "Oh! do not abandon yourself to desperate grief; your bride is not irrecoverable; the sublime Monarch, whom Heaven has placed over our empire, spreads the rays of his justice equally on all sides. Have you not yet preferred your complaints to him?" "How, pray," replied Sahi-kou, "how could my miseries reach so far as his inaccessible throne?" "Nay, then," said Tio-hang, "I myself will pave the way for you. Often have I had an opportunity of being introduced to the great Mandarin; he knows me; to his presence I will lead you, and in him you will find protection and support under your misfortunes." Lightened with unworded joy by this ray of new hope, the afflicted Sahi-kou exclaimed—"Ah! should this be a delusion! my death will be inevitable." "Be comforted," rejoined Tio-hang; "to-morrow at the dawn, I hasten to Tam-ing to visit my parents from whom I have been absent several years. They will gladly consent that I devote my

labours to so just a cause. I shall return immediately, and be your guide and companion to the capital of the Empire."

Accordingly, at the first gleam of morning the sympathetic Tio-hang set out on his journey homeward, cheerful from the thought of having found a fit occasion of doing a generous action, and full of hope that his virtuous resolution would meet the approval of his parents. But on entering the house of his birth a scene presented itself, which overwhelmed him with terror and amazement. Formerly thronged with persons who came on matters of business with his father, he now found it completely deserted. He advanced to the parlour, and met only an aged domestic, of whom he enquired concerning his father; the servant could reply but with tears. Agitated by a thousand disquietudes, he hurried to the presence of his mother to ascertain what had happened, and found her overcome with grief and consternation. "Oh!" cried he, throwing himself into her arms, "does my father yet exist?" His mother pressing him to her breast, and then rising with an effort, answered,— "He lives, son, he yet lives, but in disgrace and wretchedness. An unhappy old man, whom the barbarous Ta-kuai has robbed of his only daughter, applied to your father, that he might interpose his influence, and endeavour to effect his restoration. Your father dared to undertake the cause. The cruel Mandarin, irritated against him, ordered him to be shamefully arrested, and for several days he has been groaning in irons." "Monster!" cried Tio-hang, transported with rage, "I did not look for such excess of wickedness; but his pride shall not last long; let him tremble for the vengeance which already hangs over his head." Saying this, he tore himself from his mother's arms, and darted to the prison.

Having procured access within its walls, he found his venerable parent in the lowest floor of a tower into which a feeble ray of light scarcely descended, lying on the damp ground, and loaded with a double weight of chains, but his tranquil countenance shewed the entire serenity of a virtuous mind, oppressed certainly, yet not totally cast down by misfortunes. At the sight, Tio-hang uttered a loud cry, and fell on his father's neck. The latter placidly remarked,— "You see in me, my son, an example of human iniquity. But virtue is a soothing cordial in these terrible abodes. Amid the filth of this horrid dungeon I am more happy and contented, than is the guilty tyrant who oppresses me, amid the pomp and splendour of his halls. I strove to defend innocence and misery against injustice and overbearing power; and though I should die for it, the thought of having suffered in the performance of a benevolent deed will sustain my parting spirit."

"He is the malefactor, who merits a thousand deaths!" exclaimed Tio-hang in fury,— "this hand, yes, this hand shall avenge you."— "No, son, beware of dishonouring yourself and your father by an inconsiderate rage. Doubt not, my innocence will be made manifest. Heaven is just."—"Well then," interrupted Tio-hang, "regard me as Heaven's instrument in publishing your innocence and your virtue. That Heaven which is just, will prosper my endeavours. Tell me where dwells the old man, whose cause you sought, though unsuccessfully, to advocate." At the same time, he unfolded his plan, and the pledge he had given to Sahi-kou. The father tenderly embraced

him, and kissing him, said,—“Now, in you indeed do I perceive my son; go; Heaven will be propitious to your pity.”

Buoyant with ardeur and with hope, the noble Tio-hang ran in quest of the father of the injured damsel, and having aroused him from his despondency, he resolved to accompany him to Peking. He called in passing to tender a word of consolation to his mother, and on the same evening he, along with the old man, arrived at the dwelling of Sahi-kou. They all three departed early next morning, and in a few days reached Peking. Here the youth, by dint of prudence and unwearied activity, succeeded in gaining for himself and fellow-travelers an audience of the great Mandarin;—before whom he described, with all the power of his eloquence, the oppression under which the wretched Sohe-pin suffered, the grief of her father, and the affliction and despair of her betrothed husband; he detailed, moreover, the tyranny which had been exercised towards his own respectable parent, animating his discourse with such an earnestness, and with a pathos so deep and touching, that the great Mandarin could not restrain his tears.

He delayed not a moment in laying the whole before the Emperor, who, shocked at the wickedness of Ta-kuai, concerned for the sufferings of Tie-kin, and admiring the generosity of both him and his son, immediately commanded the iniquitous Mandarin, stripped of all his honours, and consigned to infamy, to be banished to the most horrid and savage parts of Tartary. Tie-kin succeeded him in the office of which he had proved himself so unworthy, and under the Imperial patronage Tio-hang was raised to a dignified post in Peking.

The magnanimous youth had the pleasure of carrying these orders to Tam-ing, and his virtuous father, exalted from the wretchedness of a prison to the loftiest station of his country, rejoiced in restoring with his own hand a beloved daughter to her declining parent, and a faithful bride to her devoted lover. Returning afterwards to Peking, he rose step by step to the most conspicuous rank, till in course of time being promoted to that of Great Mandarin, he formed the model of ministerial excellence, and became the love and admiration of the whole Empire.

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## MELROSE ABBEY.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

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If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moon's light,  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout the ruins grey.

See WALTER SCOTT.

---

FAIR Abbey, thou art beautiful!  
Though time's strong hand hath torn  
The deckings of thy early pride,  
And all thy glories shorn:

## MELROSE ABBEY.

Thou broadest like a princely one,  
 Pluck'd from his high estate,  
 Yet still proud majesty is stamp'd  
 On thee—thou desolate!

Time-hallowed grandeur mantles o'er  
 Thy flow'r-carv'd pillars now;  
 But well thou wear'st thy twilight locks  
 Out o'er thy furrow'd brow.

No voice comes from thy walls—thine is  
 The silence of despair;  
 And unclean birds in darkness scream  
 Where rose the midnight prayer!

\* \* \* \* \*

Pardon a young enthusiast—  
 I scan the sculptor's art,  
 And feel its spell come stealing o'er  
 My heart's least worldly part:

And now the fitful winds of God  
 Sweep through the silent cells,  
 And howl like spirits of the pile  
 Exchanging wild farewells.

Hark! methinks the moon hath conjured up  
 The Abbey's haunting spright,  
 And stern in fancy's ear it breaks  
 The stillness of the night.

*(Voice of the spirit.)*

" Boy-Minstrel, Scotia's master-bard  
 Hath harp'd in deathless lay  
 The fair sad beauty of the pile  
 That tempts thee here to stay.

" The Abbey's turrets were enrob'd  
 In Luna's softening smiles,  
 And pure the moonshine floated down  
 The bosom of its aisles;—

" Then did his instrument of song,  
 Give forth its melting tone,  
 And this the hour he bade thee come,  
 And view the pile alone.

" Come now thy legend-ballad o'er,  
 And, glass'd before thine eyes,  
 The great in soul shall fire thy thoughts  
 With their proud memories!

" Boy-Minstrel, Scotia's high-rank'd chief,\*  
 Who led the mountain brave,

Now fills beneath that marble tomb,  
A consecrated grave.

" And tread this spot \* where freedom oft,  
In tears, repairs to sigh,  
And thou shalt never quail on field  
Where brave men 'do or die.'

" A casquet 'neath that fretted stone  
Contains the heart, whose frown  
Dismayed the tyrant who had trode  
The Scottish *Thistle* down.

" Heaven sped the righteous sword, and nerv'd  
Thy rescued sires to spurn  
The despot and his myrmidons,  
Who fled at Bannockburn!

" O proudly leapt the patriot dust,  
That lies all pulseless now,  
When Scotia rush'd to clutch the crown  
From off the imbecile's brow.

" These mystic characters ye scan,  
Commemorate the dead,  
And from oblivion's bloating hand  
Protect the mitred head!

" That antique crucifix of stone,  
The altar erst o'er hung,  
Where Shiloh's sufferings and death,  
Were hymn'd by every tongue."

*(The voice of the spirit is lost in the night wind.)*

Alas, thou lovely pile! that e'er  
The bigot's foot had trode  
In madness o'er the Bruce's heart,  
And temple fair of God!

Had I a master's power to clothe  
The feelings of my breast,  
I'd make Melrose a pilgrim shrine—  
The Mecca of the West!

\* The grave of the heart of Bruce.

" Now pass thou onward, as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die."  
—The cry of Douglas, on throwing from him the casquet which contained the heart of Bruce, into the midst of a battle between the Meers and the Spaniards. After the death of Douglas, who fell in this combat, the heart was brought back to Scotland, and buried at Melrose.



## SCRAPS FROM READINGS

MADE IN THE COURSE OF THE SEPTUAGENARY PERIOD.

[*Those marked with an asterisk are Translations.*]

## GOTHIC BUILDINGS AT MOON LIGHT.

OUR antique Cathedral buildings, &c. ever seem as if their daylight times had passed with the hands that first reared them—as if their grey-headed forms slept beneath the sun, and only started into a sort of dreamy life when the moon was on them. It is then that the past seems to triumph over the present, and to be more immediate in all its forms and characters. One would almost believe, that night is for the dead and the works of the dead, as day is for the living.

For power there is but one safe depository, and that is, the responsible administrator of recognized laws.

Knowledge, when confined to a few, produces tyranny and oppression, with all their train of crimes and sufferings; diffused among the many, it gives birth to social and political independence, with all their blessed consequences of liberty, letters, and commerce.—LADY MORGAN.

A country schoolmaster, it is said, proved the antiquity of stage-coaches by the following passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, "Cæsar profectus est ab urbe summâ diligentia,"—the true sense of which he contended, is, "Cæsar left the city on the top of a diligence."

Architecture, painting, and sculpture may be described as the sensual classes of the fine arts, and poetry and music as the intellectual. The former address themselves at once to our senses, the latter to the mind. The Greeks tell us in particular, that the art of portrait-painting was discovered among them by a girl, who was fond of a youth devoted to travelling, and who, to sweeten the time of his absence, delineated on the wall, with the assistance of a lamp, the profile of her lover. This elegant fable, for a fable it only is, is but another way of telling us, that portrait-painting was suggested by adolescent affection.—ANON.

## NATURAL HISTORY

Requires for its study two qualities which seem diametrically opposite; that is to say, the lofty and unbounded views of a great genius, taking in all things at a single glance; joined to the trivial and minute attentions of a laborious instinct, which can attach itself but to a single point.

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

In a public discussion of this question between two eminent divines of different religious principles, it was argued by the Protestant, that the quality of the bread and wine is not changed by the ceremony used in the administration of the Eucharist. The Catholic, contending for the contrary doctrine, asserted that what was before them was actually changed, for he had prepared it for the use of his flock. The

former replied, that to put the dispute finally at rest, he had infused poison into the wine, and demanded if his opponent durst partake of it? The test was unanswerable, and acute as the latter was in argument, his faith was too weak to try the experiment.

#### THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

\* This constitution could never have been imagined by one man, or created by one effort. It is not written in any single treatise, the fruit of the study and meditations of some great theoretical legislator. No; it is the effect of time, experience, and patience, and of the admirable address with which the nation has put to profit the seeds of liberty which it found in its old Saxon institutions. While the other nations of Europe permitted these seeds to be wasted or stifled in their growth by neglect or tyranny, the English, on the contrary, cultivated them with pious care; and they are at this day enjoying the harvest of liberty. Their national assembly, from patriotism or regard to its own authority, has added from age to age new bulwarks to public freedom, and has not neglected any proper opportunity of confirming the rights of the public at large—rights which belong to every member of the assembly as a portion of the people, and on which every public man must build his reputation and power.—MONS. COTTER, a *French judicial Magistrate*.

#### THE GREATEST BLESSINGS OF A PEOPLE

Of any nation, are health,—strength,—courage,—peace,—and the union of families, and liberty of its citizens;—an abundance of things necessary, a contempt of superfluities; an habitude for labour, and a horror of idleness; an emulation for virtue, a submission to the laws, and the fear of God.

Man's exterior form is but the scabbard of the enlivening mind: we should not, therefore, judge of the weapon's edge, whilst we have seen nothing except the case.

\* A Sovereign should resemble the Queen Bee, who rules without a sting; good faith should be the religion of his government, and justice and clemency the guards of his throne. Without these virtues, he may indeed reign under the name of *King*, but his fears will make him a *slave*.—DIOGENES.

*Faith* is the beginning or the principle, and *charity* the end or the completion of the christian life.—ST. IGNATIUS.

The milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance, to which it is compared, undergoes in the Dairy. In some men of a perpetual and impregnable good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of *butter*; in those of a liberal and generous disposition, it has all the richness of *cream*; in men of a sickly habit of mind, it has all the mawkish insipidity of *whoy*; and in a large portion of the community, it possesses all the sourness of *butter-milk*.—ANON.

\* The grace of God discovers itself in great minds by small things, and in common minds by great things.—ANON.

It is a feeble mind that waits for the turn of Fortune's Wheel ; the brave mind seizes upon it and turns it to its purpose.

Linacre, a physician during the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Mary, a few years before his death took orders ; and it was said of him, that, upon some occasion, reading the Sermon on the Mount, he threw the book aside, and swore that it was either not the Gospel, or we were not Christians.

To a man who thinks himself wretched, every evil is real ; the mind, warped by prejudice, passion, or disorder, beholds the dark side of the picture of human life ; which, even in its best side, is charged with much dark and heavy colouring, and is fraught with shades which, while they more strongly relieve the brighter parts of the piece, yet cast a gloomy and melancholy air over the whole.

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TO DELIA.

*Imitated from a French Song, entitled, "La Lumiere."*

COMPOSED HALF A CENTURY AGO.

ALAS ! how dim the chastest gleam  
The azure sky to me unfolds !  
For beauty now asserts her claim,  
And o'er my heart her empire holds :  
No longer cheers the light of day ;—  
Of peace, dear Nymph ! my soul's bereft ;—  
Thy presence only sheds the ray  
Of bliss below to me that's left.—

O yes,—my Delia, from that hour  
Which to the world my being gave,  
I've felt the sun's effulgent pow'r,  
And view'd of heav'n the bright concave :  
But these no more have charms for me,  
Nor can my feelings now arrest ;—  
Thy Shepherd's thoughts are fix'd on thee,  
And with thee only can be blest.—

Lo, now with man you simply share  
A portion of day's vital glow ;  
Yet, by thy fost'ring bosom's care  
Love's tend'rest flowrets soon shall blow ;  
And soon the highly favour'd youth  
Round hymen's smiling altar strew  
The roses of Eternal truth,  
Reserv'd, lov'd Delia ! but for you.

## THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

*From the German of Fischer.*

As soon as Christmas—for of this friendly festival I speak—by degrees approaches, every person, except in some measure the wealthy classes, orders his cask of Muscadel, and lays in a store of southern provisions, which are then piled up in great quantities on the wharfs. In the flower-market at such a season orange-branches with their blooms and fruit, lemon-trees in beautiful tubs, and rose-bushes in pretty pots, are all sold for decorations. To the children are given laurels hung with fruits of the South, neat boxes inlaid with mirrors, clay images variously coloured, storks of paper or cotton with long scarlet bills to occupy the boxes, and numerous other toys.

The Christmas-evening itself is dedicated to universal joy and mirth. All the stalls, shops, and coffee-houses are illuminated in the most splendid manner,—the poorest chesnut-roaster sets a little lamp before him. The theatres represent grand ballets; the gaming-houses entertain their visitors with soupé and ball; the musicians play the whole night, and the streets are incessantly filled with crowds of people.

But the finest characteristics of the season—what no provincialist even at the greatest distance can forget—are the solemn Christmas-feasts, at which all the members of the family are wont to assemble. Relations who do not see each other throughout the entire year, are not absent at this supper at least; and those of them, who were living on terms of the bitterest enmity, are reconciled at the Christmas-feast. Marriages are concluded, separated husbands again united to their wives, the most modest lover is eloquent, the coyest fair one drops reserve. 'Tis Christmas-eve! Every heart is devoted to benevolence and tenderness.

However, it is well known, that at a genuine provincial Christmas-feast, the *Noya* (cakes of honey and almonds)—the *Kalignan* (a log of fir in the fire-place, soaked with oil and wine)—the large white cock, but particularly the Muscadel, and the *Noes* (Christmas-carols), are things quite indispensable.

Still more of the remains of old provincial customs are preserved up the country, where especially the national character is to be found in its purest state. There are kept the games of running, wrestling, singing, cock-fighting, climbing, &c., where, of course, the cup never fails to circle freely. One pretty custom deserves particularly to be mentioned, which prevails in the under-provinces, and chiefly in the districts of Freius and Antibes.

During the four weeks preceding Christmas, the young men are wont, generally on the Sunday evenings, to serenade all the girls of their village,—a practice which, in the provincial “slang,” is called *Aubades*. For this honour each girl is bound to deliver at Christmas to the oldest of the young men (*Aba*) a cake with her name stamped upon it. This is never neglected; and a brilliant assembly is then formed, on the second of the holidays, of the whole village, and an

auction of the cakes that have been received takes place in nearly the following manner.

The *Aba* mounts a small scaffold; neat baskets containing the presents adorned with ribbons are set near him. "A fine, charming, exquisite, sugar-sweet, juicy apple-cake, No. 1., Maria Coutelou,"—he begins, taking one of them, and passing a long eulogium on the beauty, thriftiness, and merits of the maker. Immediately her lovers, more, or less numerous according to circumstances, offer for it, till at last the cake is knocked down to the richest, or the most obstinate. In this way the rest are disposed of, and the money arising from the sale goes to the annual dancing-fund.

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### LINES

*Written in a young Lady's Album after her death.*

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

OH what is life?—Go thou and ask the grave,  
O'er whose dull mound death's rankest banners wave—  
The flesh-formed grass-blade and the poison-flower!—  
Fit wreaths to deck the monster's gloomy bower!  
Say now what answer thou dost thence receive?  
Away! thou know'st it!—tremble—and believe!—

Ah little did I think, when last I took  
My pen to soil the pages of this book  
With lightest rhymes, I should so soon require,  
To saddest strains to tune the airy lyre.  
But what is life?—'tis ev'n a changeful day,  
Now cloud-bedimmed, now lighted with the ray  
Of a cold sun,—for earth's best days dispense  
Scarce aught that breathes celestial redolence!  
Then start not, that so soon thou shouldst require  
To mournful strains to tune the airy lyre!

And hast thou, then, departed? Has the ray  
Of thy soft eye, like star-light, pass'd away?  
And hast thou, in the budding of thy years,  
Been led by Death beyond this vale of tears?  
Oh yes! To thee he was a welcome guest,  
Who came with smiles, and led thee to thy rest!  
Long didst thou 'neath the hand of pain decline,  
But yet no thought of restlessness was thine:—  
Calm was thy spirit, for thou hadst within  
The balm that soothes the agonies of sin.  
Oh I had hoped—when I had known thy mind  
So rich with graces of the gentler kind,  
That, when a wanderer I had bid adieu  
To this sweet land of streams and mountains blue—  
This land where all I hold on earth most dear  
First saw the radiant light of life appear,—

Oh, I had hoped—when thou didst cast thine eye  
 On the light record of my vanity,  
 Writ on the silken pages of thy book,—  
 Thou wouldst regard it with no haughty look,  
 But a soft thought of pity would impart,  
 And wish for wisdom to so weak a heart!  
 That hope for me is vain,—for thou hast gone  
 Whence thoughts of sorrow have for ever flown.  
 Yet why these plainings?—Though around the tomb,  
 The radiant flowers of life can never bloom,  
 Bright-visions hope points high to yonder skies,  
 And tells us—roses bloom in Paradise!—  
 This dries their tears whom thou hast left behind,  
 And sheds calm pleasure o'er each sorrowing mind.  
 Oh sainted maid! may we, the living, see  
 With joy, the Christian's portraiture in thee,  
 And may we choose, like thee, the better way,  
 Though steep the path, that leads to endless day!  
 And when we come to walk that shadowy vale  
 Where earthly hopes are ever seen to fail,  
 Oh may our hearts, like thine, still rest secure,  
 Stayed on that Rock which ever shall endure!

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### A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

FROM MY BOOK OF "MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS," &c.

A SEVERE blow is more tolerable than a harsh word. In the one case, the body only is afflicted; in the other, the mind.

FRAGMENT.—He was an amiable youth. I introduced him to several of my acquaintances; among others we called on Mrs. —— and her only daughter—the lovely Elizabeth. My introduction here, however, was unnecessary, for they had been long intimate. I had just opened my mouth to pronounce the usual prefatory words, when he flew into the arms of Mrs. ——, and received her blessing. His lips then pressed the cheek of the blushing maid,—she was the maid of his heart. \* \* \* We agreed to walk in the garden, till our worthy hostess and her beautiful daughter should prepare tea. My young friend followed silently behind:—I turned round,—he was weeping. "Why weep you, my dear Charles?"—His reply accorded with his naturally romantic disposition—"Does not the willow weep, when it has kissed the waters which it loves?"

A man had better be a chimney-sweeper, and move in his particular sphere with dignity, than member of the most honourable profession, and be obliged to succumb to adverse fortune, servile occupations, and the jeers of the world. He, who in such circumstances can blunt the poignancy of his feelings, must either possess a great genius, or be an impertinent coxcomb and idiot.

DIALOGUE.—*Harry Castdown and Tom Easy.*—*Har.* I'm in love, Tom!—*Tom.* In love! With whom?—*Har.* No—I'm not in love,—the lady is in love with me.—*Tom.* Pooh, pooh!—ha, ha, ha,—and who, pray, is this Eastern Princess, whom *your* charms have captivated?—*Har.* No Princess, and yet the daughter of a Queen. *Tom.* Strange!—Well, if *the daughter of a Queen*, why so chop-fallen?—*Har.* There it is; though I hate her above all things under the sun, yet am I obliged to wed her.—*Tom.* A mystery, by Jove!—Her name?—*Har.* (*very gravely*) MISS FORTUNE.

He, whose bosom glows with true hospitality, does not ask his guest if he will have such or such a thing; he *presents* the intended gift, and *then* asks.

We should be slow to give, and quick to forgive an injury. Or, in a more unqualified manner, and in the genuine spirit of the gospel, we should never wittingly give an injury,—ever willingly forgive one.

Life is made up of storms and calms, which by regular alternation succeed each other; but they are not equally dispensed; for, though the storm terminates sooner, its influence takes a most extensive range, and is in active operation long after the cause has disappeared. By this means the full benefit of the calm is but partially felt, because it cannot be enjoyed till the wasteful work of its predecessor shall have been removed, and every trace of its being effaced. If we are to look for any happiness in this world, it can only be had by the instrumentality of memory or of imagination. Memory can call up those placid moments of existence, which from time to time may have varied our mortal career, abstractedly from every thing else, so that the contemplation of them will be a pure delight. The pleasures of Imagination, too, are great,—founded on no reality that has been, is, or may be. These alone are the sources of unalloyed happiness to an individual;—there can be no present, constant, and real enjoyment. And upon the whole, allowing even a large share of such felicity as the world can afford to the lot of man, still will a dull mournful melancholy pervade the soul,—interrupted, it is true, by the occasional supplies of the desirable object, but never altogether chased away. Who could bear it, if hope did not whisper peace, and inspire patience?

He, who puts his trust in the promises of the great, depends on a broken reed: he, who confides in his own exertions, and acts with energy and independence, rests upon a rock: he, who throws all his cares upon Him that cared for man in his fallen state, ensures eternal success. The first lives in doubt: the second in hope: the third in expectation. Doubt and hope belong to the present—expectation to the future existence.

ANECDOTE.—A poor man once saved the life of a lord. "Take my purse"—exclaimed the nobleman in the fulness of his heart, and suiting the action to the word. "Is your life worth no more?" rejoined the peasant—"Keep your purse: I claim your gratitude, not your money."

If man were bereft of reason,—if he were reduced to a level with irrational animals, he would be the most helpless and defenceless of all; for, viewed merely as an animal endowed with corporeal powers,

he is surpassed in every thing by one or other of the brute creation, as by the lion in strength, the stag in swiftness, &c. This is wisely ordained, to shew definitely in what his superiority consists, and what are the grounds which especially entitle him to be lord of all below. It could not consist in bodily advantages, since, allowing him to be possessed of each excelling capacity of the brutes combined, he would only be distinguished above the rest as to body; and moreover, this might not suffice to secure his absolute monarchy, since it would still be possible for his subjects to repel any felt grievance by uniting against him.—It is REASON which makes him lord. By reason he can achieve more than any brute, as in a matter requiring strength he can accomplish by machinery (the produce of reason) what no other animal or combination of animals can do. And, in order to this, an inferiority in point of bodily powers was indispensable. Had he been eminently gifted in that respect, the necessity of reason would have been taken away; and, necessity being the mother of invention, there would have been no invention.—Nor is this the whole that constitutes his royalty. He is not confined to the present life and to time. Reason extends his province to future existences and to eternity.

There would be less dissatisfaction and repining in the world, if every inhabitant would take an occasional survey of society from the lowest to the highest grade. While he found many suffering under severer privations than himself, (and I never knew or heard of any, however wretched, who, upon contemplating the miseries of others, would exchange his own situation for theirs) he would at the same time perceive many who were favoured with what he might deem the means of happiness—wealth and power,—and who yet endured the nicest agonies, not less in their waking than in their sleeping moments. If, further, he would seriously put to himself the question—‘Why should I be better off than my neighbours?’—and reflect thereon without a leaning of partiality to his own peculiar follies and vices, he would, I am sure, be ready to exclaim—‘Indeed my blessings surpass my deserts!’ If all were thus to think and ponder, the minds of the world would subside into a calm contentment, and lay the foundations of true felicity.

When we consider, that *free livers* are subject during life-time to excruciating pains, such as those of the gout, &c., and that they generally endure great agonies at death, or are cut off suddenly,—there cannot but be suggested to us the idea of Nature taking revenge for wilful neglect of her dictates.

Late sitting at the bowl ensures an early grave. The cup of friendship is not forbidden. He who fills another bumper, after sociality is satisfied, pledges it to Death.

What a wretch the Atheist must be! What a thing to be pitied! To suppose that the soul is mortal, and that earth is its only dwelling-place! Cowardly,—irrational,—wicked,—damning thought! Did I believe there was no God—that my existence was bounded by short-lived Time—that there was nothing to be enjoyed except the miserable happiness of this world,—I would not live a day longer.



What an interesting sight,—what a delightful object of contemplation is a loving family! Each heart of the happy group is like a spring welling forth its waters, one mingling with another, and all combining to create around them a luxuriance of sweets. How different those in whose breast enmity reigns! *Their* hearts are like stagnant pools impregnated with poison, whose waters, now and then ejected by the passing storm, instead of fertilizing and carrying gladness in their course, spread their deadly influence on every side, and wither the flowers of life which the hand of Providence has planted.

Many parents are continually complaining of their children's disobedience and reckless behaviour, and cease not to load them with epithets of abuse, without once thinking that they themselves may have mainly contributed to produce such disastrous consequences. I would have parents to cast a retrospective glance on their own conduct, and see if they have truly and conscientiously discharged their duties to their offspring,—if they have really used their utmost exertions to instil into their minds the purest principles of morality, to open up to them the elements of religion, and to train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. If conscience upbraid them, it will become them to lament their own errors, rather than to heap abuse upon their children. Some may plead that *they have given them every indulgence!* Is this not the very rock on which they have split? Indulgence has been the ruin of thousands of families. "He that spareth the rod, hateth the child."

Time is a line in Eternity—nothing more. The common remark made of a person who is sick or dying, that he is on the edge of the grave, or "on the brink of eternity," is absurd, inasmuch as it is not *universally* applied. Every human being is exactly in the same situation, whatever be the state of his health. There is an equal space for all, and one may be precipitated into the gulph as soon as another. In other words, no man can assure himself, that, because he is hale and vigorous, he is likely to live long. The *accidents* of life are as numerous as the \* *maladies*, so that he who confides in the strength of his limbs or the youthfulness of his years, lives in imagined security. Ere long he may be called hence, while his neighbour, though beset by "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," may survive the revolution of many suns. Death's random shots tell as surely as his regular charges. How well prepared, then, ought we to be, who know not what a day or an hour may bring forth!

If those, who had felt a warm attachment to each other during the days of their youth, were allied in after years, I have no doubt that most of the miseries which attend a married life would be prevented. However much the idea of *calf-love*, as it has been called, may be ridiculed, it is *true love*. The reciprocal affection arises out of pure feeling, when the parties yet live in blessed ignorance of the opinions and policy of the world, and know nothing of interested motives or

\* I had just gained this length in my remark, when a friend entered announcing the death of a child by the discharge of a gun. The little innocent was amusing herself in an adjoining street in company with her sister, also a child, and some others; and while happy at her play, and unconscious of danger, was accidentally shot through the heart with a bullet.

sinister purposes. There is then no disguise of mind, no possibility of concealing bad qualities; all is frank and open; and though a mere youth cannot *explain* the perfections of his sweetheart, he can *appreciate* them. A very young child can distinguish mentally between a good- and ill-natured companion, and prefers the society of those who are kindest and least offensive. It would be well, if parents were to look to this, and observe who amongst their neighbours' children would most likely make amiable wives and virtuous husbands, and thus they would confer a lasting obligation on a rising family. But no! Worldly wisdom abhors it! At the present time the spirit of speculation is carried to such an extent, that the traffic of hearts is quite common,—sons and daughters are sold to the highest bidders. Are opportunities afforded to a young couple of rendering themselves agreeable to each other? Still, they are so completely schooled in the art of hypocrisy, that they can easily exercise a temporary sway over wicked passions and unseemly humours, in order to secure the object of their own distorted views and their parents' avarice. The parents themselves are indefatigable in exerting all their influence, in spite of conscience, for the furtherance of their base purpose. Marriage brings to light the true state of the heart,—then follow the miserable days.

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### AND ART THOU FALSE?

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

AND art thou false, my tried one,  
 Thou beautiful and best,  
 Who, lost in feeling, sighed when  
 We parted, and confessed  
 Thy love, while wild emotion  
 Traced the Memory of our youth,  
 When the kiss of fond devotion,  
 Melting—burning sealed our truth—  
 And art thou False?

Mindest thou at our last meeting  
 Where the ocean weds the Tweed,  
 How the Moon, their union greeting,  
 Seemed their marriage vow to read;  
 There was music on the river,  
 And its sweetly blending tone  
 Sang their bridal, breathing ever  
 'Tis not well to be alone.'—  
 And art thou False?

I have not yet forgotten  
 That heavenly holy hour,  
 Nor shall absence place a blot on  
 Its remembrance or its power.  
 It liveth and it burneth,  
 It will live and it will prove

## AND ART THOU FALSE?

The heart thy kindred spurneth  
 Yet is worthy of thy love,—  
 And art thou False?

A thousand thoughts come o'er me,  
 Recollections of the past,  
 Still thy image weeps before me,  
 All lovely as thou wast  
 When my burning cheek did borrow  
 Tears of agony from thine,  
 Of affection and of sorrow,  
 Telling fondly thou wert mine:  
 And art thou False?

'Tis true that fate has revelled  
 In my anguish—it is true,  
 It has young ambition levelled  
 Sparing nothing saving you,  
 Yet with thy love to light me—  
 Invigorate—inspire,  
 Its blastings could not blight me,  
 Wither hope, nor chill desire:  
 And art thou False?

My faults were spread before thee,  
 Blackened, gathered in a host,  
 But with the love I bore thee  
 They mingled not—were lost;  
 Ah! whatever were their number,  
 Their turbulences, design,  
 Thy *presence* bade them slumber,  
 My *heart*, my *heart* was thine!  
 And art thou False?

Can the ocean clothe the mountains?  
 Can the earth forsake the sun?  
 Can streams from upland fountains,  
 Change their course and backward run?  
 Can my heart forget the loved one  
 Of its being and its birth?  
 And art thou, my fond—my proved one—  
 Deemed truest on the earth,—  
 And art thou False?

'Tis true this hath been told me;  
 This may weaker minds believe,  
 But the heart that thus could hold me  
 Cannot, never could deceive:  
 I have searched thee, and thy spirit  
 Is untainted, pure as bliss,  
 Still thy bosom I inherit,  
 'Twas an enemy did this,—  
 Thou art *not* False!

## SENTIMENTALISM AND BENEVOLENCE.

THE debasing effect which a devotion to narratives and exhibitions of fictitious distress has on the genuine feelings of nature, is too obvious to admit of dispute. How often do we not perceive the pensive fair one, who sheds the tears of the most graceful sentimentality over the woes of Werter, turn away with disgust from the desolate sick-bed, and listen with cold apathy to the sober narrative of too true distress. On the other hand, the generous philanthropist, in the whole course of his progress through the dungeons and lazarettos, where the misery of Europe was concentrated, it is probable will shed fewer tears, and heave less tumultuous sighs, than the sentimentalist expends on a single maudlin romance. Now, how is it that this apparent enigma is to be solved?—Why is it that the bare imagination of distress melts the heart which is ice to its reality?—The phenomenon may be explained on various principles.

It is a maxim not less true in point of fact, than beautiful in its results, that experience diminishes the force of passive impressions on the mind, while it increases the strength of its active principles. A familiar acquaintance with scenes of real distress abates the poignancy of our sensibilities, while it strengthens the habits of active exertion to relieve them. An experienced army surgeon, whose practice has long been amid scenes of bloodshed, and wounds, and death, will, doubtless, feel less thrilling uneasiness at the sight of mangled and mutilated bodies, than a young practitioner fresh from the lecture-room,—but any one may judge who would be most prompt and energetic in his ministrations to the sufferers. The individual who devotes himself to the high service of reclaiming the profligates of a large city from the misery of vice, will be less acutely shocked with a spectacle of moral degradation than he whose labours have been confined to the comparative simplicity and innocence that reigns in a country population,—but then the former will have acquired a fearless vigour of acting in situations from which the latter shrinks with conscious inefficiency;—the one will contemplate human wretchedness, in its most degrading and appalling forms, with a silent but powerful sympathy, and will adopt the most active means to do away the misery before his eyes,—the other will look upon the pitiful, and to him unusual scene, with the most exquisite sensibility, but his mental agitation will paralyze all the exertions he might make to relieve it. So admirably has the Author of our nature regulated and balanced its principles, that in proportion as our sensibility is diminished by familiarity with real distress, our disposition to alleviate it is increased.

But how does the case stand in reference to him whose knowledge of human suffering is wholly derived from the pages of the novelist, or the scenes of the tragedian?—He is called on to yield to the powers of the author the homage of his tears, not to put forth his hand to aid the miserable. His object is to indulge his own prurient desire of excitement, or selfish luxury of sentiment, not to gratify the feelings of genuine benevolence, or perform the duties of active beneficence. In this way the natural effect of habitual acquaintance with distress is produced,—the edge of his sensibilities is blunted, but the counteracting habit has not been formed—he has no increased inclina-

tion to exert himself for the mitigation of suffering—he has lost the ardour of early susceptibility, without acquiring the sedate energy of experienced beneficence.

But not only does the habit of attending to scenes of mere imaginary distress weaken the impressions which are favourable to benevolent exertion, without making any compensation for the loss, but it encourages impressions which are directly contrary to the exercise of compassion. In the novel and the drama every circumstance which may inspire disgust is studiously omitted. All there is elegant, and fashionably languid, and poetically melancholy. The consequence is, that the taste is refined to a degree of morbid delicacy which rejects with loathing all that is gross and disgusting in actual misery. Such a taste is utterly unfitted for feeling a delight in mitigating the sorrows of real life. Poverty is not the thing that it appears, seen through the veil of fictitious colouring. The atmosphere of disease is not that in which the sentimentalist can breathe, or his airy visions expand, and his sickly delicacy recoils with shuddering aversion from the unvarnished aspect of vice.

Again, to the novel-reader, the picture is presented complete in all its parts;—while in the great drama of life he sees only detached scenes of distress; and the habit he has acquired of suffering himself to be guided by the imagination of his author, has contributed to weaken the force of his own conceptions, which are necessary to complete the draught. His fancy cannot picture what is behind the veil; and his sympathy, if he feels any, extends only to what he sees with his eyes.

The power of imagination over our benevolent affections is much greater than is commonly supposed. Speak to two men of the sorrows of slavery; the one will feel only in proportion to the affecting pathos of what meets the ear;—the other will be transported in imagination to the outraged shores of Africa—he will perceive with his mind's eye the traders in blood seizing their unhappy victim—mocking the sorrows of separation from his home and country—immuring him in the living charnel-house of the slave-ship,—and, finally, selling him to the stripes and fetters of Egyptian bondage. A person whose fancy labours with such thoughts, must have his feelings excited to intenser heat, and, of course, his heart made willing to submit to more painful sacrifices, and more laborious exertions, than he whose impressions are only derived from sense.

Now, the taste for narratives of fictitious distress is calculated to tame the imagination. It is true, that a familiar acquaintance with these supplies the mind with greater abundance of materials for fancy to work upon;—but then these are so alien to the business and situations of real life, and the mind has become so habituated to leading-strings, that it is, in some degree, incapable of using them as incentives to benevolent feeling and exertion. Out of these materials, however, it can create a world for itself, amid the visions of which a Rousseau may spend a dreaming existence—careless of the scenes in which he was intended to live and act, or merely expending on them the violence of his fretful and malignant passions. This is the temper to which a mighty imagination, when it submits to be enthralled by the passion for fictitious delineation, is likely to

form itself,—a temper as destitute of real personal happiness as useless to the interests of the community.

From these reasonings it seems obvious, that a habitual and undivided attention to exhibitions of unreal distress, is not only useless to the formation of a character of genuine benevolence, but positively injurious to it.—We say, *habitual and undivided attention*, because we are very far from thinking that such works are incapable of being turned to advantage. The moderate use of them is calculated to multiply the springs of harmless pleasure, by withdrawing us, when oppressed and jaded with the active business of the world, into more delicate scenes of being, and introducing us to characters of a gracefulness that belongs not to this dull earth. The contemplation of such scenes and characters tends to refine and elevate the taste; and, when it is not attenuated to that morbid delicacy against which we have all along protested, to quicken our moral perceptions, and raise our ideas of dignified decorum. It must not be forgotten, however, that the injurious effects which we have pointed out result from an immoderate attention to *all* such exhibitions,—while the benefits which have been stated are to be derived only from *some*,—and that, when the best of them are allowed to encroach upon the claims of active virtue, we are forsaking the business, and the dignity of our existence, for the indulgence of an unprofitable and selfish luxury.

J. P.

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## THE SEA—ANE FANCIE.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

'Tis a blessed thing, when the mind is calm,  
 To feel each sweet emotion  
 From the depths of the placid soul arise,  
 Like a sea fowl to the azure skies,  
 From the bosom of the Ocean.

O Spring! how beautiful art thou,  
 By land and sky and sea!  
 In all that meets the eye around,  
 What loveliness! in every sound,  
 What gleesome melody!

But leave the woods and flowers awhile,  
 And the Thrush on the lofty tree,  
 And seek the broadly stretching strand,  
 Where, joyous, on the golden sand  
 Leaps up the laughing Sea!

The sky is blue, without a cloud,  
 Save where, in the glowing West,  
 A cloudlet skirts the azure main,  
 Like a traveller o'er a distant plain,  
 To the city of the blest!

## THE SEA—ANE FANCIE.

And the sea is calm—the ship seems fixed  
 Upon its waters blue ;  
 With gleaming sails and body dark,  
 As if it were a painted bark,  
 Without a living crew !

Deep down, in the silent under-world,  
 The plants are fair to see ;  
 In many a group together grown,—  
 Or spreading their stately leaves alohe,  
 In the heart of the heaving sea.

And deep in the shadow of the rock,  
 Where the silver fringed flowers  
 Hang down their delicate drapery,  
 The funny tribe, with merry glee,  
 Drive on the sportive hours.

A thousand little creatures wheel  
 In many a winding way ;  
 Now mingled in a joyous reel,  
 Now mimic warriors in their steel,  
 Drawn up in bright array !

How beautiful those creatures are !  
 How sportive, fresh, and free !  
 Can they, too, deem of crime and care ?  
 Or lead, within those forms so fair,  
 A life of misery ?

Ah ! surely sorrow never dwells  
 Amid that glancing crew !  
 Unfearing Death, unknown to strife,  
 They sport away their little life,  
 Amid their waters blue.

In the pearly bark of the Nautilus  
 The Ocean fairies glide ;  
 Amid the cluster'd coral groves,  
 That spread in the fathomless haunts, she loves,  
 Beneath the flowing tide.

With brighter gems than Earth e'er saw.  
 They deck their braided hair :  
 Upon their necks and bosoms bright,  
 Half hid, half stealing into sight,  
 A sea-green robe they wear.

Oh ! who may tell the loveliness  
 Of this bright company !  
 Or the music that fills each Ocean hall,  
 When the Fairies hold their festival  
 In the depths of the Summer sea !

The fairest bird that sees the sky,  
 Floats on the Ocean waves ;  
 And lovelier forms and fairer flowers  
 Than ever dwelt in earthly bowers,  
 Are in her sounding caves !

O blue and bright and beautiful,  
 And ever shouting Sea !  
 I would that I could leave the land,  
 And, lightly leaping from the strand,  
 Become a child of thee !

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### THE TROUGH.

A TALE OF THE CHEVIOTS.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

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“ Can such things be,  
 And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
 Without our special wonder ? ” — SHAKESPEARE.

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MANY years have elapsed since the events occurred which I am about to relate ; but their singular and terrific nature fixed them too indelibly in my memory for me to forget even the minutest of them. In this age of scepticism a story having any connexion with the supernatural is generally treated with scornful incredulity ; but this shall not prevent me from offering my little narrative to those who are not sufficiently learned to be sceptical, and who acknowledge, both in the natural and supernatural world, “ things which having not seen they believe.” Too much as well as too little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as connected with the investigation or belief of matters which mere human science can never elucidate. As the affectation and pride of those in a high rank of life are more disgusting than the vulgarity of the *canaille*, so the self-sufficient incredulity of the learned is more contemptible than the facile belief of the ignorant in matters wherein neither can come to any definite and certain conclusion. Without further comment, however, I will relate the facts as they occurred, leaving it to the judgment of my readers to form their own opinions upon them.

During my attendance at the University of Edinburgh, I became acquainted with a young man named Gordon. He was about eighteen years of age, and had already distinguished himself by the extent and profundity of his acquirements. There was something inexpressibly gentle and fascinating in his manners, which, combined with his genius, disarmed all envy among his less fortunate fellow students. Whenever it happened (and frequently it was the case) that the Professor had occasion to praise his acuteness and industry, there was not a single



voice but assisted in swelling his applause; and when, at the end of the session, he carried off the highest prize in his class, one single note of congratulation was heard from the whole assembled multitude. I was then in the class beneath him, and it was only on the day of his triumph that he was personally pointed out to me. The room was crowded to excess both by the students and their friends. The first five or six seats were filled with ladies—mothers, sisters, &c. of the young men. The minor prizes had been distributed, and the name of George Gordon was yet unheard.—There was an universal hush in the room as the Professor raised the splendid golden medal by its silken band, and all eyes were intently fixed upon a note which he was casting his eyes over.\* He mentioned the name of George Gordon. There was an instantaneous burst of applause, which shook the very busts of Cicero, Plato, Plutarch, and Virgil on their pedestals at the foot of the room. Unknown to me, Gordon was seated next me, and, as he spoke in a tremulous whisper, “allow me to pass, sir,” I saw his hand escaping from the grasp of the young lady who sat next to him. I caught a glimpse of Gordon’s features as he glided past me—they were flushed with honest pride, yet tempered with a somewhat painful expression of modesty. Amid the continued plaudits of the spectators he ascended the platform, whereon the Professor was seated. I looked again at him, while the venerable old man was placing the medal around his neck: the glow was gone from his face, and the light flaxen curls which hung about his lofty brow were not paler than his features. “I fear it is too much for him,” I whispered, unconsciously forgetting in the excitement of the moment, that I was unknown to the lady. “But it is a proud moment,” I continued, “and worth suffering for.” The lady turned up her face towards me—she was beautiful as a thought of Heaven! For one moment she poured the deep dark glance of her eye into mine—the next it was dimmed by a tear of rapture, and she turned away—I saw the tear fall upon her hand—I would have given the world to have kissed it off, for I was then young and sentimental, and delighted at the interest which so lovely a creature took in Gordon’s success; but custom, “that unspiritual god,” forbade; so, smothering my feelings as well as I could, I turned away.

The young man had, in some measure, recovered his self-possession, and was listening, with a graceful and modest gesture, to the praises which the worthy Professor was pouring upon him. “I have had the pleasure,” continued the old gentleman, with his usual benignant aspect and tone of voice, “to present the golden medal to the successful candidate for twenty-five years, yet I can with justice declare, that I never bestowed it with greater satisfaction, nor on one more worthy of the honour. I trust—I believe that this instance of success will incite you to continued industry in the pursuit of knowledge; for, if such be the case, and Providence spares your life, I, though no prophet, confidently foretell that this is but the commencement of the progress—

\* When a competitor sends up an essay or exercise, for a prize at college, he sends also a sealed note, stating, “on the honour of a gentleman, that the production is his own, unassisted, except by books.” If his work is considered best, his note is opened and the author discovered: the other notes are returned to the unsuccessful candidates.

sively increasing and brilliant honours awaiting you through life." There was a buzz of applause at the conclusion of this speech, and Gordon, as if excited by the prospect held out to him, looked up with an earnest and enthusiastic expression; his eyes saw the lady seated by me, and I thought I could interpret the smile of triumph which passed for a moment across his beautiful features. "How handsome he is!" again uttered I involuntarily. The lady again looked towards me; there was no tear *now* upon her dark oriental eye, but a smile so bewitching that I felt my frame shudder with inexpressible emotion. There was no such thing as envying George Gordon, or the affection of this lovely being was the strongest imaginable temptation to it; so, with the most disinterested satisfaction, I sunk into a dream about the glorious destiny of the young student, already crowned with honours and blessed with the love of one of the fairest of God's creatures. I was entirely fascinated by his modesty and genius, and I vowed in my own heart that he and I should become friends. The spectators began to disperse, and as it was impossible for any one to reach the young lady through the dense descending multitude of persons, she was left without an attendant or protector. I accordingly offered her my arm, and we descended till we reached an open space where Gordon was standing. He was still considerably agitated, and pressed the young lady's offered hand with much emotion. On a sudden perceiving me, he checked himself, and said a few words of thanks to me, still glancing his eye inquiringly towards his fair companion. As if answering the question of his eye, she said, "A young gentleman who seems much interested in your success, George." He turned to me frankly, and said, "I am grateful for your good wishes, but this is no time for expressing it: will you call on me this evening? (giving me at the same time a card) or, stay, I shall be at my cousin's—invite him to meet me there; will you, Lucy?" and Lucy accordingly, in the sweetest voice imaginable, asked me to come at seven, and spend the evening with Gordon and a few of his friends at her mother's house. That evening, which I still consider the most delightful in my life, I saw how deeply Gordon and Lucy loved and were beloved: and as I looked at his already noble and graceful form and features, and thought of his brilliant prospects, with her to share them with him, it seemed as if his happiness was equal to any that earthly circumstances could afford. But how vain are our judgments of each other—how deceptive are the appearances of happiness! how may the effects of the most rare and felicitous combination of circumstances be annihilated by some peculiarity in our organization, and the beauty and the brightness which surrounds us be overshadowed by the unreal clouds of a false imagination!

Thus it was with this amiable and highly gifted young man. He was subject to fits of the deepest depression. That very night, I remember well, how he delighted us with his wit and elegant taste, his quotations, so apt either to the humorous, or gentle, or lofty sentiments which happened at the time to be occupying our minds. Towards the close of our visit, his spirits seemed to be in the highest and happiest state, he kept the table in a continual roar; and just as we separated from some of his friends at the door, who were going to another part of the town, he quoted a line from the *Aulularia* of

Plautus,\* to a married man among them, which sent the whole of them down St. Andrew's Square in an agony of laughter. The moment they were gone Gordon seized my arm, and walked silently and rapidly towards the college. We were both slightly excited by what we had drank; and it was, therefore, with greater familiarity than would have been warranted under other circumstances that I suddenly exclaimed, "What a happy fellow you are, Gordon!" He sighed deeply and quickly as he said, "How mean you?" "Why, your brilliant success, your talents, your prospects, and that lovely girl, ————" "Hush!" said he, quickly, "don't speak of *her*. But you are quite wrong—I am not happy—I would be so, but my temperament prevents me. I feel a conviction, as certain as if I had seen it recorded in the eternal Book of Fate, that I shall never enjoy any of these things which are held out so invitingly before my eyes. I stand among pleasures which I cannot taste. But this is absurd—let us talk of something else." "Absurd! indeed," said I, "but you are fatigued with the events of this day, and your mind is in a state of collapse. Why, you are young, healthy, ————" "Say no more, my dear fellow," interrupted he, with a tone which showed that he was determined to put an end to the subject: "the belief which I have of the fate which awaits me does not depend on myself: it is an eternal conviction, simple, yet firm as the conviction of the existence of a Deity, and was, I doubt not, though I cannot see how, implanted in me for wise purposes: but I cannot controul it." "Why this is very midsummer madness!" exclaimed I: "but I am going to the country for a week or two's shooting among the glorious Cheviots, what do you say if you take your gun or fishing-rod and accompany me?" "Done!" answered he, with all his former vivacity: "Done! with all my heart, and I wager you a bust of Cicero that I kill a greater weight with my rod the first day than you do with your gun." "A wager!" returned I, gaily; "we'll drive the blue devils out of you if we had you among the green Cheviots, I warrant." "*Solum non animum mutat*," said he, with a desponding tone; and, shaking hands cordially, we parted.

A week after this time Gordon and I were domesticated in a shepherd's cottage among the Cheviot Hills. Almost all my readers are acquainted with the localities in a Northumbrian cottage, and will understand what I mean when I say, that Gordon and I slept in separate beds, *ben* the house, and Gabriel, the old shepherd, and his wife in the *but*, or room nearest the door. The seat behind the *hallan* was as snug and warm as a weary and wet sportsman could desire, and the smoke-dried hams and flitches which hung in the chimney neuk shewed that there would be no lack of savoury food, if all the shepherds in the Cheviots had wanted a dinner. A strange, stolid, long-headed, hump-backed, old body Gabriel was; and besides that he had seen more witches and fairies than any man in the glen, he was accounted great in curing the foot-rot in the sheep, and was a marvellously good hand in emptying a stoup of strong waters.

It was a pleasant thing when you had got your wet clothes disposed

\* Such of my readers as choose to consult the first scene of the second act of this work will discover the excellence of the jest.

of, and some of Gabriel's ancient habiliments looped up on your body, and after you had discussed divers slices of ham, cups of tea, eggs, &c. to your own satisfaction—it was a pleasant thing then to sit down snugly in the *hallan*, with a cigar between your lips, and stretching out one leg luxuriously before the fire, to listen to Gabriel's heterogeneous orations, wherein he connected, somewhat strangely, the dew falling on Gideon's fleece with the price of wool, and the history of Job's sheep and milch kine with the great fair at Wooler. He never spoke of Samson catching the three hundred foxes, without wishing that Aleck Davidson and his Pepper and Mustard terriers had been among them; and when he alluded to the chief butler's dream, used to declare, that the lean kine had shewn a most unnatural taste, seeing that "he had never kenn'd o' a cow eating flesh meat, except Willie Sanderson's kyloe, that had aace devoored a hail sucking pig—a maist extra-o-o-rnar fack!" Whenever the old man got to this part of his story, his dame never failed to interrupt him with—"Hout awa', Gabriel, mon, ye ken the callant's aye threepit down that the auld sow eatit it hersell!" "Eh, gude Gode! that was maist extra-o-o-rnar," was Gabriel's constant reply. In all other respects, however, saving his comments on the Old Testament, Gabriel was a shrewd and sensible man. It is true that he had a fixed belief in fairies and bogles; but even till the present day, this belief is as common among the solitary pastoral hills of Scotland as the mists and darkness that create half of the phantoms.—A solitary shepherd wandering whole days amid the most silent and wild forms of Nature, and frequently a witness of the terrific tempests which she creates in her wrath, cannot but feel a mysterious dread of the unseen powers which, though subordinate to Him who regulates the elements, do yet seem in the destructive course which they hold to possess an individual existence. Amid these vast solitudes man feels his insignificance; and as he gazes upon the lofty and noble mountain, whose head is enveloped in everlasting mist, he almost considers that inanimate but glorious creation as a being greater than himself; while the winds that sweep around its unseen summit, or hurry along the defenceless vale, become to him as a more powerful fellow creature. In solitude, more especially amid the silent magnificence of mountain scenery, man *feels* himself to be one of the works of that Nature which he sees around him; and he looks upon her creations as his brethren;—in cities, surrounded by the works of his own hand, and where every thing is disposed for his immediate use, he sees, as it were, only himself, and acknowledges the rest of creation but as it ministers to his gratification. The shepherd among the mountains, therefore, may be said to hold an intercourse with Nature, which can scarcely be understood by those who are not familiar with solitude. He has an habitual awe of the elements. A defenceless creature amid the wilds, far from the sympathy or assistance of his kind, he has seen the fire of heaven cleave a path for itself amid the gloom of the night, he has heard the thunder roll among the crags, and seen its bolts strike down the loftiest trees in the forest; he has seen the storm descend from the mountains, swelling every brook to a torrent, and sweeping away, in its resistless force, alike the unfolded flock and the dwelling of its owner. The power of the unseen world over his mind is as great as it is mysterious. The more

he beholds of the workings of Nature, the less he feels himself capable of understanding their hidden causes—so that his mind, imbued with a superstitious fear, becomes easily impressed with a belief in the supernatural. When the mind is not fed from without, also, it creates for itself its own aliment. The wide glens and solitary hill sides, trodden only by the foot of the shepherd, are destitute of almost every human interest, and his mind, thrown back upon itself, creates beings in whose existence and actions it can find occupation for its yearning sympathies. The silent wilds are peopled with the fairy children of imagination. Cut off, in a great measure, from communication with his fellow men, the solitary dweller among the mountains lives in a world of his own creating, and he snatches “a fearful joy” from his intercourse with the beings of his fancy. But the imagination which has peopled the solitude is controuled by the mysterious awe which the solitude creates; and thus the imaginary beings are often endowed with capricious or malignant dispositions, and are fully as much feared as beloved. Hence the origin of brownies and evil disposed spirits, as well as good fairies. Oberon, Puck, and Robin Goodfellow, with their beauty and their mischief, their gaiety and their beneficence, are but so many capricious creations of fancy, influenced by love and fear. Tale after tale of their various actions were told, each of which was influenced by the temperament of the relater; until, at length, the accumulated record gave to the beings to which it related a fixed character, which they ever after retained in the minds of those who acknowledged their existence.

But why have I allowed myself to pursue these speculations so far? In truth, I am unwilling to approach the fearful catastrophe of my story, and have wandered thus, from the same motive that the Indian urges his canoe out of the main stream into a branch, whose course is more devious, though he knows that both will alike conduct him to the cataract.

One morning, about a week after Gordon and I had come to the Cheviots, we were sitting at breakfast in the shepherd's cottage, and laying our plans for the day's sport. He had already won the wager which we made before we left Edinburgh, having killed thirty pounds of trout with the minnow, while the grouse I had shot did not reach above half of that weight. He was, indeed, one of the most beautiful and successful anglers I have ever met with. For precision, lightness of cast, rapidity in striking, and coolness in running his fish, he could not be excelled; and in the *burn* fishing which the Cheviots afford, and which requires great delicacy and command of the rod, not Wilson \* himself was his equal. Gordon was relating an anecdote of a salmon, which had afforded him some very fine sport in the Tweed, when old Gabriel entered, and as soon as he cast his eyes upon him uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror—“Eh! gude Gode! Mr. Gordon are ye there?” “Ay to be sure, Gabriel,” answered Gordon, “where else should I be this misty morning than behind the *hallan*? neither the trouts nor the moor cocks like to be disturbed early on such a morning, you know.” There was something unaccountably

\* Professor Wilson is considered one of the best *burn* fishers in Scotland, and prides himself excessively on the precision of his cast.

solemn and expressive in the old shepherd's countenance as he turned away from the table, and occupied himself in taking off his wet plaid and hanging it over the soot-dried rafters. When this was done, he turned another solemn and commiserating glance on my companion, and walking to the window, continued gazing in moody silence upon the stream at the door. We were much struck with the peculiarity of the old man's behaviour; but Gordon resumed his story, and described his capture of the salmon with great animation. On a sudden, old Gabriel exclaimed, as if involuntarily—"Merciful Heaven! should it be true, sae young and sae happy!" "What has gone wrong with you this morning, Gabriel?" said Gordon; "I hope you have heard no bad news from your friends. Here, take this mouthful of Glenlivet and be cheerful." "Thank ye, Mr. Gordon, thank ye kindly," returned Gabriel, refusing the proffered dram, to our great surprise; "it's nae kith nor kin o' mine, but I hae seen *that* this morning that whiskey canna gar me forget." "You speak in riddles, Gabriel; come, take your dram, and tell us your story like a man," cried my companion, gaily, holding out the quaich towards the old man. He took the vessel, and placing it on the board, said, in a solemn voice, "Tell me ae thing, Mr. Gordon; hae ye been away frae the cottage this morning?" "Not I," answered Gordon, laughing, "your Northumberland mists do not suit my stomach before breakfast, I promise you. Neither do they seem to have done you much good, my friend, for your wits are gone a wool-gathering, I think. Empty the quaich!"

The old shepherd gazed upon the young man with a settled expression of deep sorrow; and then taking off his Lowland bonnet with a reverend gesture, and stroking down the thin white hairs which were scattered above his temples, he spoke with a slow and melancholy voice. "Mr. Gordon, I wad be laith to throw a gloom o'er your young heart, or to tell ye o' things that ye will, may be, reckon the senseless dreams o' a silly old man; but as sure as I hope for mercy through my Redeemer, within this very hour I hae seen either yourself or your wraith!" I burst into a scornful laugh. "Why, Gabriel," said I, "this might have done a century ago among the mountains; but the 'good people,' as well as the ghosts, have left us now for ages past, just to die when our hour comes." "Nae doubt, nae doubt!" answered the shepherd; "I kenn'd how it wad be, and it's maybe best that it is sae; but do you think, sir, that a' your learning and your unbelief will gae me distrust my ain eyesight? Within this very hour, I say that I ha'e seen Mr. Gordon's sell or his shape down the Douglas burn, wi' his fishing-rod and his creel, his plaid and his blue bonnet, as clear as I see him sitting now on that settle. Its garments seemed dripping with wet, as it gaed down w.' a slow and a steady step by the Mill stream; and though it passed me within a hundred yards, and I shouted as loud as I could, it never turned round,—for how should an unyearthly spirit hold communion wi' us creatures o' clay?—till its form was lost in the gathering mist, with which it seemed to mingle, rather than to be hid by it. Naething is impossible to God; and it might be a mere vagary o' the imagination, or a real apparition sent for gude ends,—sae let us keep each his ain opinion, and leave the result to be discovered in His good time at whose pleasure life is given and is taken away." So saying, the old man left the cottage.

We sat for some time in silence, Gordon's eyes being moodily fixed on the ground. I made an effort to laugh away our gloomy thoughts; which, when I reflect upon the dreadful events of that day, I can never remember without the most bitter regret. "Well, Gordon," exclaimed I, "are you determined, for the sake of the dreams of a superstitious old man, to forget fortune, fame, Lucy——?" He sprang to his feet with a gesture of agony; then, suddenly assuming an appearance of calmness, he began gathering up his angling apparatus, and said, "Let us go. Be it a dream or reality, I feel an uncommon gloom over my spirit. The fresh air and the sport will revive me. Let us go."

While I was coupling up my dogs, and Gordon fastening his plaid round his body, the old shepherd entered. "There is a black cloud upon Cheviot," said he, "and this will be a day o' storms; I wad advise ye to stay at hame, young men." But we resolved to brave it, and departed—the old man gazing wistfully after us, till we were lost to his sight by the shoulder of the mountain.

We had now arrived at the place where we were to separate—little did I think, for ever! Gordon laid down his fishing-rod, and drew from his pocket a small volume; it was Byron's *Childe Harold*. He placed it in my hands with a melancholy smile, and said, "You will call this superstition, my friend; but I have always believed in presentiments, and it would be insincere in me to belie that which just now influences me so powerfully. If any thing should happen to me, you will carry this to my cousin—to Lucy——." He paused a few moments, and then went on: "We have together enjoyed hours of the purest and most elevated happiness in feeding upon the beauties of this divine poem; it will therefore be the most fit remembrancer to her of one who valued existence only because it afforded him the power of rejoicing in the gentle feelings and the lofty thoughts which are here embodied." I was too much awed by the calm solemnity of his manner to speak, and took the volume with a gesture of assent. As he stooped for his rod, I could see his chest heave with a convulsive sob; and when he again looked up, his eyes were dimmed with tears. He dashed them off indignantly. "This is unmanly," said he, in a hoarse tone of voice; but you can understand, and bear with it—Farewell!" And ere I could utter "Farewell!" he had sprung down the path towards the stream.

It proved, indeed, as the old shepherd had foretold, a day of storms. The lightning shot far down the darkened valleys, and the thunder seemed peeling from every lurid cloud that lay piled along the mountain sides. An oppressive sultriness filled the air, but not a drop of rain fell upon the moors. Wearied and dispirited, I reached the valley where stood old Gabriel's cottage; and was astonished to see the stream swollen to fifty times its original size, pouring down a brown and muddy torrent with fearful violence, and circling round every stone and bank which impeded its course in sullen and foaming eddies. With some difficulty I reached the cottage, and learnt that Gordon had not yet returned. The old shepherd supposed that some heavy showers among the western hills had caused the rise of the stream; and when I mentioned it as likely that Gordon had sought refuge from the storm in some shepherd's hut, he shook his head and turned silently away.

The evening fell, and still Gordon did not appear. The stream also had so rapidly returned to nearly its former dimensions, that Gabriel could only account for it by supposing that some very heavy but short showers had fallen near its source. At length the tardy darkness of a September night closed in upon the valley, and we were reluctantly obliged to retire to rest without the expectation of Gordon's arrival. Not an eye was closed in slumber during that night in Gabriel Ord's cottage; for it was much feared that some evil had befallen the young man, whose gentle manners and noble nature had gained all their hearts.

Overcome by anxiety, the shepherd and I set off before the dawn to try if we could discover any tidings of my friend. We traced the course of the stream for many miles, neither of us daring to give utterance to his thoughts, but exchanging fearful glances as we marked the ravages which the stream had committed in its course the evening before. We were now at a great distance from the cottage; and during a few minutes which we stopped to consider of our future movements, I said, "He could never come higher up the stream than this—let us return—he may be by this time at the cottage." The old man lifted off his bonnet as he answered, "All is in the hands of God, but I fear much the poor lad will never see the cottage more! We will go up to the Trough, there are some good pools there for the big trout, he might wander up sae far." We accordingly resumed our former rapid course up the stream, the valley all the while growing narrower, and the mountains more lofty. At last we came into the deep hollow, or vast ravine—which is called, from its shape, "The Trough." The mountains are here so precipitous, and approach so near together, that the sun-beams only fall upon the stream which occupies the foot of the gorge during a very short period of the day, and the gazer is obliged to look up, almost perpendicularly, in order to see the sky which closes over the tops of the heights. Half way up, the vale widens and forms a holm on each side of the stream. Upon this level ground there are situated a few hills of singular construction; their bases being so narrow in proportion to their height, and their sides so steep, as to form so many natural pyramids. At the foot of one of these curious elevations the soil seemed completely torn up and flooded, for the space of forty or fifty yards on every side. As soon as the eye of the old shepherd fell upon this sight, he exclaimed, "A water-spout must have fallen there; and now may the poor lad have been carried into eternity before he had space to offer up a single prayer to the throne o' mercy. It is a fearful thocht!"

We had not yet emerged from the Trough into the open space which I have described, when the old man's dog sprang forward with a short bark, and, when he had turned the corner of a projecting rock, about twenty yards before us, raised a long and lamentable howl. I darted to the spot, and beheld the corpse of my friend, bruised and torn, firmly wedged in a crevice of the rock which formed the bed of the stream. His fishing rod was broken, but he held the *butt* grasped in his hand; so that it seemed the torrent had burst upon him while he had been engaged in his sport: and as the stream was confined at the spot by perpendicular rocks, he must have been at once overwhelmed by the rushing of the vast mass of waters.



Thus perished, in the morning of his days, a young man whose character and genius all who knew him must have admired and loved, and whose apparent destiny any one might have envied. It was not permitted me long to enjoy his friendship upon earth, but I shall never cease to cherish his memory with respect and affection; and when my spirit dares look up to Heaven above, one of the brightest of its hopes is to meet in that blessed region the glorious soul of my lost friend.

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THE RINGLET.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

I TEAR thy ringlet from my breast,  
The last remaining token  
Of spirits wed, of love confest,  
Of promises all broken.

I shed no tear, I heave no sigh,  
No shew of grief I borrow;  
But there is meaning in my eye,  
And language in my sorrow.

Though silent, and it utter not  
The sounds of noisy feeling,  
My heart bleeds—burns—a blighted spot  
Too withered far for healing.

For many years with anxious care  
Through other lands I bore it;  
It spoke of thee, it chased despair,  
And on my heart I wore it.

O God! the hour is present now,  
'Tis through my memory rushing,—  
The hour 'twas taken from thy brow,  
Our breasts with rapture gushing.

O, every word and every look,  
The time—the place—the fond confession,  
Rush through my bosom, wildly shook  
By torturing memory's whirlwind passion.

Loved one, that night, when far from men,  
We pledged an oath in sight of Heaven—  
An oath repeated oft since then,  
'Tis broken! but is it forgiven?

'Tis broken! that too well I know,  
Else had I never known this sadness;  
'Tis broken! broken by a blow  
That urged my brain, my soul to madness.

Ah! was it not enough for me—  
Misfortune's vilest venom drinking,

The football of adversity,  
 Beneath a world of misery sinking?—  
 Say, was it not enough, that I  
 Had these, and hate, and envy borne,—  
 That *thou* shouldst faith and fondness fly,  
 And on thy lover look with scorn?  
 O, if I e'er again should tread  
 Midst scenes of bliss and youthful dreaming;  
 And meet thee by our own blue Tweed  
 In glory to the ocean streaming,  
 How shall we meet? how pass? how part?  
 'Tis for an hour like this I tremble;  
*Absent*, I may controul my heart,  
 But *present*, I could not dissemble.  
 But go, and if thy heart forgive,  
 Loved one, I shall ne'er upbraid thee;  
 Yes, go, and happy, happy live,  
 Happier far than I had made thee.  
 I tear thy ringlet from my heart,  
 And with all thy vows I sever,  
 And now we part, we part—aye part—  
 Are twain from henceforth and for ever:  
 So said I when a *serpent's* tongue  
 Hissed envious at her spotless spirit,—  
 Believed the tale, and madly wrung  
 The faithful heart I now inherit.

## NOCTES GOURLIANÆ.—No. II.

*The Parlour.—Time Seven o' Clock.—David Gourly, William Cobbett,  
 James Hogg, and Della Crusca.*

“'Tis pleasant, cried one, safe by the fire side,  
 To hear the wind whistle without.”

SOUTHERY.

GOURLY.

What sort o' a nicht is it out o' doors, Maister Crusca?

CRUSCA.

It is a raw night, Sir, the wind is due north, and the stars are all buried in darkness.

HOGG.

Capital! I see ye're on the verra brink o' becoming a wee bit poetical,—'buried in darkness,' that sounds weel, Maister Cobbett.

## COBBETT.

Poo! Un-put-up-with-able affectation. All men are poets now-a-days, and it is disgusting enough, under any circumstances, to hear good-for-nothing coxcombs, wilfully, puppishly, and fantastically, expanding their sorry conceits into bombast, to the great annoyance of plain-speaking people, for the silly pride of being thought original. Indeed, Sir, I invariably detest poets, and I embrace every opportunity to chronicle my contempt for them. I grant you there are some for whom we *may* be brought to entertain respect, but the great bulk of them are impudent in their manners, gross in their language, capricious in their likings, brutal in their tastes, vicious in their lives, and blackguard in their principles.

## HOGG.

That's a doonright lee; an' I affirm, Sir, without fear o' contradiction, that ye will find something gentle and benevolent about every man, be he Christian, Turk, or Jew, who is fond o' rhyme, for human nature maun be changed ategither, an' the soul taken out o' the body, before men wha' appeal to the feelings, and the fancy, and the judgment, will become objects o' detestation. I fawn to no man, Maister Cobbett, an' though I shoudna be against lifting up the garments o' conceit, an' whipping it into humility, yet I canna alloo geniuses wha' have puttin a new spirit into the literature of our age and country, to be handled like impudent quacks. Nae doot, true poetical genius is often foond wi' the shallow drivell o' pert praters, for a's no gowd that glitters; but didna Milton draw aside the awful veil from the hidden mysteries o' nature? and havna the Scotts, the Wordsworths, the Byrons, and Campbells o' our ain day exhibited in musical speech the thoughts o' humanity when coloured by its feelings, throughout the whole range o' the physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual regions o' its being? Can ony man, unless he be devoid o' sensibility, turn unconcerned frae the beautiful but minute delineations of such admirable observers as Crabbe or Cowper? There ye will find the most sagacious strokes o' character, an' the truest and most pathetic pictures of natural feeling an' common suffering, while the art o' the poet compels the reader to attend to objects that are usually neglected, an' to enter into feelings from which he is ever eager to escape;—an' really, Sir, in the name o' that charity which thinketh no evil, how can ye hae the effrontery to ca' sic men blackguard in their principles!

## COBBETT.

Think, Sir, of all my wondrous labours, and of all I have written. My opinions are at all times correct and daringly original, nor is it so widely known as it ought to be, that Blackwood, my most inveterate enemy, has supported his Magazine for many years, from a strained tithe of the knowledge and research, bound up in my Political Register. His banking papers will best back me out in my assertion. Moreover, I have done more service to the cause of the people than all the hired knaves and rascals, calling themselves editors of Newspapers and Magazines, in the three kingdoms. But for my Political Register, and Newspapers had been extinct. I gave the people the Reform Bill, and had it not been for my powerful and not-to-be-withstood ad-

vocacy of their first rights, Great Britain would have been torn from her moorings, by means of unhallowed agencies, and dashed into a thousand separate and independent fragments. Yet, believe me, I am only beginning to begin, for I shall not be six months in the Commons' House of Parliament, ere the paralysing never-enough-to-be-execrated National Debt shall be saddled, to the veriest farthing, upon the backs of the thievish borough-mongers by whom it was originally contracted. The people, Sir, have no right to pay it—nor *shall* they. I will save the country for the sake of the readers of my Political Register.

HOGG.

Maister William Cobbett, ye'll hae read o' the self-immolation o' Marcus Curtius the Roman Patriot?

COBBETT.

He was a fool, and a madman.

DELLA CRUSCA.

I think I see the countless multitude of her affrighted inhabitants surrounding the yawning gulf, that is rent by the fury of the earthquake, and which, unless the gods be appeased, is about to desolate the splendid temples, and pillars, and citadels, and towers of Rome. The death-like silence is broken by the trampling of a white steed, covered with foam, that leaps full upon the abyss, as if proud to die along with its rider. Curtius sits erect upon its back,—his shield in one hand, and his arms extended and thrown upward, while with an heroic smile he blesses his country, and looks his last upon the sky of Rome. Anon he urges the steed into the tremendous chasm, and the shrieks of men, and the loud screams of women are heard in the streets of the eternal city, as the earthquake rolls away.

HOGG.

Grandly imaged! Yet I doot, Maister Cobbett, were it possible for your ain countrie, to be threatned in like manner, that the maist feck o' your patriotism wad be found to hae evaporated in the ink that blackens your Political Register, an' mair than likely ye wad be the very first to flee the impendin' danger, and to scud before the wund in all the shabby agonies o' cowardice an' dirty terror. Lord help ye, I wish you would think mair, and do mair, and haver less about it. D'ye think that the nawtional debt, for instance, is naething but a pease-kill for auld hens to cackle aboot?

GOURLY.

But what in a' the warld has the nawtional debt to do wi' a discussion on the Poets o' Britain?

COBBETT.

Most of the Poets of Britain, Sir, have been taught the nature, power, and construction of the English language, and that, not in a superficial manner, but by the most comprehensive system extant,—Cobbett's Grammar of the English language, in a series of letters, in which the peculiarities and niceties of our language are inculcated and

exemplified in so striking a form, that it has superseded every thing else of the kind. It is a work of inestimable utility.

Hogg.

Maister Cobbett, I'll give you a motto for your publication.

We'll down with all the 'Varsities  
Where learning is profest,  
Because they practise and maintain  
The language of the Beast.  
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,  
And arts, whate'er they be ;  
We'll cry both arts and learning down,  
And hey ! then up go we.

If once that Anti-christian crew  
Be crushed and overthrown,  
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch  
And keep the gentry down.  
Good manners have an ill report,  
And turn to pride we see ;  
We'll therefore cry good manners down,  
And hey ! then up go we.

Joking and jinks apart, Sir, I jaleuse, that Mr. Benbow, shoemaker of Manchester, to whom your grammar is dedicated, will like the rhymes better than the letter ye sent to him in 1817, when he was "suffering," to use your ain *consoling* terms, "under the fangs of absolute power."

DELLA CRUSCA.

Your grammar, Mr. Cobbett, is not used in schools.

COBBETT.

Ignorant pedagogical influence has been the only hindrance to its general adoption, and the reason why it mustered against it is simply, that it would give the arrogant scoundrels the trouble of deviating from their accustomed jog-trot. But the day is not far distant when the tawse-ensceptered tyrants will be hurled from their thrones, and their dogmatical insolence punished according to its deserts, for every man may instruct himself, as I have done, and by abolishing schools, hatred venting itself in curses, low cunning, fraud, dissimulation, lying, and a thousand other vices gendered and reared in those hot-houses of crime, will never be introduced into the juvenile breast.

GOURLY.

Abolish the parochial schuils o' Scotland ! Never, Sir ! no nawtional institution ever operated mair visibly, mair beneficially, or mair widely on nawtional character than the parochial establishments. Ma Jeemes has been learnt frae the Horn-book upwards at them, an' now he's not only acquainted wi' history and geography, logic and mathematics, Greek and Latin, but he has a lively excursive fancy, an' has written a book fu' o' funny speculations concerning man's moral history in ither warlds.

Hogg.

Keep the bairns frae schuils, discharge the auld dominies, and pull down the schuil-houses! Waes me! I canna but anathemateese your obnoxious principles, Maister Cobbett. What hae ye to say till't, Crusca,—hae ye forgotten your schuil-days?

DELLA CRUSCA.

No, never shall I forget my school day sports and pastimes—those early years of innocence and mad-cap revelry, which are gone, and for ever! Their very memory warms and delights the weary soul, for in those days our home was our Heaven, and every various scene could impart new rapture to our light and bounding heart.

“Dear is the school-boy spot,  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

Forgotten indeed! never shall I forget the melancholy feeling which was awakened in my breast when I visited, after an absence of eighteen years, the parochial establishment where my growing mind was led from humble A, B, C, to scan the page of God, and where my unsteady hand was first guided from black rough *pothooks*, to elegantly rounded lines. The old familiar faces who began life's pilgrimage with me were all scattered like the leaves of winter over the face of the earth! Some were beyond the sea, and some were asleep in death! A new generation had sprung up and stepped into their places, and O, how unlike the Babylonish confusion of tongues that assailed my ears, to the 'music of the departed!' Every object that met mine eye had suffered a sad, sad change, and when I looked to the naked walls, I discovered that the brush had swept away the mementos of friendships that were drawn together by the closest links, nor was there one solitary initial left to point to those moments so full of delight, that their very memory is a bliss, though the knowledge that they are gone weds them with pain. The very voice of the Dominie, that was wont, particularly on review days, to give forth a volume of "fierce sound," that made the sturdiest idler tremble in the insanity of terror, now piped and whistled in second childishness; while the uplifted arm that erst wielded the sharp-tailed hickories so effectually, was rendered for ever incapable, through age and infirmity, to attend to the most *striking* part of his duty. His last remains, however, were not without a romantic interest, for they were linked with the reminiscences of my earliest and happiest years, and for some minutes I stood unobserved at the threshold, traversing in mind the whole of the recollections which his appearance excited. His dress was shabby in the extreme, and the peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, on which lay the dust and sanctitude of years, as well as the light nankeu *inexpressibles* which he wore, seemed to have been the dumb companions of many a happy, and many a miserable hour. There was a lean melancholy paleness, too, in his shrivelled countenance, and the dim eye no longer told by its searching glance, the energies of the mind that once lay deep and occult within. In short, he was like the wreck of yesterday floating down the stream of to-day, and when the venerated old man stepped forth from the circle of little ragged boys

that surrounded him, and shook me friendly by the hand, I could have wept at the hopeless desolation which had overtaken him.

GOURLY.

Puir man! he died a beggar in the face o' a' his scholarship, and yet I've heard it said that he was the silliest body wi' respect to his dress that ever breathed the breath o' life.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Yes, he had his weak points, and that was one of them. I remember at one time the art of tying the cravat engrossed his mind to such a degree, that his friends suspected he was labouring under mental derangement. He would have argued that the cravat told the character of its wearer, and was ever ready to maintain that a knowledge of the art of tying it was the *open sesame* to the highest honours both in church and state. The first tie which he cultivated was the *Cravate Mathématique*, grave and severe, where the ends descend obliquely, and form two angles in crossing. To the scientific arrangements of this tie, which to him was by far the most deeply interesting, being the parent of so many other ties, he devoted not less than a couple of hours a-day. The very children of the school tittered at his foible, the cravat. On one occasion, I happened to be present at a tea-party, where he was lionizing, and after hearing him descant for some time on the lax morality of the age, I was not a little amused to hear him stop short, all of a sudden, and turn round upon the son of our hostess, and charge him with disgracing his laundress by the most barbarous use of her well-ironed and folded neckcloths. This was not to be borne, however, and as Mr. D. wore on the same evening a black silk cravat round that part of his person which separates the shoulders from the chin, the young man retorted by comparing him to a Cockney tailor. I shall never forget the look of the roused Dominic. His eyes flashed indignation, and starting to his feet, he exclaimed in a tone of haughty reproof,—“Napoleon, Sir, fought at Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz in a black silk cravat, and lost Waterloo in a shabby white neckcloth.” This was conclusive!!

COBBETT.

Pitiable infatuation! On a moderate calculation, it will be seen that the learned rascal, supposing him to have been interested in the art of tying the cravat for the space of thirty years, must have thrown away one million three hundred and forty-four thousand precious minutes of time, in bandaging his neck, and strangling the liberty of his throat!

GOURLY.

Ye're a comical man, Maister Cobbett, and I wonder muckle that your grammar isna generally tocht in schuils. It maun surely be an accurate book.

DELLA CRUSCA.

With all due deference to Mr. Cobbett's judgment, I beg to say that many skilful grammarians deny that the lower classes, for whom the grammar is especially intended, can be taught any good, either in

language or in idea, by the publication. I have read the work attentively, and I make free to confess that the construction is often inelegant and clumsy, the sentences frequently incorrigibly ungrammatical, to say nothing of the laughable egotism and unsound logic scattered throughout its pages.

COBBETT.

I defy you, Sir, to point out *one single error*!

CRUSCA.

Who ever heard of *two single errors*, Mr. Cobbett? and by the by, the same mistake occurs in page 17 of your Grammar.

HOGG.

A palpable hit! Haw—haw—haw!

COBBETT.

No one, Mr. Hogg, should indulge in a sarcastic sneer, at the expense of another, unless he has a pretty perfect knowledge of his man.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Your speech bewrays you again, Sir, for Dr. Blair says that perfection does not admit of degrees, and unfortunately we have the same sentence in page 13 of your publication.

HOGG.

Folk wha live in glass hooses should ne'er thraw stanes, Maister Cobbett, eh!

COBBETT.

These blemishes you have pointed out, if blemishes they may be called, are too trifling in their nature to detract from the great merit of the performance; for you must allow that there is nothing *radically* wrong in my treatise on Grammar.

HOGG.

I presume you hae seasoned it weel wi' your ain principles then, an' in that case the *radicals*, nas doot, will blink ony wee defects.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Can aught be more ungrammatical than the following:—"The spelling and employing of words *is* varied"—"The *name* of all females *are* of the feminine gender;"—and again in page 60 in treating of irregular verbs, the ear of the Grammarian is tortured by such expressions as "They bursted the door—He throwed a stone—It was freezed—They had growed"—and so forth.

HOGG.

But stop a wee, Maister Crusca,—ye're drilling an ex-sergeant, my man, an' I wad hae ye to keep in mind that it was very natural for Maister Cobbett, being an auld sodger, to discipline what was *irregular* into *regularity*. I didna ken, till an hour sin' syne, that he had written a Grammar, but he's no the first o' his profession that has done the like, for I mind o' a drill sergeant that wrote a book for the



recruits, to teach them the exact import o' the military orders. He was a droll deevil, like mysel, an' in gude truth his grammatical elucidations wad hae made ye a' laugh. I remember when he gied the military order, "As you were"—he took care to observe to them, "My good lads, when I says, 'as you were,' I means as you was."

COBBETT.

I am astonished at the dullness of one and all of you. Do you not perceive in my treatise on Grammar, that I have cunningly thrown in so many blunders by way of exercises to the sailors and soldiers who read it.

HOGG.

O ye impudent Charlatan, an' what for did ye no gie a hint o' your design? But setting the grammar aside, I hae anither craw to pick wi' ye, Maister Cobbett, anent the infamous libel that ye penned against the independent peasantry o' Scotland. Noo, I wad ask ye, if it isna true that our youth are reared to the highest reach o' moral excellence an' devotional feeling, and that we seldom hear o' them, as in the sister country, being guilty o' open violations o' God's known—felt—revealed will. Ye said, if I mistake not, that there were very few kirks in Scotland, an' that the Scottish peasantry seldom gaed to a place o' worship. I rebut the charge wi' indignation, an' sure am I if ye had ever been within the walls o' the house o' God, an' seen the listening audience, composed o' a' ages, wi' minds prepared by the sabbath o' rest an' tranquillity to hearken to the voice o' religion, hanging in unbreathing attention upon the minister's lips, ye could never hae penned sic a gross foul falsehood. Ye found fault, too, wi' the austere simplicity o' our churches' forms;—it's true we canna boast o' painted windows—glowing wi' imaged saints—nor hae we frescoes on our walls, nor crucifixes in our hands, but our church was the fruit o' the enlightenment and piety o' her people, whose blood was cheerfully poured forth in its defence, an' she fearlessly trusts her influence an' her dignity to the naked majesty o' truth; an' I hesitate not to tell ye, Sir, that the Protestant church o' Scotland, wi' a' her rigidity in her tenets, and simplicity in her forms, is the sublimest monument o' the piety, the intellect, and the philosophy o' our country.

COBBETT.

Good-night, Gentlemen, I never sit later than nine.

[*Exeunt Mr. Cobbett.*]

GOURLY.

Wheesht! wheesht! is that thunner?

HOGG.

Hoo the wund sughs through the broken lozen.

GOURLY.

The roar in the vent tells o' a storm.

HOGG.

There it comes! Hech! the hail-stanes knocking against the wun-

dow canna be less than shugarawmons! It'll be a grand sight the noo, to wutness the lightnings coruscating round the dark cluds, were a body no frichtened.

GOURLY.

There's the chimley-tap awa cleytin wi' an' awfu' crash doon upon the cassa. I'se waurant this night will be heard tell o'.

CRUSCA.

Pshaw! Imaginative people are steeped to the very lips in coward-ice; assuredly there is little to excite terror in the electrical fluid passing between the clouds and the earth.

HOGG.

O, Sir, but there's something awfully imposin' in the hoarse growlin' o' thunner,—when the frichtsme cluds explode in the face o' the lowrin' heavens, wi' a noise louder than the roar o' twunty thousand brumstane neerdoweels, shoutin' wi' a' their might, amid the dead thraws o' a black December storm reekin' its wrath on the tap o' the clud-capt Ben Ledi; and sure ye canna but feel your heart, loup, loup, loupin' in your breast, in the very insanity o' terror, when ye see the red-het lightnings wellin' frae out the whustlin' darkness, an' flap-pin' their flamin' wings like fiery swurds flashin' in the hands o' the Almighty's commissioned angels o' destruction, ower the abodes o' human creture! 'Tweel it's an easy matter to talk o' the phenomenaw, in a snug parlour, wi' your "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," afore a glimmerin' coal-fire; but only think, Sir, gin ye were placed in a glen, deep as the great red sea that swallowed up the retinue o' the proud Egyptian, an' lanesome as the valley o' the shadow o' death, while to add to the surroundin' horror, the birds o' prey are fleein' wi' a rush o' wings to their ancient lairs amang the rattlin' crags, where the live thunder is leapin' an' screamin' in bodin fear, like sae mony supernatural things sent to gie you decisive evidence o' the approach o' some indefinite evil,—

GOURLY.

For Heaven's sake, Sir, dinna sit here ony longer. It's a tempting o' Providence,—let's put out the candles an' awa' to our beds.

DELLA CRUSCA.

I have an article to write, Sir, for the Border Magasine, ere I can retire. We intend to give it up.

HOGG.

Gie it up! Gie it up! ye'll no find sic another idea in the whole publication.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## THE PAST YEAR.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

OH with what hopes of brightness did I enter on the race  
 With thee, thou child of the pale past, in thy unending chace!—  
 Thy chace of many windings which thro' thy deep dells and bowers  
 Of the bright future thou didst hold after the panting hours ;  
 Oh how I loved to picture out, on the dim mass of life,  
 Landscapes that were glittering and in their promise rife !  
 And how I thought, ere thou would'st run the circlet of the year,  
 And, gasping from thy winged flight, would'st sink upon thy bier,  
 That I might look with pleasure back upon the journey run  
 Along with thee, thou child of change,—thou offspring of the Sun !

Thou—thou wert joyous in thy race ; thy early days were mild,  
 And on thy youth thro' softened skies the southern planet smiled.  
 Thy spring was balmy, and was rich in sweetest rainbow showers,  
 And thou didst braid thy silken locks with wreaths of radiant flowers,  
 Thy summer ! it was beautiful ; heaven smiled and earth was glad,  
 To see thee in thy maiden prime, with blooming honours clad.  
 Thy autumn ! it was golden ; then—then the bright sun shone  
 With light effulgent on thy head, and claim'd thee as his own.  
 Bride of the sun ! child of the sun !—On the funereal pile,  
 Where thou didst breathe thy life away, thou breath'dst it with a smile.  
 Thou—thou wert joyous in thy race, and all thy days were mild,  
 And dying thou didst think on them with love, and dying smiled.  
 And I did follow on the past around thy starry sphere,  
 And panted, too, with fond delight, to mark thy bright career ;  
 For, foolish boy ! I thought, that when we each should end the race,  
 I would enjoy that glorious dream, whose outlines I could trace  
 Thro' the thin veil of coming days, and if its outlines were  
 So heavenly in their hues, how bright must the bright whole appear !  
 But oh—I never—never thought that all was but a dream,  
 And that, like tints of the waterfall which vanish in the stream,  
 'Twould melt away. But am I lone ? and are there none beside,  
 Who in the morning of the year woo'd Hope as their young bride ?  
 And follow'd her, as the fair boy along the glittering fields  
 Pursues the shadowy colourings which the bow of heaven yields,  
 And follows still but finds at last, when the thin woof is gone,  
 That he is left 'neath stormy skies unfriended and alone ?  
 Alas ! that ere it should be so !—There are and still must be  
 Thousands who live alone on hope,—and who must sigh like me !

## CRITICAL NOTICE.

*Simplicity's Journey from the Castle of Sin to the Fortress of Grace.*

By Mrs. Young—18mo. pp. 126.—Melrose—Berwick.

HAD we space and leisure, it would be an agreeable task to enumerate the many eminent characters who are connected, directly or indirectly, with Berwick. Their number would not fail to astonish a large portion of our fellow-citizens, who are either too much engrossed with secular matters, or too indifferent about intellectual pursuits, to enquire. On meeting a Williams, a Martineau (both ladies), a Henry, a Johnston, or a Good, in some walk of literature, of science, or of art, a smile immediately irradiates our countenance, and our breast is pleurably assailed by a host of thrilling emotions. We peruse their works, and contemplate their pencil-creations, with a familiarity and eagerness quite uncommon; and we feel as in the presence of the respective authors, with whom it was our wont to hold habitual converse in the walled city of the Tweed, and from their rich and racy conversation to obtain a near view of the value and extent of their mental resources. Mrs. Young promises to increase the number. Choosing for the exercise of her talents an humble station among the best benefactors of mankind, she discharges the part she has undertaken with such apparent ease, that we cannot help thinking her abilities might be employed on far nobler achievements. But, perhaps, the little tracts Mrs. Y. has already given to the world, may be considered an earnest of future more exalted efforts;—at all events, the volume before us makes a wide step in advance, and we hail it as the token of bolder, though not of more important productions in the time to come.

"Simplicity's Journey" is written after the manner of "The Pilgrim's Progress," to which the former seems a proper introduction. The utility of the allegorical style has been long ago established by the highest authority; Bunyan profited by the models of the Divine Teacher; and there is no reason why others should neglect to do likewise. We hear much in our day of the "March of Intellect," but though the description be flattering, the truth cannot and ought not to be concealed, that the reign of ignorance is yet far from being extinct, and that many a grey-haired veteran in years is still a child in letters. To them who have never enjoyed the blessings of education, in common with the juvenile members of society, figurative compositions will prove more attractive, and will sooner reach the understanding by first engaging the fancy, and impressing the heart, than the most elaborate argument, or the clearest demonstration of reason. The ideal narrative of *Simplicity's Journey* is calculated to excite the interest of every class of readers. It is, in fact, an epitome of several prominent doctrines of Christianity, and strictly accords with the Evangelical standards of Faith. Difficult as it is, in a *prose* composition entirely *figurative*, to avoid a confusion of metaphors, Mrs. Young

has overcome the difficulty with complete success. Her style is chaste and simple, and, when occasions allow, forcible and graphic. The produce of an elegant, refined, and truly Christian mind. "Simplicity's Journey" is entitled to a conspicuous place in ever Sunday-school, Congregational, and Domestic Library. No extract can convey a just idea of the interesting nature of the work, yet one or two may serve as specimens of the purity and vividness of Mrs. Y's style.

Simplicity has been visited by Experience, who endeavours to reclaim him; troubled by the prospect of the wages of sin, he becomes gloomy and ill at ease; his brother Folly tries various means to banter him out of his dejected spirits:—

"'Lost!' repeated Folly; 'why, you have lost every thing that can make life desirable: you have lost your wonted peace of mind, and all relish for your accustomed amusements; and if you do not check that gloomy disposition which I perceive to be growing upon you, there is no doubt but your foolish fancies will ultimately render you a burden to yourself, and a reproach to all your connexions.'

"As Folly said this, he turned from me and walked into the Castle of Sin, leaving me to brood over my misery without farther interruption. Scarcely knowing what I did, I walked on. The morning was fine; the dew-drops lay thick upon the fresh foliage; and many sweet flowers besprinkled the meadows. The scenery around was indeed fair, but it had no charms for me. In what I formerly used to admire, I had now no pleasure. The sun-beam was offensive to me; and the song of the little bird drew a deep sigh from my heart.

"As I wandered on, my road turned towards a declivity, at the bottom of which winded a sparkling rivulet half-hid amongst a profusion of tall trees and underwood. On reaching the bank of the stream, a tree that had been felled afforded me a seat, upon which I sat down, and began to turn over in my mind what course of conduct I should now pursue.

"'Lost!' I said to myself, 'I have lost my wonted peace and all relish for my accustomed amusements—alas! how true!—my foolish fancies will render me a burden to myself and a reproach to my connexions!—Could I but be satisfied that they were only foolish fancies, how blessed would I be! But ah! I fear they are dreadful realities; and yet, how comes it that thousands hear the same things that I have heard without alarm? It cannot fare worse with me in the end than with them. How enviable is their peace!' I paused, and passed my hand across my forehead: an icy damp stood upon it, and a burning fever raged in my veins.

"As I attempted to soothe my anguish, I recollected that I had been furnished with a map of the country through which it was necessary to pass to the Fortress of Grace. More through curiosity than for instruction I took it out, and spreading it upon a smooth grassy bank, I began to examine the way-marks by which the path to Grace was to be distinguished. I observed a great many roads branching out from the same point, but diverging greatly as they lengthened. One, however, struck me as leading immediately, by a short and direct course, to a magnificent structure which was marked in the map as the Fortress of Grace. This I took to be the way which Ex-

perience had spoken to me of. But though it seemed short and direct, yet it was narrow, and in many respects uninviting. To follow it I must leave for ever my father's Castle, and the much loved friends of my earliest years. I must put off my gay clothing, and appear in the attire of a traveller; I must walk often without company, attach myself to a set of people whom I have always been taught to despise; and along with them I must submit to hardships and privations to which I have never been accustomed.

"These obstacles appearing insurmountable, I folded up the map and moved slowly homewards, full of indecision and perplexity. On reaching the Castle of Sin, I retired to my chamber, where a smart fever confined me for several weeks to my bed. In this illness I passed many a restless night, and was frequently in a state of delirium. At such seasons—as I was afterwards told—I would cry out—that the Castle of Sin was on fire—that the flames surrounded my bed—and that I already felt their consuming heat."

We close with a second specimen. Our hero, if we may use the term, has been thrown over the frightful precipice of Infidelity, into the deep and thorny dingle of Worldly Disappointment. At this juncture the narrative continues:—

"The transition from pleasure to pain was so sudden, that for some time I could scarcely conceive what had befallen me. As I, however, began to recover my senses, and to look around, I found that to whatever quarter I turned, the prospect was dismal. On my right, lay the bleak Wilderness of Uncertainty, on my left, rolled the stormy Ocean of Adversity, behind me, frowned the Precipice of Infidelity, and before me was stretched the Forest of Apprehension, from which issued, at intervals, the mingled roar of wild beasts, the shriek of terror, and the wail of the dying. Confused and pensive I continued to gaze; the sun went down upon me, the sky gathered blackness, and the whole aspect of nature portended a storm. At a short distance from the place where I stood, grew a stately oak. Thither I was directing my steps, in the hope of obtaining shelter from the impending blast, when a thunderbolt uprooted the stately tree and defaced its beauty.

"How descriptive of myself!" I exclaimed. "A few moments ago I was secure in worldly felicity; my expectations were lofty as this tree, and fair as its verdant boughs; but alas! where now is the place of my rest? where are the hopes that so lately sustained me?"

"Gone—for ever gone," replied a voice behind me. I turned to see the speaker, when a figure of the most terrific appearance stood before me. He was clothed with vengeance; his shoes were iron and brass; he held in his hand a drawn sword, and upon his forehead was a name written, Conscience. I fled from his presence, but he followed me and seized me. I cried for mercy; but he told me that he had no mercy for him who persisted in slighting the offers of mercy, and despising the warnings of love. I strove to escape from his grasp; but, in spite of my struggles, he dragged me into the depths of the Forest, where, covered with wounds and spent with labour and pain, I was left for dead amidst darkness and solitude.

"My situation was now truly distressing. No star was visible in the

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heavens to guide me; the moon walked in darkness; the winds howled in the forest, and the torrents tumbled from the mountains. Yet all this was but the smallest part of my misery. I had spurned the offer of mercy, and had, by criminal pursuits, brought upon myself a punishment greater than I was able to bear. 'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow,' Psal. cxvi. 3.

"'Oh Experience! Experience!' I exclaimed in an agony of distress, 'what would I at this moment give for one look of thy pitying eye! one word of consolation from thy compassionate lips! and how would I prize the offer of pardon and reconciliation which I once madly rejected! But ah! it is now too late. I hated thy instruction; I despised thy reproof; I would none of thy counsel, and I fled from thy presence.' Here, methought, footsteps approached. I started. It was the shaking of the leaves, and the pattering of the rain upon the branches.

"At length, worn out by watching, pain and fatigue, I sunk down into a sort of broken slumber, in which I heard a voice speaking to me thus—'What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God.' I awoke and looked around. No one was near me; but the tempest had subsided, and the moon, clear and bright, had risen above the trees.

"'Arise, and call upon thy God,' I repeated to myself: 'Can it be that the King of kings will hear the cry of such an offender as I am? O God of grace, if in this fearful solitude there is yet mercy for thy rebellious creature, deign to bestow it.'"

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#### *Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.*

##### BIRTHS.

At Dalkeith Palace, on the 5th ult., the Duchess of Buccleuch, of a son.

At Greenlaw, on the 10th ult., Mrs. Robert Hume, of a son.

Here, on the 18th ult., the wife of the Rev. R. Hall, of a son.

At Etal, on the 26th ult., Mrs. Batters, of a son.

On the 29th ult., at Byker, the lady of Robert Johnson, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 10th inst., at Cornhill House, the lady of H. J. W. Collingwood, Esq. of Lilburn Tower, of a daughter.

##### MARRIAGES.

At Edinburgh, on the 10th ult., Mr. J. P. Cumine, farmer at Ad-dinston, Berwickshire, to Jane Cross, daughter of William Irvine, Esq., Brechin.

On the 15th ult., at St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, Mr. John Denovan, formerly of this town, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late Mr. Stocker, Cambridge.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. James Donne, at St. Paul's, Bedford; Mr. A. Douglas, bookseller, London, to Louisa Christiana, youngest daughter of Capt. W. Williams Foote, R. N., Bedford.

On the 4th inst., by special license, at the private chapel in Ditton

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Park, Lord Dunglass, son of the Earl of Home, to Lucy Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Montagu.

### DEATHS.

At Nassau, New Providence, on the 16th October, Mrs. Elliott, widow of Robert Wear Elliott, Esq. late of the same Island.

At Leith, on the 1st ult., Mrs. Catherine Hildreth, (formerly of Berwick) aged 77, relict of Captain William Nesbitt, who, it will be recollected, when commander of the smack Queen Charlotte of this port, so gallantly beat off a large French privateer.—Also, on the 16th ult., John Selby Nesbitt, their youngest son, aged 37. His urbanity of manners, kindness of heart, and disinterested beneficence rendered him an object of esteem wherever he was known.

At Greenlaw, on the 4th ult., the Rev. John Inglis, Pastor of the original congregation of Burghers, aged 58 years.

At Alnwick, on the 13th ult., Miss Richardson, daughter of the late Dr. Richardson, aged 76; and Mr. Thomas Moffitt, late of the Cawledge Park, aged 82.

Here, on the 18th ult., Elizabeth, wife of Mr. John M' Lemen, hardware merchant, aged 57.

On the 19th ult., John Clutterbuck, Esq., of Warkworth, aged 89—during many years an active magistrate for Northumberland.

At 11, St. Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh, on the 19th ult., Mrs. Susan Campbell, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Campbell.

At East Ord, on the 20th ult., deservedly regretted by all who knew her, Matilda Scott, who for upwards of twenty years was housekeeper to Mr. Alexander Laing, aged 39.

At Alnwick, on the 22d ult., aged 66, Ann, wife of Mr. Thos. Graham, corn-chandler.

At Barrow Bank, Wooler, greatly esteemed and lamented, on the 24th ult., Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Jobson of Turvelaws.

At Whitsome, on the 26th ult., John Kinleysides, carrier between Berwick and the former place, aged 83½.

At Eyemouth, on the 30th ult., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Robina Murray, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 1st inst., at Ravensworth Castle, aged 18, the Hon. Charles Liddell.

At Ross, on the 2d inst., Mr. John Scott, farmer, aged 60.

On the 6th inst., at Brompton, Agnes, daughter of the late John Jordan, Bailie of Kelso.

At North Sunderland, of cholera, on the 8th inst., the Rev. George Dickson, minister of the United Associate congregation in that place.

On the 8th inst., Henrietta Viscountess Duncan, in her 84th year, daughter of the Lord President Dundas, and widow of Lord Viscount Duncan, who gained the glorious victory off Camperdown on the 11th October, 1797.

At Whitsome, on the 11th inst., Mr. Andrew Armstrong, aged 88.

At Dover, on the 12th inst., aged 70, Capt. John Hatley, R. N. the last surviving companion of the circumnavigator Cook.

At Montrose, on the 15th inst., Mr. Philip Redpath, formerly of this town, aged 62.



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At Annsfeld, near Coldingham, on the 16th inst., Wm. Hall, Esq, aged 54.

At London, on the 18th inst., suddenly, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi, the son of, and himself, a celebrated clown.

At Whitsome, on the 20th inst., George Bell, aged 44, who has left a widow and 9 children.

Lately at New York, aged 96, Mr. Carroll, the last of the members of the Congress who signed the declaration of American independence.

At Boston, United States, of cholera, Dr. Spurzheim, conjointly with Dr. Gall, the discoverer and the apostle of the science of Onniology.

Here, on the 24th inst., Mr. John Mesnard, teacher of language, aged 52. The deceased was much esteemed, and his loss is deeply deplored by numerous acquaintances and friends.

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### ERRATA.

No. II. p. 66, last line, *for* "after," *read* "often."

———— p. 69, l. 12, *for* "spell-bound at," *read* "spell-bound. At"

No. XIII. p. 284, l. 26, *for* "for," *read* "far."

No. XIV. p. 291, l. 28, *for* "us," *read* "as."

———— p. 297, last line, *for* "was," *read* "were."

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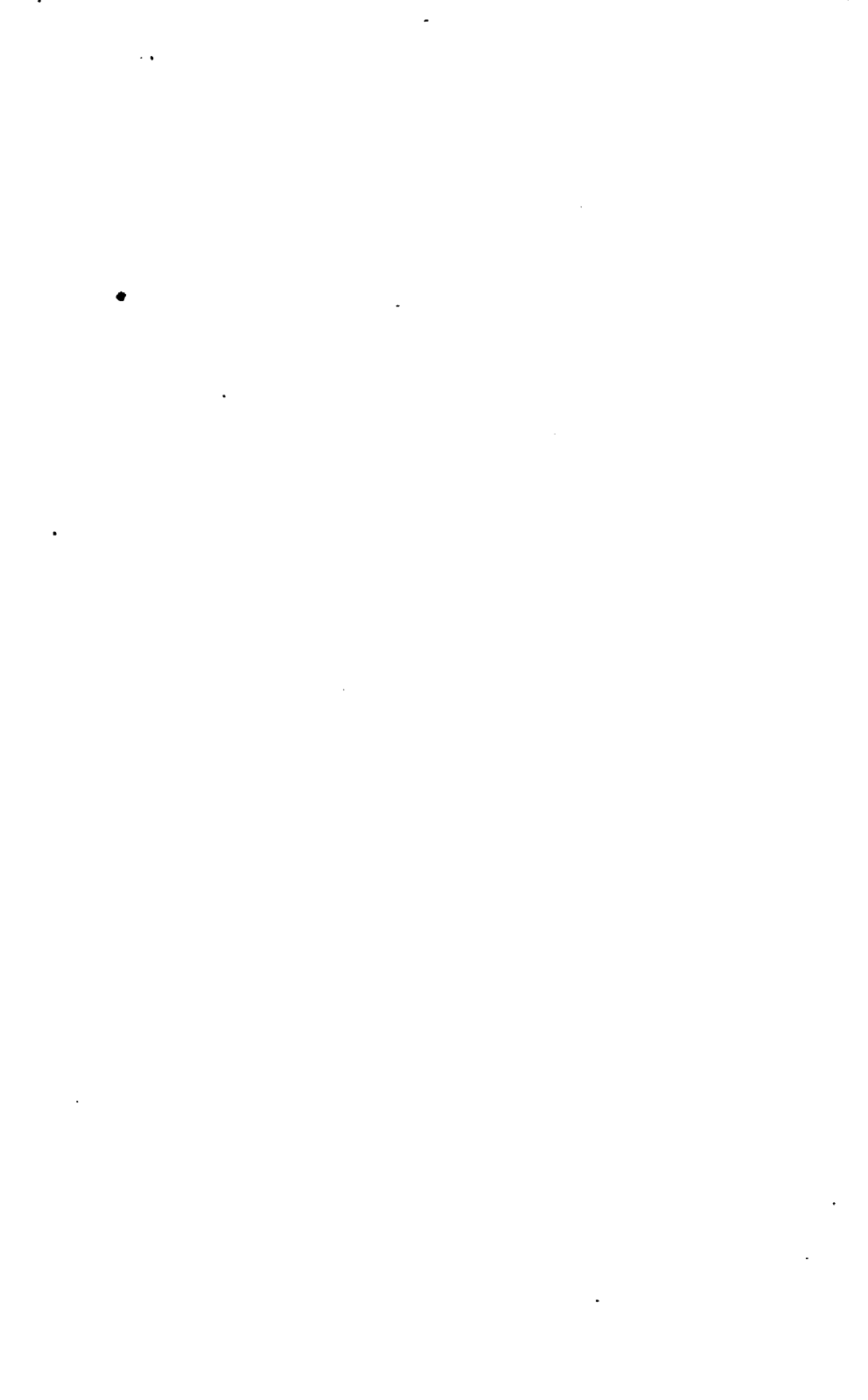
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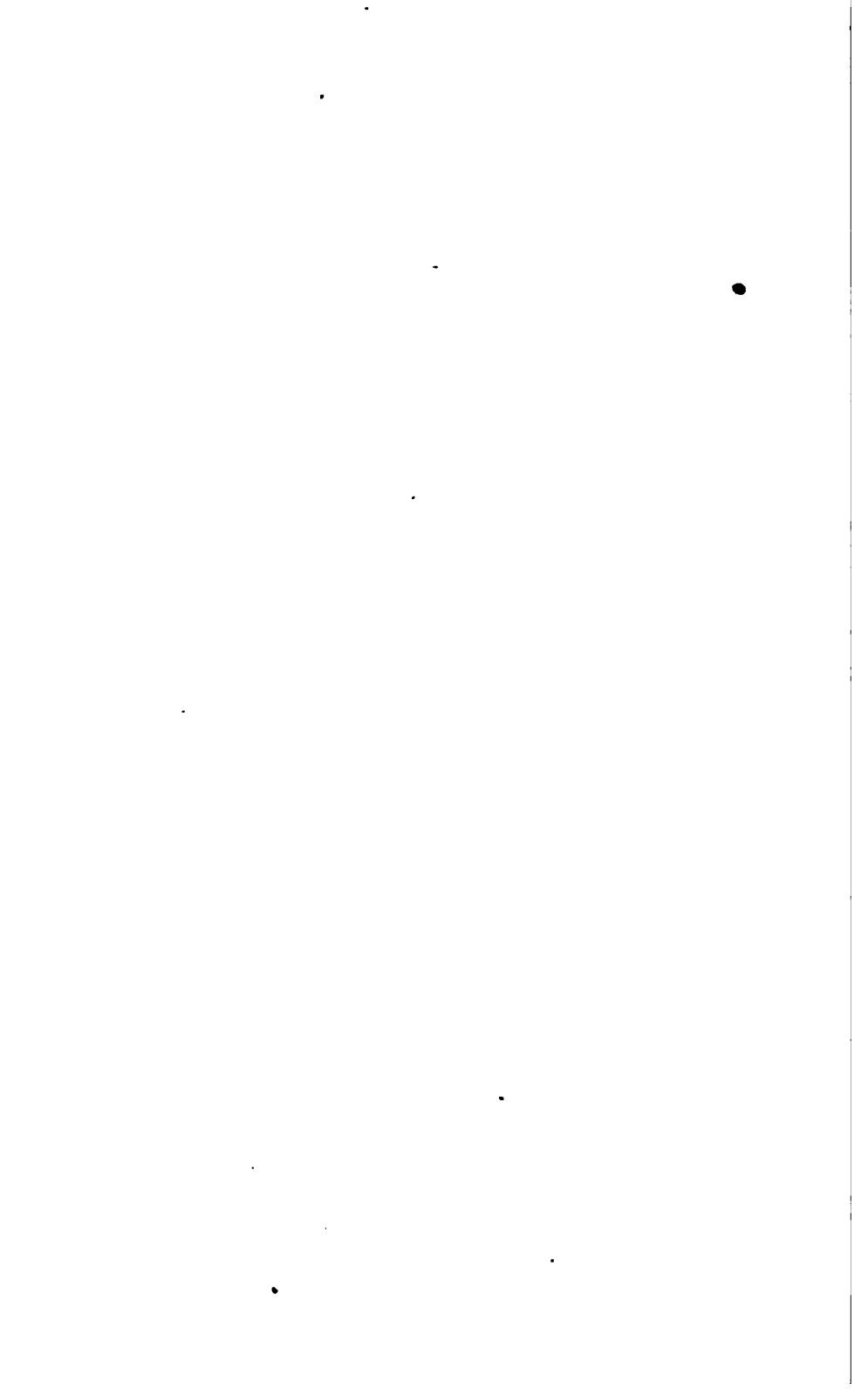
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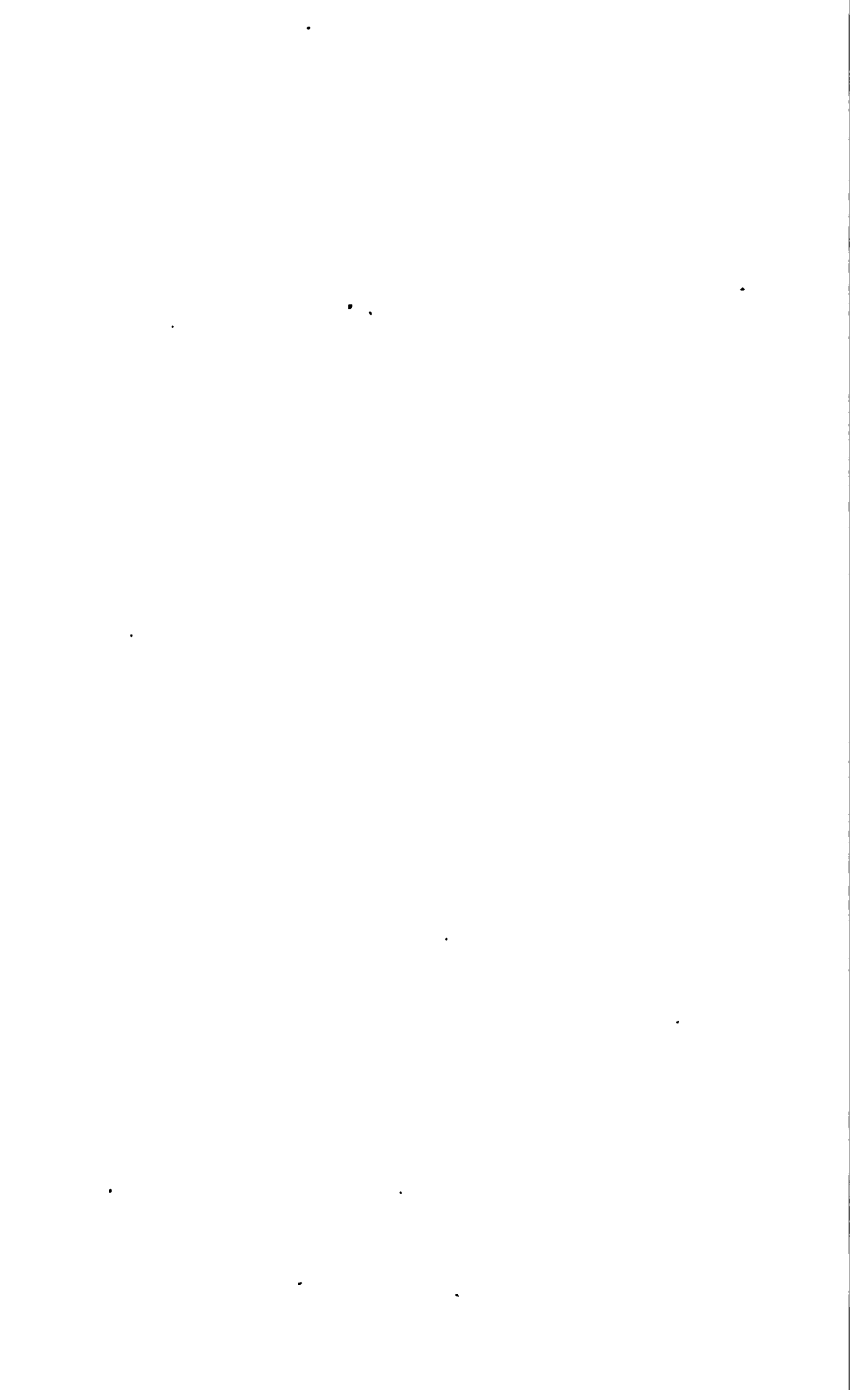
\* \* THE REST, EXCEPT IN ONE OR TWO CASES WHERE NO NAME OR SIGNATURE ACCOMPANIED THE ARTICLES, ARE THE COMPOSITIONS OF THE EDITORS.

*End of the Second Volume.*













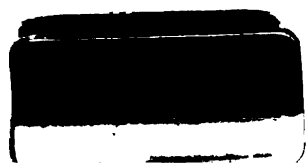




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