Thos Goodland
Liverpool
Jany 7/59

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1831—DECEMBER 1832.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Omne tulit 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.

BERWICK:
JOHN RENNISON, 46, HIGH STREET;
WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON;
OLIVER AND BOYD, AND WAUGH AND INNES, EDINBURGH.
MDCCCXXXIII.

D. Cameron, Printer.

AP45
B37
1

CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

*** *The Figures refer to the Pages.*

PROSE AND POETRY.

Introduction 1
The Editorial Closet.—No. I. 7
The Tomb of Napoleon 13
Persons, Places, and Things 14
Race between Death and Life 24
Churchyard Recollections.—No. I. 26
Belisarius 29
A Scene in Italy 30
Song—The Trysting Hour 39
The Vacant Chair 40, 56
Song—"When my flocks upon the heathy hill," 45
On the Connexion of Poetry with Science 49
Serenade Song 55
Life Likenesses 61
Observations on Government 62
Stanzas by Mary Queen of Scots 65
Specimens of the German Novelists.—No. I.—The Sandman 66
Longings of a Young Enthusiast 71
Confession of an Inconstant 72
Spring 78
A Night with the Ettrick Shepherd 79
The Past 83
Burking 85
The Last of his Race 87
Song-Writing—Gilfillan 97
The Season! 101
The Stroll.—A Story 102
Stenography 105
The Grave-Stone 107
The Monk of Furness Abbey 113
A Flora of Berwick-on-Tweed 115
The Pointer-Dog, the Rabbit, and the Warrener.—A Fable by Napoleon Buonaparte 122
Groans! 123
Sweets of Evening 126
Sketches of British Poets.—No. I.—Professor Wilson 128
Scottish Ballad 131
Tibbie Shiel's Creel.—The Fishing Crib 133, 134
Thoughts of an Absent One 145
Annals of Berwick 149, 197, 245
Tradition 153
On the Causes of the Decline and Corruption of Taste 156
Lines—suggested by the appearance of a Sea-fowl which hovered, during three days, over the field where the Author was ploughing 167
Sayings and Doings of the Border Literary and Political Club.—The Berwickshire Conservative dissected 168, 170

The Hebrew Mother - - - - - - - 186
The Alpine Horn - - - - - - - - 187
The Curse of Babylon - - - - - - - 188
Death and Sleep - - - - - - - - ib.
The Spirit's Dream - - - - - - - 189
The Sick Widow - - - - - - - - 190
The Sentiments of a warm-hearted patriot Scotchman of the middle of the 18th century - - - - - 205
Scene in Ireland in 1798 - - - - - - - 206
The Caged Lark - - - - - - - - 218
Sketch of the Rev. Edward Irving - - - - - - 219
Verses—Written in the Vale of Yarrow - - - - 222
Specimens of the German Novelists.—No. II.—St. Andrew's Eve 224
We Met! - - - - - - - - - - 235
Hospital Cases—The Old Soldier - - - - - - 236
To the Owl - - - - - - - - - 240
Reflections on the Past - - - - - - - 253
Fragment in Mental Philosophy - - - - - 254
Song—"Away to the woodlands" - - - - - - 259
Remarks on History and Historians - - - - - ib.
Mr. J. M. Wilson's Songs.—My Faither's Hearth—The Gowany Braes—The Bacchanalian's Sang—The Temperate Man's Sang—The Recruiting Cockade—Tweedside, &c. - 265
An Inquiry into the merits of the Scottish Novels, - 270, 301
David's Lament - - - - - - - - 277
Sketches of British Poets.—No. II.—Burns and Roscoe - 278
The First and Last Lays of the Minstrel - - 285, 286
Scraps from the German - - - - - - - 288
Criticism and Critics - - - - - - - - 293
Song—"Away wi' the maddening joys o' the city" - - 300
Stanzas - - - - - - - - - - 308
A short historic notice of the Clan of the Armstrongs - ib.
Song—"Fair maiden with the bright blue eye" - - 315
The Reform Bill and some of its consequences - - 316
Awake, my Harp - - - - - - - - 318
Hospital Cases—Consumption - - - - - - 319
The Hermit of the Mountain - - - - - - - 325
Noctes Gourlianæ.—No. I. - - - - - - 328

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Reasons for the Hope that is in us - - - - - 89
Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and Last Series - - 90
Adventures of a Dramatist - - - - - - - 93
Blackwood's Magazine, for December, 1831. - - 94
The Working Man's Companion. The Physician—Cholera - 192
The Anatomy of Drunkenness - - - - - ib.
Considerations on the Moral Causes, Objects and Preventives of Pestilence - - - - - - - - - ib.
MATHEMATICS - - - - - 194, 241, 289, 338
LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES 45, 94, 145, 194, 242, 289, 339
REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS 47, 146, 195, 242, 290, 339
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS 48, 95, 147, 196, 244, 292, 340

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. I.] NOVEMBER, 1831. [Vol. I.

INTRODUCTION.

To the projectors of the present publication, the idea of establishing in Berwick a periodical in the shape of a Magazine is not of recent occurrence. It had been long nurtured, and was only prevented from assuming a tangible form by a mixed feeling of dread and delicacy, although in many respects the circumstances were favourable and the prospects flattering. Lately, however, a fresh impulse was given to the undertaking by a combination of fortuitous events, which recalled former conceptions and reanimated former plans. In the nature of these events the public are not interested, and besides, there is involved in their texture a story too complicated and too personal to be unfolded. With the results merely has the world to do. To the purposes proposed, attention has been already called by a preliminary paper, which, partly to preserve entire the thread of the Editors' doings, and partly to accommodate such readers as did not procure the original copy, is here republished:—

PROSPECTUS.

To contend for the utility of Periodical Publications would be like attempting to prove the truth of a self-evident proposition. While the names of Addison and Johnson are remembered, the value of such works will be duly appreciated.

The appearance of the Spectator formed a new æra in the history of mind:—previously to this, philosophy was excluded from the walks of common life, or, if she ever ventured abroad in open day-light, like the ladies of the East she was shrouded in a veil of mysticism, which served to increase rather than dispel the general ignorance. But no sooner did the Essayists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries give to the world their inimitable productions than the grand barrier between the learned and the unlearned was removed, and the "goddess divinely bright" shone forth in her native grandeur and simplicity. Wisdom issued from the prison-house of the schools, and took up her residence where formerly knowledge and virtue had been entire strangers. The consequence was, that the foibles of the age were in a great measure discarded, a taste for polite literature was extensively diffused, and morality was introduced into those circles, where lately profanity and profligacy held all but supreme sway.

It would be equally unseasonable and arrogant to apply these remarks as grounds for justifying the appearance of the present publication. The fact is undisputed, that those in the humblest situation of life can now boast of acquirements and refinement, of which even the enlightened among their forefathers possessed not the slightest information. But in an age, which has been properly denominated that of literary luxury, when almost all have enjoyed the privilege of tasting of its sweets, an effort to confer on the inhabitants of Berwick and the Border towns, with their environs, a similar and more immediate opportunity, may perhaps be pardoned in the Editors of the proposed Magazine.

The conductors assume for their motto a memorable line of the Roman bard,—

> 'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci;'
>
> 'Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
> T' inform the judgment nor offend the heart,—
> Shall gain all votes;'—

and they thus pledge themselves, while their object is to combine instruction with amusement, that nothing shall find a place in the Border Magazine, which may tend in the smallest degree to injure the purest precepts of morality, or call the blush of ingenuous shame into the countenance of the most delicate of their readers.

The work will be published on the 15th of every month, in Numbers, Price One Shilling each, printed on a new and beautiful Type, and shall consist of Original Essays on subjects of Morals or Miscellaneous Literature, Tales, Translations from valuable productions in Foreign Languages, Reviews, &c. A proportionate space will also be devoted to Poetry in its various departments.

In opening their pages to all classes of contributors, whom their plan recognizes, the Editors declare their firm resolve to submit every article to a careful and candid examination; and at the same time that they are determined to discountenance wilful stupidity and presumption, they will exert every energy to call forth the latent spark of genius, and nurture the hidden blossomings of worth and intelligence. They are encouraged to be thus decisive in their tone—and they will assuredly act up to it—by the consideration of the high and honourable names, who, they rejoice to state, are guaranteed to lend their aid, and whose talents will adorn and dignify the successive numbers of the Border Magazine. As a redundancy of verse is anticipated, intending correspondents are respectfully recommended to prose compositions—not, however, to the entire or even fastidious neglect of the muse:—indeed, the Editors trust, that the spirit, which has been partially slumbering by the banks of the Tweed and upon the hills of Cheviot, will arouse itself, and strike with bolder hand that lyre which in olden days kindled a brightly burning flame in the breasts of the Douglases and the Percys.

In conclusion, the Editors are alive to the candour of an enlightened Public, and as they are conscious that their attempts must succeed or fall by the decision of the Public *alone*, they confidently hope that, if *instruction and amusement form an agreeable visitor*, the Border Magazine will not be an unwelcome *guest*.

No sooner was the above printed and circulated, than assurances of support poured in from all quarters; in a short time the list of Subscribers was respectably signed, and altogether the most sanguine expectations have been fulfilled. And now, kind readers, *we* shall henceforth throw aside the cold reserve and distant greeting of the third person, and assume at once, as well in the remainder of our present address as on all future occasions, the more dignified and yet familiar pronoun, which has been the prerogative of Kings and Editors from time immemorial. If, when our young hopes outstepped the puny strength of our mental energies, when overflowing spirits and puerile temerity had nearly overbalanced the natural modesty of our mind and the reflections of a cool hour—if then the lordly pedagogue might, with a fair portion of justice on his side, have opened the floodgates of quotation, and discharged upon our blushing frontispiece, the Horatian adage,

> 'Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus',
>
> 'The mountains laboured with prodigious throes,
> And a small mouse ridiculous arose;'

or as the celebrated author of the Rambler hath it in the garb of *simple* and classical prose—'Parturient mountains have brought forth muscicular abortions;'—we say, if in an hour of boyhood's revelling we were exposed to such assault, and merited a wholesome castigation, now, we humbly think, the lash of satire will be inapplicable, and ridicule may spare her shafts. We advance to the duties that lie before us in full confidence, relying as much on the strength of our domestic troops steeled and marshalled for "the war of words," as on the valuable co-operation of numerous veteran *literati*, whom we are proud to number amongst our allies. Nor are we insensible to the undisguised and gushing sympathies of many a heart, that in a silent and emphatic language of its own, bids our labours speed, teeming with kindly wishes and friendly aspirations for our success. To speak of enemies were premature:—and yet we would not shrink from the contemplation of human nature in its most forbidding aspect—we would not "lay the flattering unction to our soul," that the world is purified to the entire exclusion of the baser metals, and we remain unsatisfied, that the melancholy proposition—'*Envy withers at another's joy*'—has ever been confuted. Let none suppose, however, we are disturbed: the best of men have had their foes to meet and crosses to encounter; and he has yet to see the light of day, who shall succeed in alluring us from our self-complacency, or in betraying us from our extreme good-nature. Nay, in verity—we are

> ————'not altogether of such clay
> As rots into the souls of those whom we survey.'

Dismissing, however, the distinction betwixt friends and enemies—at all times an ungracious task, and particularly so under existing circumstances—we beg to observe to the many-headed public, that we entertain a wish somewhat analogous to the famous one of a certain tyrant, who wished the necks of all mankind were conjoined, that he might satiate his blood-thirsty despotism at a blow: with a wish comprehensive as his—though by no means allied to it in character—

and as a proof of our consummate benignity, we do most solemnly aver, that if the sweet persons of our present and future readers could by any singular involution be embodied in one comely, discreet, and manageable corporation, we should clasp the substantial reality in our Editorial arms, and confer upon the strange *lusus naturæ* alias *artis*, a sincere and cordial embrace, not unworthy of Christopher North, Esquire, himself.

But, excellent friends and gentle patrons, it were ungenerous to trifle longer with your feelings, nor will we disguise from you, that we suspect what thoughts do now naturally occupy the uppermost place in your minds. No doubt, the question is continually presenting itself in ideal form and striving for utterance, if possibly it may be answered—'Who *are* the Editors?'—Now, since we neither wish to prolong your anxiety, nor mean to deny to curiosity its reasonable gratification, and since secrecy in matters of Editorship has been voted unfashionable, we shall straightway make you acquainted with the names, characteristics and respective duties of those who are at the head of affairs.

First, then, we would recommend to your regards our *Preses*, Speaker, or Chairman—*Nathaniel Nestor*, *Gent.*—who has been raised to the aforesaid exalted and responsible station by the unanimous suffrages of his colleagues.

Many things concurred to plead for this gentleman, and secure his appointment to the chief place in the councils of the Border Magazine. Furnished by nature with a large measure of common sense—a desideratum, by the by, in many a self-important and busy official of our day—and endowed with intellectual powers of no mean order, he traversed the curriculum of a University education with an ardour and success seldom paralleled. During that time, the whole of which was spent without any fixed profession in view, and solely from a love of literature and the sciences, besides performing the mere tasks imposed on the academical *cives*, he borrowed from his hours of rest and relaxation, and made such progress in the paths of classical criticism and belles lettres, as to leave his compeers far behind. Forming one in a select circle of kindred spirits—youths who acted from the same motives, and owned the same enthusiasm—painful was the hour that called him from his friends and ordered him to other climes and other company. The period of parting was deeply felt on both sides, but go he must; assurances of continued amity, promises of correspondence, and heartfelt benedictions were exchanged—then Nat. Nestor bade adieu to early objects of attachment and his native mountains. The sequel proved the event to be for good. From being pent up within a circumscribed space, and chained to an unvarying train of thought and feeling, whence prejudices were apt to spring, he was conducted to the broad amphitheatre of the world, and soon breathed more liberal sentiments. Men and things were substituted for books; and, therefore, instead of gaining his knowledge at second hand, and from often polluted channels, he drew it now from pure streams and from prime sources. Thus five years' travel taught him humanity. Subsequently, his intercourse with former associates—whom, on his return, he found treading with firmer step the track of life which each had selected for himself, but never forgetful of by-gone days and pursuits—has been uninterrupted. Half a century of winters, in conjunction with severe study, has had the effect of robbing him to a considerable extent of a glossy and luxuriant crop of hair, with which nature had furnished him, and of displaying a forehead indicative of intelligence, and strongly corroborative of the craniological theory. The demise of a relative placed an estate by no means contemptible at his disposal: happily for the present undertaking, the majestic Tweed flowed past the comfortable inheritance, and induced the new owner of the domain to keep *Nestor House* in his own hands as the chosen spot of his retreat. Business has frequently brought him to the "Town and County by itself," where in future he purposes to fix his winter quarters; and where also a *quantum sufficit* of his summers will be spent for the discharge of the duties on which he has entered. He may be distinguished from the crowds that resort to the health-invigorating promenades—the Pier, the New Road, the Magdalen fields, and the Ramparts—by a broad-brimmed hat, black dress, large silver shoe-buckles, and a gold-headed cane. He possesses, moreover, a serious and rather sombre countenance, a steady gait *a' la militaire*, and he is a bachelor. Thus partially described, he will be recognized without difficulty. His province is very extensive, inasmuch as his authority can allow or forbid the insertion of any article, even though contrary to the opinions of his co-operators. This, indeed, is not likely to happen frequently, since all of them are remarkable for a sound and discriminating judgment, and since the mind of the President himself is always open to conviction.

The next personage, who takes his seat on the immediate right of the chairman, is *Dr. Ploddem*, a retired physician and an antiquary. His small piercing eyes and sharp nose, a solitary tuft at the top of his cranium, which serves as a set-off to a thinly-planted margin of capillary teguments, terminating at either temple, and especially a finger or two profusely adorned with specimens of the antique, abundantly bespeak the nature of his researches. At present, he is busied in collecting information of many ancient buildings, which once were the pride of Berwick, and of which not a vestige remains. His labours promise to be crowned with success, and will, ere long, be handed over to the printer.

The sober manners and grave visages of the Preses and the Doctor are strongly contrasted with the blazing and good-humoured countenance, and the boisterous deportment of *Lieutenant Siroc*—a personal representation of a hurricane. The Lieutenant has seen real service *without a joke*, but then, he indulges on occasions, too liberally, an art of which he is perfect master, and hence, in the embellishments of his tales, he is prone to violate the laws of probability. According to his own account, he has been nineteen times mortally wounded!—notwithstanding the satisfactory evidence to the contrary; and the adventures of Baron Munchausen are trifles compared with the wonders he himself has seen, and the deeds he has performed. Still he enjoys intervals of a calm and prosaic existence, and consequently though

> . . . 'little of this great world can HE speak,
> More than pertains to feats of broils and battles,'—

he is tolerably well fitted for his office, to-wit, the superintendance of stories of sailors, soldiers, and smugglers,—

> 'Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
>
> * * *
>
> . . . . . of antres vast, and deserts wild,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven.'

Opposite the virtuoso, and operating as a light to relieve the shadow of the Doctor, shines not the least important personage amongst the *dramatis personæ*—*Master Matthew Courtly*, or abbreviated, *Beau Courtly*. This model of a modern gentleman, and living advertisement of oils and perfumes, gentility and manners, fashion and varieties—invariably subscribes himself *Master* in preference to *Mr.*—which, he contends, is a common-place and tradesman-like cognomen—and prides himself on the off-hand appellation of *Beau* bestowed by his familiars, which he reckons a merited eulogium on his taste, talents and accomplishments. He boasts a thorough knowledge of the poetic art, from the puff-impudent of blacking-manufacturers, up to the lofty epic and heroic line, and keeps constantly in view a rather high standard, by which he purposes to guide his decision on all rhythmical contributions transmitted to 46, High Street. To do the Beau justice, and to conciliate towards him the objects whom, above all else, he is anxious to please—the fair sex in general, we must not fail to notify, that, in the course of an hour, he can indite a dozen sonnets adapted to the numerous shades and shapes of ladies' eyebrows, and that his earnest expostulations and entreaties succeeded in gaining a place for a monthly register of births, marriages and deaths. His reading has been extensive—so much so, that he has the whole library of British Poets at command, and his tongue is eternally distilling some honied sweets gathered from the flower-gardens of the Muse.

The last member of the literary conclave obtains and deserves the most profound regard by reason of his amiable manners, gentle disposition and sterling excellence. Intended by his friends for the clerical profession, *Mr. Placid* completed, agreeably to their wishes, the course of study prescribed by the ecclesiastical courts of the Scottish Church. But further he did not venture, except so far as he attempted a solitary pulpit exhibition, which effectually deterred him from again appearing before a congregation. Extreme modesty and delicate health rendered the embarrassment of his *debut* in that capacity so exquisitely painful and distressing, that he could never muster courage or strength for a second experiment. Fortunately for him, he enjoys a competency of this world's goods through a private channel, a portion of which is dedicated to the cause of charity to an extent by no means commensurate with the benevolence of his heart. When he opens his mouth to deliver his sentiments, which are valuable in proportion to their rarity and appropriateness, every whisper is hushed, and not a syllable escapes the ear of his audience;—even the hardy and obstreperous veteran compresses his lips into the expression of a mute and respectful listener, and the *toujours gai* Courtly looks serious.

The aforesaid characters, having thus made their introductory bow by proxy, felicitate themselves on the prospect of a more intimate acquaintance with each other and with the public:———We had nearly forgotten to record an essential prop of the concern, being neither better nor worse than *James*, otherwise *Jemmy Dabble*, who officiates in the combined and complicate *ensemble* of errand-boy, porter, et cætera, at a salary of Five Shillings per week, exclusive of worn-out garments, victuals to the content of a stomach which seems insatiable, and many additional perquisites. He will not permit us, depend on't, to neglect the insertion of his services along with those who feed him.

We question, if our readers will here rest satisfied, since a thousand particulars remain explanatory of the origin, rise, and probable consummation of the Magazine. We shall, therefore, without ceremony, introduce them to

THE EDITORIAL CLOSET.—No. I.

SCENE.—*The Library at Nestor House—A table covered with books and papers, at which the* PRESIDENT, DR. PLODDEM, LIEUTENANT SIROC, BEAU COURTLY, *and* MR. PLACID *are discovered sitting.—Time—Night.*

NESTOR.

Well, gentlemen, are you fully resolved to venture on the publication of a monthly periodical in Berwick?—

MR. PLACID.

On that point, I believe, we are all agreed. Several questions, however, suggest themselves, to which I solicit attention.—What shall be the name of the Magazine? Can we calculate on a sufficiency of interesting matter? Will the public support us? And do we not expose ourselves to the critical disposition of the adjoining city?

SIROC.

Questions all very prudent I admit. As for the name, and the matter, and the public—I leave them to wiser heads; but as for the small craft which ye honour with the appellation of critics, why, blow me, I'll undertake to convert the divisible frame of the Beau there, into a few twenty-four pounders, and with a tolerable broadside, send the entire crews of 'em piping to Davy Jones' locker—blow me.

COURTLY.

A pretty considerable piece of humour, I calculate—notwithstanding which my feelings will not allow me to accept the substantial part of the compliment. Nevertheless, what would the Lieutenant think, if his own fiery composition were reduced to the same destructive articles:—they would indubitably succeed more effectually in warming the jackets of the enemy, partaking, as they did, of the qualities of the original gross lump, which is naturally and unalterably red hot.

SIROC.

Why, thou land-lubber of an impolitic Admiral—pardon my warmth—would'st thou expend thy best and deadliest ammunition on a few canoes manned with half-starved and illiterate savages?

NESTOR.

I beg to remind you, gentlemen, that we wander from the business of the night, and that the Lieutenant and the Beau unfortunately never fail to carry on hostilities till the rest of the company are dead—asleep.—Dr. Ploddem, you have the list of names which were concocted at a private meeting—be pleased to read them.

DR. PLODDEM.

[*Adjusting his spectacles, and then reading.*]

"Tweed Visitor"-"Berwick Magazine"—"Tweedside Remembrancer"—"Tweedside Repository and Border Record:"—Now, for my part, I would discard the two first as utterly insignificant;—*Berwick* is hackneyed, and in the mouth of every one from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, nor do I perceive any meaning that can be attached to *Visitor*;—it is too trifling for the character of the work, to which the energies of so much talent are to be devoted. Then comes *The Tweedside Remembrancer*—a regular jaw-breaker for country subscribers, and fit only for a love-gift. Shall I draw the pen across it?

SIROC.

Beau! That was the product of your creative fancy—hast not a word to say, man, in behalf of the Remembrancer?

COURTLY.

[*Rising slowly.*] It strikes me, Doctor, that you'll not readily discover a more becoming title. Remembrancer!—What a world of holy thoughts and feelings are allied to that magic name!—Gentlemen, the success of the *Tweedside Remembrancer* would be certain. There is not a corner of the habitable globe, which does not count among its immortal tenants some of those who first breathed the breath of life on the green banks

'Of Tweed's fair river broad and deep;'—

let the words, then, but meet the eye or sound in the ear of the exile from the home of his love and his happiness, and gladly would he tender a moiety of his earnings in exchange for a work, which acted as a spell, and conjured up from the regions of the past the joys and the sorrows that chequered his young days. Yes—apart from the intrinsic merits of the literary contributions, the very title would carry the Tweedside Remembrancer to every village of Europe, to every city and empire of the earth—and the rising generations of posterity would lisp with accents of gratitude and delight the honoured names of Nestor and Placid, Ploddem and Siroc, and—

SIROC.

Master Matthew Courtly—Bravo! Bravo! my boy—spoken stoutly.

DR. PLODDEM.

What Master Matthew Courtly has delivered is all very well, and bears reason on the face of it; and though preferable to the last mentioned, which is a double title, that just advocated still lies open to the objection of *lengthiness.*

MR. PLACID.

The chief object in the matter before us should be *simplicity*—an object which, I think, may be gained without sacrificing *comprehensiveness*. I would, accordingly, propose—THE BORDER MAGAZINE, as being equally distant from pomposity and silliness, and quite intelligible to every class of readers, into whose possession the work may fall.

NESTOR.

You have anticipated me by that proposal. It is excellent. Dissentients—stand!——*(The Beau alone rises, and hurriedly resumes his seat; grumbles audibly.)*

SIROC.

Matthew, my dear fellow, pocket the disappointment, and be easy. ——*(Enter Jemmy, bowing and breathless—his face disfigured with mud, and his whole exterior betokening some direful calamity.)*

NESTOR.

James—James—what has befallen you? Have you seen Mr. Cameron?

DABBLE.

Ou, aye: I hae seen him, an' were it no that I dinna but like to ser you, Sir, I wadna turn my face doon his lang dark entery again, for ony considerashin whatsomever. My certy! ye needna sit daffin there, Mr. Coortly, for confoun' me gin I can bear to be lauchin at; an' besides, ye're no sensible o' the mishap I hae met wi' on my way to Mr. Cawmeron's office this nicht. Only wutness my knee-breeks, an' the flaps o' my speck-an'-span-new waist-coat; saw ye ever ony thing dirtit like them?—they'll no dicht ava', an' I doot it will tak a' the sape and potashees in the toon to mak them look purpose like, Sir, after the abominable glaurin' whilk they hae gotten.

NESTOR.

Don't despair, my good Dabble. Your unmentionables can undergo a renovation to-morrow; and as for your vest, I am pretty certain you will find it's fellow in my ward-robe. But how, in the name of wonder, came you to such mishap?

DABBLE.

In gude truth, Sir, its mirawculous that I haena gittin my een pitten out, for sure aneuch never was ony cretur nearer blindit. Hech! I'm geyan like to fent; I wad thank ye, Sir, for a moothfu' out o' the jug (*drinks*). That's capital drink!—(*smacks his lips*). Weel, ye see, as I was rinnin doun the prenter's wynd wi' a' my birr, what sud I dae but fa' a' my lang length out owre a tub o' keppit washin-water, whilk stood like anither man-trap, set by Clootie's sel, i' the darkest nuek o' a' the entery. I was wat frae tap to tae; nor had I time to say, losh preserve me, till out comes an auld canker'd carlin' frae the doonermaist house o' the close, wi' the dowp o' a cannel in her haund, wha nae sooner saw me than she darted to the gutter, harled a neifu' o' glaur thegither, an' clash'd it i' my face. I thocht

I wad hae been chokit wi' the stuff; and fac as death, Sirs, had she no been a puir feckless wunnel-strae o' a body, as sure as my name's Jeemes Dabble, I wad hae knocket her doon, an' left her spreulin' on the spat.

NESTOR.

I heartily pity your misfortune, James;—a bottle of Brown Stout will perhaps restore you.—Has Mr. Cameron come with you?

DABBLE.

I left him below to tak the dirt aff his shoon—that's him.—*(A tap is heard at the door—James exit—and enter Mr. Cameron.)*

NESTOR.

Mr. Cameron, be seated. We have sent for you for the purpose of asking your opinion respecting the publication of a Magazine—to be issued in monthly numbers at one shilling each. Our object is to ascertain the sum you charge for printing, and how far you can assure us of the public support.

MR. CAMERON.

[*Reflecting.*]—Presuming that you would not require a less quantity than ten thousand copies per month, I think, at a rough guess, a hundred and eighty pounds would remunerate me, and leave you ample funds to pay correspondents, besides a moiety for your own labours.

SIROC.

A hundred and eighty pounds!—Zounds! That money would go a great way towards the purchase of a neat frigate.

COURTLY.

Lieutenant Siroc should not forget that he is fast fading into the melancholy hue of the "sere and yellow leaf," and he might not show himself reluctant to hazard a speculation, which promises to preserve his name to future ages, not only as a brave defender of his King and country, but also as a man of genius, who, amid the turmoils of a maritime life, found leisure to cultivate the talents with which his Maker had entrusted him, and to fit himself alike for the polished circle and the social feast of intellectuality.

SIROC.

True—true—Beau;—my youngest blood has been shed, and the strength of a vigorous arm has been exerted, in punishing insults offered to British dignity, and in repelling the invader from our shores;—a few gales more on the ocean of life, and the voyage will be over. I care not, lad, if I risk the fifth of a hundred and eighty; appoint a day for the launch, and I'm at your service.

MR. PLACID.

Mr. Cameron, do you not think your estimate of the literary character of our town too high? The population, including the liberties of Berwick and the parish of Tweedmouth, does not exceed fifteen thousand.

MR. CAMERON.

I proceed, Sir, on the supposition, that one-third of that number will read the Magazine, and five thousand will scarcely be adequate to the demand about the Borders and in Foreign parts.

NESTOR.

Gentlemen, I would recommend to you to confide unhesitatingly in Mr. Cameron's discretion. By the sale of the first Number we shall be enabled to regulate that of the rest; and the printing expences, I am certain, will not exceed moderation. We can discuss particulars at supper. Do you agree? *(They nod assent—Nestor rings the bell, and Dabble immediately makes his appearance.)*

DABBLE.

I was just comin' to bring a complent against your new lass, Maister—she's a perfect misert, and winna gie me the bottle you ordered: sma' beer, she says, is gude eneugh for me, and she was fit to worry me, because I ate the wee bit fool that was left frae denner, and twa or three o' the baker's baps, that ye might squeeze into a nutshell.

NESTOR.

Sirrah, I anticipated a portion of that fowl to-night—Did you add no other provocation?

DABBLE.

I dinna weel ken what ye ca' provocashin—I just thocht a wee drap o' Glenleevet wad na' be improper to keep out the cauld—

COURTLY.

So—you thought you might overstep your orders:—and did you not tell me, you were acting up to the principle of the Temperance Society, although you had not lent your name to the cause? Fie, James, to break your

> ———'oath and resolution, like
> A twist of rotten silk!'———

DABBLE.

Hoot, Sir, the Temperance Society dis na' forbid a glass, when it'll do a body gude. Na! na! Mr. Ainshlie tell't me that.

NESTOR.

I fear you will never be persuaded that any quantity will do you harm.—Tell John to have supper on the table in five minutes, and in future let me hear no complaints similar to the present. *(Dabble retires.)*

DR. PLODDEM.

I am a friend of *temperance,* but not of *abstinence,* and shall be happy to enter the lists and try my prowess with you, *Nat,* and the

Beau on a future occasion;—I look to the *Lieutenant* for aid, and let *Mr. Placid* be umpire.

SIROC.

Deprive me of my grog, and you take my life, because you take the means of life—I speak from experience. About five and thirty years ago I was cast upon a desert island, where the bravest set of men that ever paced a quarter-deck and myself tasted only a few shell-fish during fourteen days, and drank nothing but salt water. On the fifteenth morning, when all were laid on their beam ends, saving your servant, a cask of rum, from the wreck, hove in sight, and by favour of wind and tide reached the shore. I got it landed in safety, though my bones were cutting my jacket, and having cheered my drooping spirits with a shell-full, I hastened to the relief of my dying comrades. Some of them had slipped their cables, and the rum——

COURTLY.

I beg pardon for interrupting you, my dear Siroc, but as your story seems to be long and interesting, you had better reserve it till after supper.

SIROC.

With all my heart.—

DR. PLODDEM.

Before adjourning, I may intimate that my letters to the principal writers of the day have met with a most favourable reception, and ere the lapse of many weeks, you may expect to see this good oaken table loaded with manuscripts. It is exceedingly to be regretted, that the Lion of Abbotsford is so much reduced by the infirmities of age and the effects of a laborious life as to be forced to seek relief under a milder sky. Blackwood, however, is to extend his generosity to us; and my excellent friend North, whose wonderfully varied powers have excited the admiration of the world, will not be backward to encourage our enterprise. In short, our endeavours will be seconded by the ablest minds in the three kingdoms. Mat, you volunteered to visit the Shepherd; have you performed your promise?

COURTLY.

I have deputed a friend of mine to do so for me, and will be able to lay the results before you prior to our next meeting.

NESTOR.

I hear the welcome sound of the supper-bell. I would merely express a hope, in conclusion, that the readers of the Border Magazine will suspend judgment for a time, since, while No. I. will undoubtedly contain much to deserve approbation, the arrangement and selection of materials cannot possibly partake of that judiciousness and variety, which experience will provide for subsequent exhibitions.—(*Exeunt omnes.*)

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

By Della Crusca.

I.

Isle of the never dying dead!
Across the ocean wave,
My fancy on the booming wind
Has sought Napoleon's grave!
And well it loves thy sullen shore,
For there the spirit pass'd
From him who fill'd this under world
With terror to the last.

II.

The regal bird careering
Upon yon cloud-plumed height,
Comes hither with his glance of fire
To fold his wings by night:—
And meet it is the vast and lone
Of nature's scenes should be
The burial place of *him* who lies
Amid the shouting sea!

III.

Dust of the mighty! on this rock
Doth glory's star illume
The harsh eternal solitude,
That broodeth o'er thy tomb;
For thou hast given to time a fame
That will not pass away,
And thy great memory on her brow
Is writ in blood for aye.

IV.

The grisly war-fiend bareth not
The sword to follow now
Thine eagles to the lightnings' home
Upon the Alps' wild brow;—
Fled is the haughty soul that grasp'd
The diadem of Gaul;
But deep within her vallies yet
She mourns her hero's fall!—

V.

Ha! was it while ambition told
Her deeds of daring still,
That destiny appeared to crouch
Submissive to thy will?
And didst thou dream that God's fair world,
To which thou wast allied,
Would place her neck beneath thy feet—
A footstool for thy pride?—

VI.

But thou art silent! Never more
  Can thy proud bugles' strain
Strike through the heart that drank the shouts
  Of victory again.
'Tis the Archangel's trumpet note,
  Whose peeling—loud and deep—
Must rouse the thunderer of the earth
  From death's dark dreamless sleep!

VII.

Will glory wait thee *then*, before
  The Holy One and Just,
When millions, trodden by the hoof
  Of battle to the dust,
Burst from the breach and carnaged plain
  Where war's mad brunt was borne,
And hail the exiled homicide
  On doomsday's blasting morn!

VIII.

Immortal! rest thee! 'tis not meet
  This hand should tear away
The veil which death has thrown around
  The cold and coffined clay—
Thy God—not man—must judge the heart,
  And lay thine actions bare:
And, O, before His great white throne,
  May'st thou find mercy there.

◆

PERSONS, PLACES, AND THINGS.—No. I.

Being Selections from the Diary of a Tourist;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDWIN,"—"THE REIGN OF TERROR,"—
"LETTERS TO DR. SOUTHEY," &c. &c.

'The eye upon the heart would brood,
—A heart by every scene impressed,
  And feelings of an earlier mood,
Would dwell in softness on the breast,
  Like lights and shadows on the lake,
Whose waters still remain the same,
  Yet seem each transient hue to take,
While pure as when those shadows came.'

EVERETT.

IT was the eve of Saint Mark's day, when the town of Alnwick was reached. The White Swan was, of course, the Inn to which a traveller would naturally direct his steps, being the "*Head;*" and yet, strange as it may seem, for the county town of Northumberland, it did not carry its head higher than a single story above the ground floor. But what it wanted in height, it added in width; it was sufficiently large for the business of the place; and was a complete *multum in parvo,* compared with many of the large Inns in the Metropolis and elsewhere. Thomas Liddel—for that was the name of the ostler, who resembled the building for height, was attentive to the horse;—Robert Thompson, more like the master of the house than the waiter, took care to adorn and enrich the table;—and Mrs. Wilson, good lady, like a portly folio, had bound up in the pages of her heart, the whole of the kindly feeling and attention comprised in the endearing appellation of—MOTHER. Of the names of these personages, there can be no more doubt than of their existence. A reference to the Pocket Companion, always carried about with me, and headed with the comprehensive sentence, "Persons, places, and things," is a security against error. Here all first impressions are entered, as they come burning from the brain, and afterwards elaborated as occasion requires.

After reposing the limbs, and taking a comfortable cup of tea, some of the principal streets were perambulated. On coming to the market-place, which formed a spacious square in the centre of the town, a concourse of people were perceived, of both sexes, and of all ages, from nearly the first spoke in the ladder of life to the last. Having the organ of Inquisitiveness largely developed—and this, be it observed, was long before the faculty was either thought of or manufactured by Phrenologists—an enquiry was naturally instituted into the occasion which brought them together, and which was as satisfactorily answered. But before the occasion is noticed, it may be further remarked, that this said faculty of Inquisitiveness was so lively during this tour, that it rarely ever slept—that, on the slightest intimation of any thing at hand, it would have instantly risen from the organ in which it was seated—looked out at the window of the eye—gone from thence to the loop-hole of the ear—and, if still dissatisfied, would have descended the circular staircase, and sallying out at the door of the lips, would have exclaimed, "What is to be done now?" Such was the case here. So much for the truth of Phrenology!—"ASCERTAINED," of course!

To proceed; Mr. Thomas Twaddle, a worthy knight of the thimble, as was afterwards learned, was the person to whom the question was proposed. This gentleman belonged to the corporate body, and was a fair specimen of the British Constitution, which he took every legal means to support, by good eating and drinking. His hat was the very "tip of fashion," as old fashions went in those days with a few of the ancients of the town. It was turned up on three sides, as if each corner had been sent a star-gazing, or had been intended to answer the purpose of a water-spout, in order to conduct the skirts of a shower of rain to the bottom of the brim, and there form a kind of moat round the head, to protect the brain from all feverish attacks from without, as well as to enable it to vegetate within by preserving it in a state of moisture. The hat, thus looking in three directions at one and the same moment, was mounted on a large bush wig—an emblem of the solidity, profusion, and magnificence of the times—and would be sufficient to convert a man, with a proboscis like that of the Duke of Wellington, into an owl of the night. With Mr. Twaddle, it was far otherwise; he had a round, full face, with a set of regular features. A single breasted coat, with the front covering about two thirds of the abdominal regions, swept down either side in a half circle,—the waistcoat, meanwhile, flapped at the pockets, and exhibiting the same graceful curviture towards the bottom, with a slight display of white linen, looking out from between the nethermost button of the self-same waistcoat, and the waistband of the inexpressibles. Braces were unnecessary. A pair of large buckles, doctored by poor old "Davy the Buckle-mender," adorned his feet. Every other part of the costume was in character. He had a tolerable stock of low anecdote—a little humour—but was bankrupt in wit. To this *remnant* of the preceding century, I addressed myself,

"Allow me to ask you, Sir, the occasion of this apparent tumult?"

"Why, Sir," returned the man of the goose—hawking the letter *r* up the windpipe like the croaking of a rook, abridging almost every word that came in his way, plaintively singing out some of the vowels like the more affecting notes of a funeral dirge, and whose pronunciation it would be as difficult to pen as it would be in every instance for a stranger to understand—"Why, Sir," said he, "this is the eve of St. Mark's day."

"I am not to infer from thence, Sir, that these are his followers," I returned, "and that they are rendering homage to his saintly virtues?"

"You are a stranger, I perceive," was the reply, "and have to be informed, that the chamberlains and common council are now meeting in the town-hall, where persons qualified to become free burgesses are in attendance. After the candidates discharge the usual demands, and take the oaths, they then quit the hall, and parade the streets with the best music the town can afford, closing the scene with a friendly bowl of punch, at the separate public houses they select for the occasion. But," added he, "to-morrow will be the day!"

"And pray, Sir," I enquired, "what of to-morrow?"

"Why, Sir," was rejoined, "the young freemen will have to go through the well."

"*Past* it, Sir, I suppose you mean."

"No, Sir, *through* it," said Mr. Twaddle sharply; "otherwise, no freelidge." He then proceeded to give me a brief view of the proceedings of the day; to which I appended, "If the ceremony had taken place on the *first* instead of the twenty-fifth of April, the candidates would have been in danger of being dubbed, what you call in this neighbourhood—*April gowks*.

Resolved to see the ceremony, I enquired whether horses were let out for hire by any person in the town, and was directed to Mr. Hurt-im—an ominous name—a Crispin by trade. "Jackey,"—that being the name by which he was called—was soon found, and pledged himself to let me have one of the *best* of his stud. This son of Crispin was a little active man—full of points—and resided in a house that made some fair promises, not only to shelter him in life, but to be a grave for him in death. His horses had a thorough knowledge of the barest spots of the moor; they were of all colours and dimensions—of all forms, except the beautiful—of all ages, except the young—of all joints, except the straight and supple;—and the "set out" invariably corresponded with the animal. Having placed the trump of praise to his lips, and given a full blast in their favour, as the *best* of the *kind* in the town, I departed to my Inn, supped, slept soundly, and was up betimes in the morning.

Walking out at an early hour, I was surprised to see persons engaged in planting large holly-trees in the front of different houses; but found, on enquiry, that they were so many signals, placed at the doors of the several candidates of the dipping order, to tell their friends to come and make merry. A few ribbons, knotted to some of the higher boughs, floated like pennons in the breeze. At eight o'clock, I hastened, as advised, to the market-place, where I found each chevalier on horseback, provided with a sword, and soon joined by the chamberlains, and officers of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, armed with old halberts, and other instruments of destruction, in rather hudibrastic style, as though great opposition had been anticipated, and they had to fight their way to freedom like some of their forefathers, who had probably wielded the same weapons in the field in the battle of "Chevy Chase." This part of the ceremony having been omitted in the description given by the knight of the thimble, the evening before, the faculty of Inquisitiveness was naturally brought into play: and on asking a gentleman near me, whether they expected to meet an enemy, I received for reply, "O no, Sir,"—the Northumbrian smiling at my simplicity;—"from the frequent inroads of the Borderers in ancient times, it became expedient for the party to be armed; and hence the custom is still observed, though the weapons are now no longer necessary." The gentleman had scarcely concluded his explanatory remarks, when the intended freemen—some of them looking through the haze of a night's hard drinking, being arranged in due order, like a troop of horse, drew—though not without some difficulty—their rusty swords, whose blades had not witnessed the light of heaven since that day twelve months, or gleamed in sunshine for a century or two; and accompanied by no small portion of the inhabitants in carriages, gigs, carts—on horseback and on foot—with music playing, proceeded round part of their extensive domains. The musicians, each mounted on his palfrey—the one scraping a piece of catgut, and the other blowing the snout of a hautboy—were persons who received a salary from the town, and were the principal performers on all public occasions; they were dressed in their uniform, blue turned up with yellow, adorned with a silver plate, with an appropriate device on one of their arms, between the shoulder and the elbow—the head being roofed with a hat similar to that of the remnantist, with this exalted distinction—the brims of each were bound with silver lace. These helps to hilarity were denominated, in the language of the town, "*The Waits.*" In the front of these, a poor idiot, known by the name of *Bobby Daglish*—and in perfect keeping with the ceremony, performed a number of antics, to the great amusement of the children, both old and young.

Agreeably to previous arrangement, I had my horse brought to the market-place. Mr. Hurtim, who was a man of business, and took a pride in seeing his horses dash off from the starting post, was himself in attendance. He was there too, it may be remarked, to meet any objection that might arise from appearances on the part of the horse, and from timidity on the part of the jockey. The animal came to the post like a bear to the stake—one of the apprentices pulling him along, and the master touching—not his buttocks, for they had disappeared—but his bones, with the palm of his hand. Bit and stirrup were both rendered venerable by the rust of years;—the nature of the leather having died a natural death, the reins were gaping with large cracks, as though they would have devoured both horse and rider;—a tuft of wool peeped out from the padding of the saddle, in different directions;—and the animal himself, like a jockey, was fairly sweat down to "catch weight."

"What in the world is this you have brought me!" I exclaimed; "I expected a horse—not the ghost of one."

"One of the finest animals in the world, Sir," replied Mr. Hurtim; "Jick—jick—come up, Sir;—he is a little stiff at first—but he mends as he warms—and he is quite safe."

"Why, Sir, the animal is unfit to undertake a journey from the stable to the trough," said I, not a little chagrined as well as humbled.

"Never fear, Sir—get on—get on, Sir"—rejoined little crispin, who spoke like a watchman's rick—bustling about the horse, the boy, the rider—saddle, bridle, stirrup, and crupband, all at once;—"he went to Morpeth and back again yesterday—a distance of forty miles, without ever turning a hair."

"Have you no other?" was enquired.

"Other, Sir—no—not if you would give a hundred pounds for one," he exclaimed; a little surprised that an objection should be raised to a horse, which had travelled the road so long, and to which he could give such an undeniable character.

There was no alternative; the remainder of the stud were engaged for the "Well." Grasping hold of the mane and of the bridle, in a state of desperation I thrust my foot into the stirrup; and had it not been for the judicious conduct of the wary little man and the boy, who had prudently posted themselves on the opposite side, where they maintained a fair balance by tugging at the stirrup-leather, the animal would certainly have been floored before his time. Whip and spur were immediately held in requisition; and Mr. Hurtim, who always had too much respect for his customers instantly to turn his back upon them, as I afterwards learned, and anxious withal to see the horse safely over the stones, invariably proceeded to the end of the town with the rider. During this stage of the business, he, as was usual with him, accommodated his pace to the animal, walking or trotting agreeably to his ability and humour. Now he would make his advance towards the neck, alternately hitting the horse with the palm of his hand, laying it upon my knee, as if to support his steps, or touching the bridle —then casting a glance at the feet of the one and the face of the other, would endeavour—from the purest motives of trade, no doubt, to ascertain how far safety and temper promised to comport with the length of the journey. In the twinkling of an eye, he would be found in the rear, a few paces from the horse's heels, and taking hold of each side of his leathern apron, would crack and flap it in the air, like a girl shaking carpets, thus endeavouring to inspire him with a little extra spirit—no matter of what kind—and to produce by the crack of the leather what I, as horseman, failed to effect by the crack of the whip. Then in an instant again he would twist the apron, as if in the act of wringing clothes, and taking hold of its upper end, would dexterously contrive, while passing on to his former station, to wind it round the front of the animal's thigh, and touching the inner part, would realize a few inches of real speed. Nothing but encouragement appeared now to be requisite; and like an ostler, employed with the wisp, the curry-comb, or the brush, he ambled on with a half-whistle, ever and anon exchanging the note, for "jick—jick—that's my lad—there he goes—he's off now,"—occasionally instructing me how to guide the rein, how to sit in the saddle, and where, in case of emergency, on the spirits beginning to flag, I might find a tender part, and touch it with advantage. Such kindly attentions could scarcely fail, whatever they might augur, to mollify the feelings that had been excited. If there was any failure, it was not in him, but in the horse, and it would have been hard to visit the one with non-payment, for the defect of the other. The way was now clear; the animal, having passed the usual drill, knew that he was bound to proceed; the stones became less immoveable; instead of remaining motionless, till as much fire was struck out of them as would have illuminated every grate and warmed every hearth in the town, they began to scamper off on every movement of the foot—flying right and left—and giving the appearance of an animal playing at marbles. Jacky—pardon, gentle reader! that is, Mr. Hurtim, seeing the stones, together with every joint of both man and horse, fairly in motion, tipped the brim of his hat, with "Good morning, Sir—a *pleasant* journey to you," and returned to his last and to his apprentices.

I ascended the hill, and on reaching the toll bar, made an abrupt turn to the left. I had scarcely proceeded a mile, when I united myself to some of the hindermost of the pedestrians, who had just entered the main road from the foot path, and contrived to keep pace with them across the moors. Arriving at length at the pond, called the "Freemen's Well," about four miles from the town, I was grateful to find, that out of scores of stumblings, there had not been above two fair falls and three quarters. On dismounting, I stretched and shook myself, in order to replace any joints that might have slipped out of their sockets; and anxiously awaited the appearance of the candidates, in company with their friends and others—the candidates themselves being obliged to go to the full extent of their boundaries, while we had the privilege of taking a nearer cut across the moors. While several were emptying their pockets and their baskets of liquors and other refreshments, I endeavoured to satisfy my curiosity with all that could be seen, I found the "Well" situated at the bottom of a hill, called "Freeman's Hill;" it appeared to be about ten yards long and four broad. Oral enquiry was unnecessary on several subjects. One exclaimed to a person near him, "I'll bet you a guinea, Dick Thompson will be through first:" —a second, "How will the poor old blind man get through?"—a third, "Little Jack Stephenson will get a ducking:" and so on. Striking in with an exclamation, amidst a dozen more, "How dirty the water is!" said I. "And well it may," replied a person at my elbow; "the water," continued he, perceiving me to be a stranger from the remark—"the water is permitted to run off till about a week previous to St. Mark's day, when the chamberlains pay a small sum to the servants of an adjoining farmer to dam it up; but the sly rustics, before they proceed to their duty, take care to dig large holes, build dikes, and fasten straw ropes at the bottom, in order to give the unsuspecting candidates a good drenching; and to beguile the eye from these, they have been engaged this morning, by means of long poles, in raising the mud from the bed of the pond." Just at that moment a general shout was set up, and directing my attention to the place on which every eye was fixed, I saw several persons on horseback leaping over a hedge at the top of the hill. The summit of the rise running on a line with the horizon, rendered the horsemen invisible till they reached the side of the hedge facing the crowd, and produced an effect similar to that of persons shooting from the skies. As these were the candidates, and it was an honour to be first at the Well, the neck of course appeared of minor importance, and down they drove towards us full speed.

Dismounted, they instantly began to strip, and each candidate was soon arrayed in white, with a white cap, ornamented with a bunch of ribbons at the side of it, and but for which coloured appendage the cap might have been indicative, that the neck was about to be stretched, rather than that immersion was at hand. Prior to their proceeding to the edge of the well, the spirits were again exhilarated with a glass of brandy, which, perhaps, would be the less fiery, as it was about to be dipped in water. Being again arranged, not as horse-soldiers, but as light-infantry, the signal was given, and twenty-five in number, as from a "sheep loup," to employ the language of the country, plunged into the pool, and were instantly "over head and ears," amongst mud and filth. The son of the oldest freeman, according to the general rule, had the *honour* of taking the first leap, which was improved by the juniors, some of whom broke their fall by leaping upon his back; and, employing him at the bottom of the pool as a kind of stepping stone, hastened their passage through. The principal part of the pleasure attendant on this part of the ceremony was—that of their seizing each other by the limbs, mounting on each other's shoulders—any thing, in short, to hasten their own and retard the progress of their fellows.

Never did a company of frogs, assailed by a set of idle school boys, occasion greater merriment to the spectators, or work a pond into a greater tempest, than did these ducklings, appearing and disappearing as they made the best of their way through, and plentifully besprinkling the bye-standers, who were pressed towards the verge by the crowds behind, equally anxious to witness the scene with themselves. One circumstance ought to be noticed, as it helped to quicken their diligence on their passage to freedom; on the preceding day—as is not uncommon at that season of the year in the north

—there had fallen a copious shower of hail and sleet; in the night there had been a sharp frost; and although the morning sun had risen upon the scene, and was cresting the eddies of the pool with its light, the weather was nevertheless intensely cold. The old man, who was bald and blind, and had to substitute the cap for the wig, and who, after the neglect of many years, had been compelled by the importunity of his friends to take up his freedom for the sake of his children and grand-children, then witnesses of the ceremony, was led along the edge of the pool by one of his descendants; while the other candidates, on reaching the opposite shore, were assisted out of the puddle by their friends. The "*first out*" was honoured with applause, and the "*last in*" had to content himself with the jokes of the spectators. Recourse was once more had to the bottle to chase away ague and fever; and having put on dry clothes, their spirits were elevated to an uncommon degree. Again on horseback, they were ready to perambulate the remainder of their large common. Not feeling much disposed to accompany them round their boundaries, I took a nearer route across the moors, to give them the meeting, with the rest of the crowd, on their entrance into the town. This indisposition arose out of sheer *tenderness*, not so much *for* Mr. Hurtim's *nag*, as *for myself*, having had a good deal of fine feeling excited by the electrical shocks of his spavined step.

Proceeding at the full *speed* of the animal, I at length overtook an honest tradesman, whose son had just passed through the well, and was ready with his fellows for another washing. The tradesman was mounted on one of the less sprightly of Mr. H's stud; and this accounts for my success in having gained ground on an animal similar in shape to my own. The moment my steed saw the other—for he still had one eye left—he began to neigh and spring forward at the rate of five miles an hour. I could scarcely conceive what had befallen the beast; but on his arrival at the point of attraction, he turned his head towards his old mate with an apparent and deeply sympathetic feeling, as if about to salute him, and moved on straight abreast with him, as in the shafts of a curricle—bidding fair for a "*dead heat*" at the close of the journey. The tradesman looked like "Widow Placid;" he had been accustomed to engage horses at Mr. Hurtim's Livery Stables, and had all the enjoyment he expected; besides, the circumstance of his son being made free, swallowed up all minor considerations; chafing and shaking were mere trifles; his mind was made up for them; and he met them with the fortitude of a man going to be tied to the halberts. The conversation of my companion in travail was a great relief. On enquiring the precise route of the newly-fledged burgesses, he replied, "They have to pass over a considerable extent of country, and during their progress each young freeman is obliged to alight every quarter of a mile, and, taking up a stone, has to place it on a cairn, as a mark of his boundary. This is done till they reach the "Townley Cairn," where the Duke of Northumberland's bailiff reads over the names of the freeholders of Alnwick. Having arrived at a place called the "*Freeman's Gap,*" the young freemen, exulting in their past success, and too often warm with the fumes of cogniac, set off at full speed, over rocks and steep declivities, at the imminent risk of their lives, each striving to acquire the honour of being first at the "Rotten-row-tower, at the entrance of the town." Then, with a burst of tender parental feeling, he added, "I hope my lad will escape harm. I cautioned him this morning against Johnny Wardle's folly, who, while shouting out 'Neck or nothing,' and heedless of his road, precipitated his horse over the edge of a deep gravel pit, and sure enough, broke the neck of the beast, and narrowly saved his own."

"There ought to be good horsemanship among them," I observed. "Poor, indeed, Sir," replied the tradesman: "and what can you expect from a tailor, for instance, who has been pinned to the lapboard from his childhood? Some of the candidates have been known to exercise a month or six weeks before-hand, in order to prepare themselves for the day."

The conversation next took a commercial turn, and lasted till we reached within about half a mile of the town, where, on several natural, with a few artificial mounds, and these again on considerably elevated ground, an immense concourse of people were waiting the appearance of the freemen. The situation was favourable, and could command a view of them at a distance of two miles or upwards. Here I amused myself by surveying the scenery.

Inclining southward, and on a tolerable rise, a low dwelling, called the "Shepherd's House," appeared—the only dwelling, with the exception of the toll-bar-house, visible in that quarter. Further on, were seen some of the decayed posts of the race-course, which, to the great advantage of the inhabitants, was hastening into disuse. The ground, still rising, concealed the remainder of the southern prospect. Turning the horse, with his face towards the east, the well-built town of Alnwick, with its towers, its fine Gothic church, and its castle, had a most imposing effect; the Alne, meanwhile, like a restless pilgrim, meandering down the vale, in a serpentine form, on its route to the German Ocean, which, at a distance of five miles, glistened in the sun, its bosom spotted with beautiful islands, and its cliffy shores adorned with the ruins of Warkworth, Dunstanborough, and Bamborough castles, the last of which was the royal palace of Ida, the first king of Northumberland—not omitting the white-winged vessels, like swans upon the tide, gliding along to and from Berwick, and other ports. Between the town and the sea was a fine natural cliff, crowned with an observatory—the general face of the country being well-cultivated, and thickly set with plantations, embossed in two of which were two monuments—the one being the spot on which Malcolm III. king of Scotland lost his life, while besieging Alnwick castle—and the other where William the Lion, another Scottish Monarch, was taken prisoner in attempting to storm the same noble pile. To the north, the prospect was less extensive, but not less rich and varied. There the large pleasure grounds of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland stretched up the vale, with gravel walks in the sun and in the shade, some of them in a direct line, and others circuitously formed, leading to the rude cascade, or along the side of the murmuring rivulet—the more majestic stream of the Alne pouring its waters down the middle of the valley, its banks being adorned with the remains of two noted abbeys, about two or three miles asunder from each other, the one designated Hulne, the other Alnwick Abbey; the former of which was the first monastery of Carmelite friars, in these kingdoms, founded there because of the similarity of its site to Mount Carmel in Syria. Beyond this British Carmel, the village of Edlingham reared its head, fringed with trees, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a beautiful lake, which spread its surface, like a polished mirror, to the luminary of day. Crossing the Alne to the westward, a path wound up the side of a mountain, which I was informed, displayed at every step, new, extensive, and beautiful views, leading to the tower erected on the Brisley Hill,—a tower from the most elegant design imaginable, finished in the highest style of the masonic art, and in which was a circular staircase, terminating at the top of the column, which is ninety feet in height. Immediately to the west lay an extensive moor, part of the ancient forest of Haydon, variously tinted with the blue-belled heath, the yellow flowered whin, and here and there the stinted hawthorn, whose lower branches were waving with tufts of wool from the backs of the sheep, of which there were great numbers, together with goats, cows, horses, and asses, belonging to the freemen.

The horse beneath me—without a "turned hair," to employ the language of its owner—appeared like a fixture, and might have remained in that immoveable attitude, fit for a draughtsman to sketch upon, had it not been for a general shout, similar to that at the Well, which startled him from a gentle slumber, and recalled my own eye from the tour it was taking across the country;—the infant burgesses were in sight; and if an insurance office for broken necks, legs, and arms, could have been found, perhaps it was never more necessary than at that moment. The ground itself was rough, as has been already hinted, and the tracks, formed by the sheep and horned cattle, while grazing, wound round immense clusters of whins; and some of the riders had rarely been mounted higher than when "set on end" on the tailor's board or cobler's stool, on either of which their masters—even Mr. Hurtim—found it difficult to keep them, much more on horseback, with their heads rolling on their shoulders, and the ground apparently turning round beneath them. The consequence was, that two or three were fairly scattered on the ground, and one was pitched into the midst of a large whin bush, where he sat and sang like a nightingale, till relieved from his situation, each struggle sending the unruly thorns further into the hide. The horses proving the lighter for this mishap, and being accustomed to the road, of course won the day. On the gentlemen of the whin and of the turf, left behind, coming up to their comrades, the young freemen again drew their swords, entered the town in triumph, preceded by the fiddler and hautboyist, and accompanied by an immense concourse of people on horseback and on foot. Having solemnly paraded the streets, the whole of the equestrians entered the castle, where they were entertained with ale at the expence of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Returning from thence, the company dispersed; but the young freemen repaired to the doors of their respective houses, and, around the holly-tree, drank a friendly glass with each other. They then assembled in the market-place, when the scene was closed with a copious bowl of punch, each retiring to his house to dine with his friends.—There is a tradition, that King John made this foolish institution as a perpetual mark of his displeasure, on account of his being thrown from his horse in the bogs of Haydon forest, on his dreadful journey to the north.

THE RACE BETWEEN DEATH AND LIFE;

By John Mackay Wilson.

"Draw round the fire until thy knees
  Impart a singeing smell;
For fitted to make thy heart's blood freeze
  Is the tale I have to tell.

And if the cold sweat from thee fall
  As it rained down my chin,
Thou wilt be lean as a soft snow-ball—
  A piece of melting sin!

No living thing was on the moor,
  Save my old horse and I,—
Its beggar soil had grown so poor—
  The worms did on it die!

The whins were scarce three inches tall,—
  The heath was quite a dwarf!
The thin sick grass seemed nature's pall,—
  A peat moss was her scarf.

A famished lapwing's bones I still
  Could from the road discern,
Yet grasping in its shrivelled bill
  A piece of withered fern.

The sun was setting far behind
  The long and dismal swamp,
When to the horrors of my mind,
  My great toe took the cramp!

And wickedly it up my side
  Did like a palsy stalk—
I found it agony to ride,
  I found it death to walk!

But now before me happily
  A clay-built hovel rose—
Poor—as the ghost of poverty
  Through whose ribs winter blows!

I drew the bridle, and my horse
  Before the door did stop;
I said, my cramp wont be the worse
  Of just—*a little drop.*

I rapped and rapped, and rapped again—
  Roared for a glass of something—
Yea knocked and better knocked—in vain—
  The lone house was a dumb-thing.

I from the stirrup drew each foot,
  Dismounted from the saddle,
With pangs like fire within my boot,
  I to the door did waddle.

I drew the latch; I entered in,
  But could not hear a whisper!
My halting footsteps made a din
  As soft as any lisper!

I looked before, I looked around;
  I heard my own heart beating!—
I stood within the grave of sound!
  And there was no retreating.

My eyes now fell upon the bed!—
  My knees smote one another!—
Upon it—lay a man stone dead
  As my great-great-grandmother!

Affrighted, trembling with dismay,
  I strove the door to close—
And, saw one setting sunbeam play
  Upon the dead man's nose.

I reached my horse, I grasped his mane—
  Heaven knows how e'er I mounted,
I know I tried an hour in vain,
  Had any body counted.

I shut my eyes. The air grew black
  And heavy on my tongue;
Like Fear's High Priest on a pony's back,
  Still to its mane I clung.

The sun went down, and the witch-like stars
  Glimmered with evil light,
As we stumbled on o'er moor and scaurs
  And bog-fires dancing bright.

I looked around—before, behind,
  Was darkness thick as death;
In the solid air the silent wind
  Oppressive held its breath.

Then! then! there burst upon my ear—
  "*Gee-hup! gee-hup! jick! jick!*"—
My bones were palsied o'er with fear,
  My very blood grew thick!

I little wist of such approach—
  The dead man by my side,

Cased in a coffin for a coach
Did on the devil ride!

He passed not by, but grinned on me!
My fear to horror rose,
For still the sunbeam I could see
Upon his thin white nose!

I lashed my horse through blood and bone,
Till whip and spur cried—shame!
But, where it stumbled at a stone,
The devil did the same!

In vain I thought of gaining ground,
"*Gee-hup!*" the dead man cried,
"*Gee-hup! jick! jick!*" and still I found
His coffin by my side!

All night we galloped on abreast,
Until the morning came—
The dead man laughed, wheeled to the west,
And vanished in a flame!

Some said I did the whole suppose,
And to convince me try did—
I wish they'd seen his sun-tipped nose
Upon the moor as I did."

CHURCH-YARD RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

By Mary Warkworth Arabin.

The Church-yard of my native village is situated about a mile from the town. It stands upon a picturesque rising ground, and a clear pastoral stream winds through the valley beneath, thick copses of beech, plane, elder, and elm trees surround it on north, east, and west, rendering its modes of access invisible on the opposite banks. The ruins of a Franciscan monastery moulder in the midst of the tombs, adding a more solemn interest to the scene. I had been several years absent from the neighbourhood, and my first visit, on my return, was to this favourite resort of earlier years. A simple grey stone, consecrated to the "Memory of Emma Mordaunt," first attracted my attention—long, dark, green grass waved mournfully over the grave, and withered leaves were thickly strewn around.—"Alas! sweet Emma," I exclaimed, "and is this all that remains of thee!"

When I first knew Emma Mordaunt, she was the loveliest creature eye ever beheld, buoyant with life and gaiety; her sweet countenance, beaming on all around, diffused that kind of gladness, which we receive from the view or fragrance of a rich and beautiful rose. Her husband, very considerably her senior, was of a vain, selfish character, and prized her as much as was possible for him, but his species of idolatry was truly characteristic, as through the medium of her attractions he arrogated an additional weight to his own consequence.

Her disposition was gentle and docile, accommodating itself to all his humours, and, though the routine of dissipation in which he encouraged her seemed unremitting, there was an attention to domestic order and economy, extraordinary in so fashionable and young a person. Immersed in all the elegant frivolities of life for several years, without one serious thought to counteract their influence, the natural errors of Emma's heart must inevitably have strengthened; yet there was such an unextinguishable sweetness about her, such a willingness to do what was right, as almost to be a convincing proof that, had she been fortunate in her marriage, she might have been as eminent for piety as she was for beauty and elegance. It is woeful as true, that with a heart alive to the gentler sensibilities of human nature, Emma was entirely ignorant of religion. Educated amid the vapid amusements of the army, the first principles had scarcely been impressed, and united at the age of fifteen to a man devoid of every moral feeling—who, in fact, held all religious authority in derision—her superficial life had been passed with scarce even a poetical approximation to the God who made her; but, alas! that period at length approached when this unfortunate young woman was to be practically taught the insufficiency of every useful or brilliant quality, disunited from what alone can soothe every care and allay every anxiety—when she was to be convinced of the fallacy of her former views and opinions, and to be taught that as she had "fed upon ashes," therefore had her heart been turned aside from what only could yield joy and comfort.

A neglected cold accelerated a tendency to consumption, and for three months—deserted by all her former gay associates—did poor Emma linger in the solitary apartment, from which death only was to emancipate her. At first the natural sweetness of her temper, with the aid of novels and romances, beguiled the time; but these resources failed, and she became a prey to all the impatience of an unregulated mind, querulous and inconsistent. Her husband's forbearance was soon exhausted, and his visits of course gradually became more short and unfrequent—the only object always in sight of the fastidious invalid was a cross, ill-looking woman, whose harsh voice and disobliging temper were in keeping with her face. I can never forget the gloom of that lonely chamber, when, for the last time, little anticipating the event, I visited the cottage. There, extended upon a bed, pale and emaciated, but still pre-eminently lovely, lay poor Emma, whose loud and disturbed breathings scarcely left her power to articulate; a November's sun shone brightly in at the half closed window shutters, lending an unnatural gleam to the file of full and empty phials ranged on the chimney-piece, and disclosed to full view the room and furniture covered with thick dust—while a few live ashes, at the bottom of a rusty grate, added to the suffocating atmosphere of the apartment.

I was so overpowered by the combined desolations as scarcely to be able to utter a cheering salutation. "You find me changed," faintly responded she, not even attempting a smile; "no wonder—I have scarcely moved from this spot these three months, and that is a long time for so volatile a being like me." Her large blue eyes were still bright; but a wild, mournful expression had taken the place of their former sweetness, yet with a sad tenacity to her former trains of thought, they wandered rapidly over the fashionable dress I happened to wear, till tired and exhausted, she closed them with a dissatisfied sigh—"Where have you been, and what have you been doing all this time?" cried she after a short pause—"come, tell me all, and try to make me laugh at some merry stories; I don't think I can laugh now, for I see nothing but dismals after dismals; first comes Ellen with her grim face, then Mordaunt with his long lack-a-daisiacal countenance, ten times more solemn than ever—they never think I should be amused and forget myself, and all about myself just now."—She stopped exhausted with rapidity of utterance—as if expecting my compliance with her request—but vain was my endeavour to accede to it. I could not attempt to amuse or to speak lightly of any mixture of "earth's mould" to a being evidently quivering on the brink of immortality. "There now," continued she pettishly, "your face is as grave as any of theirs; do now, be good, and smile as you used to do"—at the same time attempting one herself—ah! how different from those smiles I *had* seen irradiating her countenance, so ghastly, rigid, and unearthly as to make my blood run cold. Too observing not to see the effect of her smile upon me, she continued in a different tone, "I see you think I am dying; now, though I would fain persuade myself it is nothing but weakness, yet I know weakness would ere now have been overcome by time and remedies, and it will too surely be death at last; but—do not I linger long?" whispered she rapidly—"so long, that they are all tired of me, Mordaunt and all; did you think Mordaunt would ever tire of me, when he loved me so much formerly? then you know I was gay and handsome, and he was vain of me; yes, vain of me—poor, frivolous fool that I was, he cannot be proud of me now—and now, now do I bitterly feel—if the beginning of life be vanity, the end must be vexation of spirit." Her pale expansive forehead was now saturated with the damp dews of death—handkerchief after handkerchief was applied, yet still the cold moisture poured down her cheek: as with a restless longing for light and air, she desired the curtains of the bed to be put up, and the window shutters to be quite unclosed, and then to be taken from bed to an adjoining sofa. When they were lifting her from bed, her eyes caught a glimpse of two holyhocks growing in front of the cottage, whose majestic heads in the full glow of their flaunting beauty reached her chamber window—"Oh yes," cried she almost bitterly—"I planted these flowers—they bloom though I fade—and they will flourish when I am withered and gone."—The change refreshed her, and as if to encourage the increased cheerfulness, she asked me to read some novel aloud to her; shocked as I was at such a request, under existing circumstances I dared not contradict her fancy, and the Abbot was the first I opened; an allusion to death, however, occurring in the course of a few sentences, she hastily desired me to lay it aside. Some others were tried successively—all could not satisfy the cravings of the poor sufferer, and I was hesitating whether or not to suggest some portion of Scripture, when her husband entered the apartment. Hasty enquiries, careless condolements, and indifferent replies were all the attentions he could now bestow upon his faded wife; he remained a short time, but when he was about to leave the room, she begged he would stay a little longer—"For you know," added she fondly, "Mrs. ——— has seen us so happy together." "Pugh, pugh, nonsense, girl," was all his reply as he hurried away. This indifference even to the mention of former times, which might have awakened, at least, a temporary interest, was too much for the irritable state of poor Emma's nerves; the immediate effect was a violent attack of suffocation, at every interval of which she cried, or rather screamed out, "Oh! I am dying"—while her eyes glared fearfully round, as if expecting to see some dark embodiment—"Oh! pray for me," supplicated she, clinging round my neck, "pray for me, for I cannot, dare not, pray for myself; in happiness I forgot my God, and it is but right he should now forget me;—I feel, I feel at my heart, that he rejects me for ever—Oh! can you keep me from dying"—cried she more wildly—"My legs and feet are quite cold —death will soon grasp my heart, and where will my soul be?—Oh! down—down—down—like the rich man's that I read of at school." "Hope for mercy through Christ," I gently whispered—"He died for the very chief of sinners." "But," responded she, in a low intermitting voice, "did he die for those who only knew they had been the chief of sinners on the bed of death—who had no time left to prove that they knew they were sinners? Oh, no—no—no—there is mercy, but not weakness in the judgment of God, and for me there is no Saviour, for me there is no hope." Her wild plaints at length gradually stilled—her agonized writhings relaxed, and she suffered herself to be laid in bed, when she immediately fell into a profound sleep. The yellow gleam of a November's setting sun was breaking on the pale face of the invalid, as she uncloised her eyes after a few hours of unrefreshing slumber; her glazed eyes no longer seemed to distinguish the objects around; the portentous rattle was in her throat, and the change which always precedes death was on her countenance. She lay quiet for about an hour, her lips being touched occasionally by a little wine; no movement testified the slightest recognition.—Then gently murmuring—"Mordaunt, are you there? —*Oh!* Mordaunt, come to me"—she turned her head aside—and we discovered her spirit had fled for ever.

BELISARIUS;

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIES OF THE MIND,"—"METRICAL ESSAYS," &c.

A RINGING sound of war,
  A breath of woe and fear;
The steady march of mailed hosts,
  Swells, tide-like, on the ear!—

The distant banners float
  In many a gorgeous line;

The dazzling gleam of warlike spears
  Sends back the clear sunshine.

The lovely morning hour—
  The blue, majestic day—
The star illumined night—
  Have hailed them on their way!

Colossal trees are rent—
  As by a tempest's wrath;
The noblest things are mark'd for death,
  That bar their onward path!—

Hark to the burst of war!—
  The rival armies meet;—
Bright swords are flashing far—
  Sharp arrows hissing fleet:—

Hark to the burst of war!—
  To the wild, unearthly cheers;
To the rush of hostile feet—
  To the iron clang of spears!

On flash the Vándal swords,
  Against the Roman targe;
The Massagetæ bound
  Like leopards, to the charge!—

They faint—they yield—they flee!—
  The Vandal reign is o'er!—
It's star of fame hath set
  In a midnight sea of gore!—

Open thine ancient gates,—
  Proud Carthage—open free!—
Sing ye for freedom won!—
  Shout!—shout for victory!

A SCENE IN ITALY;

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF LEITH,"—"PERKIN WARBECK," &c.

On the high road leading from Verona to Venice, and at the distance of about twenty miles from the former place, the traveller suddenly finds himself on the brink of a deep and romantic dell or ravine, thickly wooded to the very edge of the road by which it is intersected, and flanked on each side by two huge ramparts of grey precipitous rock, over one of which, and near the centre, tumbles a beautiful, though narrow sheet of water, filling the whole valley with its loud, solitary, but mellifluous sound—the very waterfalls of Italy seeming, at least to an imagination a little excited by the sunny skies and voluptuous scenery of that delightful country, to possess a softer cadence than those of other lands. It will not be, however, without some sensations of rather an unpleasant kind, that the traveller, if he has had his mind previously well stored with the horrors of the "Castle of Otranto," the "Black Forest," the "Italian Banditti," &c. will find himself descending into the gloomy depths of the romantic valley which we have been attempting to describe. In these circumstances, a dread of his personal safety will absorb all other considerations. In vain for him does the little river, which forms the cascade of the valley, pour over the high jutting rocks its unbroken sheet of living waters. In vain for him does the fragrance of myriads of gorgeous flowers and aromatic shrubs float around him. Heedless of, and insensible to all, he leans back in his carriage, musing on certain appropriate passages in the works which we have just named, and occasionally stooping cautiously forward, to peep first out of the left, and then the right hand window of his vehicle—not to catch a glimpse of the scenery through which he is rapidly passing—but to see that his disturbed imaginings are not in the way of being substantiated by the appearance of some ferocious looking brigands—and indeed not unfrequently mistaking, in the extreme susceptibility of his faculties, a stunted tree for one of these dreaded beings—and not less frequently, in all the confidence of despair, setting down the projecting end of a withered branch for the muzzle of a levelled carbine. But in good truth, had our imaginary traveller or any other been passing through the ravine, of which we have been speaking, at the precise period to which our story refers—the latter end of the year 1804—he would find all his worst apprehensions, on the subject of Italian banditti, fully and fearfully realized. At about the distance of a hundred yards from the road alluded to, and where it passed through the deepest and narrowest part of the valley, from ten to fifteen of these lawless ruffians lay concealed one evening in the beginning of October, in the year which we have named. The spot which the brigands occupied was a small open space of about twenty yards in circumference, situated in the midst of the thick underwood which lined the eastern side of the ravine. Here, reclining listlessly on the soft green verdure with which this little arena was spread, they seemed to be awaiting the arrival of some object of plunder, and their arrangements with this view were made with all the caution and cunning of long experience in their perilous trade. At either end of the ravine one of their number was stationed to give intimation of approaching travellers, these outposts taking care to place themselves in such a situation as should enable them to command a pretty extensive view of the road, before it descended into the valley—in the centre of which again, and immediately in front of the bandits' bivouac, a third brigand was placed in the garb of a mendicant—and so perfect was the deception in every particular—in manner and dress—that it was impossible for any merely passing traveller to detect in the whining and apparently mutilated wretch before him, a hale and stalworth brigand. The special duty of this person was to throw himself upon his knees in the middle of the road on the approach of a carriage, and to bawl out for charity for the love of God and the blessed Virgin, thus arresting the progress of the vehicle until his associates, already warned by a whistle from one or other of the bandits stationed at the end of the ravine, should rush upon the luckless travellers. To return to the main body of the brigands—they lay extended upon the grass-plot, and the scene which the place, thus occupied, exhibited, may not be unworthy of a moment's contemplation. Dressed in a sort of rude uniform, consisting of short jerkins, high conical hats, and half boots, with each a broad black belt around his middle, reclined upwards of a dozen sallow ferocious-looking men, all armed to the teeth; each, besides the carbine deposited near him on the grass, having a large naked knife or dagger, a short sabre, and a pair of pistols stuck into the black belt with which he was begirt. The greater number were stretched on their bellies, listlessly plaiting blades of grass, or cutting out figures in the turf with their knives, and maintaining the while an abrupt, gruff, and desultory conversation with each other. There was one of their number, however, who did not participate in the rest which the others were enjoying, or take any share in the rude *badinage* in which they were indulging. With his arms folded on his breast, and seemingly wrapt in deep thought, he continued pacing up and down the little arena occupied by his associates—keeping his eyes constantly bent on the ground, as he passed to and fro, apparently altogether unconscious of the presence of those by whom he was surrounded.

He was of less stature, and of a less muscular frame than any one of his companions, but there was an air of *hauteur* and resolution in his manner and in his every motion—an expression of determination in his compressed lips, and of unrelenting untameable ferocity in his dark scowling eye, which sufficiently showed, that he stood not in need of any superior physical powers to attain a situation of authority and command amongst his compeers. His bold and indomitable spirit was sufficient alone to raise him above his fellows, and this it had done. His dress differed but little either in form or quality from the others. In the description of his arms, however, there was a marked distinction—in these he seemed to have been more than ordinarily curious. His carbine was of the most beautiful material and workmanship, the stock being richly and elegantly inlaid with silver work, a massive plate of the same metal encasing the butt. His pistols, sword and dagger were all in keeping with this splendid weapon, being each ornamented after their different fashions in the most costly and tasteful manner. The pride and pleasure which the brigand-chief—for he of whom we speak was no other than the celebrated Fra' Diavolo, the terror of Italy, the leading robber and murderer of his day—took in his arms, was conspicuously evinced by his pausing every now and then, and occupying the intervals which occurred in his reveries in rubbing up, with his sleeve, the ornamented parts of his carbine, or passing it alongst the barrel to clear it from moisture, an operation which, however often it might be repeated, he always concluded by a close and careful scrutiny of the lock. With this description of the banditti and their leader, we shall now proceed to the details which belong to the scene we have opened. "Half-past five—" said Diavolo, laying a fierce emphasis on the last word, and setting his teeth firmly together as he pronounced it—after glancing at a superb gold watch, how obtained the reader may guess, which he had with some difficulty extracted from a concealment about his person—"Half-past five," he exclaimed, having suddenly stopped his rapid locomotion to ascertain the hour, "and no signal; they should have been here an hour since. By the holy cross," he added, in a muttering tone, "if the fellow has played me false, he shall sup one of these nights on six inches of Fra' Diavolo's cold iron, and that he might have known." This was spoken rather by way of soliloquy than as if meant for the ear of any second party, and as such it was understood by his associates, none of whom made any remark in reply. The angry exclamation of their chief, however, had the effect of instantly putting an end to the coarse jests which they had just been bandying about from one to another. Ruthless and fierce as they themselves were, they yet quailed beneath the scowl of their still fiercer and more ruthless leader. "Cozzo!" exclaimed the haughty bandit, with an air of authority and impatience, "run to the eastern end of the valley, and see that thy heavy-headed brother hasn't fallen asleep at his post. If he *has*," added Diavolo, grinding his teeth, and pronouncing the latter words with the slow deliberation of suppressed wrath, laying his hand at the same time on the hilt of his dagger or knife, as if to complete the sentence, in which he now abruptly stopped short. "There are heavier heads here than Castello's, and there are those amongst us that carry them higher without a better right," replied, in a sulky tone, the bandit whom Diavolo had named, and who now slowly and doggedly rose to his feet to execute the commands of his captain. "Dost rebel, hound, against my authority?"—exclaimed the furious chief, his swarthy countenance darkening with rage, and the whole ferocity of his nature flashing from his kindling eye—"Dost rebel, hound, against the authority of thy chosen and appointed captain?" and the lock of Diavolo's carbine was heard to click as he spoke. "Chosen and appointed captain—hum," muttered Cozzo, repeating contemptuously, though in a low and suppressed tone, the words of his leader. Not another syllable passed. Diavolo made no reply. He raised his carbine to his eye for an instant—fired, and the unfortunate contemner of his authority tumbled lifeless amongst the bushes through which he had just begun to force his way, in order to perform the duty appointed to him.

Appalled, much as they were accustomed to murder and bloodshed, by this cruel and summary proceeding of their leader's, the whole band now started to their feet, and for a moment there was an evident disposition to revenge the death of their comrade; more than one scowling look was fixed upon Diavolo, and more than one threat muttered against him, whilst several carbines were seized with the fierce and hasty grasp which indicates that they are about to be used. Diavolo saw the predicament in which he stood, but he made no attempt to extricate himself by apology or explanation. Planting the butt of his carbine forcibly on the ground, he leant on the muzzle, and surveyed, for an instant, with a look at once of enquiry and defiance, the dark countenances around him, as if to ascertain what was the feeling towards him:—perceiving that it was hostile—"So, so"—he said, with a contemptuous smile, but without changing his position,—"You mean to send me after Cozzo, do you? you think I have done wrong, and that you yourselves will do right in sending half-a-dozen bullets or so through my body. Be it so. Come, Marcaria," he said, addressing one, "I saved you from the gallows—you ought to fire first; or you, Bozzolo," looking at another; "I rescued you at the hazard of my own life from a party of Sberri, who were dragging you to the same fate; your right, therefore, is equally good to have the first shot at me; and so is yours, Reggio," he said, addressing a third. "I once struck down a musket which was levelled at your breast, and then the soldier to which it belonged."——

At this moment the long expected whistle rung shrill through the valley, and was repeated by a thousand echoes from the tall solitary grey rocks and cliffs by which the ravine was enclosed. "Aha"—exclaimed Diavolo, on the sound reaching his ear,—"here's other game for you, lads," and he proceeded to re-load his carbine with as much deliberation and indifference as if nothing of any moment was passing or had passed between himself and his associates. The latter, already more than half-diverted from their purpose of resenting the fall of their comrade, by the cool, contemptuous and ironical manner of their leader, were now wholly engrossed by the approaching adventure. Instantly forgetting in this new cause of excitement all previous grounds of hostility between themselves and their leader, they instinctively submitted to and obeyed all his injunctions. Under the guidance of Diavolo the band now drew near to the edge of the road. Here, after a careful scrutiny of the locks and flints of their muskets, they again concealed themselves by crouching behind some low brush wood which grew at a short distance from the high way. Scarcely permitting themselves to breathe, whilst every countenance was yet fearfully marked with an expression of the most intense interest and anxiety, the banditti remained without the slightest motion amongst them for about a quarter of an hour.

At the expiry of that period the crack of a whip was heard—Diavolo gently put his piece on full cock, making signs at the same time to the others to follow his example. In a minute or so more, the voice of the unfortunate postillion, who had so unconsciously given the signal for preparation to the banditti, was also heard urging on his horses, and in the next instant the noise of the wheels of the vehicle became audible. On hearing the latter sound, Diavolo cautiously stole towards a small opening in the brushwood by which the party were concealed, and from which he commanded a view of that part of the road which was directly opposite their position. At length the carriage came in sight—it rolled on—the mendicant brigand threw himself before it—arrested its progress, and in the next moment it was surrounded by Diavolo and his gang. The first act of the former was to bring down the postillion. Without saying a syllable, he levelled his fatal carbine at the unfortunate man when within about ten yards of the carriage, fired, and tumbled him lifeless amongst his horses' feet. The whole gang was now fully and actively employed—some holding the horses by their heads—some cutting away the trunks and boxes which were fastened behind—others scrambling upon the vehicle to seize those packages which were deposited upon the roof—all of which preceedings were conducted on the part of the plunderers with much mirth and laughter, and many a witty jest.

In the meantime, Diavolo himself, having approached the carriage, seized the handle of the door with a furious grasp, and endeavoured to wrench it open. His violence and impatience, however, counteracted his efforts, and the door remained immoveable. Enraged by the failure of his attempts, the fierce irascible bandit instantly had recourse to the butt end of his carbine, with which he began to smash in the highly varnished and elegantly painted pannel of the carriage, accompanying each blow with the most dreadful oaths. Diavolo was proceeding vigorously in this work of destruction when the door of the carriage was opened from within by one of its occupants, who had for some time, in vain, besought the bandit to desist from his violence until the door should be opened for him. Diavolo now thrust his head into the vehicle, and discovered that it was occupied by two persons—an elderly gentleman and a young lady of about twenty-four years of age. Terror had deprived the latter of all sensation, and at the moment the bandit intruded himself into the carriage, she was lying in the arms of her companion wholly unconscious of all that was passing around her. "Come, old boy," said Diavolo, unmoved by this scene of misery, "I expect you will come down handsomely: you have kept us long waiting, and my fellows insist upon it that they have a right to double wages, so you had better turn out all the *precious* about you at once, and without further trouble, or any attempt to conceal; otherwise both you and this fair squeamish damsel of yours may chance to fare the worse for it." "You shall have, Sir, all that I am possessed of, if you will only protect this poor girl, my daughter, from receiving any improper treatment at the hands of your companions," replied the gentleman in the carriage. "Bah"—exclaimed the bandit, with a grin of contempt, and an emphatic toss of the head—"out with your stuff in the meantime, and we shall talk of that when we have more leisure. Come, quick," he added; "mind ye I am no cringing lacquey to be kept here dallying at your carriage doors awaiting your pleasure. No, no, prompt, prompt's the word with Fra' Diavolo—another minute's delay, and, by St. Joseph, you perish by my hand." Here Diavolo drew a pistol from his belt, and after putting it on cock, held it down by his side in readiness, on the slightest grounds, to carry his threat into execution. Hastening to conciliate the ferocious bandit by prompt obedience, the unfortunate traveller, after placing his daughter, who seemed still unconscious of the dreadful scene which was enacting around her, gently and carefully in one corner of the carriage, proceeded to deliver up to Diavolo all the money and valuables which he had about his person. "The devil"—exclaimed the latter, in a voice of thunder, as he emptied the contents of a purse into his hat—"is this all? come, come, friend, this wont do. Fra' Diavolo takes no partial payments; he must have full and fair settlements without deduction or abatement, otherwise he instantly closes accounts after his own particular fashion." Saying this, the brigand illustrated his meaning by raising his pistol and bringing it within view of his victim. "As I shall answer to God"—replied the latter in a voice of earnest supplication, and placing himself as it were instinctively between his daughter and Diavolo—"I have given you every article of value which I had about me." "We shall soon ascertain that point"—said the bandit—"Please to step out, Sir, and bring that lady with you; but I suppose you can't"—he added—"she seems rather done up, methinks;" then turning round to some of his gang who were on their knees busy rifling a large box or trunk which they had just forced open—"Mercaria, Bozzolo,"—he exclaimed—"come hither a bit; here's a touch of knight-errantry for you; bring that lady out of the carriage, and do it after your own gentle and gallant manner." The order was instantly obeyed. In the next moment the unfortunate lady, followed by her father, was laid upon a small plot of green sward close by the highway.

Her appearance, now that she was brought into the full light of day, was exceedingly affecting and interesting. Her pale, emaciated and languid countenance, in which the soft traces of extreme beauty, nevertheless, yet lingered, shewed that she was suffering from some cause yet more serious, more deeply rooted, than the terror which the present occurrence had inspired. She seemed, in short, to be in the last stage of a wasting illness. Large drops of perspiration stood upon her pale but finely formed forehead, and her lips, which once vied with the fairest and brightest tint of the rose, were now thin, and parched and withered. Her slight and elegant form too, unlike the ruder materials of ordinary mortality, seemed as if about to melt into air, and to pass away from earth like some fair vision of the night. After having submitted to a rigid search by the banditti, who left no part of his dress unexplored, and in which, luckily for him, they found nothing concealed, the father of the unfortunate lady hastened towards his daughter, when, seating himself on the grass beside her, he raised her head, and supporting it on his bosom, in this interesting attitude awaited the next scene of the tragedy. Diavolo, who had been the most active in the scrutiny which had just taken place, on completing it, and finding nothing to reward his trouble, thrust his victim rudely from him, and turning round on his heel, with a tremendous oath expressive of his disappointment, went off to superintend the operations of his followers. These, in parties of three and four, with each an opened trunk or box placed in the midst of them, were still busily employed in examining their contents, merrily passing jokes on each article as it was drawn from its repository. With his arms folded on his breast, and an air of unimpeachable authority, Diavolo stalked from party to party, glanced at the contents of the packages which they were rifling, but without deigning to put his hand to the work in which they were employed, made some slight remarks to each: then coolly and deliberately seating himself on a large stone which lay close by, awaited the completion of the work of plunder. In a short time all the various articles found in the carriage and in the different boxes and packages were turned out, and collected in one heap before Daviolo, for his inspection. A sort of diet was then held amongst the banditti, to consider of the manner in which their captives should be disposed of, and to make arrangements regarding the booty which was now in their possession. "As to the first"—said one—and he drew his finger across his throat—"that"—he said, alluding to the ominous sign which he had just made—"that is my opinion." A general laugh followed this piece of waggish pantomime. "With all my heart, lads"—said Diavolo, seeing that the ruthless proposition was perfectly agreeable to all—" but we must see first"—he added—" whether we cannot make something more out of the old rogue. Here's all the money the poverty-stricken rascal has had upon him"—and he held up the purse already spoken of, and into which he had again returned the coin he had originally found in it. A shout of disappointment and deep wrath burst from the whole gang on seeing the smallness of the quantity it seemed to contain, and the instant destruction of the travellers seemed inevitable. " Softly, softly, my lads"—said Diavolo, addressing the most forward of the banditti, and who were about to cross the road to the spot where the gentleman and his daughter were seated, in order to put them instantly to death, in revenge for their ill-timed poverty—" Do you, Mercaria"—added Diavolo, rising to his feet—" do you see these things properly bundled up"—pointing to the plunder which lay before him—" and I shall, in the meantime, step over to our old friend, and see if I cannot squeeze something more out of him before we give him the *coup de grace*.

Having said this, Diavolo stalked across the road. " Well, friend" —he said, addressing his captive—" I have just been shewing my gentlemen the purse which you were so obliging as to give me a short while since, and they all declare that it is an excessively shabby one; they are mainly displeased, I warrant you, and I must tell you, if you cannot think of any way of making the thing better, I fear it will go hard with both you and your daughter; they are already talking of some such uncivil things as throat cutting." " God's will be done"—replied the unfortunate traveller, and he pressed his equally unfortunate daughter to his bosom in an agony of despair.—" If you are resolved to murder us"—he added—" I see not how it can be averted. I have nothing more to offer." " Hum"—muttered Diavolo—" let me see now"—and he paused for a moment—" Have you no credit with any banker in Verona?" " Yes—yes"—exclaimed the stranger joyfully and eagerly—" and it is all at your service, and ten times more I promise you, on the honour of a gentleman, so soon as I reach Venice, if you will but spare the life of my poor child. My own I will cheerfully yield up to appease the irritation of your followers, if blood is necessary to allay it." " Humph"—again ejaculated Diavolo—" When we propose cutting a gentleman's throat, or tickling him under the ribs with a stiletto, we're not in the habit of asking his liberty previously; we generally do it whether he will or no without any such ceremony. You have credit you say"—continued Diavolo, returning to the subject of his enquiry—" and it is at your peril if you have spoken falsely—with a banker at Verona. To what extent, pray?" " Five hundred florins"—replied the traveller—" Ah, well"—said Diavolo—" you shall give me a written order upon him, upon your banker for that sum. I will go myself to demand the money, and you and your daughter shall remain in the custody of my people until I return. If you have deceived me in this matter, you will of course expect instant death on my arrival from Verona, and a death that shall be none of the easiest, take the word of Fra' Diavolo for it. If we get the money, we shall see what can be done for you. It is possible in the event, that your lives may be spared; but I make no promises. In the meantime, however, you are safe, and shall be so until I return." Having said this, writing materials were procured from amongst the stores of the plundered carriage—the required order was written. Diavolo read the document over when finished, gave a nod of approbation, folded up the paper, and placed it in his bosom. The bandit chief was now about to turn away from the unhappy captives to rejoin his gang, for the purpose of explaining to them what had taken place, and to leave with them his last injunctions regarding the prisoners before he should set out on his perilous mission, when his eye was suddenly caught by a ring which the lady wore on one of her fingers. "Aha!"—exclaimed Diavolo, at the same instant rudely snatching at the fair but feeble hand on which the jewel glistened—"We have not gotten all I find. This will suit my handsome little Lucette exactly"—he added, and now forcing off the ring from the finger on which it was placed—"I have long promised her some such toy as this, and methinks this one will fit her as nicely as if it had been the choice of a thousand, for she has just such another handsome sweet little hand as this of your daughter's, Sir"—he said, and now looking askance at the father of her whom he was thus pitilessly plundering. Hitherto the unfortunate lady had seemed unconscious of the situation in which she was placed; exhausted by weakness and overwhelmed with terror, she had lain passively in the arms of her father, her eyes closed, and exhibiting no other symptom of existence than by a low but rapid and troubled breathing. The attempt, however, of Diavolo to deprive her of her ring, instantly aroused the miserable girl from her lethargy. "O no—no"—she exclaimed, in a weak and tremulous tone, at the same time clenching her feeble hand despairingly, as if to resist the violence which was offered—"I cannot, I will not part with it, although it was to save my life. Take all, take every thing I have, but leave me that, and I shall die contented." "The gift of some love-sick swain, I'll be sworn"—said the ferocious bandit, regardless of the appeal which had just been made to him, and still persevering, though now with some show of gentleness, in his efforts to get possession of the ring—"I can't be put off with such flimsy fooleries, fair lady"—he went on—"my trade would be but a poor one if I was to listen to all the whining cant with which I am assailed when relieving ladies and gentlemen of their superfluous finery." With vain efforts, and still vainer attempts, to excite the sympathy of the freebooter, the poor girl still endeavoured to keep possession of her treasure, for it was indeed the gift of a first and only love. "Do not, do not, for God's sake, deprive me of this little jewel"—she exclaimed, clasping her hands together with all the energy of despair—"Though worth worlds to me, its intrinsic value is but small. It can be no object to you."

In these appeals to the better feelings of the brigand, the unhappy girl was joined by her father, but in vain. In a few minutes the ring glittered on the swarthy sun burnt hand of Diavolo, who, in possession of his prize, now hastened away to join his comrades. "It matters not much after all, my dear father"—said the poor girl, speaking at intervals, and pausing to take breath after each word she uttered, being totally exhausted with the effort she had made.—"It matters not much, after all"—she said, endeavouring to lessen the pain which she saw her parent felt on her account—"I had hoped, indeed, that *it* would have descended with me into the grave. I did not think I should have been parted from it either in life or in death—but what was *it* after all, but an outward symbol—an inanimate unconscious type—the thoughts, associations, and feelings with which *it* was connected can and will exist without it—They are beyond the reach of the spoiler—none but *him* who gave them can take them away."

Totally worn out with the violent exertions she had made, the unfortunate lady now again sank senseless on the bosom of her parent. In a few minutes, however, the helpless pair were joined by the whole banditti in marching order. Their plunder was carefully packed up, and distributed amongst them in separate parcels for its easier conveyance. Their rifles were slung from their shoulders. In short the whole appearance of the gang indicated the contemplation of a long and arduous march, an indication which was soon verified by their ordering the captives to get up. Finding that this was impossible to be complied with in the case of their female prisoner, they proceeded, with much grumbling, and a thousand oaths, to form a rude kind of bier. On this the unfortunate lady was placed, and in a short time the whole banditti, with the exception of Diavolo, who had suddenly disappeared, were seen winding their way far up through a narrow defile in the rocky rampart that forms the eastern side of the valley.

SONG—THE TRYSTING HOUR.

TUNE—" *The Women folk.*"

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF " ORIGINAL POEMS IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT," &c.

ADOWN the glen the saft winds blaw,
Adown the glen the burnies rin,
Adown the glen my laddie comes,
My love to seek, my heart to win.

The trysting hour! the trysting hour!
What can a lassie say, or do?
The Ay or No's a solemn word
When faithfu' lovers come to woo!—

I'll braid my hair around my brow—
The brow he's ca'd sae aften fair;
I'll try to quiet my anxious heart,
For O! an unco flutt'ring's there!—

The trysting hour! &c.

Gin that my heart would guide my tongue,
Nae doubt but love would win the day;

But then, although sic were my thoughts,
  I'd ne'er find words to tell him sae!

    The trysting hour! &c.

A moment paused's a moment lost,
  Then why to speak suld I be slow?
But there, he comes—now say, fond heart,
  Is it to be an Ay or No?—

    The trysting hour! 'the trysting hour!
      What can a lassie say or do?
    The Ay or No's a solemn word
      When faithfu' lovers come to woo!—

◆

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL LECTURES," &c.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains—if you have not, they are a rough, ragged majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term—the Roman wall of nature, crowned with snow, belted with thunder, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the sister kingdoms. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning in savage steepness upon the plains below, they appear a mighty image graven by the Creator, symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say that you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp rivetting England and Scotland together, but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old grey-looking farm house substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliott, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were neither defined by fields, hedges, nor stonewalls: a wooden stake there, and a stone here, at considerable distances from each other, were the general land-marks, but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about, and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures, in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner, in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's table. Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances owing to the situation of Marchlaw house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line"—dividing the two kingdoms, and his misfortune was, that being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as their birth-place. They, however, were not placed in the perplexities of their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England;—his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter unluckily being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries, but no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was—it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman—all his arable land lay on the Scotch side—his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts—and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliotts. Peter's speech indeed bewrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms—a living representation of the Union, for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or if you prefer it, Peter Elliott, Esq. of Marchlaw, in the Counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years the best runner, leaper and wrestler between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing, and the best putter on the borders quailed from competition; as a feather in his grasp he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout!—"Well done, Squire!—the Squire for ever!" exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire! wha are ye squiring at?" returned Peter—"confound ye, where was ye when I was christened *Squire*?" My name's Peter Elliott, your man, or any body's man at what ever they like!" Peter's soul was free, bounding and buoyant as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stones of healthy substantial flesh steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They, who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us, that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them—Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy—as generous and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children and his flocks. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground and his herdsmen—yea, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was Christmas-day, and a more melancholy looking sun never rose upon a twenty-fifth of December. One vast sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the whole heavens. For weeks the earth had been covered with clear dazzling snow, and as throughout the day the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche—the larger burying the less—crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers—the broader streams were swollen into the wild torrent, and, gushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blythly—the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast, and glad faces glided from room to room. Peter Elliott kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas—as in honour of its being the birth-day of Thomas his first-born, who had that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way amongst our border hills, and as all knew, that although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshhold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them—the cloth was spread upon a long clear oaken table stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding studded with temptation, and a smoking sirloin—in Scotland a savoury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters, while the intermediate space was filled with the good things in this life common to both kingdoms and the season.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously—every seat was filled—save one!—the chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the Vacant Chair!—the knife was dropped upon the table—anxiety flashed across his countenance like a deadly arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he enquired, "have none o' ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer, he continued, "how is it possible he can be absent at a time like this?—And in such a day too! Excuse me a minute freends, till I just step out an' see if I can find him. Since ever I keept this day, as mony o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand, in that very chair, and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all"—said a pert young sheep farmer named Johnson, "I will step into it till master Thomas arrive."

"Ye are not a faither, young man!" said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, and each felt a certain impatient feeling half choking him in his throat, which, in two or three instances, tittered into a low, short, sorrowful laugh, while an uneasy groan murmured at the roots of their tongues, and an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliott, whose good nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, to have gone to seek him when he kenned the denner wadna keep. And I am sure Thomas kenned it wad be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It is sae unthinking, and unfriendly-like to keep folk waiting." And endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued in an anxious whisper—"Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hinny?" The maiden blushed deeply—the question evidently gave freedom to a tear which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable—"No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to the ear of the enquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliott dispatched one of her children after another in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came—she perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, whereupon she observed that "Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his faither, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for sic treatment, but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin." No second invitation was necessary; good humour appeared to be restored, and sirloins, pies, pastries and moorfowl began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment Mrs. Elliott apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness, but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband, and the vacant chair of her first-born; her heart fell heavily within her, all the mother gushed into her bosom, and rising from the table—"What in the warld can be the meaning o' this?" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshhold.

"Where hae ye been, Peter?" said she eagerly; "hae ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he—"is he no cast up yet?" And with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair; his lips quivered, his tongue faultered—

"Gude forgie me!" said he, "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I can think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house—"I maun away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent looking Northumbrian, "that a faither's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his e'e, and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect to our worthy neighbour if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search—for in my rough country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common, that could tempt Thomas to be amissing at such a time. Indeed, I needna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way—and our hills"—he concluded in a lower tone—"are not owre chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliott, wringing her hands—"I have had the coming o' this about me for days an' days. My head was growing dizzy wi' happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely saughing about my heart, without being able to assign a cause; but the cause is come at last; and my dear Thomas, the very pride and staff o' my life, is lost! lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliott," replied the Northumbrian—"it is an easy matter to say *compose yourself* for them that dinna ken what it is to feel, but at the same time, in our plain country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my faither say, and I have as often remarked it myself, that before ony thing happens to a body, there is a something comes owre them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun, a sort o' dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is naething o' the kind in your case, yet as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy as it were with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say—'there is owre muckle singing in your heads to-night—we will have a shower before bedtime'—and I never in my born days saw it fail."

At any other period Mr. Bell's dissertation on pre-sentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the company from the days of their grandfathers, but in the present instance they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search. Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in diverse directions from Marchlaw, as the last grim shadows of a melancholy day were crouching in the vallies from the heavy darkness, which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountain, like noiseless chariots of the king of terrors. The wives and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return, while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the child in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other in inspiring hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remainded silent;—the daughter of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliott's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room—before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears—her bosom throbbed convulsively, and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company. Mrs. Elliott approached her, and taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh! hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife, and what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best—ye see before you a sorrowing mother—a mother that fondly hoped to have seen you and———I canna say it—and am ill fitted to gie comfort when my own heart is like a furnace, but oh, let us try and remember the blessed portion—'whom the LORD loveth he chasteneth,' and inwardly pray for strength to say—HIS WILL BE DONE."

To be concluded in our next.

SONG.

BY THE REV. H. S. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH MELODIES," &c.

Written for a forthcoming volume of Melodies by P. M'Leod, Esq.

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey o'er the world's dewy breast,
I'll tak my plaid and hasten through yon woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green;
I'll meet her by the trystin' tree that's stannin a' alane,
Whar I hae carved her name upon the little moss grey stane;
There I will clasp her to my breast, and be mair bless'd, I ween,
Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

My fauldin plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale,
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love, that tauld sae aft has been
To my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.
O! I would wander earth a' owre, nor think of aught o' bliss,
Could I but share at my return a joy sae pure as this—
And I wad spurn a' earthly wealth, a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

"A History of Berwick," we understand, on a larger scale than any hitherto published, is rapidly progressing in the hands of Mr. Weddell, Solicitor. It will give evidence of deep research and extensive antiquarian knowledge.

Mr. Melrose is preparing for publication "Select Essays," on various topics, religious and moral, by Dr. Belfrage. The confirmed reputation of the Author entitles us to expect an able and interesting volume.

The whole of the first impression of "Campell's Poem on Poland," has been sold off. A second edition in small 8vo. handsomely done up in green and gold, is now in circulation.

The story of the new novel, termed "The Affianced One," exhibits the jealous artifices of a modern Cleopatra against a rival, whose generosity and gentleness form a contrasting picture of true feminine excellence.

Mrs. Jameson has in the Press an interesting new work, entitled, "The Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns." We are informed it abounds with original and curious particulars of Joanna of Sicily, Joanna I. of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, Queen Anne, the Empress Maria Theresa, &c. &c. From what we know of Mrs. J's genius, we can augur confidently of its success.

A new edition of "Frankenstein," in small 8vo. is to form the Ninth Volume of the Standard Novels. It is to contain an entirely new Introduction explanatory of the origin of the Story, by the Author, with original anecdotes of Lord Byron, &c.

Among the thousand-and-one novelties that diversify this season of gems, not the least valuable is the Geographical Annual which contains upwards of One Hundred Engravings on steel.

The "Catechism of Health" by an eminent physician could not be advertised at a more befitting time, when the whole country is tremulous with fear, and the excited imagination converts coughs and colds into cholera.

"The Novelist's Library," edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. and illustrated by George Cruikshank, will embrace a series of works, which time has carried beyond the reach of hireling critics. "Their authors, it is acknowledged, wrote for all time, and their happy illustrations of character and manners prove them to have been familiarly acquainted with human nature in all its varieties, and capable of representing life as they found it; thus furnishing an intellectual banquet replete at once with instruction and amusement."

Cochrane and Co. we perceive, have in the Press an historical novel, intituled "The Young Muscovite," or, "The Poles in Russia," and a "History of the Coldstream Guards," from the formation of the Regiment under General Monk, to the Battle of Waterloo. Colonel Mackinnon is the author of the latter work.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the scene of Miss Macaulay's preachments has become the scene of her stage-playing, and that the change of the place was co-eval with the change of the lady's profession.

The Tragedy of "The Renegade," by the late Rev. C. Maturin, author of Bertram, Melmoth, Pour et Contre, &c. the merits of which were certainly overlooked by the London managers, is in the course of a successful run at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. The cockneys will, doubtless, be surprised to learn, that Mr. Murray's treasury-books contain, as the result of sound judgment and pure taste, many pleasing items.

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Hawick, on the 9th ult., the wife of the Rev. Peter Brown, of a son.

At Weens, Roxburghshire, on the 16th ult., the Lady of George Cleghorn, Esq. of a son.

On the 28th ult., Mrs. Captain Smith, Quay Walls, of a daughter.

At Kelso, on the 28th ult., Mrs. Waldie, of a daughter.

On the 31st ult., Mrs. Macdonald, of the Post-Office, Belford, of a son.

At Loretto, Musselburgh, on the 31st ult., Mrs. Langhorne, of a daughter.

At Ayton, on Tuesday the 2d inst., Mrs. Hood, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Curriestanes, Dumfries, on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Bennet of Closeburn, the Rev. William Menzies, minister of the East Parish of Greenock, to Margaret, daughter of William Pagan, Esq. of Curriestanes.

At Langton House, on the 19th ult., Sir John Pringle, of Stitchel, Bart., to Lady Elizabeth Maitland Campbell, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Breadalbane.

Lately, at Heighington, near Durham, M. Fallon, Esq. of the Irish Bar, to Miss F. H. Kelly, the celebrated actress.

At St. James's Church, London, John Shield, Esq. of Cavendish Square, to Miss Elizabeth Thorn, of Chelsea. One of their friends has celebrated the occasion in the following epigram:—

Says Tom to Jack, upon his bridal morn,
'How could you plant within your breast a THORN!'
'Think not,' says Jack, 'that thus my heart I yield—
The THORN you dread becomes my DEAREST SHIELD.'

On the 20th ult., at All Souls, Mary-la-bonne, London, Adam Askew, of Redheugh, in the county palatine of Durham, Esq. to Elizabeth, sixth daughter of the late Sir R. Rycroft, Bart., of Everlands, in the county of Kent.

On the 25th ult., by special licence, in the chapel of Torquay, Devon, by the Rev. Lord Henry Kerr, the Hon. Charles Rodolph Trefusis, brother of Lord Clinton, to Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Kerr, daughter of the late Marquis of Lothian.

At Stamfordham, on the 3d inst., Mr. Thomas Gilhespy, of Smallburn, to Miss Mary Hedley, of Fenwick, Northumberland.

DEATHS.

On the 10th ult., at Alnwick, Mr. James Burn, father of John Burn, Esq. Solicitor, Gray's Inn, London, aged 94.

On the 11th ult., at Coldstream, John, son of Mr. Halliburton, Bookseller, aged 6 months.

At Clarence Street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, on the 15th ult., Mrs. Janet Scott, wife of the Rev. Robert Renwick.

At Alticane, Ayrshire, on the 17th ult., Mrs. Alderson, late of Tweedmouth, aged 70.

At North Berwick, on the 20th inst. Elizabeth Magdalene Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, of Horn and Logie Elphinstone.

On the 21st ult., at North Shields, Jane, wife of the Rev. William Leitch, aged 49, much respected.

At Edinburgh, on the 27th ult., Mrs. Cay, widow of Robert Hodshon Cay, of North Charlton, Northumberland, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty of Scotland.

On the 30th ult., at Alnwick, Jane, daughter, of the late William Adams, Esq. of Acton, aged 9 years.

Same day, at Morpeth, John, infant son of Mr. Anthony Charlton, Solicitor, aged 12 days.

At Kelso, on the 30th ult., Mr. John Heweit.

At Berwick, on the 5th inst, Andrew, eldest son of Mr. William Jackson, Shoemaker, aged 31.

At Sunderland, on the 9th inst., John Crawford, seaman, aged 54, who, in the memorable engagement of Admiral Duncan with the Dutch Fleet, in 1799, nailed the flag of the Venerable (Lord Duncan's ship) to the mast-head, for which he received a pension of £30 a-year, and his townsmen presented him with a silver medal.

At Craig Lodge, Haddington, on the 30th ult., Miss Beatrix Dudgeon, daughter of the late John Dudgeon, Esq., of East Craig.

At Lauder, on the 3d inst., Charles Simson, Esq., of Treepwood, much and justly regretted by his numerous friends.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The Readers of the Border Magazine need hardly be requested to suspend for a season their judgment on the character, *whole and real*, of the present work. The many hindrances, which beset the initial course of any literary undertaking, are so obvious to the least-initiated in the mysteries of the Editorial Closet and the Printing-Office, that apology were insult. For the articles individually, which the First Number contains, we have no excuse to offer, nor do we think one required. We had hoped, however, to furnish greater variety at the outset, and thereby convey a more comprehensive idea of the able pens employed in our aid and service: such intention, meanwhile, is necessarily postponed.

To the Subscribers, who voluntarily and cheerfully gave substantial proof of their friendly disposition towards us, we tender our most sincere and unfeigned thanks. Theirs will be the pleasure, we trust, of seeing the tree flourish, which, but for their early and fostering care, might have perished in the germ.

How shall we express our gratitude to those Ladies and Gentlemen, who have promised from time to time to transmit to our pages,

> 'Their thoughts that breathe and words that burn?'

Here we find ourselves in a dilemma:—let silence be our spokesman, and the hearts of those who favour us our interpreters.

⁂ A General Index and Title-Page will be given with the last number of the Volume.

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. II.] DECEMBER, 1831. [Vol. I.

ON THE CONNEXION OF POETRY WITH SCIENCE.

The writer of an article in the Edinburgh Review,* to which we would refer our readers, observes, "Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body; and as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction." Again,—"In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses and even of good ones—but little poetry." We have selected this passage as it embodies the substance of a doctrine that is extremely popular at present. But we really think, that it rests on a very shallow foundation. Is it possible to admit, that ignorance of things *which are not beyond* the bounds of our faculties is the *only* or the *principal* source of poetical inspiration?—that nature loses her hold on the heart, as soon as we have discovered her general laws? So the critic seems to maintain. But poetry flourishes, in spite of all this theorising, whatever may be the principles on which the fact is to be accounted for.

It cannot be denied, that in the infancy of science, there are circumstances highly favourable to poetical excitement. The simplest of nature's operations are connected with a degree of mystery which even lead *men in general* to feel a deeper interest in them. But, at the same time, the superstitions which prevail in a rude age are not without some disadvantages. The mythology of the Egyptians, for instance, completely suppressed all the lighter movements of the fancy. But apart from this consideration it must be allowed, though we are better acquainted than our ancestors with many of the properties and relations of external nature, that all these stretch out into something incomprehensible, and therefore still afford scope for the higher exercises of poetical invention. Science, in short, alters the course of imagination, but does not limit it. Nay, it has more than a negative effect. It places her at the right starting-post. It shews her where the greatest mystery lies. It prevents her from wasting her energies on traditions, which are principally suited to the peculiarities of certain countries and ages, and thus brings poetry nearer Aristotle's idea of it, by rendering it a subject of universal sympathy, Where is the poet who cannot feel the beauty of such lines as these?—

---

* No. 84. August, 1825.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; *for ye are*
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;—
All heaven and earth are still; from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all creator and defence." *

It would seem that the great eminence of the English poets who flourished in the 16th and 17th centuries has led many to acquiesce in the doctrine on which we are animadverting. But, notwithstanding Mr. Wharton's assertion, we cannot even see any reason for admitting, that Shakespeare would not have introduced supernatural machinery into any of his plots, if he had written in the 18th or 19th century. This at least we may affirm, that since his time "the outlines of certainty" have not "become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct," with regard to any thing which could influence him when he produced his finest plays. What subsequent discoveries could have prevented him from writing Lear or Othello, or Richard the Third, or Cymbeline, or Romeo and Juliet? or even Hamlet and Macbeth? Have we not Faustus and Manfred, and do they not abound with as strong and poetical appeals to our superstitious feelings as any that are to be met with in the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries?—The fact is, that the appearance of such a genius, as Campbell observes, "baffles all calculation," and though it cannot be doubted, that in Shakespeare's age there were many circumstances favourable to the drama in particular, these are not connected with the doctrine in the passage which we have quoted, and his successors cannot impute their general inferiority to the progress of science.

---

* Childe Harold, Canto III.

In dwelling on the general tendencies to excitement among an uncultivated people, and the gradual disappearance of these from the surface of society in the progress of truth, we too often forget, that mystery is not the sole cause of "the fine frenzy." There is a *sense* of beauty as well as of wonder, and we have still enough to excite it. "The moon shines still; the sky has not ceased to be blue; the rose and the lily are fair and sweet as ever; the dove is just as loving and as gentle as when she brought the olive leaf to the sole human family; and the nightingale sings as delightfully to us as to that sweet-witted Persian who first called the rose her paramour." The poet, too, describes things as they appear to the eye of passion; and passion has a perspective of its own, resting on principles not less severe and independant, though the application of them is less easily taught than Euclid's theorems. He can think the thunder sublime, and even endue it with his own feelings, though he knows the causes of it better than the worthy lecturer in the marvellously pleasant love story, who defined it to be "a great noise;" and in spite of the most vigilant analysis, his representations possess a self-consistency, which justifies them to the heart of all those for whom they are intended. Would the knowledge of the physical properties of a cloud prevent any poetic mind from enjoying the beauty of such a personification as this?—

"I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be,
The triumphant arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fires above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die;
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the wind and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and rebuild it again." *

---

* Cloud, by P. B. Shelley.

It must be admitted, that in the early stages of society there is more uninclosed ground, so to speak, for the poet to work on. But it must be remembered at the same time, that science, at least, cannot weaken the effect of the poetry of association. Every poet, like every human being, has peculiar recollections connected with the various forms of external nature, as well as a peculiar way of viewing them. The days of childhood—the memory of "what has been and never more shall be"—the workings of hope and fear, of joy and disappointment—all these, coloured by the ruling characteristics of the poet's mind, constitute a source of poetic interest, which can never be dried up.

We may also observe, by the way, what is very obvious, that, though science deals most unsparingly with superstitions which are remarkable for nothing but their absurdity, we still feel a deep interest in those which have any quality to recommend them. "The pansy is still sacred to Oberon and Titania—the misletoe is not of our generation—the mandrake is a fearful ghost of departed days—the toad is the most ancient of reptiles, and the raven is 'a secular bird of ages.'" It may be maintained, at all events, that the superstitions of antiquity are highly useful as subjects of illustration, even when they have lost their poetical power in other respects.

But while science does not deprive the poet of any thing that is really valuable, it supplies him with additional materials. Abstract truth in some of its aspects is as sublime as nature. It may excite feelings as profound, and suggest images as beautiful as the richest scenery. Frederick Schlegel has observed in his "Studien des Classischens Alterthums," as a circumstance proving the Orphic hymns to have been posterior to Homer, that in all the Iliad and Odyssey we do not meet with the idea of the *infinite*. "The fulness of life rushes, as it were, through an open sense into his mind, and he throws it vividly back, like a bright mirror," but every thing is essentially *definite* in his heavens and in his earth. Now science can at least give us this, if it can do no more; and we certainly think, that the contemplation of this central and imperishable truth may have as poetical an effect as the figurative exhibition of nature in all the motley groups that haunted the woods and streams of Greece. The reflections at the beginning of the 8th Book of Paradise Lost, where Raphæl describes the spheres to Adam, may serve to illustrate our meaning, and we shall take the liberty to quote a part of this fine passage, and ask our readers if any of them can point out any thing to be compared with it in a heathen poet?—

"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years;
This to attain, whether heaven move, or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and *not divulge*
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try

Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb;
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit: consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence; the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines;
. . . .
. . . . What if the sun
Be centre to the world;" &c. &c.*

It has been well remarked, too, that "the ideas of the ancients were too exact and definite, too much attached to the material form or vehicle by which they were conveyed, to admit of those rapid combinations, those unrestrained flights of fancy which, glancing from heaven to earth, unite the most opposite extremes, and draw the happiest illustrations from things the most remote;" and on this account, the mythology of the Greeks seems to have been of greater service to the sculptor than the poet.

What endless subjects for illustration too does science open up! Some of the most splendid figures, that are to be found in the whole range of literature, have been derived from this source. On this we might enlarge; but as the fact is so obvious, we shall only mention one or two examples which may not be familiar to some of our readers. "Jesus," says Jeremy Taylor, "was like the Rainbow which God set in the Heavens as a sacrament to confirm a promise and establish a grace; *he was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud;* in his best days he was but half triumph and half sorrow."—To illustrate the nature of the associating principle, Akenside uses the following image,—

'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfolds,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the Pole;
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main

---

* We would also refer to Young's Night Thoughts. Night IX.

Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth; whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd
The attention.

What can be finer than this illustration of faith? "Religion," says Mr. Coleridge, "passes out of the ken of reason only where the eye of reason has reached its own horizon; and faith is then but its continuation: even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night, sacred night! The upraised eye views only the starry heaven which manifests itself alone, and the outward beholding is fixed on the *sparks* twinkling in the awful depth, though *suns* of other worlds, only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure *act* of inward devotion to the great *I am* and to the filial Word," &c. Again the same author, speaking of the object of miracles, observes, "It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to by our Saviour. Reason and religion are their own evidence. The natural sun in this respect is a symbol of the spiritual, ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapours of the night season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification."

"We met—we gazed, I saw and sighed,—
She did not speak and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their wills, young hearts and minds;
Conveying as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire."

It may farther be inquired, what effect has an acquaintance with science and mathematics in particular, on the poet himself? Here it may readily be allowed, that habitual and paramount attention to them must necessarily be unfavourable, for the same thing happens in arts which depend on principles less opposed than those of passion and abstract reason. It is even said of Mozart that "his hands were so wedded to the piano that he could use them for nothing else." What constitutes the poet? is the first question. Now, without insisting on any theory of imagination, we may be certain of this—that sensibility is not all—nay, that no talent is useless to him, that while the greatest talent may be improved by particular exercises adapted to it, sensibility only requires not to be impaired, and that it is for the most part impaired rather by suppressing it, when it is *appealed to*, than by intervals of repose *for want of an object*. Mathematics, therefore, if cultivated to a moderate extent, may be useful to the poet, as they give a general activity to the mind. They may improve his talents for observation, or, as the Phrenologist would express it, his "knowing faculties," which are as necessary for describing nature with effect, as for understanding cones and sines and tangents. They may prevent him from degenerating into that vague and indiscriminate admiration which is apt to evaporate in epithets and superlatives, and reminds us of the French poets or the gallant John Buncle, who thought each of his numerous wives not only better than the former, but the very best creature in the world.

They may indeed arm his mind against that surprise which may be created by what has nothing except novelty to recommend it; but they can only give greater intensity to those high and engrossing impulses which are inseparable from the contemplation of intrinsic beauty.

But we may perhaps have presumed too much on the patience of our readers, and it is more than time for us to conclude.

N. D. S.

SERENADE SONG.

By Della Crusca.

I.

Young Leila! the river is laughing in light,
For Luna is kissing its waters to-night:
And her white feet are treading the brae by its side,
Where her garment of glory is lav'd by the tide.
Whose bosom is glassing a beautiful world,
Where her robes seem to wave like a pennon unfurl'd
In the depth of its silence all lovely and lone—
As the pale apparition of one that is gone!—

II.

Young Leila! there's music to-night on the stream,
And its tones die away as a voice in a dream—
Or the low winds of eve when they swoon on the strings
Of the harp that is breathing unspeakable things!—
And now the light pinnace is nearing the shore;
And no murmur is heard save the dash of the oar,
For the soft strain is hush'd, and the breezes lie still
In their starry-roof'd homes on the top of the hill!—

III.

Young Leila! thy spirit is ever with me
In the musings of gloamin' while fancy is free,
And oft 'mid the turmoil of sorrow and care
It comes as the breathing of piety's prayer;
And hope, the sweet singer, is aye in its train,
To lift up the heart of the weary again;
And to give it revealings of joyance and power
Till the world is forgot in the calm of the hour!—

IV.

Young Leila! thy lattice is bathed in light,
Where ye sit in the heaven of thy beauty to-night,
And my love-laden thoughts are winging to thee,
Like the dove to the ark o'er the waste of the sea;
And I may not depart from the spell of thine eyes
That do holily gaze on the face of the skies,
Till thy lips gently whisper thou'lt ever be true,
And thy white hand is put forth to bid me Adieu!

◆

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Continued from page 45.

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen; "Oh no! no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish—"It is not the foot o' my own bairn," while her keen gaze still remained rivetted upon the door, and was not withdrawn nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, and with a silent and ominous shake of his head betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly—the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents—and the roaring of the mountain rivers, gave a character of deep ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm, and no sounds were heard save the groans of the mother—the weeping of her children—with the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm dog announced footsteps at a distance; every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but before the tread was yet audible to the listeners—"Oh, it is only Peter's foot," said the miserable mother, and weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck—"what is this come upon us at last!"

He cast an inquisitive glance, dismal as the ghost of death, around his dwelling, and a convulsive shivering passed over his manly frame, as it again became involuntarily rivetted on the death-like and vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not, and low sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours"—said Adam Bell—"the morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it may bring forth; but in the mean time let us read a portion o' the divine word, and kneel together in prayer, that whether or not the day dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise wi' healing in his wings upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, and upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands, and his friend, taking down the "Ha' Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written, "It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house, and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed his search among the hills and surrounding villages.—

—Days, weeks, months and years rolled by. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm, but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had transpired. The general belief was that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived spoke merely of his death, as a very extraordinary circumstance, remarking that he was "a wild venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliott still kept it in commemoration of the birth-day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterised the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But as the younger branches of the family advanced in years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant; Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends, while their parents partook in their enjoyment with a silent smile, half of approval, and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away—Christmas had again come—it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor—the hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure—the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though it participated in its gladness—and the clear blue sky was tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visitors had again arrived at Marchlaw.

The sons of Mr. Elliott and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer, and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two and thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and "Oh," muttered he in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his heart's blood after the hammer before he would hae been beat by ever a Johnson in the country." While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark foreign-looking, strong-built seaman unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sun-burnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temples and forehead, and a pair of whiskers of a similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance, meeting carelessly beneath his chin, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliott warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made! My own lost Thomas!" The tears burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him, when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliott, was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features, like a veil before the countenance of an angel, and the fair bud, which promised to burst forth as the pride of the rose in the glory of a summer sun, had expanded like a lily in the wilderness, that blossoms beneath the moon-beams by a lonely lake. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliott as a rival for her affections, and stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion, and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table, and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair!—the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns!" said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up, and take a bit o' denner wi' us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger entering, "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is nae meeting o' mirth-makers. But I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome; haste ye, lassies," he added to the servants, "some of ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman, "this will do;" and before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed—the venerated—the twelve years unoccupied! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation, than did this filling of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, Sir! Excuse me, Sir," said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliott, "get out o' that!—get out o' that! take my chair, or take ony chair in the house, but dinna, dinna sit there.—It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I cannot endure."

"Sir! Sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye—but that was my Thomas's seat. Twelve years this very day—his birth-day!—he perished, heaven kens how. He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes owre the hills, never, never to return; and oh! Sir, spare a faither's feelings, for to see that seat filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul," exclaimed the seaman. "I revere, nay, hang it, I would die for your feelings—but Tom Elliott was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission—I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing, but as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you—all I have to say is—that Tom an't dead!

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance—"O Sir! Sir! tell me how?—how?—Did ye say living? Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead! do ye say!" cried Mrs. Elliott, hurrying towards him, and also grasping his hand—"Not dead! and shall I see my bairn again! Oh! may the blessing o' heaven, and the blessing o' a broken-hearted mother, be upon the bearer o' the gracious tidings. But tell me—tell me how is it possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness their hands in his; "Never! never! and all I can say is, Tom Elliott is alive and hearty."

"No! no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us, there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible!" and she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her waist to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them; "or shiver me I'll shew day-light through your timbers in the turning of a handspike!" and clasping the lovely girl in his arms—"Blow me, Betty, my love," he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father! Mother! don't you know me? have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have wrought some change upon his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brethren clung around him weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and in answer to their enquiries replied, "Well, well, there is time enough to answer questions—but not to-day—not to-day"—

"No, my bairn! my bairn," said his mother, "we'll ask you nae questions, nobody shall ask ye ony. But how—how were ye torn away from us, my love? and oh hinny, where, where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it, but howsoever to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued, and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them—they left muttering revenge—and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in the king's cave. In a moment, half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my arms to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, hurling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut through the snow, and hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse between two, and before day-light found myself stowed like a piece of old junk into the hold of a smuggling lugger; within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war—and for six years was kept dogging about on different stations, till our old yawing hulk received orders to join the fleet which fought against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen—my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat o' nine-tails. And under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Blow me, I never shall forget the moment that my feet first trode upon the deck of a British Frigate—my nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from the mast head. I was as active as any one during the battle, and when it was over, and I found myself again amongst my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language—I fancied—nay, hang it, I almost believed I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British Frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest, but instead of returning to old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort—a packet was lying alongside ready to sail—I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and, says he, "Elliott! I know you like a little smart service, come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of those French bumboats under the batteries." I couldn't say no—we pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and was setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small shot from the garrison skuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer, with half of the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners. It is no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from French prison—we did escape—and Tom will once more fill his—vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends, all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once Vacant Chair again occupied, while a namesake of the third generation prattled on his knee.

LIFE LIKENESSES.

BY THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "DRAMATIC SKETCHES, FOUNDED ON THE PASTORAL POETRY OF SCOTLAND."

I STOOD and eyed a rushing stream
Speeding, like some uncertain dream
Away, we know not where;
I mark'd gay foam-bells start in pride,
And glitteringly across it glide—
Light things of fleeting air—
A breath play'd on the streamlet's face,
They perish'd in their whirling race.

Deep in a shaded mossy dell
A fountain rose with gentle swell
And mirrored crystal sheen;
Silent o'er its tranquillity
I bent—a face smiled back on me,
Where care had seldom been;
Peace smooth'd its infant brow, its eye
Beamed meekly with untroubled joy:

I thought on my own days of youth,
When mine were Innocence and Truth,
And Hopes around me smiled;—
I sighed—the fountain-mirror shook,
And changed was that bright vision's look,
Its features writhed and wild,—
By turns Grief, Misery, Despair,
Darkening like autumn-cloud were there.

I stood upon the ocean's shore;
Waveless it lay, hush'd was its roar,—
As some fair child may be
When the faint feelings of a dream
Spread o'er its cheek a smiling gleam—
So slept that silent sea:
The storm-voice on its slumbers broke—
The wild, the terrible awoke.

'Twas midnight; on the deep blue sky
I gaz'd,—no cloud-speck met mine eye,
Veiling the feeblest star;
Queen-like amid her radiant train
The bright Moon o'er her wide domain
Was journeying afar;
But tempest-gloom came rolling forth
Black—bursting from the turbid North.

Even such is Life's strange fitful dream,—
A foam-bell on a rushing stream;
A fountain's placid form;
The calm smiles of the treacherous sea;
The night-heaven's still solemnity
Ere wakes the maddening storm;
Hope's meteor lures, bursts, leaves our path
Beset with fears, and woes, and death.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS ON GOVERNMENT.

"To make a Government," says Burke, "requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*, that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious and combining mind,"—or in other words, a free government is one founded by reason, and not by oppression.—How, then, is it, we are asked, that there are so few people ruled by the former, and so many by the latter? We reply to this question by referring to the arts and sciences as bearing a strong analogy to government:—the rise and progress to their present stage of perfection has been slow, very slow, and all from a want of the knowledge of the primary principles upon which they are founded. In like manner whole myriads of our fellow-creatures have lived in a state of degradation and slavery, and this from ignorance of their own rights and powers. Let us, then, before crossing the threshold of our subject, enquire and ascertain what "the rights of man" consist in. These rights are divided into two kinds—natural and civil. And first, as to the natural rights of mankind—From the various accounts of the creation, whether we search the most fabulous, or that which possesses the highest authority, the Bible; we may gather this important fact, that the only distinction in our race, therein implied, is that of sex:—and this is further corroborated, if corroboration it need, by the circumstance that in all the religious creeds which have existed since the beginning of time, the principle of the equality—or to quote the words of J. J. Rousseau—"the unity of man" pervades them all. This, therefore, being the case, all men originally must have had an equal title to all the property, as it is now called, at that time in being. Hence the law of self-preservation and self-enjoyment, without any restraint imposed by a regard for the good of our neighbours, is the great law of nature. The natural rights appertaining to the person of man are the intellectual rights, or the rights of the mind, and the right of acting as an individual for his own comforts and happiness.

Such are the natural rights which a beneficent Creator gave to his creatures; he made all equally responsible to him, and each equal to the other. In no country, however, has it ever happened that mankind long exercised these rights; they soon perceived that it would conduce more to their comforts as a body, render them happier, and enable them the more easily to provide for their immediate and pressing wants, if they threw, as it were, a portion of the rights inherent in them into a common stock. The consequence of this deposit was a division of the land and its products in such a way that each depositor should have a portion for his exclusive use and enjoyment, and a guarantee from the united power of the whole, that he should be protected in the enjoyment of his share. This we conceive to have been the origin of society, and of the civil rights of man. Civil rights are thus the offspring of natural rights, and every civil right must have its existence from some pre-existing natural right. For instance, the civil rights—security and protection—arise from the natural law of self-preservation, which each individual was not capable of having the full enjoyment of in a state of nature, and therefore deposited it in the common fund of society, which in return gave him security to his property, and protection to his person:—Society therefore gives nothing to mankind. "Every man"—says a writer on this subject—"is a proprietor in society, and draws on the capital as a matter of course." From civil rights, or society, arose property; one man, in consequence of his greater industry, superior ability and stricter frugality than that of his neighbour, came into possession of more of the good things of this world; and thus labour of one sort and another was the basis of property.

Having taken this short sketch of civil rights, let us endeavour to apply them and their principles to government. The great sources of all governments are superstition, military power, and reason. The early governments of Greece and Rome were of the first class. Designing men pretended to hold intercourse with the Deity. Oracles were consulted, and whatever they were made to say, at first through the influence of fear, afterwards of belief, became law, and was obeyed as such. How many a country, as well as private individual, has been ruled by the goddess of the Ephesians, and truly might the inhabitants of Ephesus exclaim—"Great is Diana!" From an attentive perusal of various and authentic accounts of travels among and descriptions of savage countries, we learn, that even now superstition, and of a far more gross and debasing character than that above referred to, is the great and prevailing agent therein, through which subordination and obedience is maintained to the despotic rulers of barbarous kingdoms. But governments of this description will, let us hope, soon disappear from among 'the nations' by the extermination of ignorance, which is the chief spring from which these rivers of barbarism flow.

Military power, as was already stated, was another, and by far a more extensive source of authority—indeed, after a moment's reflection, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that, since the downfal of the Roman Empire, it has been, in Europe, almost the only original source of government. And without travelling from home let us consider it as it relates to our own country. Passing over the Saxon and Danish usurpations, which are now only subjects of antiquarian research, we arrive at the conquest of, and consequently the government founded in, England by William Duke of Normandy, which was one of power, when might prevailed against right, and the sword assumed the sceptre. Although Harold had no hereditary title to the throne, and it has been questioned by some historians whether the crown was hereditary at that period, he had a far more stable one—the choice and affections of his people.—The fictitious and insolent claim of the cruel and haughty William of a testamentary disposition of the Crown in his favour by Edward the Confessor was, in all probability, a base fabrication, intended as a cloak to hide the enormity of his attempt, and well worthy of the infamous source from which it arose. But even admitting the fact, that Edward had devised the Crown to William, the aggression was equally shameful, as Edward had not power so to do, and must have acted through compulsion, while residing at the *hospitable* court of William in Normandy, and the people confirmed the choice of the Nobles assembled in the Witten'agenot, or council of wise men, by obeying Harold. The subjection of England by the Conqueror was only excelled, in the baseness of the principles which originated it, by the horrid cruelties which he committed in making his seat on the throne secure. The country was delivered up to be pillaged and destroyed by the rapacious soldiery who assisted in the conquest—and worthy was such a general of his men—neither age nor sex were respected—civil and religious institutions and property alike suffered under the grasp of these blood-hounds; the ancient nobility, who came not in and did homage to this new order of things, were exterminated, and their 'broad lands' given to the favourites * of the day. "From York to Durham," says William of Malmesbury, a writer who lived only 60 years after these events took place, "not an inhabited village remained. Fire, slaughter, and desolation made it a vast wilderness, which it remains to this day." The feudal laws, which were introduced by William into this country, are inconsistent with any state but that of complete vassalage on the part of the majority of the people of any country in which they exist. But governments established by power seldom last for any length of time without the aid of some powerful agent; in our case this important aid was fraud, and an idol called Divine Right was set up for the people of England, who were, in the opinion of Henry the VIII. "for the most part brutes and inexpert folk," to worship. From the time of William the Conqueror to the accession of the Tudor family to the throne, the history of England presents but few features of rational liberty to the philosophical reader. In such a state of ignorance were our ancestors of this period, that all improvements for the better, in the freedom of the subject, were received as boons granted by a beneficent monarch to his abject slaves.—The Magna Charta forced by the Barons from the tyrant John, and the confirmation and enlargement thereof by Henry, are no doubt exceptions from this, but yet both are in the form of grants, and seem to proceed upon the false assumption, that the party granting had the power to refuse. The Magna Charta, to which we Englishmen are so fond of referring, in reality improved the condition of the bulk of the people but little, and added less to the practical liberty enjoyed by them; and one decidedly evil effect it had—was, that, instead of breaking down, it in some degree confirmed the feudal system.—Parliament, which scarcely had its existence then, was for long a *vox et præterea nihil*—a mere office for registering the edicts of the King. Undoubtedly the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster did much to increase its power, and to bring the feudal system into repute, but even in the reigns of Henry the VIII. and Elizabeth, we have many glaring instances of the servility and complacency of the British Parliament to the powers that were.

---

* Among these were the family of De Vesey, the predecessors of the Perrys, to whom immense estates in Northumberland were granted.

C.

Alnwick, *25th Nov.* 1831.

STANZAS.

BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND FRANCIS II. OF FRANCE.

(*Translated from the French*[*].)

What late was cheering to my longing sight,
And pleasure gave, and oft extreme delight,
Hath now a pain and bitterness become,—
And the bright day as night's impervious gloom;—
No craving wish, or relish more have I,
For aught that erst could yield my spirit joy.

If for a solace to my anguish sore,
Each scene of former bliss I wander o'er;
Th' attempt illusive proves,—no change of place
My poignant grief and mis'ry can efface;—
Alike to me are now the desert's wild,
And flow'ry fields where nature sweetest smil'd!

If to some lonely haunt I chance to stray,
Amidst the woods, or in the meadows gay,
Whether when morn unfolds the cheering dawn,
Or when the curtain of the gloamin's drawn,—

---

[*] In a Life of Mary, published a few years ago, by Mr. Tytler, this Sonnet is introduced as recorded by Brantome. No English version having appeared, the translator has thought it as well worthy of a native dress as other productions of that unfortunate Queen.

Still feels my heart the ever baleful cross,
And turns to mourn its deep and withering loss.

If to the heavens my weeping eyes I raise,
Some cloud to me his graceful form displays,—
So flatt'ring fancy paints, the while I trace
The long-lost smile, and features of his face;
And when mine eyes survey the wat'ry scene,
He there as in his tomb to me is seen*.

When on my couch I lay me down to sleep,
Still o'er my bed his soul doth vigil keep,
His voice mine ears with gentlest words doth greet
As erst, methinks, with me in converse sweet,—
And aye through midnight's hush my Francis seems
To murmur blessings in his Mary's dreams!

To end, then, here my sad complaining song,
Of which the *theme* shall be, tho' briefly sung,
Affection ever true, and love unfeign'd,
Which in my breast have long supremely reign'd—
By death's dark painful separation, ne'er
Shall diminution know through life's career.

J. T.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN NOVELISTS.

No. I.—THE SANDMAN.

(From the German of E. T. A. Hoffman.)

BY N. D. STENHOUSE, A. M.

NATHANIEL TO LOTHAR.

Except at dinner, I and the rest of the children saw little of our father during the day. He was probably much engaged with his professional duties. After supper, which, according to the old fashion, was served up about seven o'clock, we all went along with our mother to his room, and seated ourselves at a round table; and he used to smoke a pipe, and drink a large glass of beer. Many a remarkable story he told us; and on these occasions he became so enthusiastic, that he always allowed his pipe to go out, and, what I considered at that time a great privilege, I was allowed to light it again with a piece of paper. But he would after give us picture-books to look at, and sit in his arm-chair, without speaking or moving, but whiffing out such clouds of smoke, that the whole room seemed to eddy. When he was in this mood, my mother's spirits appeared to fall, and no sooner had the clock struck nine, than she would say —"Now children—to bed—to bed! I see plainly that the Sandman is coming;" and then I actually heard the sound of slow and heavy footsteps on the stairs. *This* I thought must be the *Sandman.*

---

* Clearly to understand this last couplet, it must be recollected, that, at this period of time canals, or sheets of water, were common in the pleasure grounds and gardens of France, and that we may suppose Mary to be seated on the margin of one of them when she composed the Stanzas.

One night the noise terrified me so much, that I said to my mother when she was taking us out of the room—"Mamma, who is the bad Sandman that always drives us away from Papa? What is he like?"——"There is no Sandman, my dear boy," replied my mother. "When I say the Sandman is coming, I mean nothing more than that you are sleepy, and cannot keep your eyes open, just as if you had got sand in them." I was not satisfied, however, with my mother's answer; nay, I could not check a suspicion, that she was only dissembling, in order that we might not be frightened, for I still heard the unknown visitor coming up.

Full of curiosity to learn some more particulars about him, and what he had to do with children like us, I at last ventured to ask the old woman, who took care of my youngest sister, what the Sandman was. "Oh Natty," said she, "do you not know that yet? He is a bad man who comes to little boys and girls when they will not go to bed, and throws a handful of sand into their eyes. This makes them start out of the head, and then he puts them into a bag, and takes them to the half moon to feed his young ones that sit there in a nest, and have crooked beaks like owls to pick the eyes of such naughty children." You may easily believe that I now shook with perfect horror, whenever I heard the shuffling on the staircase. I used to burst into tears and stutter out, "the Sandman! the Sandman!"—my mother could get nothing more out of me—and run to the bed-room and torment myself all night with thinking of that foul anomaly.

Even when I was old enough to see, that what the nurse had told me could not be altogether true, I still regarded the Sandman as a terrible spectre. Conceive how I shuddered, when I heard him not only coming up stairs, but tearing open my father's door, and entering the room!

He was often absent for a long time, and then his visits were more frequent. Years ran on in this way, and in my mind that ghastly image was as vivid as ever. But I could not summon courage to ask my father any questions, though his intercourse with the Sandman began to occupy my imagination more and more, and my curiosity always increased. The circumstance had given me such a taste for the preternatural as children may acquire easily enough: I liked nothing better than to hear or read frightful stories of goblins, witches, &c. but the most conspicuous character, in my demonology, was the Sandman, whom I used to draw in the most grotesque forms with coal or chalk on the tables, cupboard and walls.

When I was ten years old, my mother promoted me from the nursery to a little bed-chamber, which lay on the corridor, not far from my father's room; but all of us had still to withdraw exactly at nine o'clock, whenever the unknown approached. Soon after he entered, I used to think that a strange odoriferous vapour was spreading through the house, and my courage was stimulated by the strong desire that I felt to form an acquaintance with him, in some way or other. Often did I slip out to the corridor after my mother had retired, but I got nothing for all my watching, as he was always in the room before I could reach the spot where I might have seen him. Yielding, at last, to an irresistible impulse, I determined to conceal myself in my father's room and wait for the Sandman.

One evening I saw from my father's silence and my mother's dejection, that the Sandman was expected. Pretending, therefore, to be very fatigued, I left the room before nine o'clock, and hid myself in a corner close beside the door.

The outer door creaked, and I heard the sound of slow, heavy footsteps advancing towards the stair-case. My mother hurried past with the other children, and softly I opened the door of my father's room. He was sitting silent and motionless as usual, and with his back towards the door, so he did not observe me, and in a moment I got behind the curtain of an open press, in which his clothes hung. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps—then there was a singular coughing and scraping and growling on the outside. My heart quaked with fear and suspense. Close before the door a quick step—it springs rattling open. Collecting my courage with a great effort, I peep cautiously out of my retreat. The Sandman is standing before my father in the middle of the room, and the light is streaming full on his face. The Sandman, the dreadful Sandman is the old advocate Coppelius who frequently dines with us.

But no monster could have inspired me with greater horror than this Coppelius. Picture to yourself a gigantic, broad-shouldered man—with a thick, shapeless head—a skin like ochre—grey, bushy eyebrows—green, prominent, glittering eyes—a large nose drawn far over his upper lip;—his mouth was naturally wry and often worked into a malicious grin, and, on these occasions, a dark red spot rose on each cheek, and a strange hissing sound came through his clenched teeth.

He always appeared in an old fashioned ash-grey coat, a vest and small clothes of the same colour, black stockings, and shoes with little stone buckles. His wig scarcely covered his crown; the pasted curls bristled high above his huge, red ears; and a broad, close hair-bag shot out from his neck, disclosing the silver-buckles that fastened his cravat. In short, his figure in general was uncouth and repulsive; but I, as well as the other children, felt particular aversion for his great, hairy, knotty fists—so much indeed that we could not endure any thing they had touched. He had noticed this, and when our worthy mother had secretly deposited a choice piece of cake or fruit on our plates, he would delight to touch it, under some pretext or other, and then we could not taste it; and our eyes would fill with tears. He used to do the same thing on a holiday, when our father had treated us with a little glass of sweet wine. In a moment he would clap his hand upon it, or even lift it to his blue lips, and laugh most diabolically, as we durst only vent our chagrin in low sobs. He used to honour us with no other name than "the little beasts," and every kind of noise was forbidden in his presence; so it may be supposed, that we often execrated the "rough ill-favoured thing" that could so deliberately mar our simple pleasures. My mother seemed to hate him no less, for, unprejudiced and cheerful as her nature was, he had no sooner entered the house, than she became sullen and melancholy. My father treated him like a superior being, whose disagreeable peculiarities ought to be borne with, and who ought by every means to be kept in good humour.

Now, when I saw this Coppelius, I felt an appalling conviction that no one but himself could be the Sandman. To me, however, the Sandman was no longer that nursery bug-bear with his owls' nest. No!—a hideous demon with grief, suffering,—temporal and *eternal* destruction in his train.

I was spell-bound at the risk of being discovered, and, as I had no doubt of also being severely punished, I remained standing, and peering out from the curtain. My father received Coppelius with solemnity. "Up! to work!" exclaimed the latter in a hoarse, grating tone, and threw off his coat. My father gravely and silently took off his night gown, and both put on long black frocks. I noticed *where* they got *these*. My father opened the leaves of what I had supposed to be a cupboard, but I now saw that it was a dark recess containing a little fire-place. Coppelius went up to it, and a blue flame began to crackle on the hearth. A variety of singular implements were scattered around.

When my father was bending over the fire, I almost doubted his identity. His mild, open countenance seemed to have been distorted by some convulsive pain into the most fierce and demoniacal expression. He resembled Coppelius. The latter brandished a pair of red-hot tongs, and brought out, from the thick smoke, glittering masses, which he hammered with great assiduity. I felt as if I were surrounded by a chaos of human faces without eyes—deep, unsightly black holes instead of them. "Eyes here! Eyes here!" exclaimed Coppelius in a hollow, menacing tone—I shrieked out under a wild impulse which I could not resist, and rushed out of my hiding-place. Coppelius seized me. "Little beast! Little beast!" he muttered with a grin, and lifting me up, he threw me on the hearth, and the flames began to singe my hair,—"now we have eyes—eyes—a fine pair of children's eyes." He then took some red-hot particles from the fire, intending apparently to put them into my eyes. But my father lifted up his hands with an imploring look, and exclaimed, "Master! Master! Forbear! Oh, forbear!" "Well then!" said Coppelius with a shrill laugh, "the lad may keep his eyes and weep out his quantum in the world; but we must at all events examine the mechanism of his hands and feet." With this he grasped me so firmly that all my joints cracked, and screwed my hands and feet in every direction. "Every thing is right after all! Is it not?" All about me grew dark and darker; a sudden cramp shot through my whole body.—I felt no more.—A soft warm breath glided over my face, and I awoke, as it were from a state of total insensibility, and saw my mother hanging over me. "Is the Sandman still there?" stammered I. "No, my dear child, he has been long, long away; he will do you no harm." So said my mother, and kissed and embraced her restored darling.

Why should I weary you, my dear Lothar—why should I dwell so long on a single incident when so much yet remains to be said! It is enough for you to know, that I was detected and roughly handled by Coppelius, and that my panic had thrown me into a fever, which lasted for several weeks. "Is the Sandman still there?" were the first rational words I uttered, and the symptom of returning health.

I must now come to the most fearful epoch in the history of my youth. . . . . It was said that Coppelius had left the town.

One evening, about a year after this, all of us were sitting, as usual, at the round table. My father had been very cheerful, and when he was amusing us with an account of his travels in his youth, the clock struck nine, and we heard the street-door grate on its hinges, and the sound of slow and heavy steps on the passage, and then on the stair-case. "That is Coppelius," said my mother turning pale. "Yes! It is Coppelius," repeated my father with a feeble, broken voice. Tears gushed from my mother's eyes. "But my dear! my dear!" exclaimed she, "must it then be so?" "For the last time"—he replied; "Coppelius shall come no more. Go, go, with the children. Go—go to bed. Good night!"

I felt as if I were squeezed under a cold, heavy stone. My breath stopped and I could not stir. "Come, Nathaniel, come," said my mother, taking hold of my arm, and I allowed myself to be led away and went into my room. "Be composed—be composed, lie down in your bed! Sleep, sleep"—cried my mother after me; but I could not shut an eyelid. The loathsome Coppelius with his glittering eyes and his malicious laugh was constantly before my imagination in spite of all my efforts.

It might be about midnight when I heard a dreadful sound—like the report of a cannon. The whole house shook—something rushed past my door—and the house-door was slammed violently. "That is Coppelius!" I exclaimed with horror, and sprang from my bed. A shriek of the wildest agony succeeded, and I hastened to my father's room. The door was open, and a suffocating vapour issuing from it, and the servant-maid was screaming—"Ah, my master! my master!" Before the smoking hearth lay my father dead—his face burned black, and horribly distorted. My sisters were shrieking and moaning around him, and my mother had fallen into a swoon. "Coppelius—Satan! Thou hast murdered my father!" I exclaimed, and my senses deserted me. Two days after, when my father was laid in his coffin, his features had regained their native softness and benignity: and I consoled myself with the thought that his intercourse with Coppelius could not have subjected him to everlasting wrath.

The explosion had awakened the neighbours, and the circumstance was so much talked of that it reached the ears of the magistrate, and he wished to call Coppelius to account.

Coppelius, however, had disappeared, and was no where to be found.

CLARA TO NATHANIEL.

. . . . I will now frankly confess to you that, in my opinion, all the horrors, of which you speak, were principally the effect of your own imagination. Coppelius may have been disagreeable enough, but his dislike to children created real terror in you.

The Sandman of the nursery was naturally connected in your young mind with the old gentleman, and, even when you disbelieved the legend, you continued to regard him as a sort of monster particularly dangerous to children. He visited your father at night simply for this reason, that both were alchemists, and wished to perform their experiments in secret. Your mother must not have been satisfied with this, for much money was, doubtless, unprofitably spent, and your father's mind would be estranged from his family, (as it uniformly happens under such circumstances,) by his unfortunate passion for the occult sciences. Your father's death was certainly occasioned by his own imprudence, and Coppelius is not to be blamed for it.*

LONGINGS OF A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

I.

O FOR the wing of the wandering bird,
That comes when the voice of Spring is heard
From the isles across the sea, in chase
Of the flowery Summer's sunny face!

The blue ether then would become my home,
When I took my flight over ocean's foam,
And the bow of God in the clouds would be
Like the glorious portal of bliss to me!

O to sport 'neath its arch when it gleams
O'er the emerald sea with its purple beams,—
And to vail 'mid the radiance bright and fair,
Till it melt away in the hueless air!

II.

O for the wing of the wild curlew,
That journeys the waste of old ocean through;
And explores with her eye of bright disdain
The sounding caves of the haughty main!

When the tempest shouts—and the waters dark
Throw their foam-wreath'd curls o'er the found'ring bark,
She plumes on the billows' crest her form,—
And careers on the outskirts of the storm!

---

* The Translator regrets, that his extract begins and terminates so abruptly. But the rest of the tale merely exhibits Nathaniel under a species of the most inconceivable hallucination, and in a series of circumstances which throw no farther light on the character of the Sandman.

O for a path where her pinions, borne
On the rushing wind, meet the seas in their scorn,
For the voice of awe and of pow'r can ne'er
In the dauntless bird wake a throb of fear.

III.

O for the wing of the regal bird,
Whose cry in the deep—deep glen is heard,
When he cleaves the heav'ns, with his rush of wings—
Scorning the earth and its meaner things!

Above the region of clouds I'd rise,
And shoot away through the boundless skies,
Till the fount of light and its splendours roll'd
Like a lambent stream from a sea of gold!

Then poised in empyreal air I'd raise
My ravish'd heart in a hymn of praise,
While in my cerulean temple none
Should see or hear but the Holy One.

CONFESSION OF AN INCONSTANT.

I speak not at present of grey hairs,—let those who are far—far my juniors, shelter themselves under the privileges of that venerable emblazonry; but let eighty years and upwards plead my excuse for introducing my garrulity upon public notice. More especially do I claim attention on account of the disinterestedness of my motive;—which is, that before I leave the face of this busy and thoughtful world, I may furnish some hints which may possibly be useful to its inhabitants—particularly to that tender sex to which I owe so much. Yes! to my shame be it declared! not one fraction of the deep debt I owe to woman has, during the lapse of a period of fourscore years, been even begun to be discharged! But let me to my Confession.

Are all men's minds constituted alike? To me it seems, that every man has in him some of what every other man possesses; and that it is merely the difference of proportions which constitutes all the countless varieties of human character. If this be so, then every one, as he peruses the following Confession, may derive instruction of no slight value, from witnessing the growth of one, at first apparently trifling, propensity—proceeding by rapid degrees, till, the whole faculties becoming absorbed and altered in their nature, the mind assumed the singular appearance of one unreasoning and despotic passion.

Even in my infant days I was distinguished by a restless vivacity, which hurried me from place to place, and from toy to toy with incessant alternation. At school the same tendency manifested itself in a somewhat different manner. If a new method of play was to be introduced, I undertook to manage its arrangement. If a deed of daring or folly were thought of, which had never been accomplished, or been attended with some disastrous accident, *that* I instantly attempted, and rarely without complete success. When a new book was given us, my task was studied with enthusiastic eagerness, which speedily subsided into my usual inattention. Every thing, in short, which possessed the charm of novelty, readily won my admiration, was vigorously attempted, almost always accomplished, and immediately slighted and abandoned. Others have frequently owned that the pleasure of pursuit is greater than that of enjoyment; with me the pleasure terminated with the pursuit,—*I* never could give myself the leisure to enjoy. My friends unfortunately regarded this as merely the pardonable failing of an ardent temperament, and likely to disappear as life should advance, and reason assume the reins now flung loose on the neck of fiery unbitted passion. Would that they had been better skilled in reading ultimate results from early tendencies! But to proceed.

I had just completed my seventeenth year; and though wild and impetuous as ever, had begun to regard myself as more of man than boy, when, as my destiny willed, I became acquainted with a young lady, whose influence speedily gave a new bias to my mind. She was just a few months younger than myself. Ladies of the present day! forgive me, should I appear to you unjust in my opinions! An old man's eyes may lack the power of true discrimination, dimmed as their vision now is by the mists of age. She of whom I write was coeval with your grandmothers;—but never have I seen a face so perfectly enchanting. It was not pale; it was not rosy; but its hue was of that soft and delicately-blended tinge, which deepens or decays, blooms warm or fades away, with the rise or the subsiding of every passing emotion, till the eloquent countenance appears working with thought and coloured from the heart. But why describe charms which have long since mouldered into dust? Suffice it to say, that she was to my eyes, heart, soul, most beautiful!—that I felt for her what man can never feel twice, the new and delightful hopes, fears, wishes and tremblings of pure FIRST LOVE! But never had I ventured to speak to woman, except as brother to sister, or son to mother. Indeed it was not till after a considerable time that I discovered the true name and nature of my new sensations. The heart, however, has an untaught, an unteachable wisdom of its own. Following its impulses I strove to render to my lovely Marianne all those sweet though trifling attentions, which constitute the unspoken language of young and fervent love. I soon learned what were her chief likings and antipathies, framing the while, not merely the external manifestation of my sentiments into a congeniality with hers, but even plucking up from my heart all growths of every nature, except such as she might approve. With an almost intuitive quickness of perception I soon learnt all her hours of walking, so that I seldom failed to meet her in some unseen and remote part of her excursion. True, I never spoke of love—I dared not. But as nothing is more ludicrously remarkable in the whole phenomena of love, than the lover's fancied concealment of what is obvious to all the world,—my passion was no doubt easily seen. Her parents, however, never checked my attentions; and for herself, she gave me no means of knowing what were her feelings. When we met, she never expressed surprise;

and when our interviews chanced to be farther than usual apart, that circumstance was allowed to pass equally without comment.

In this manner several months stole unheeded over us, with no very perceptible alteration in the conduct of either; except that I began to flatter myself into the dear belief, that I could perceive on her expressive cheek, and in her thoughtful eye a repressed yet still visible brightening of pleasure when we met. At such times my heart danced, my brain reeled, and my whole being felt intoxicated with delight; yet in her absence I never ventured to give full credence to the dear surmise. I would have given the world to have known the true state of her heart. This uncertainty kept me constant in my passion; for the effort was still uncompleted, and the suspense still at the height. Once indeed I committed my sentiments to a letter; but after carrying it a month in my pocket, without having the courage to give or send it, in a fit of despondency I committed it to the flames. At length an incident occurred, which terminated my suspense by hastening a crisis.

My fate, which like myself was ever subject to sudden and fitful exertions, called me away to a distant part of the country, whence an early return could by no means be anticipated. This was terrible! To leave my beloved Marianne, without knowing whether I possessed any share of her affection! I could not endure the thought, that in my absence some bolder lover might sue and obtain what I myself might have enjoyed, had I but wooed in time. The very evening before my departure I sought a private interview. It was not denied. We met in privacy; and for some minutes great was the embarrassment on both sides. Very shame at last drove me to the utterance of my feelings. Once begun, the high and up-pent tide of passion rushed onwards like a torrent:—words of burning fervour came unsought to my tongue in most impassioned eloquence, while every word and every thought was pure as the unsunned snow. She trembled, but scarcely spoke. Still I urged my suit, and still her replies were broken and indefinite. But time would not delay; and I felt myself reluctantly compelled to take my leave. I sighed a most sorrowful farewell!—I raised her fair hand and pressed it fervently to my lips!—She could resist no longer. She sank weeping on my arm,—and with the hand which I had not yet quitted, raising mine to her lips, she touched it with a gentle kiss. Instantly I felt as if the whole current of my blood and thought was changed. I started—shook—muttered another farewell—and rushed giddily and staggering away. No sooner had I gained the open air, and got fairly out of sight and hearing, than I stopped, looked back, drew a long and most composed breathing, and could scarcely refrain from bursting into a fit of loud laughter. I now felt assured that I had gained complete possession of Marianne's heart. The battle had been fought, the victory had been gained; I rejoiced in the triumph, but now that I had no cause for exertion, I disregarded the prize.

Next day I departed in perfect tranquillity. I remained absent as long as possible; and neither during my absence nor after my return, did I in any manner hold communication with her who had so lately been the sole object of my soul's affection. Shocked at my inconstancy she seemed for a time to be sinking into ill-health; but her father having taken her to a different part of the country, for change of air and scene, she became acquainted with a man in every respect worthy of her, to whom she was in due time united, and with whom she enjoyed many years of calm and true felicity. Whilst I—but instead of indulging in reflections, let me proceed with my Confession.

Several years followed, during which my mind was too busily engaged to have leisure for love: but a period of relaxation following, my restless heart was soon engaged in a fresh pursuit. There was in the vicinity a young lady of some family pretensions, and unrivalled in the stately splendour of her person, and the brilliancy of her manners and accomplishments. Her name was Elizabeth. She had been for some years the reigning beauty of the district; and her reign was a perfect despotism. Proud of her birth, her person, and her accomplishments, and haughty of temper, she regarded all the homage she received as merely her due tribute, and treated her numerous admirers with ungenerous caprice. It never entered her mind that a man pays the greatest possible compliment to a woman by making her the offer of his heart; and that if he must be rejected, it should be done with great gentleness and delicacy. On the contrary, it was her delight to play with the affection of her most devoted lovers, so long as they could contribute to her amusement; then abruptly rejecting their suit, make their grief the object of her boasting and her scorn. Among her lovers was one young gentleman, George Lennox, of elegant person and attainments, with a mind of great delicacy and refinement, and—what attracted her—not least likely to succeed to considerable property. Her pride was flattered by his homage, and her selfishness would not allow her to relinquish so fair a prospect as that of sharing his fortunes; yet true to her coquettish disposition she could not deny herself the pleasure of toying with her prisoner, alternately flinging off and recalling, repelling and encouraging, while she conceived she held him securely in the leash. Such was Elizabeth's character and circumstances, when leisure allowed and inclination induced me to form an intimacy with her; and I at once resolved to avenge the quarrel of my sex, by encountering this proud beauty in her own mode of warfare, sensible that she had been too long used to the language of adulation, for *it* to make any impression upon her self-complacent heart. It should be premised that my prospects were such as rendered me at least her equal; it may be allowed that my restless disposition had made me man of the world enough to act with coolness and self-possession and spirit; and it might be asserted that my personal appearance was such as might be deemed not unattractive to a lady's eye—Nay, smile not! I was not always thus bent and withered. Well, we met; frequently met; and our intercourse ripened from public gallantry into the more familiar terms of understood *courtship*. I grant the term partakes of the antique,—but it suits me and my times.—She now began to treat me as she was wont to do her lovers; but when she grew cold, I grew colder. I met her at balls or public parties, and bowed with stiff formality, then paid warm attentions to some more juvenile beauty. I saw her pique, and knew my advantage. Again I sought her favour;—a reconciliation ensued, and our intimacy grew closer and more kindly than before. Supposing that she had now obtained a sure hold of me, she again attempted to flirt and domineer; but again I returned scorn for scorn. During these manœuverings she repeatedly shewed great kindness to George Lennox, reviving his affections, partly in order to pain me, partly because she still considered him too good a match to be at once cast off.

Nearly two years had elapsed since I commenced this arduous contest; and though I now began to entertain strong hopes of ultimate success, yet these hopes were still too distant and indefinite to permit any relaxation of my efforts; on the contrary they served but to stimulate me, and to awaken all my art to render them secure. Nor was Elizabeth less bent on gaining my heart. She had now for the first time found herself baffled, and all the pride of a woman's heart was aroused to make me wear her fetters and own her sovereign power. Alas! she little knew the secret depths of either my nature or her own! The more visible that her efforts became to my vigilant observation, the farther was she from her object: and by a fatality, to which the female heart is especially liable, the very intensity and perseverance of her efforts to enslave me, rendered herself my slave. Her continual schemings to ensnare my affections kept my image for ever in her heart, till ere she was aware, it became impossible for her to erase its deep impression. Caught in her own toils she now began to struggle, manifested uneasiness in my presence, lost her gaiety, and became fretful and peevish in her carriage to those who had been objects of my attention. I saw that the victory was nearly gained; and, to render it certain, redoubled my attentions to her, with more of tenderness than I had ever before assumed. Her pride had previously begun to give way; *now* all its remaining bulwarks yielded when assailed by the bland assiduities of gentleness, and she could not refrain from shewing very evident tokens of the deep satisfaction with which she listened to my addresses.—Let me hasten to close the narrative—it is too painful to be dwelt upon. I had accomplished my object in subduing this haughty beauty; and that without having committed myself by a single word which could fairly be called a pledge of marriage. I now became more remiss in my attentions and visits, and still retained the same ease and gallantry of demeanour when I did pay them. Her spirit was completely subdued, and she neither could nor dared resort to her former coquettish mode,—she dared not risk a quarrel. Tortured in her turn, as she had tortured others, she began to sink under her anxiety; and finding that neither coldness nor blandishments could draw from me an explicit declaration, she at length employed her *confidante* to bring the matter to a conclusion. I know not yet how I could be so fiendish. My reply was cold and almost insulting. I disavowed having ever entertained any sentiments beyond those of mere gallantry, expressed surprise that they could ever have been taken seriously by a lady of such a gay and flirting disposition, and said that I should be very happy to be at her wedding, though I could not do myself the pleasure to figure as Bridegroom. This was more than her still proud spirit could endure. An understanding was speedily effected with George Lennox; and in a few weeks I received an invitation to her marriage with him. I attended the ceremony with perfect composure. She appeared, but most unlike a Bride. Pale and emaciated, she no longer displayed that queen-like dignity by which she had formerly been so much distinguished. Yet the remains of her pride enabled her to make one last effort; and she went through the ceremony with propriety and apparent composure. Then at its conclusion, when leaning on the arm of the Bridesman she turned to move away, her eye fell on me —the hectic flush forsook her countenance, her whole frame shook with convulsive emotion, her chest heaved with a terrible spasm even till the lacings of her dress burst, and uttering one wild scream, she fell into the Bridegroom's arms, a heart-broken—lifeless corpse! I was horror-struck with the catastrophe. My conscience told me that I was her murderer. I forsook the country, and wandered for years on the continent, a prey to remorse.

Strange as it may appear, even that could not change my inconstancy and fickleness of disposition. Wherever I wandered, and whatever I saw, the same restlessness possessed me, and hurried me from change to change, unsatisfied with the present, in search of novelty, desirous of what I had not, and disgusted with what I had. Friendships I dared not form,—I should say I *could* not; for whenever I felt inclined to seek the friendship of any man, I either dared not trust my own fickleness, or if I did, no sooner had I obtained his intimacy than I ceased to value it. But the very acme of my misery consisted in love. Naturally of an ardent disposition, I was exceedingly susceptible of impressions from female loveliness; but the moment a fair face or graceful form attracted my admiration, the memory of my former inconstancy arose like a warning spectre, and drove me to seek by timely flight the only means of guarding against such guilt and such remorse. Thus did I pass my manhood, a wanderer from clime to clime, uncheered by the sweet ties of friendship and love, yet with a heart by nature strongly capable of them all. And thus did I incur the dreary doom,—that now in my old age and decrepitude, I am a stranger in my native land, with no friends, no wife, no children, no home—for how can I call my lonely dwelling-place a *home*, when it contains none of all those holy affections wherewith that blessed word is consecrated! I mourn in vain, what cannot now be remedied; for I must totter to my grave in lonely misery, like some old time-doddered tree, smitten and blasted to the core, mouldering in unsightly decay amid the fresh young scions sprouting around it from the stems of its departed brethren of the forest. I must *dree my weird*,—must bear both the scaith and the scorn: and it is right that it should be so. But let me warn all youth, and instructors of youth, against indulging the growth of any one engrossing passion or tendency, as they would avoid extinguishing all the other natural powers, and raising it alone to despotic sway. It will be the demon evoked by the unwary magician,—at first his ready and willing servant, but in the end his cruel tyrant and merciless destroyer.

UMBRA.

SPRING.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

I.

Great God! I rejoice in thy beautiful earth,
When the flowers are all in their pride of birth,
And the leaves look forth, like emerald gems
By diamonds tipped, from their dewy stems:
When the spring is young, and the sun is high,
And a flood of music rolls o'er the sky,
As the air awoke from its winter dreams
Is filled with the voice of a thousand hymns,
While the glad birds revel in grateful glee
Till man might grasp the melody!
Yea, the lovely soul of each infant flower,
Like sunbeams struggling through a shower,
Peers forth to hear, and spreads abroad
Its fragrant rainbowed wings to God!

II.

Now the bounding heart and the deathless soul
Feel a flood of life in its spring-tide roll;
And the gush of feelings that slumbered long
Bursts forth at the voice of creation's song.
Then we list and gaze, till on ear and eye
Excess of joy grows agony!
Or lured by the plaintive bird of spring
Which with echo has buried its viewless wing,
We seek the lone cliff's ivyed breast
Where eternal shadows in coolness rest;
But there where sunbeam ne'er could stray,
The silken moss and primrose play;
And deep in the shaded brook below
The grey trout sports, and the lilies grow—
Yea, whether in sun or shade we trode,
There shouts, here whispers rose to God!

III.

O Lord! if this earth be so lovely to see,
How transportingly bright must thy paradise be!
Where the song of the seraph—the hymn of the blest,
All holy and pure as the star of the west,
And the swift-flying angel with harps on his wing,
Are heard where the flowers of Eternity spring—
Where the anthem of joy, rushing forth like a river,
Shall peal in Hosannas for ever and ever
To Him who hath saved us, and made our abode
'Midst the undying flowers of a visible God!

A NIGHT WITH THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Wha wadna choose to be the chief
'Mang Scotia's glorious peasantry,
Than be the king, and wear the crown
'Mid perils, pain, and treacherie?"

One of the most general and reasonable kinds of curiosity, is that of knowing something of the private character of those who have gained for themselves a name distinguishing them above their fellows. Their appearance, manners, nay their very deeds become objects of temporary interest to all, at one time or other in their lives—they are desirous to know, how he who routed the superior force of the enemy adjusts his cravat, and whether the popular author wears shoe-ties or silver buckles. Whether this curiosity is caused, like the cholera morbus, by the state of the atmosphere about the great man, producing the disease and carrying the infection to others, contagious and infectious at the same time, we cannot just now stop to determine; certain, however, it is—the disease exists, and we are about now to offer one little pill to the pensive public affected with it. At some future time we indulge the hope of introducing our friend the Ettrick Shepherd more fully to our readers; meantime we would powerfully adjure such of our brother contributors as have any pleasing reminiscences of the great literary characters of the day, to forward them in their best phrases to the office of our infant Periodical—our infant Hercules, we hope—which will soon crush the hydra of ignorance so long the pest and disgrace of the Border.

Thirty years ago the Shepherd was "ad unguem factus homo," the chief among ten thousand for activity, muscular vigour, and dexterity in field sports. Wily, wily was the trout that would not rise to his brown drake wing and black heckle thrown with his own unerring skill; lish indeed was the chiel who could rise above him at the flying leap; and at wearing a camstary ewe, where was the man in all Yarrow and Ettrick to boot, that could foot him along the heather hill side? Nor has he lost much of this even in his 60th year. His step is not indeed so fleet, but it is as firm as ever; his hand not so steady, but its cunning has not forsaken him; his chest is not now opposed in friendly or hostile contention to his brother wrestlers, but it is as capacious as ever, and his heart is in the same place. Men of Blackadder and Whiteadder! there is many a deadly liester hand among ye, and many a bonny stream for the sport is there in your waters, but let it be stream and stream about between the Fisher's Tryst and the salmon haunted Tweed, and we will wager the whole of the next twelve numbers of this Magazine, that the Shepherd's basket makes any two of yours kick the beam.—Done! Done!

* * * * * * *

"Come, callants, let's hae the whisky—I'm just perfectly wasting my time wi' this cauldrife wine—Lassie! are ye gaun to bring the het water?—Never kenn'd o' a lass that couldna keep the men in het water afore"—cried our jovial chairman, and it was the slogan cry to an onslaught on Watson's huge blue bottle of the mountain dew. We were all staunch admirers of the Shepherd; he was at our head, and we were happy.

"The King"—with the anthem, "Willie was a wanton wag!"—"Mrs. Hogg"—with its appropriate song of "When the kye come hame," and so forth, commenced the revels of the evening. There were among us one or two who could serve as able henchmen to the Shepherd in the song department,—M'Leod with his original melodies to some of the finest songs of Scotland, and Gilfillan whose sweetly touching lyrics have now gone forth to the world, and stand high in the list of those which place Scotia first as the land of song;—others, too, lent their voices at a humble distance; the tale and the joke intervened; the night was "driving on wi' sangs and clatter;" when—who should enter our jovial assembly but Montgomery,—the divine poet, profanely called by scorners by the awful name of "Satan."

Never, however, was a name more improperly applied, unless there may seem to our readers any thing Satanic in a pale-faced, amiable, but vain looking young man with his black hair shaded on his head, sans whiskers, moustaches, or any other hairy appendage whatever. His glass was filled, his speech was spoken, his book was commended, and we went on as before. Now we allow with Mrs. Malaprop, that "comparisons are oderiferous," but it was utterly impossible not to make one between the old and youthful poet. While the din went on around us, we leaned pensively back in our chair, and gazed like Sterne's *Maria* first at the one and then at the other. Our companions declare that we were then in a state of metaphysical abstraction—vulgarly, "blind fou," but this we potently deny, and hope to prove by these lucubrations that they were lying knaves. The figure of Montgomery was slighter, more graceful and easy; but then the Shepherd's, in spite of a little exuberance which every honest gentleman of his age should possess, seemed more active and vigorous, as it was in fact much more muscular. And we who have seen Mr. Hogg's clean-shaped leg doubt much if the young one could have shown such an understanding. The divine poet wore his hair beautiful and black, in a most becoming manner for a young aristocratic Poet; but then it wanted the wildness and imaginative expression which his of the Queen's Wake in its wiry and shivered disarrangement possessed. Then again in the eye, the bard of the mountains beat him of Oxford by chalks. The first was blue, keen, and somewhat small—the other dark, larger, but without any traceable expression except vanity. The Satan man talked much of himself and his books, the Ettrick (par excellence) said nothing at all about himself, but told his tale, and sang his song, and laughed and applauded like the rest. Finally, the veteran, though under the influence of his fifth tumbler, was steady and *himself*, while we could perceive that the young one, towards the close of his third and last, began to "babble of green fields," and to verge towards a state of excitement.

We have spoken merely of their external appearance, for few indeed, not to mention the poet-laureate of Apollyon, may be mentioned in the same day as our own Shepherd, in regard to the fame and love which genius procures for its possessor. His is not only the admiration due to lofty thoughts and wild creations, which is confined principally to cultivated minds, nor does he claim only the cold respect given to genius for its own sake.

Though meriting this admiration and this respect also, in a high degree, he possesses a yet deeper interest in the hearts of his fellow men—an interest to which perhaps no other man living can lay claim so strongly, and which is only shared in an equal degree by Burns and Tannahill, and some others among the illustrious dead.

He has sung the loves and the sorrows and joys of his countrymen, in a feeling which is recognised by every heart; and thus, while his fame has extended itself immeasurably further than the mere epic or dramatic poet's, it is mingled with a yearning love which is better than admiration, the dearest guerdon of the lyrical bard—the very breath of his nostrils! There then, where he sits, with his light and heartsome smile, and his kind blue eye kindling up into a transient—too bright to be lasting—beam of genius, as the thought of some "bonnie bonnie lassie" comes over his mind, where in all broad Scotland will you find a man like our Shepherd?—Who has had more difficulties to struggle with in his uphill scramble to fame? and who has arrived at a prouder eminence? Has any one met with worldly misfortunes so frequent and overpowering, and yet kept a cheerful heart and countenance to the last? Again we must have recourse to Mrs. Malaprop, and disclaim all wish to make odious comparisons, but were the "losses and crosses" that Burns complains of, and many and sad they were, so overwhelming in their nature, or so disheartening in their frequent occurrence as those which have fallen "quick, thick and heavy" on the devoted head of the Ettrick Shepherd?

Unforeseen and unavoidable misfortunes have at different times plunged him from comparative independence to poverty—honest indeed—but still poverty, and not the less an evil. Yet how often is the memory of Burns bedaubed with pity which he would have spurned, had he experienced it, while any thing but sympathy is awarded to the living suffering of the poet of Kilmeny, though it has been proved by him, of the same nature, and tenfold more painfully? Mr. Hogg—people say—is a vain man;—so he is, and we thank God for it. We agree with Dr. Goldsmith in believing that there was never a good or great old man who was not vain. A man who has struggled, as the Shepherd has done, for the admiration of his fellow men, must either be a hypocrite or a heartless wretch who is not so. And if ever man upon this earth had a right to be vain, that man must be the Ettrick Shepherd. The first among his rural competitors in manly sports—acknowledged in his own country to have been the fleetest of foot for seven years;—without education or encouragement, but by the sole irresistible force of genius, raising himself to a level with those in his own age of the most towering talent, and extending his influence far far beyond what any of them could reach—received with gratulations in every assembly which he honours with his presence, and the object of devoted affection and admiration among the inhabitants of the valley where he dwells—what wonder is it that he should be vain, or rather how wonderful would it have been, had he not been so?—Yet the charge is made by those who know not his character, by those who have it "from friends in Edinburgh," or who abstract his peculiarities from the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Whom has he offended by his vanity?—Go to the cottars in Yarrow, and make the charge against him if you will; you will find yourself much more likely to have your heels tripped up, or be treated to a ducking in the deepest pool in the river, than to get a single soul to agree with you. Go to those who know him best and admire him most—for the terms are synonymous—in auld Reekie, and say that his vanity is disagreeable, and from Professor Wilson down to the humble inditer of this matter, you will be more likely to get a sound left handed hit on *the mark* than a quiet hearing. There he sits telling you in a strong, sonorous and not unmusical voice, that "Love is like a dizziness," and his honest smile, and soul-lighted eye are the best refutations of the calumny. He has known adversity, and has won fame; and he knows, that for his sake the green hills which mingle their shadows in the lovely lake of St. Mary's, and the deep pools of the Yarrow which the speckled trout loves, will be sacred for ever and ever to the children of genius, and that his cottage-home, rising white on the banks of the river, will be the pilgrim shrine of many an unborn poet,—the dearest haunt of his memory,—and the most eloquent theme of his song; yet is the good old man's hand as open and his heart as warm, as if his only skill was to tend his sheep on the heathy hills of his childhood———"Come, Gilfillan, my man, gie's one o' your ain; there's aye something original about your sangs that I like just verra much," said the Shepherd to the Leith minstrel, and forthwith we collected ourself to listen. The Song that he sung contained the simple eloquence of Nature, in the strain which the heart at times vibrates to in a thrilling ecstacy,—the "joy of grief," the true "luxury of woe."—But let him speak for himself:

SONG.

Oh! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' his bleak winter sky,
And where shall we shelter frae his storms when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'.

They say that wisdom cam wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows and tears;
Oh! I'd gie a' the wit, gin ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonny lang syne.

Oh! the bonny waving broom, where sae aften we wad meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd mang our feet!
The bird wad stap its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree!

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn
For the blythe happy days that never can return,
When love was in the heart, and joy was on the tongue,
And mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

Oh! the happy days o' youth, they couldna aye remain,—
There was owre muckle joy, and owre little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days! and fareweel youthfu' glee!
The young may court your smiles, but you're gaen frae me!

When the acclamations which followed this song had subsided, we began to perceive symptoms of what Blackwood calls "civilation" among our companions. One was mounted on one leg on his chair drinking the health of the singer; another was examining his surtout, rent from back to collar amid the furious mirth; a third had sunk down in his chair, with the purpose apparently of exploring with his feet the geography at the other side of the table, and, with his spectacles craned over his forehead, was gliding downwards behind his tumbler, like Sol sinking into a sea of cold toddy; while five or six in the low corner were singing each on a key of his own, "We are na fou." Our chairman accordingly left his throne, and we soon after dispersed. One went home cursing the bad pavements of Edinburgh which would not let an honest man walk strait; another flourished with an umbrella over his head, though it was as clear a moonlight night as ever fairy danced in; and half the watchmen in Lothian Street and South Bridge were knocked down by two or three uproarious members of our party, whose hats were exhibited next morning as trophies in the Police Office. On the whole, however, not one of us but will remember with pleasure our "Night with the Ettrick Shepherd."

DANIEL MEERSHAUM.

THE PAST.

O THINK not my heart hath never felt
For others, because it feels not now,
Nor deem that gloom hath always dwelt
Like a wintry cloud on my sullen brow:
Once I was thoughtless, was happy as thou;
The tints of sunset once pleased mine eye,
And the summer breeze as it whispered by
Was sweet; and there seemed as I looked around
To be gladness in every sight and sound,
And I loved a world so attractive and fair,
And I dreamt that all was rapture there;
Ah me! that bitterness should dwell
In a world our nature could love so well.
Once I could smile, but sorrow's dart
Hath rankled long in my aching heart,
And the tear of pity once dimmed mine eye,
It could do so still—but its fountain is dry,
And melancholy hath overcast
With its clouds the heaven that bloomed in the past.

The Past! it hath fled like a feverish dream,
Yet the forms it contained still fitfully gleam
On my heart, like the moon-beams that coldly break
Through darkness and glance on the midnight lake;
And I love to gaze on them still, although
They tell but of long-endured woe.
There is an *eye* of tenderest blue
That still methinks doth flash upon me,
From its silken fringe, like a star-beam through
The mist that sleeps on a twilight sea;
And memory sadly reverts to the hour
When it hovered o'er me with magic power.
There is a *voice* that yet thrills in my ear
Like the music the wanderer loves to hear,
As borne from afar on the breath of eve
It gently steals o'er the trembling wave;
And while the melody floats around,
He lingers as if upon holy ground,—
As if some angel were sent to convey
Tidings of a land that is far away.—
There is a *form* of loveliness
On my waking dreams that riseth yet,
And it whispers of long-lost scenes of bliss
Of days of rapture whose sun hath set.
I look, and that vision is bright as when first
On my soul in all its glory it burst,
And the smile that dwells upon every glance
Is of mingled beauty and innocence.
I look again, and the hand of decay
Hath seized on *her* lovely form as its prey,
The rose on her cheek hath faded now,
And the cold drop hangs on her marble brow;
But yet, though her eye is sickly and chill,
Her fainting form is lovely still.—
I look again, and beauty once more
Lightens up the face where it dwelt before,
And o'er it there breathes an etherial air
This world could not have emplanted there;
And at times her lately languid eye,
As if strains angelic were floating by,
Is illumined with inward ecstacy;
And oft I can mark a deceitful streak
Of crimson tinge her lilied cheek,
Yet that hectic flush is of loveliest hue,
Like a beam of the heaven she was hastening to.
I look again—and all is o'er—
The image I loved dwells on earth no more,—
On the slow-moving hearse I have seen the plumes wave,
And the weeping cypress droop over her grave,
And the joys of mortality ne'er may incline
To gladness a bosom so cheerless as mine.

J. C.

BURKING.

At a period, when the mental attainments of mankind are said to be superior to what they have ever before been—in a country praised above others for its religious and moral character—where education is so widely strewn, that few, very few are wholly ignorant, and where blessings have been poured with a profuse hand upon all its inhabitants,—crimes debasing to human nature, and horrid in themselves, have been committed with greater frequency and more aggravated atrocity, than during the dark ages when the mind was in its midnight,—when religion was a superstition, morality unknown, and education consisted in learning to do evil.

Murder stands first and highest in the hateful catalogue, and we will confine the following remarks to a *peculiar species* which has of late sprung up amongst us. "Burking" is what we allude to, and a more detestable, a more horrible crime does not exist upon earth than is comprehended in that expressive vocable.

The introduction of this word into the English language marked a new æra in the progress of crime, and the use of it was the result of outrages more cruel and odious than mankind had conceived to be possible. Derived from the name of a once obscure villain, it has become a word of such powerful import, that the association of ideas and feelings which it excites, are scarcely equalled by any that our language can produce.

To take away the life of a fellow being even upon provocation, shews the evil of our nature, and our distance from that spirit which returns good for evil: but to murder deliberately and *methodically*, that a beggarly pittance may be obtained for the *bodies* of the victims, implies in the wretches who thus act—minds saturated with the worst of passions, and hearts—callous—impervious to the kindlier feelings of humanity: yet true it is, murder *has* been committed with no other motive to instigate to it than the mere gain arising from the sale of the dead body, and this not once only, but often! The shouts and execrations of the assembled thousands who witnessed the death-scene of a Burke, and the horror and wrath of a roused nation have failed to prevent its repetition. That repetition has been attended with—if possible—greater depravity, *with improvements in the art of murder*. The bodies have been disposed of piece-meal, and a race of butchers having shambles for the slaying of human-beings has arisen in our land!

When men first heard of the murders by Burke and Hare, horror was almost the universal feeling in their breasts: when they thought a little they comforted themselves with the false hope that such a crime would never be again heard of, and that those human bloodhounds were monsters known only once during the existence of a world. They have been mistaken. It has been well observed, that "let a man advance any doctrine—however absurd—and he will find *some* to support him," and it would appear that let a man commit any crime—however evil—and some will imitate him. Burke and Hare set the example; it has been fearfully followed—and there is no security that more instances will not arise, so long as the schools of anatomy continue to be supplied with subjects in the illegal and private manner which necessity compels them to adopt. The question now general is,—Are there no means to prevent this crime? we answer, yes; and now they *must* be applied. You must destroy the market of these miscreants by *legally* permitting dissection, and securing a supply adequate to the demand, at little expence; for render anatomy legal, reduce the value of anatomical subjects, and there will be neither inducement nor opportunity to commit these cruel villanies. Then and then only can we be secure against such assassins.

Many methods have been thought of to accomplish the above objects. It has been proposed that the medical profession should leave their bodies for public dissection; and again, that the bodies of those who die without relations or friends should be given for public dissection, provided interment was guaranteed. To the first of those proposals we have no objections, if the medical gentlemen themselves are agreed, but we cannot see the justice of making one class of men, exclusive of every other, undergo a disagreeable process by which *all* are to be benefitted; for it is not the medical practitioner who requires anatomy,—*his patients* require it, and accordingly he studies it. To the other proposal we agree. No one knows when, where or how he may die, he may die friendless or he may not, and this uncertainty is one argument in favour of the proposal, viz. we all run the same chance that we offer to others. It has been argued that to take the poor and friendless is unfair, cruel, and derogatory to our best feelings, but "of all evils choose the least;" what man is there, who will deny that to employ those whom none cares for, is better than to permit murder and robbery to become a trade? And we would ask, whether the knowledge, that the poor and friendless were made anatomical subjects, would be more grating to our feelings than the knowledge that murder is employed to destroy not only the poor and friendless—but those who have many to mourn for them? We affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the present system of supplying the anatomical schools engenders more evil, and produces a worse effect upon our feelings, than *could* be the case, were they provided openly and freely by the public. Give the schools of anatomy those bodies which belong to no one. Put them under the jurisdiction of the magistrates; let persons be appointed to overlook these schools, to see that proper respect is paid to the remains of the dead, and that the rites of sepulture are not neglected. And let no hireling perform these duties, but let the magistrates themselves do so: it may be disagreeable to them, but they are public servants, and as such must perform their public duties; however disagreeable these may be, a little management would render them easy. Let this be done, and a class of men (the resurrectionists) who are fit for the worst of crimes will be annihilated, and "Burking" will be heard only in the whisper of the fearful winter's tale. Let us not hesitate—it concerns ourselves as individuals; and collectively, as a nation, we should not suffer laws or customs to exist which have a direct tendency to lead to crime.

Almost all allow that dissection is necessary in order to make either good surgeons or physicians. The course of study required by the legislature for a surgeon, *demands*, before he can serve either in the navy or army, so many months actual dissection, and our most approved Colleges make the same requisition, and it must be fulfilled ere they will grant a Diploma. In thus acting, all men of sense will allow that they do right, but they must also allow that the legislature has done wrong by allowing an absurd statute to exist which rendered the execution of their own orders *impossible* or *criminal.* They are to blame for the lives which have been lost, and to them must we look for measures to prevent the recurrence of similar atrocities.

We repeat, that, unless some such measures as have been pointed out are followed, we have no security that murder will not become a traffic. The present laws and customs of society make the bodies of the dead worth a certain value in money, and *prevent the anatomist from knowing where or how these bodies are obtained.* Let us beware; we know not but ourselves or friends may be the next victims; we have the means in our own hands of doing away with the evil, and if we neglect to use them, who will be to blame should we have again to deplore the untimely end of our fellow men by means of cruel and sordid villainy?

Since writing the above it has been proposed that the bodies of all those who die in prison should be given over to the anatomists on the grounds that their friends must care very little about them. A few words will settle this; many are in prison for debt which their friends cannot liquidate, though the latter may be perfectly willing and able to take charge of the mortal remains of the unfortunate.

D.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

The sun is sinking in the west, up springs the cooling breeze
And the melodies of even-tide are whispering through the trees,—
Hark! 'tis the spirits of the dead—they beckon me away;
Nor longer by the lonely flood do they permit my stay.
And is it so—and are all gone—the noble and the free?
And are the thousands of my tribe concentred now in me!
Oh withering thought! beat loud my heart—and haughty as at first,
Beat—till the purple springs of life in agony shall burst!

Away to yonder rugged steep—say what salutes thee now;—
Undim thine eye—and wipe away the cold drops from thy brow.

Down through the forest's deepening shade, amid the sacred gloom
Of meeting boughs, mine eyes behold the consecrated tomb!—
Dust of my fathers! holy still through the long lapse of years,
Receive my last sad offering—the tribute of my tears.
Woe to the hour when first ye met, in all your wild array,
The Stranger on your rushing streams, and beckon'd him to stay.

Poor children of the untrodden wild!—'twas nature taught you so,
The wanderer and the exil'd one ye never found a foe.
Alas! alas! the *fault* was yours, 'twas his alone the *crime*
Which like the mouldering ruin grows dark mid the roll of time:
Yes; 'tis the mighty spirit speaks. Fast comes the avenging hour
When Justice shall full-quiver'd walk the palaces of power—
The tyrant and the despot then before her mailed brow
Shall quail with fear, and idly, too, bewail as thou dost now!

Wake, spirit, wake! nor longer rest; 'tis thine to avenge the just;
The blood of slaughter'd innocence invokes thee from the dust!

Gaze from this rugged steep—alas! 'tis solitude alone
That marks the dwellings of my tribe and claims them as its own.
Where are the patriarchs of our race—the quiver'd and the bold,
Who used to stem the battle tide as onward still it roll'd;
And mid the shouts of victory, from the carnage-cover'd field,
Upbore the dying warrior upon his bloody shield?—
Go ask the foam emerging swift from the river's rushing sweep,
Or the bubble on the boiling wave—fast sinking in the deep;—
These be the emblems of our race—the Stranger came—they pass'd
Swift from their forest-halls, as flees the storm-cloud in the blast.

Look at the bright and mirror'd lake—how beautiful—how still
It sleeps beneath the deepening shade of yonder evening hill!
Nought ruffles now with curling swell the azure of its breast,
But like a slumbering babe it lies, enfolded in its rest!

The bounding wild deer in its chase of freedom, in amaze
Stands on the margin of the flood upon its form to gaze,
And wonders whence the stillness comes, which lingers round and round
Unbroken now by human lips—or war-shell's hollow sound.
Away she flies—the startled deer—what made her speed so fast?
It was the sere leaf from the tree—that rustled as it past!

* * * * * *

Alas! how chang'd!—beat loud my heart—and haughty as at first,
Beat—till the purple springs of life in agony shall burst!

'Tis o'er,—the clay-cold damps of death are on the warrior's brow,
And the burning pulse no longer beats in exultation now:—
Prone by his fathers' dust he lies—the last of all his race;
And soon the gently dropping leaves will form his hiding-place!

London, Dec. 7th, 1831.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

---

1. *Reasons for the Hope that is in us.* By Robert Ainslie, W. S. Constable—Edinburgh.

We have always been favourable to the religious and moral culture of youth. It is perhaps no exaggeration to affirm that the period of youth is the most important era of human existence. It is then that the mind is most ductile and susceptible—that good or bad impressions are easiest made—that the character is easiest formed—and that a good or bad education is sure to have the best or the worst influence. Youth has been compared to the bending willow, which is ready to yield on the slightest impulse, or the melted wax, on which any impression may be made by the slightest touch of the seal. If that important period is abandoned to neglect—if youthful irregularities are not checked—if the mind is not directed in the pursuit of virtue—if right principles are not instilled into the heart—and if the young are not taught to venerate the principles of religion and virtue, it is easy to predict the consequences that are likely to follow. But if our youth are early instructed in the knowledge of religion—if they are taught to respect truth, and in every situation of life to conduct themselves with propriety and honour—their character is certain of commanding respect; and in that honourable period to which so few attain, they will be pointed out as examples to others.

In order to promote this we know not a better help than Mr. Ainslie's little volume, which we have just perused with unmingled pleasure. The young may be considered as men in miniature, and are as capable of being reasoned with, provided the subject be reduced to their capacity, as men whose minds are accustomed to the habit of ratiocination; and it is surely of the last importance in the outset of their religious career, to be able to give a reason of the hope that is in them—without which their religion is only a religion of implicit faith, grounded on no data whatever. Most earnestly, therefore, would we recommend to parents and guardians of the young to put into their hands the work already named. It is full of pious sentiment—breathes the purest and most affectionate spirit, and is, in our opinion, calculated, by God's blessing, to do infinite good.

But while we recommend it to the young, we are far from affirming that it may not be read with advantage by the aged: on the other hand, men at any period of life may peruse it with benefit. Let the young read it, and he will acquire virtuous principles—let the Christian read it, and it will confirm him in the love of what is excellent—let the philosopher read it, and it will increase his stock of knowledge—and let the man who reads for the sole purpose of amusement read it, and his trouble will be amply rewarded. Had it not been owing to our limits, we intended to have given a lengthened analysis of the work before us, besides several specimens of what we consider its most beautiful and eloquent passages—but on these, for the present, we cannot enter. We may notice generally, however, that Mr. Ainslie's work consists of five essays—the first is occupied with the Evidences in favour of Natural Religion—the second with the Evidences in favour of Revealed Religion—the third is on the Immortality of the Soul—the fourth contains the supposed Reflections of an enlightened heathen living at the time of Christ, and accompanying him in his mission—and the last on the Advantages which have resulted to mankind from the Introduction of Christianity. The fourth Essay, we are told, has been considered the most original, but we confess we are more pleased with the one on the Immortality of the Soul. The rest of the book consists of Select Scripture Readings from the Old and New Testament—with Classification of Texts on Doctrinal and Moral subjects. In the accomplishment of his plan Mr. Ainslie has been singularly felicitous. He gives evidence of a mind accustomed to think, and versed in habits of close investigation. His style is simple, beautiful and perspicuous; and throughout his book there are many passages remarkable for force and sublimity. The aim of the author is modest and unambitious, but here and there, when touching on the grand foundations of the Christian hope, he rises into glowing fervidity. What a source of comfort it must be to the venerable author of the "Hope that is in us," now descending into the vale of years, to think that by his exertions he is now sowing far and wide the seeds of virtue and piety into the youthful heart, and that long after he is laid into the narrow house his memory will be blessed by thousands of unborn posterity.

2. *Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and last Series.* 4 vols. *Containing* Count Robert of Paris, *and* Castle Dangerous.—Cadell—Edinburgh. Whittaker—London.

Who does not hail with hearty welcome "the wizard of the north?" Lives there a man in all "braid" Scotland, throughout the entire length and breadth of merry England, or within the circumference of rocks that begirds the Emerald isle, who has never heard of, read, and been delighted with the productions of the Author of Waverly? Lives the man, in short, in a habitable latitude of the earth to whom such ignorance can be imputed? He must either belong to the Hottentots or the untameable savages of the wilderness, or, if shone upon by the light of knowledge and civilization, the period is undoubtedly long ago past, when he should have been transported beyond seas as a spendthrift of his time and a despiser of intellectual enjoyment. We have taken up these volumes with a pleasure never before equalled on previous occasions of a like nature, and yet not unmixed with feelings of melancholy and sorrow. That wonderful being, who for many years has continued to excite the admiration of the world by the instrumentality of an unparalleled number of publications—the produce of one mind, which is apparently inexhaustible—and all, with very few exceptions, of equal merit,—he, the mighty magician, oppressed by the burdens of age, is now seeking in a foreign and milder clime relief from pain, where perhaps he will find a stranger's grave. In all human probability, these Tales of my Landlord are not only the last of the series, but the finale of the whole. But on a point so mournful we shall allow our author to speak for himself:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the Author of Waverly to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those, whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those, who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverly has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

"*Abbotsford, September*, 1831."

To introduce the work on our table to the reading public, it were enough to say, that it exists; but as considerable time may elapse ere it can be extensively circulated through the usual mediums, we give the following—by no means the best specimen—in which an Ourang-outang is an actor. It may be called an

EXTRAORDINARY COMBAT.

"In a short time the warder's patience was exhausted, and despairing of the sylvan's voluntary return, he resolved to descend in quest of him. Down the ladder he came, a bundle of keys in one hand, the other assisting his descent, and a sort of dark lantern, whose bottom was so fashioned that he could wear it upon his head like a hat. He had scarce stept on the floor, when he was surrounded by the nervous arms of the Count of Paris. At first the warder's idea was, that he was seized by the recusant Sylvan.

'How now, villain!' he said; 'let me go, or thou shalt die the death.'

'Thou diest thyself,' said the Count, who, between the surprise and his own skill in wrestling, felt fully his advantage in the struggle.

'Treason! treason!' cried the warder, hearing by the voice that a stranger had mingled in the contest; 'help, ho! above there! help, Hereward—Varangian!—Anglo-Saxon, or whatever accursed name thou callest thyself!'

While he spoke thus, the irresistible grasp of Count Robert seized his throat, and choked his utterance. They fell heavily, the jailer undermost, upon the floor of the dungeon, and Robert of Paris, the necessity of whose case excused the action, plunged his dagger in the throat of the unfortunate. Just as he did so, a noise of armour was heard, and, rattling down the ladder, our acquaintance Hereward stood on the floor of the dungeon. The light, which had rolled from the head of the warder, continued to show him streaming with blood, and in the death-grasp of a stranger. Hereward hesitated not to fly to his assistance, and, seizing upon the Count of Paris at the same advantage which that knight had gained over his own adversary a moment before, held him forcibly down with his face to the earth.

Count Robert was one of the strongest men of that military age; but then so was the Varangian; and save that the latter had obtained a decided advantage by having his antagonist beneath him, it could not certainly have been conjectured which way the combat was to go.

'Yield! as your own jargon goes, rescue or no rescue,' said the Varangian, 'or die on the point of my dagger!'

'A French Count never yields,' answered Robert, who began to conjecture with what sort of person he was engaged, 'above all, to a vagabond slave like thee!' With this he made an effort to rise, so sudden, so strong, so powerful, that he had almost freed himself from the Varangian's grasp, had not Hereward, by a violent exertion of his great strength, preserved the advantage he had gained, and raised his poniard to end the strife for ever; but a loud chuckling laugh of an unearthly sound was at this instant heard. The Varangian's extended arm was seized with vigour, while a rough arm, embracing his throat, turned him over on his back, and gave the French Count an opportunity of springing up.

'Death to thee, wretch!' said the Varangian, scarce knowing whom he threatened; but the man of the woods apparently had an awful recollection of the prowess of human beings. He fled, therefore, swiftly up the ladder, and left Hereward and his deliverer to fight it out with what success chance might determine between them.

The circumstances seemed to argue a desperate combat; both were tall, strong, and courageous, both had defensive armour, and the fatal and desperate poniard was their only offensive weapons. They paused facing each other, and examined eagerly into their respective means of defence before hazarding a blow, which, if it missed, its attaint would certainly be fatally requited. During this deadly pause, a gleam shone from the trap-door above, as the wild and alarmed visage of the man of the woods was seen peering down by the light of a newly kindled torch which he held as low into the dungeon as he well could.

'Fight bravely, comrade,' said Count Robert of Paris, 'for we no longer battle in private; this respectable person having chosen to constitute himself judge of the field.'

Hazardous as his situation was, the Varangian looked up, and was so struck with the wild and terrified expression which the creature had assumed, and the strife between curiosity and terror which its grotesque features exhibited, that he could not help bursting into a fit of laughter.

'Sylvan is among those,' said Hereward, 'who would rather hold the candle to a dance so formidable than join in it himself.'

'Is there, then,' said Count Robert, 'any absolute necessity that thou and I perform this dance at all?'

'None but our own pleasure,' answered Hereward, 'for I suspect there is not between us any legitimate cause of quarrel demanding to be fought out in such a place, and before such a spectator. Thou art, if I mistake not, the bold Frank, who was yesternight imprisoned in this place with a tiger, chained within no distant spring of his bed?'

'I am,' answered the Count.

'And where is the animal who was opposed to thee?'

'He lies yonder,' answered the Count, 'never again to be the object of more terror than the deer whom he may have preyed on in his day.' He pointed to the body of the tiger, which Hereward examined by the light of the dark-lantern already mentioned.

'And this, then, was thy handiwork?' said the wondering Anglo-Saxon.

'Sooth to say it was'— answered the Count, with indifference.

'And thou hast slain my comrade of this strange watch?' said the Varangian.

'Mortally wounded him at the least,' said Count Robert.

'With your patience, I will be beholden to you for a moment's truce, while I examine his wound,' said Hereward.

'Assuredly,' answered the Count; 'blighted be the arm which strikes a foul blow at an open antagonist!'"

Without committing ourselves by a promise of future extracts, we meanwhile assure our readers that they will not be disappointed in a rich mental repast; which, though perhaps not so excellent as what they have heretofore received, yet contains that which they may look for elsewhere in vain, and that is rather a good recommendation when we consider that this is the time when there are good things in plenty.

3. *Adventures of a Dramatist.* 2 vols.—London—Groombridge.

THE only merit discoverable in this work, or rather in the advertisement connected with it, is the announcement of the Author that "he would not attempt to promote the sale of his publication by puffs, direct or indirect." In such forbearance consists the entire praise-worthy feature, intimating, as it does, a degree of policy and prudence, which we could hardly have conceived to be constituent portions in the mental frame of him who would palm two volumes of the merest trash upon the public. "By puffs!" quoth he—'twas well the adventurer said so:—he must have known that no Journal, however much given to falsify for filthy lucre, would have staked its very existence by publishing the most villanous untruths, and that the eulogistic system must have *some* foundation to rest on. No—not if all the periodicals of the day were to unite, and fill their sheets simultaneously with the *aura laudativa*, could they save so leaky and lumbrous a vessel from sinking into the depths of oblivion.

4. *Blackwood's Magazine, for December*, 1831,

CONTAINS many choice political papers of the rank Tory principle. They are written with great vigour and nervousness, but as we are inclined to dispute their premises, we cannot acquiesce in the conclusions at which they arrive. The "Song to be sung by all True Whigs" is, to say the least, mean and scurrilous, and unworthy of a place in those pages where the bright genius of Christopher North—appropriating all that is beautiful in creation and lovely in the world of mind—discharges itself in copious streams of pure wit and pellucid fancy, which carry gladness to hearts that can feel the force of genuine sentiment, and can appreciate the rare gems of a high-toned and richly cultivated intellect.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

A new play, under the title of *Henry the Third*, by Lord F. Leveson Gower, has been brought out at Covent Garden. The plot relates to the events of those singular times, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, Catherine de Medici, and St. Megrin being the principal characters. The English is a pretty close translation of the French piece of the same name by Dumas, who gained for his work a large measure of Parisian applause.

Among what are called the Larpent MSS. a Comedy has been discovered, which John Philip Kemble wrote so late as 1806. It is reckoned the best of the great actor's productions, notwithstanding which it was condemned, when acted under the name of *The Romantic Lover*, or *Lost and Found*. In Larpent's list it is intituled, *The Legacy*, or *A Thousand Pounds Reward*.

It was stated some time ago, that Henry Johnston was engaged at Drury Lane. The report is contradicted by some of the Journals, which inform us, that the negociations commenced for the purpose were not carried into effect.

A cheap edition, in English and French, of the Duchess of Abrantes' Memoirs will shortly make its appearance.

Such is the unpopularity of the muse in these degenerate times, that Mrs. Hemans' poetry scarcely covers the expenses of printing; Wordsworth's is not marketable; and Murray has in hands a poem of Crabbe's which he cannot venture to publish.

L. E. L. the fair authoress of "The Improvisatrice," "The Venetian Bracelet," and other beautiful poems, has betaken herself to prose composition, and has produced a fiction under the title of "Romance and Reality." If her prose equal her poetry, she will take a place among novelists of the highest order.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart's narrative of his visit to the South Seas in the United States Ship *Vincennes*, in 1829 and 1830, will be published immediately. The work will comprise scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, the South Sea Islands, &c., and will contain the most recent accounts yet published of the Christian Missions to those remote but highly interesting portions of the Globe.

Dr. Abercrombie's able work on the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth has reached a second edition. We may confidently expect, that in a few years, it will be as commonly read and quoted as the philosophy of Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

Scotland seems determined to make up for lost time in the Annual department. Despising the trifles that Edinburgh has attempted, the Glasgow Press invites attention to "The Chameleon"—a *bona fide* Forget-me-not, with gilt edges, gold titles, and variegated cloth.

Washington Irving is busied in writing a Legendary History of Mahomet.

The illustrious Gœthe, now the father of European literature, has lately published a work on a subject which few would imagine within the objects or accomplishments of a poet and an idealist; namely, "An Essay on the Metamorphoses of Plants."

Miss Shirreff, who made such a successful *debut* a few nights ago at Covent Garden Theatre, is said to be the daughter of a Tailor in the vicinity of Brunswick-square, and she has a brother an officer in the Navy, who has greatly distinguished himself. On each night that she draws houses equally full as the present, she will clear £100, and thus soon furnish herself a handsome portion.

"The Bravo," by Cooper, the American Novelist, has at length found its way to the Libraries. The eagerness with which it is perused, is fully equal to the expectations that were entertained previous to its publication.

To Readers and Correspondents.

When Tyro shall have seen a little service, we may be induced to admit him to our ranks. At present he exhibits too much of the freshman.

Phil. M'Glamorer, "the charmer," has not charms enough for us.

On perusing the contents of our present Number, C. will understand our sentiments.

We have received, through our Printer, *Two and Thirty* verses, addressed to the Pier Light House, transcribed in a large and stout hand, and bearing strong marks of confirmed Authorship. They were accompanied by a poem, 80 lines in length and *five feet* in breadth, having the following curious heading:

"The Peniel Heugh,
Now Monumented by great Waterloo,
Reared by the Marquis Lothian,
In honour of his King and Country too."

We have not had leisure to wade through this extraordinary production, but we beg to assure the writer, that we will do so at our best convenience. The composition entitled "The Light House," is, from top to bottom, original and marvellous. Never in the whole course of our reading, have we met with any thing like it. The Author's style, images, figures, allusions, and arrangement, are all—all new! would that he had taken fewer liberties, in his departure from the hackneyed common-place of the mere doer of doggrel, with the King's good old English. His versification, too, is often slovenly and inharmonious—this we can tolerate when it indicates original thought struggling for utterance. In the present case the character of the writer's imagery is frequently strained, repulsive, and ludicrous. As a proof of it, we give a couple of verses taken verbatim from the body of the piece.

"This shall not be, cries Neptune in a passion,
I'll shape thee as it pleases my own *fashion*,
Daring, determined, come with mighty bolt,
At the first onset does create the colt—"

"Another slap, the colt quick gets a tale,
And over her the hoary main prevail,
While flying spray bewilder Spittal Point,
Her every bone is quick put out of joint.—"

But we will probably lay the composition more fully before our readers in a future number, and, in the meantime, we would recommend to the author the cultivation of the *science joyeuse*.

We fear that Ringan Teugh and Stieve, who transmitted to us the rhymes, entitled "Sant Andro's Denner," is not possessed of genius of the right stamp. His long web seems to be woven with coarse and rotten threads. If he has any remnants by him, we will gladly *look them over*.

We shall endeavour to satisfy our Mathematical friends by subsequent arrangements.

Several excellent pieces have come to hand, and others have been lying over for want of room. We beg that none will attribute our silence to neglect.

Our readers, of course, would understand, that in announcing a History of Berwick we had no communication with the reputed author, but merely drew the intelligence from public rumour.

A word more—young gentlemen and younger writers, be pleased to post-pay your *favours*.

The Register of Births, &c. has been unavoidably excluded, owing to other more pressing demands.

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. III.] JANUARY, 1832. [VOL. I.

SONG-WRITING.—GILFILLAN *.

A GREAT poet of the present day has written only *one* song—if we may believe a statement to that effect in Blackwood's Magazine—and he considers it a failure. This is the more remarkable, as he possesses, in a high degree, every talent which this species of composition might be supposed *a priori* to require. For deep and active feeling,—for strength and brilliancy of thought,—for ease and variety of expression, and particularly for a knowledge of Scottish life in all its peculiar interests, he is perhaps more eminent, taking him "all in all," than any of his contemporaries except Scott. This anomaly cannot be accounted for, in our humble opinion, on any principles of metaphysical analysis. So we shall content ourselves with allowing our readers to form their own theories on the subject. But, though we cannot discover any reason for such a failure with such a combination of talents, and though we mention it merely to illustrate the difficulty of the undertaking, 'what,' it may, at least be asked, 'constitutes the great charm of our best songs?' We think it is reducible to this,—natural feeling naturally expressed, under circumstances where all can sympathize.

> "Gie me a spark o' nature's fire
> That's a' the learning I desire,
> Then though I trudge through dub and mire
> At pleugh or cart,
> My muse, though hamely in attire,
> May touch the heart."

We do not say, that poetry in some of its other forms does not owe its effect to the same qualities. But we think, that our remark applies emphatically to Songs. Feelings that a warm fancy may lead us to refine upon, till they have almost lost the appearance of nature, must be conveyed simply and purely as they rise up. A Song, in short, is addressed directly to the heart; and upon subjects where it is deeply interested, mere subtleties, however brilliant, will not satisfy it. The only eloquence to which it yields is the eloquence of sincerity.

---

* Original Songs, by Robert Gilfillan, 12mo. pp 152. Edin.—John Anderson. London—Whittaker. Leith—James Burnet. 1831.

We may observe, too, that—generally speaking—the intensest passions are expressed in the plainest words. Bruce in his travels through Abyssinia gives a beautiful description of a miserable Bishareen woman pleading for the life of her husband, and he remarks, that till then he never knew that the Arabic (the most *figurative* of languages) could furnish expressions at once so *forcible* and so *simple*. The great characteristic of Scottish lyrics, in particular, is simplicity;—and what passion, however involved it may seem in some of its combinations, have they not developed?

Having thus attempted to point out the essential qualities of a Song, we may now say, that the claims of the volume before us, estimated by the standard which we have laid down, are of a very high order. Indeed they require no praise from us, for greater authorities have already done them justice. But we are so deeply indebted to the author for the way in which he has both excited and expressed some of our best feelings, that we think it right to thank him as well as we can.

The Songs are justly entitled "Original." By this we must not be understood to mean, that many of the sentiments are not familiar. But there is something characteristic in the whole of them. The author, as Sir Philip Sydney's muse advises, "lookes into his own hearte and writes,"—and this is no slight praise in an age like the present when it is so difficult for a poet to prevent himself from falling into the beaten routine. There is a calm earnestness about Mr. Gilfillan that no one can assume when he is speaking by rote. Indeed we have seldom seen the deeper feelings expressed more *concisely*, and at the same time more *distinctly and completely*. You must be convinced that he has felt,—and that he says nothing more than what he has felt.

We may remark too, the singular union of boldness and simplicity in his descriptions of external nature. In this respect, we may affirm with confidence, that he very closely resembles Tannahill. Interesting little objects which only strike the eye of a poet,—but which we recognize with pleasure when pointed out,—are frequently touched on with singular beauty and pathos. Some of these fine images are original in every sense of the word, as we do not believe that they are to be found in the works of any other poet.

From the strain of our remarks, it may be seen, that we admire the serious poems in particular. "Tragedy," as poor Hazlitt says, "is better than Comedy." But there is a vein of quiet humour in others, that may perhaps be no less delightful to some of our readers.

We shall now proceed to give one or two extracts in support of the opinions which we have presumed to express; and the first we have fixed upon is a Song which we heard the Ettrick Shepherd say, with that liberality which always distinguishes a man of genius, "was the best Song he knew." [This song is entitled *The Happy days o' Youth*, and was given in a "Night with the Ettrick Shepherd," in the preceding Number.]

We may remark in passing that the Airs, to which the Songs are set, harmonise most beautifully with the words.

The next piece is also one of our greatest favourites:—

TUNE—"*Cowdenknowes.*"

O! THOU broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom
  I leave that land and thee,
Where freedom and thou hae flourished lang—
  Where freemen still are free.

The Indian vales are rich and fair,
  And bright is the flow'ret's bloom,
But what are the flowers and the myrtle bowers,
  If I miss my native broom?

Then wilt thou come, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
  And grow on a Foreign strand?
That I may think, when I look on thee,
  I'm still in fair Scotland!

Thy branches green might wave at e'en,
  At morn thy flowers might blaw,
But it wadna be on Cowdenknowes,
  Nor yet by Ettrick shaw.

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
  Thou bonnie bonnie broom—
I maist could weep for days that are gane
  When I think on days to come.

My native land ca's forth a sigh,
  And thou, sweet broom, a tear,
For I canna tak thee frae the braes
  To which thou'st lang been dear.

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom
  I leave that land and thee,
Where freedom and thou hae flourished lang—
  Where freemen still are free.

There is still another which we cannot refrain from giving at full length.

TUNE—"*Gude nicht an' joy.*"—(Old set.)

THOU weary morn, when wilt thou dawn?
  And yet nae gladness comes wi' day;
But day an' night I mourning sigh
  For lov'd hours fled an' joys away.
My laddie was the kindest swain,
  An' sought my heart wi' a' his skill,
An' yet I've tint that lad sae true
  Wi' woman's pride an' woman's will.

It wasna but I lo'ed him weal,
  It wasna but I thought him kind,
But just that silly pride o' heart
  That lovers shouldna ever mind.

He tauld me that my heart was proud,
An' what he said was maybe true,
But little does my laddie ken
How humbled low that heart is now.

At kirk, I keekit aff my beuk
To see if he would look at me,
But ne'er a blink gat I frae him,
Although the tear stood in my ee.
An' when the preachin-time was done
Ilk lassie had her lover gay,
While I gaed dowie hame alane
An', O! it was a weary way!

But the lav'rick sings high i' the lift,
Although his nest's deep i' the glen;
Sae, though my withered hopes are low,
They maybe yet will rise again!
The sun behind the cloud does shine,
Although his face we dinna see;
Sae my dear lad may yet prove kind,
Although it a' seems dark to me!

We wish that our limits would allow us to make ampler extracts. We have only room for the following, which we think are in Goldsmith's finest vein.

YET musing on what might have been
I dream my time away;
'Tis idle as my early dreams
But ah! 'tis not so gay.

When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I called her fair,
And, if she never bade me hope,
She ne'er bade me despair.

Farewell a world, whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me,
I'd hate its smile, did I not think
It may give joy to thee.

Whether or not we are wrong in the opinion which we have expressed as to these poems, we think at least, that we have given specimens sufficient to enable our readers to judge for themselves.

We cannot conclude without alluding to one very interesting circumstance,—that these Songs have not been written "in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers," but in the intervals of relaxation from employments not favourable in any way to poetic feeling. Lord Craig says that he never passed Michael Bruce's cottage without wishing he were a great man, and the poet were alive; and we may say with sincerity that we never pass Mr. Gilfillan's door without wishing that the world knew him better.

THE SEASON!

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

O HUSH'D be the voice of song!—
It is not an hour for mirth
When the old year sinks in the grave of time,
And the new year has its birth.

What has the young year brought,
That a tide of rapture wells
From the depths of the light and joyous heart,
At the chime of the pealing bells?

Have the ills, that bestrew life's path,
Fled away with the vanish'd year,
That the laugh of youth and the smile of age—
Hold gladsome revel here?

Let memory's moonlight lead
To the solemn past again,
For what has the old year left—to cause
Such joy o'er the earth to reign.

There were graceful heads uprais'd
From the pillow which they prest,
When the year, that has hurried by, was hailed
'Mid the hush of the dreamer's rest.

There were eyes where laughter lay,
While gladness swayed the tongue,
And their lustre bright was around us shed
When the buried year was young.

But the stone is gathering moss,
Where they're gone in silence down,
For the dust is strewn on the sunny brow
That was deck'd with the festal crown.

Then what has the young year brought?
Let the aged make reply,—
Ye smile,—but alas! ye have fewer steps
To the grave where your fathers lie.

It has brought gray hairs to some,
And many a yearning heart
Hath felt the barb, and the wrench that tore
Affection's links apart.

It has brought recollections sad
And hearts less green to all,
And we sigh for the simple pleasure gone,
Which we may not again recall!

O hush'd be the voice of mirth!—
For the years, as they journey past,
Have a voice that speaks of a world to come
And the tomb to which we haste.

◆

THE STROLL.—A STORY.

Now every field, now every tree is green;
Now genial nature's fairest face is seen.
ELPHINSTONE.

AFTER the chill blasts and almost suffocating fogs of an English winter, there is nothing, in my opinion, more exhilarating to him who has been for months pent up in a smoky city than the fresh appearance of an opening spring-day. I do not believe that the approach of this season of buds and sunshine is hailed with such unequivocal marks of satisfaction in any country, as it is in England. The signs of resuscitation in the vegetable world, and the merry carols of the feathered choristers, which throw life and animation over the face of nature, convey not half that intensity of joyous feeling to the heart, as does the placid serenity and innate satisfaction, which are so strongly pictured in the countenance of every Englishman.

The glow of universal benevolence beams in every feature and lights up every eye; and, as in the house of prayer every distinction of rank and society is lost and all hearts are blended and commingled, so, methinks, at this season, the same electric feeling takes possession of almost every bosom, and extends its kindly influence throughout a reviving world. Then, indeed, is the Deity worshipped in temples not made with hands:—earth is the temple of his worshippers, and the blue of heaven their canopy.

It was on one of these mornings of clouds and sunshine, which are so frequent in the months of spring, that I left the din and bustle of a great city to enjoy for a limited period the pleasures of the country and the company of one of my dearest friends. After a full half hour's jostling over stony streets and squares nearly innumerable, we at last got upon smoother ground, and, in a short time left the Metropolis in the distance.

The sun, which had appeared shrouded in a thick haze, now "looked through and smiled." His beams, however, were but partial;—they fell only upon us:—an impenetrable mist hung lowering above the city, so that, while we were breathing in a pure atmosphere, millions of living beings seemed inhaling the vapours of stench and corruption.—So much for elegance and refinement.

In my way to H—— I was so much pleased with the appearance of the country, which to a stranger looks for many miles like a well-cultivated garden, that, before we arrived at the end of the first stage, I had resolved to have a few hours rambling among the green shades of Twittenham, and indulge those feelings of pleasing melancholy, that would be naturally excited by contemplating the scenes, among which the author of "Windsor Forest" spent the evening of his life.

The grey mists of morning lingering on the distant uplands, and the hedges of birch and eglantine bespangled with dew-drops, intimated that day was not far advanced, when a sudden pulling-up of the reins somewhat discomposed me, and broke the reverie, in which I had been indulging. Upon the changing of horses, I left the Stage-coach, and, heedless whither I wandered, found myself ere long on the bridge of Richmond. Having recalled my scattered senses, I then experienced—I confess for the first time—that desolate kind of feeling, which none but a wanderer far from the scenes of his infancy has ever truly known. Those ideas of independence and of home, which I had attached to the travelling vehicle, were now vanished:—for, immediately subsequent on leaving it, I beheld it disappearing among the trees; and, as I heard the sound of the lash faintly echoing through the stillness of the morning, it seemed to me like a tone that told the happiness of by-gone years!

After admiring the beauty of the prospect which is here luxuriantly arrayed in all the charms of softer rural beauty, and beholding "the Parent of Rivers" flow, like Lethe, through a second Elysium, in majestic stillness, I crossed the bridge and ascended Richmond Hill. Here the scene was doubly endearing—I was treading upon hallowed ground,—for it was here that one of Scotland's brightest ornaments had lived and died. Every tree, methought, was his memorial, and every wild flower the embalmer of his song!

With feelings of no common intensity I entered the Church-yard, in which are deposited the remains of the Author of "*The Seasons.*" There I perceived "the spot where they laid him," and the children of spring, wet with nature's tear-drops, blooming over his grave! I sauntered awhile through groves of elm, and then traversing several green fields, I arrived shortly in front of a small cottage, which I did not discern, till within a short distance, owing to its being closely embowered among beach-trees. It was one of those neat little cabins which are so peculiar to England: and from the well-trimmed flower-pot, the nicely-trained honeysuckle, the white washed walls and gothic windows, a stranger might easily have guessed that the possessor was not devoid of that native elegance, which is ever the characteristic of the higher class of the peasantry of this country.

As I approached the threshold of this lonely mansion, I observed sitting in a sort of alcove on one side the door, an individual apparently about sixty years of age; and, from his locks of silver and the deep furrows that marked his brow, I think he might then be trembling on the verge of his thirteenth lustrum—in other words he might be nearly five years older.—He seemed in deep meditation, —holding in one hand a volume, which from its appearance I conjectured to be a common prayer-book,—and in the other his spectacles, in such a position as shewed he had just finished his devotions.

Upon observing me, he rose up and opened a small wicket that enclosed the garden from the park, and in a friendly manner desired me to walk in—adding, that if I had lost my path, I should be conducted to the main road. I explained the circumstances which had led me to his cottage, and he kindly invited me to spend an hour with him.

We had not been long seated in the little room which he termed his parlour, when he called out "Lou! is Lou abroad?"—Immediately the door opened and a female, apparently about eighteen entered. There is not perhaps a greater anchorite in existence than I am;—yet I flatter myself I can judge pretty correctly of beauty, when it comes under my inspection, though possibly with a feeling somewhat like that which inspires the sculptor when gazing on statues of a Venus de Medici or an Apollo Belvidere.

Louisa (for that was the name of this fair creature) was one of those flowers of beauty, that are seen to bud and blossom in the loveliness of the forest and the wild, but which, if transplanted into a richer, though less congenial soil, would perhaps fade and die. She might be ranked rather below than above the stature of ideal beauty, yet her form was elegant and graceful. Could it have admitted of improvement, its symmetry would have been perfect by somewhat of the "en bon point" being added to a shape so slender. The blush of health, heightened by the bracing air of the morning (for she had been already abroad), glowed upon her cheeks. Her large blue eyes, beaming with filial affection, spoke unutterable things. Her lip, wet with the dew of youth, might compare—nor lose by the comparison—with the brightest ruby in the mine, or the ripest cherry on the tree. Her fair ringlets, playing in nature's wildest mood over her neck and shoulders, gave such a fairyness to her form as made her seem, to fancy at least, the spirit of her solitude.

The old man, whom we shall designate by the name of Bloomfield, ordered his daughter to prepare our repast; during which I was so much pleased with the conversation of the father, that without much entreaty I was persuaded to spend the day with him, as in the evening a stage-coach would pass, which could convey me to H—— and save me the trouble of taking horse from the next village.

Mr. Bloomfield informed me that he had spent the early part of his life in ———shire; that his friends, being in easy circumstances and having somewhat respectable connexions, had determined that he should be brought up for the bar;—but that unfortunately he lost their good will by marrying a female whom, though possessed of uncommon accomplishments, mental as well as personal, they considered his inferior. Upon this he had been forced to leave his native place, and coming to L——— had been lucky enough to be appointed Inspector of Works at K———, but that, being, by an attack of fever, rendered unfit for his situation, his patron had granted him leave to retire, giving him an annuity sufficient for his wants, together with the cottage. He told me, that two children were the fruit of his marriage; but that his Charlotte had died shortly after the birth of his daughter, who was now the comforter of his old age. "I had," continued the old man—sobbing—"I had a son, but it was doomed that he should be taken from me. This day," added he, "is the anniversary of my sorrow. It was on the first morn of April that my Charlotte died, and on it too that Henry, poor Henry left us."

Henry had been sent to London, where he was articled with an Attorney. At first he behaved in such a manner, as to gain the good-will of his master. But, alas! what one among a thousand can withstand the allurements of vice, backed by the example of intimate companions. Henry was hurried into the vortex of dissipation, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, continued in his ruinous career, until at length, spurned from his employer, he grew desperate—enlisted in a regiment of foot, which was shortly after ordered to the continent; and, as no tidings of him had ever reached his friends, was supposed to have fallen in the field.

The day was now beginning to decline, and I was speedily to bid adieu to my hospitable entertainer and his lovely daughter. We had for some hours previously been talking of the occurrences, which continually fall out in the ever-changing urn of human existence; and as the father would relate how, in all his afflictions, he had found the safest shelter under the shade of the Rock of ages, the child would gaze upon his countenance, beaming with tenderness, and listen to his words with pious reverence, while the tear-drop of love glistened in her eye.

The sound of a horn, apparently at no great distance, warned me to depart; the signal told the approach of the stage-coach.

In *one* moment a stranger burst into the room;—and in *another* Bloomfield clasped in his arms the child of his affections—his long lost Henry!—

It would be folly to attempt a description of this affecting interview; I shall therefore pass it over in silence.

Henry, burning at his own ingratitude to the best of parents and of friends, had, upon his arrival on the continent, resolved to wipe away the stain by distinguishing himself in the field, or end an existence, now completely miserable, on the battle-plain. He was not without success—his conduct was marked—he was taken from the ranks—and, in the capacity of ensign, he had now come to make an atonement for his crimes in the bosom of his father!

It may easily be conceived, I prolonged my stay—happy in the thought, that the evening of a day, whose morn had been hailed as the anniversary of sorrow, should thus have been turned into unmingled joy!—

D. M.

◆

STENOGRAPHY.

Not oft thy name hath waked a Poet's fire,
And bade him sweep for thee the sounding Lyre;
Albeit the muse no niggard of her praise,
Spendthrift in rhyme, and prodigal of lays,
To themes less noble far attunes her song
And pours the rapid tide of verse along.
Yet still not quite unsung nor new to fame,
There are whose numbers sweet enshrine thy name,
And once again in Truth's ingenuous line
Thy just deserts, unrivall'd Art! shall shine.—

Say,—when are met in Freedom's ancient hall
Our Country's leaders at their Monarch's call;

When trembling nations on their Counsels wait
In dread suspense as on the nod of Fate,
And anxious millions burn at home to know
Whom they may deem their Country's friend or foe—
Oh! then, what Art to fleeting sound may give
A life beyond what utterance bids it live?
Where dwells the power can waft it o'er sublime
On ocean's waves to many a distant clime?
'Tis thou, blest Science! thou alone can'st save
The transient honors from Oblivion's grave.

Hark! from some patriot's bosom—bursting round
The thunders of his eloquence resound;
His thrilling tones each breast with rapture fill,
Subdue the soul and mould it to his will.
He lifts his lofty brow and speaks of War—
Imagination bears the curse afar;—
He breathes of Peace—the clash of arms is o'er
In fancy's ear, and vengeance reigns no more.
Oh! now to thee alone hath heaven assigned
A hand to grasp the lightning of his mind,—
A spell to bind its spirit and its power,
And bid them live to time's remotest hour.

Nor less Religion's than the Senate's friend,
Thy constant steps on both alike attend—
As wand'ring seeds, whose downy pinions bear
Their embryo treasures thro' the noontide air,
Descend on earth—their sunny ramblings o'er—
And glad some spot perchance unblest before.
So thine it is to scatter o'er the land,
From ocean shore again to ocean strand,
Those truths sublime with noblest feeling fraught,
And sudden light from Inspiration caught;
Which from some lip endued with hallowed fire
Go forth to soothe—encourage and inspire;
And which, alighting oft on cultur'd ground,
Grow up and shed their heavenly fruits around.—

And in those halls where Justice holds her seat,
And fluent tongues in subtle conflict meet;
There, too, thy pen pursues its swift career,
Each word recording, as it greets thine ear,
Soon in new form to grace the learned page
And shine as land-marks to a future age.—

Like yon fleet cloud that gathers as it sails
Whate'er the sun's resplendent beam exhales;
And bears within its treasure-teeming breast
The spirit—essence—elements comprest—
Of myriad vanish'd things that had their birth
Amongst the bright and eloquent of earth;
And which ere long consigns its stores again
In grateful showers o'er the thirsty plain:—

So doth thy hand, triumphant Art! enshrine
Within the precincts of thy page divine,
Those evanescent beauties of the hour
That bloom when Eloquence awakes her pow'r,—
Those winged words that, unredeem'd by thee,
Would flash and die like meteors o'er the sea—
And which at thy command again arise
Bright as in life to bless our wond'ring eyes.—

Although we doubt not who the palm will bear,—
Yet which shall Science justly hold most dear?
Him—who with angel tongue and soul of flame
The hardest heart can melt, the fiercest tame?
Or him—beneath whose talismanic power
A *transient*, blooms a *never dying*, flower,
Who wins, ere yet they melt in empty sound,
The thousand spells that Genius breathes around;
Presents the gifts with pious hand to Fame
And bids her wreathe them round some rising name,
Or frame a diadem for aye to glow
With heavenly lustre o'er the patriot's brow;
And thus to charms that in their birth would die
Affix the seal of Immortality?

Manchester. T. Dewhurst.

THE GRAVE-STONE.

(Translated from the German.)

A party of young men had been long carousing together one evening, and, amongst many other freaks which they thought of and put in execution, they determined to have their fortunes told. After drinking up all the wine which remained on the table, in order to strengthen their resolution, they sallied forth about midnight, arm in arm, wild with their revelry.

The woman whom they resolved to consult lived without the city gates, in a small house; and, for the purpose of her prophecies, she used a mirror, in which the inquirer might behold whatever scene of his future life he desired to have revealed. Many a story was related, in which it was asserted that her revelations had come to pass. She had, however, been positively interdicted from continuing her dangerous occupation, and only carried it on now very secretly.

As the noisy party approached her house, she observed, by their demeanour, that they were elevated with wine, and she steadily refused to accede to their request. No promises, no money that they could offer—caused her to waver in her resolution; and, at length, most of the young men believed her assurances that she had finally renounced the craft, and, leaving her house, agreed to parade the streets: one only, Leopold, who had drunk the least, but in whose character there was great natural enthusiasm, separated himself privately from his companions, went back to the fortune-teller, and renewed his solicitations under the most solemn assurances that whatever he might see should be kept secret. By gold and fair promises he succeeded at length in overcoming the scruples of the old woman, who, silently motioning, lighted him up a small staircase into a room in which there was a large mirror placed against the wall, with a curtain before it. She set the glass on the table, hid the lamp in the oven, and then asked her visitor what he wished to see.

He reflected awhile, and debated in his mind whether he should ask to behold his future bride, his future residence, or whatever else curiosity dictated. Whilst he was thus pondering, he heard the call of the watchman. The wine he had drunk and his midnight excursion had a singular influence on his mind: he looked up, and asked to see his grave.

In manifest alarm, and, moreover, with a certain sort of kindliness in her manner, the beldam endeavoured to divert him from this, reminding him how often foreknowledge causes accomplishment—but in vain; he persisted in his wish, and, after many refusals, the curtain was withdrawn from the glass.

In the dusky twilight which seemed to be retained in the glass, and not to extend without it, there appeared a long green quadrangle surrounded by a wall. Within it stood many oak and elm trees, above which appeared the roof of a building resembling a cloister. In the back ground there were seen many hillocks, raised above the sod, with crosses and grave-stones: on one of these, not far from the wall, he, at first with astonishment, and with constantly increasing horror, plainly read his own name.

He sat still and in silence before the glass until the curtain was again let down, and the old woman had taken the lamp from out of the oven, to light him to the door. He went home sunk in thought; every trace of his revelling had disappeared, but the image of his grave was impressed upon his mind in indelible characters: many days and weeks passed on.

In order to divert his mind, he now determined to go himself upon a journey, which, on account of some disagreeable affairs, he had previously determined to leave to another. He rightly considered that a total change of scenes, places, and sensations, would have a beneficial influence. Visiting on horseback many charming, and, to him, hitherto unknown spots, his mind not only regained its former tone, but he became even more lively than the natural gravity of his character had hitherto allowed him to be.

Whilst travelling one day he was overtaken by a storm that constantly increased. He was already many miles distant from the place he had left, and had about as far to go before he could reach the one to which he was journeying. He soon became dripping wet, and, spurring his horse, he took a by-path, in hopes of reaching some village, of which he saw that the main road offered no prospect: but the whole neighbourhood seemed alike solitary and deserted by men.

At length, however, he came in sight of a farm-yard, partly surrounded with trees, and enclosed within a pretty high wall. He perceived that he should be forced to alight and tie up his horse, as he could only find a narrow foot-path; and this he resolved upon, though the pity he felt for his steed made him for some time debate with himself as to the propriety of seeking another road. At length, however, he advanced. He came to a church-yard. He stood still with affright. The form of the spot, the trees, the roof which appeared above them, seemed to remind him of a well-known spot; and, pondering a few moments, the recollection flashed across his mind that this was precisely the spot he had beheld portrayed in the magic glass. He looked again at the wall; the spot was empty; but close by were seen the newly-made graves.

Horror rendered him for a time speechless, and immoveably rooted to the spot. Alternate fits of shivering and of burning fever succeeded. Hastening back, he sprang upon his horse; spurring without intermission, he soon regained the highway; and, disregarding the business on which he had come, he took the direct road homewards. On the third day he reached his native town, which he had left ten days before. His excellent steed died from fatigue, and he himself was seized with a violent fever, during which, to the horror of those who attended him, he dwelt continually upon the frightful images that had taken possession of his mind. It was long before he recovered from the debility this malady brought upon him.

At length, however, he became convalescent; but every trace of his original gaiety seemed to have been rooted out by his illness, and he appeared in the circle of his friends the shadow of his former self—his youthful manly beauty gone. His eyes no longer beamed with that innocent confidence, which, in spite of all faults and weaknesses, so long remains when neither enormous sins nor an odious narrow-mindedness impair the graces of youth.

Unable to regain his wonted cheerfulness, he gradually became more and more an object of indifference to his friends: this wounded him, and caused him to reflect with greater earnestness upon the sad images that had taken possession of his mind. He shortly afterwards realized all his fortune, for he felt that he abode too near his burying-place, and that he was attached, as it were by an invisible chain, to the green and silent spot which lay within the cloister-wall. Amply provided with money, he left the town by a road directly opposite to the one he had formerly taken; and, after several days' journey, he stopped in a small Catholic town, where an agreeable neighbourhood, pleasant companions, and, more than all, a removal from all his former connexions, seemed to promise that oblivion of the past of which he was in search. He succeeded, in fact, in repressing the appalling images which had filled his mind; and, feeling himself better, he sought to perfect his cure by habitually taking part in every sort of amusement,—in balls, fetes, and drinking parties. His wealth caused him to become the centre of a circle of gay young men, who drank deeply of the cup of pleasure, and, by mockery and laughter, drove away from him and from each other every serious thought. He was now looked upon as an exaggerated specimen of a gallant, gay, and reckless man of pleasure; and the elder citizens of the town privately warned the young of the sin of such thoughtless dissipation, and against the seduction of bad examples.

Leopold often heard of these cautions, of which he made a jest:

not that his heart was corrupted, but he felt within him a stern necessity for acting as he did: he could not hide from himself how impossible it was for him to revert to a life of quiet and moderation, and that he must continue his wild career in order to escape from the horrid, the maddening ideas which he could not overcome. It was in such a mood that he was one day looking on at a procession: he discovered, by the angry looks which both men and women directed towards him, how displeased they were at his presence; but for this he cared little, and therefore continued to walk up and down with one of his friends.

Amongst the train of young maidens there appeared one, of a slender make, clad in a gray dress, her heaving bosom confined by a white kerchief. Slowly walking along, she bent her pale face over a hymnbook, just as we see St. Cecilia or St. Elizabeth designed in old pictures. From the moment he saw her, Leopold's indifference was at an end. He gazed on the lofty, yet pious, cast of her features—her bright eyes, which indicated an ingenuous and elevated faith—that faint glow, like as of the morning, which seemed to beam from out her heart through her transparent skin: he saw how compassionately she looked upon him. At that moment he felt again the peace of infancy, so long, so very long, a stranger; and, unheeding the questions of his companion, he ran from street to street before the procession, and beheld her with increasing pleasure, as, passing by, she blushed at his gaze. When the priest, by giving his blessing, had ended the ceremony, and she was in a moment lost to Leopold's view, he was amazed at finding how completely the memory of the past, like a moment of inebriation, had yielded to the sentiment, hitherto unknown, which now possessed his soul.

Man only learns the worth, the importance, and the bliss of life, when he loves; but we are incredulous until this highest miracle of the mind is no stranger to us. All that had hitherto engaged Leopold's mind was now unheeded. He was at first occupied exclusively in finding out the name and residence of the fair unknown; and, having succeeded in devising measures for again and again seeing and hearing her, he by this means occupied his mind and filled his heart with the admiration of her loveliness.

The parents of the maid, already advanced in life, and whose minds had never been highly cultivated, were well known and esteemed in the town for the scrupulous exactness with which they observed the forms of their religion: they saw, with displeasure, the visits of the young man to their house, without, however, venturing to disoblige the distinguished stranger by any marked incivility, although, as they were bigotedly scrupulous, they secretly, but closely, watched his conduct.

He, on the other hand, made use of all the amiability which was natural to him, and the polished manners which he had acquired in his early intercourse with society, to inspire them with confidence. He came oftener, spoke to his beloved more and for a longer time, now and then even without witnesses; and, observing all those attentions which are agreeable to the fair, he at length saw that his assiduous courtship had caused a tender partiality to spring up in his favour.

For a few weeks only was his happiness concealed from the watchful eyes of the parents. They had already learnt much as to his religion and former conduct. The growing inclination of their beloved child to the Protestant was as apparent as it was disagreeable to them; and, their suspicions being confirmed, they resolved upon taking a decisive step. A short time afterwards Leopold paid them many visits without ever finding the daughter at home: he inquired anxiously whether she was unwell or had gone on a journey: the parents seemed dejected, and returned an evasive answer. Tormented by doubts and the loss of her society, he waited a month longer; but his good angel came back no more.

Unwearied by his disappointment, he now redoubled his researches in private, and, at length, learnt that she had been sent by her parents to a distant religious establishment, the name and situation of which no one could tell him. He offered his domestics large rewards, if they could procure more positive intelligence: but this was for a long time useless.

One evening, however, his valet came to him with a cheerful and confident look, and said that he had learnt, from an old servant of the young lady, the name of the driver of the coach in which she had been taken away. With a joyful cry Leopold sprang up, threw him a handful of money, and hastened to the house that had been pointed out.

The driver made a great many difficulties, and declared that he had been obliged to take an oath that he would keep the road to the place a secret; but by dint of constantly increasing offers, Leopold overcame his scruples. He then avowed all: he did not know the name of the spot; but, if the gentleman wished, he would, for the sum promised, conduct him thither, provided he would travel alone, and engage not to stop in any town of importance. Leopold promised every thing, and impatiently required that they should set off the same night. The driver got ready, and within two hours they were in a carriage, travelling rapidly along by the light of the bright harvest moon: the journey lasted several days, and at night they always slept in obscure villages.

The old man related that the young lady was accompanied by her father; that she had, throughout, been excessively dejected, had wept very much, and, at last, quite exhausted, had appeared to be very ill. The sanguine feelings of the young man inclined him to interpret this in his own favour; and, with the wild enthusiasm to which he had lately been subject, he determined to make her his in spite of parents, religion, or fate. The coachman, who had been well paid in advance, was now anxious as to the strength of his horses, and endeavoured to soothe the perturbed feelings of his companion by relating over and over the circumstances of his late journey. One day, about noon, they halted at a small village on the borders of what appeared to be a very extensive forest. The old coachman requested Leopold to alight, telling him that they had arrived at the inn where he had before stopped. He could conduct him no further; all that he knew was that the travellers he lately brought went thence into the wood, and that towards evening the father returned alone.

Leopold went into the inn in order to get further information, and to receive from the landlord a confirmation of what he had just heard. Enjoining the driver to secrecy, he permitted him, if he thought proper, to return alone; and then, without taking any refreshment, he procured a boy to be his guide, and sallied into the wood.

After walking for about a hundred and fifty yards through a very narrow path, they found the trees less thickly planted, and came in sight of a castle which appeared to have been converted either into a farm-house or a cloister. Leopold hastened towards it, and knocked at the gate with a beating heart.

A sour old man with a shaven crown opened it to him, and asked, in a mistrustful tone of voice, what had brought him thither after sunset. He wanted to speak to the Prior of the establishment. The priest remarked that the building was a cloister, and therefore under the direction of an abbess. Leopold begged more humbly for the favour of an interview. The chaplain went into the house, and, returning some time after, conducted him into the parlour, and requested him to wait there patiently until vespers were done.

Leopold's soul was so distracted by the variety of thoughts which alternately passed through his mind, that he became every minute more agitated. He now felt great exhaustion, which, however, there was nothing in the room to relieve, and he feared to leave it lest he should lose the opportunity of seeing the abbess.

She came at last—an elderly lady, but who still retained great softness of manners. She looked at him with an enquiring eye, and asked his name and the object of his visit. He told both, and his anguish was greatly augmented as he observed how the countenance of the abbess was overcast with melancholy as he proceeded in his narrative. He had ended: he waited eagerly for her reply. "Young man," said she, deliberately speaking, "you must arm yourself with Christian fortitude: already eight days ago the novice went to her home"—meaning that she was dead. Leopold sank into a deep swoon: when he revived many others of the nuns were present assisting, as also the priest who had to perform the religious service of the cloister. On the return of recollection, his first request was that they would conduct him to the grave of his beloved. The abbess consented, hoping that tears would assuage the convulsive anguish of his heart. At her request the priest preceded with a light: she followed, with the eldest of the sisters, both supporting Leopold's faltering steps.

The small door was opened: their way led over green graves. At length the father, having nearly approached a wall, stood still, and held the light over the newest-made grave. Leopold looked up: his face became alternately flushed and deadly pale: a mortal anguish possessed his whole frame. In the imperfect light he beheld again the still green long quadrangle, surrounded by the wall, which he so well knew. Overcome by the horror of the destiny which now burst upon him, he cried out, "Oh God! my grave!" and fell senseless on the ground, thus sinking into the lap of death and doom.

A few days afterwards his grave-stone stood on the wall. His confession was not known, and they therefore buried him on the spot where he expired.

THE MONK OF FURNESS ABBEY.

DISJOINTED FRAGMENTS.

I.

When from the world was lost that light sublime
Which Greece shed o'er it in the olden time,—
When mental darkness like a film o'erspread
All lands, and wisdom with the wise was dead,—
When Sense and Reason from their thrones were hurled
And made a moral desert of the world,—
Some pious Monarch built a holy fane
Where pure devotion as a Queen might reign—
Where in the mountain's bosom laid to rest,
Were stilled the waves of the o'erlaboured breast—
Where timid Sorrow's fluttering wings were furled
Safe from the tumults that convulsed the world.

II.

These were the blest retreats where Peace might dwell
Sweetly sequestered in Devotion's cell;
And while the lust of conquest or of crime
Was raging wild o'er each unhappy clime,
Here could the virtuous and the wise retire
And light their taper at the vestal fire
Where knowledge faintly burned,—and, there enshrined,
Preserve the precious life-blood of the mind;—
Such *were* these temples, ere fanatic rage
Destroyed by grandeur left untouched by age;
But now their massive relics but declare—
The tide of life hath ebbed for ever there.

III.

It was the hour when dying day-light throws
  A parting smile of kindness on the world,
When the fair sun, his race of beauty o'er,
  Is in his robes of shadowy splendour furled—
Reflection reached the zenith of her pow'r
And silence was the Queen of that soft hour.
The wanderer walked abroad—his soul serene
Drank the deep beauty of that parting scene.
Sweet is the tone of music, when it flings
Back on the heart the memory of things
Buried for many a year in that lone cell,
Where long—long absent forms of beauty dwell;
Sweet is the voice of friendship, when its tone
Soothes on the bed of death the sick man's groan;

And when from wandering over shores afar
We turn our footsteps homeward—then how sweet
A sister's first kind words of welcome are
Which fly—the wanderer on his way to greet.
Aye! sweet are these:—but sweeter far to hear
Devotion's whispered incense meet the ear,—
To hear the spirit's first faint accents rise
To meet its great Creator in the skies.—
The stranger prayed.— . . .

IV.

When distant worlds appear arrayed on high
And measure out the gemm'd expanse of sky,—
When through the ivy of that aged pile
The dim-seen stars just twinkle thro' the aisle,—
Oft would the murmur of the half-breathed prayer
Float on the stillness of the midnight air,—
Oft would the wanderer sit absorbed in thought,
Till the first twilight rays of morning brought
Remembrance of the world; oft would he trace
Thro' night's long hours the calm unconscious race
Of the cold moon, as tow'rds the beamy west
She journeyed onward to her home of rest;
Oft at the window of his latticed cell
He watched the dying sunbeams as they fell
Upon those aged walls—and till again
They rose in splendour, he would there remain.
The moon still shines upon that ivied cell,—
But where is he who loved her beams so well?
Free as the dead—his soul unfettered roams
Where mightiest spirits find their destined homes,—
Where there is treasured, in a purer state,
A bright reversion for the good and great:—
O'er his lone tomb no cypress branches wave,
But all is dark and silent as the grave.

V.

Far to the East, where Syria's desert sands
Unbroken lie, one stately pillar stands,—
Columns and Temples ruined round it lie
In the bright gloom of fallen majesty.
This *was* Palmyra,—and where once the song
Of Virgin sweetness from the festal throng
Forth issued, borne upon the listening air,—
The owl and raven only gather there.—
And in those halls where erst Longinus stood
And poured upon the Queen a melting flood
Of pure, sublime and simple tenderness,
Such as we listen to in dreams of bliss,—

There glides the serpent, solitary, slow,
Monarch of all the desert can bestow;—
And fearful sounds the stranger's soul appal
As twilight darkens o'er the mouldering wall.

* * * * *

How like Palmyra now that desert shrine
Where late I viewed the dying sunbeams shine,—
Gilding the ruins with that ghastly smile
We trace at eve along the cloistered aisle!
It sleeps in grandeur. Time's undying sway
Hath reared a fearful Temple to decay,
Where death is lovely—a bright monument
  Snatched from the wreck of ages—where shall toll
The knell of time, when nature shall be rent,
  And earth shall vanish as a shrivelled scroll.

W. R. G.

A FLORA OF BERWICK-ON-TWEED.*

We conceive it impossible for any one to look around him, and view the improvements which have of late years been effected in most of the sciences, without astonishment. Many of these were, till very lately, enveloped in such obscurity, and encumbered with such a load of technicalities, that the student frequently turned from them in disgust; or, if he happened to possess a sufficient share of patience to attain, after years of labour spent in poring over the writings of some fifty or sixty old authors, an acquaintance with the *mere elements*,—he had, even then, no more *pretensions* to the title of a *Philosopher*, or, in other words, no scientific attainments which qualified him to claim that rank, than might be acquired in as many months by a person of moderate abilities at the present day. Far indeed are we from wishing to depreciate the merits of our worthy forefathers, who with exemplary assiduity, now rarely to be met with, manfully encountered the serious obstacles opposed to their progress in knowledge; and still farther are we from meaning to insinuate that, had these difficulties stood in the way of the philosophical student of the nineteenth century, they would no sooner have met his "gifted eye" than, like a flake of snow under a sun-beam, they would have speedily dissolved. Such, however, is not our meaning, for we find in the superstition and bigotry which prevailed during the early ages,—in the circumstance, that the sciences were, in a manner, *monopolized* by a class of men who found it their interest to shut them up from the world at large,—in the two frequent, though unintentional, substitution of theory for fact,—in the want of proper instruments for prosecuting discoveries,—and in many other particulars which thwarted their advancement—quite enough to account satisfactorily for the slow progress of intellectual improvement, without impeaching the talents of the ancients in order to vindicate modern pre-eminence. The implicit adherence, which was over blindly paid to the dogmata of their predecessors, is especially worthy of notice; as by thus suppressing the sallies of original genius, and confining its investigations to one beaten track, an effectual barrier was erected against future movements. At last the human mind, too long enthralled, awoke from its apathy; and science, hitherto stern and forbidding, now attired herself in the simple robe of truth. Hence Botany, which had participated in the common gloom, assumed under the powerful hand of Linnæus a prominent place among its noble and delectable kindred. But though the very formidable obstacles, with which the Botanical student had previously to contend, have been in a great measure dissipated by the discovery of the Linnæan system of classification, and by the numerous subsequent improvements in vegetable physiology, yet it was reserved for the nineteenth century to impart to Botany such an agreeable and polished form as to attract even the *ladies* to the number of her votaries!

---

* A Flora of Berwick-on-Tweed, by George Johnston, M. D. F. R. S. E. 2 vols 12mo. Longman and Co—London. Carfrae and Son—Edinburgh.

By no means do we consider the character of a Botanist estimable by the number and rarity of the plants he has examined; on the contrary, we are of opinion that, before any one can arrive at those correct and philosophical views of the vegetable world essential to the formation of a good Botanist, a previous minute and careful examination of the structure and peculiarities of numerous species as they affect different soils and elevations, and occupy different places in the arrangement of Linnæus and Jussieu, is totally indispensable. For the purpose, therefore, of facilitating the progress of individuals engaged in this pursuit, and not altogether with a view of satisfying curiosity, various works have successively appeared—exhibiting the number of genera and species supposed to be indigenous to a particular district, containing the characters by which they may be recognized, and recording the places where they have been found. By adverting to one of these the Botanist, who is anxious to examine the plants of a neighbourhood, is spared great labour, and is likewise enabled to traverse a much wider extent of ground than he could possibly overtake by his own unaided exertions. Of this kind is the work before us; which, in addition to the usual contents of such publications, contains a vast fund of other interesting matter.

Annexed to the preface at the beginning of the first volume is a very excellent sketch of the geology of Berwickshire, written by a friend of the author, and the first attempt, as we are told, yet made to investigate the structure of the county. Our limits prevent us from laying before our readers more than a few brief extracts illustrative of the style of the essay, the value of which is only diminished by the absence of an enquiry into the stratification of the coast, as the author himself remarks, "with any thing like minute attention."

St. Abbs.

"Few parts of the kingdom can exhibit a finer and more splendid piece of coast-scenery than St. Abbs,—to him especially who surveys it from the sea beneath, whether it be in the summer season when in calmness and security he sails over the peaceful and pellucid waters, amid gloomy caverns, rocky archways, and majestic cliffs—half-shattered by the storm and lightning, and shooting up aloft their giant greatness to the skies; or whether he visit it when the myriads of sea-fowl are clothing the lofty cliffs or darkening with their multitudes the noon-day sun, or filling all the surrounding echoes with their dissonant voices; or whether when the elements of sea and sky are mingled together, and the waves lashed up to foam, he sits securely on its mountain-top and eyes the maddening strife."

"But it is not for its mere natural scenery that St. Abbs is so interesting—it is, if possible, still more so in a geological point of view. In a sketch of this description it may be sufficient to describe St. Abbs as a huge insulated map of trap-rocks, of which the principal are trap-tuffa, amygdaloid and felspar porphyry. In the first of these rocks there is generally a basis of clay with imbedded portions of basalt, amygdaloid and porphyry. In the second rock there is also a distinct basis or ground, generally of a greenish coloured clay, containing amygdaloidal-shaped cavities filled with calcareous spar, zeolites, quartz nodules, and agates. In the last rock, the basis is generally felspar with imbedded chrystals of the same. When these rocks occur in the manner and with the characters now described, it is usual to consider them as subordinate to the old red sandstone; but where no formation of this kind is observable, and where the rocks within a few yards are evidently graywacke, as they are in the situation now before us, there seems no other way of describing the trap-rocks of St. Abbs but as subordinate to the transition graywacke and graywacke slate. We have described St. Abbs as an insulated mountain mass, it being completely cut off from the wide extent of high ground on the west by a deep valley, in the centre of which is a marsh of considerable botanical interest."

"There are probably few places where the contrast, both in external aspect and in botanical phenomena, as well as in structure, is so remarkable as between the two sides of the valley, especially at the little inlet termed Pettycurwick. Standing by the sea-side at this small creek, and looking westward, we perceive, for many miles along the lofty coast, the most splendid displays of stratification, the strata being of all forms and in all positions, curved, zigzag, vertical, horizontal, &c.; but the outline both of the summits and the slope of the precipices we observe, in general, to be smooth and unbroken, and more like a vast sloping wall or mural defence, than a natural piece of rock scenery. Looking towards the east again, which consists of the high ground of St. Abbs, the outline is rugged, broken and highly picturesque, the sea in that direction being ranged with beetling crags and overhanging cliffs,—in one place hollowed out into magnificent caves and natural arches, and in another broken into wild and insulated pinnacles. In the botany of the two sides of the valley we have also mentioned that there is a difference, and this sufficient to attract the notice even of the most superficial observer. For instance, the *Arenaria verna* grows among the unstratified trap-rocks of "the head" in the most beautiful luxuriance, while on the opposite side of the valley, though the distance in one place be not more than a few yards, not a specimen is to be seen. The *Hypericum humifusum*, again, we observe in considerable abundance on the stratified side, while on the other we do not meet with it, and the same remark I have made in similar situations elsewhere. It may be curious also to observe that the *Primula elatior* (rather a variety of *Primula vulgaris*) as well as the common cowslip, though abundant among the rocks on the graywacke side, are not met with among those of the opposite side—a remark which holds good in other parts of the district comprehended in the following Flora."

"Two additional remarks shall conclude our notice of St. Abbs. To the most trivial observer it must be evident that originally St. Abbs head has been an island of the sea, similar to the Bass in the Frith of Forth or to the Rock of Ailsa in the Frith of Clyde, it being quite clear that the sea at one time has flowed through the narrow valley, but has gradually been excluded by the *debris* falling from each side, which has thus elevated its bottom at either end, and united at length St. Abbs to the mainland."

"The other remark relates to the probable origin of that great mass of trap-rocks, which forms this lofty promontory. It is impossible, we conceive, for any man who knows any thing about rocks at all to remark the singular position of the graywacke at the little inlet already mentioned, where the two sides of the valley approach nearest the land, almost without taking into account any of the other appearances equally conclusive, (although not quite so evident), without coming at once to the conclusion, that some prodigious violence must have been necessary to cause the present very singular and distorted aspect of these strata,—that this violence must have proceeded from beneath,—that these rocks in this manner must have been projected in a liquid form, as lavas,—and that thus St. Abbs is neither more nor less than an extinct volcano."

The number of Phenogamous plants, included in the present Flora, is far from contemptible, inasmuch as there have been found, within the prescribed limits, 680 distinct species, exclusive of a considerable number which have become naturalized in Berwickshire and North Durham. Mr. Thompson, in his "*Catalogue of Plants growing in the vicinity of Berwick*" published in 1807, has enumerated 466 species including a few varieties—just 214 less than are included in the present work. Now, even taking into consideration the facts that Mr. T. was almost the only Botanist in the neighbourhood at the time—and that the catalogue was summed up by his own unaided exertions, and moreover allowing that a few of those omitted are so minute as almost to elude the most vigilant research—we still cannot help thinking that Mr. Thompson's examination of the district had been neither so varied nor so careful as to have warranted him to publish a catalogue of its vegetable productions. But *Fedia olitaria*, *Scabiosa columbaria*, *Lamium incisum*, *Pedicularis sylvatica*, *Hieracium sylvaticum* and *paludosum*, *Senecio viscosus*, *Orchis conopsea* and *maculata*, and some of the *Salices* are among the most glaring of his omissions, as most of them grow within half a mile of the town in considerable profusion.

In the class Cryptogamia, in the second volume, there are described

6 species of Equisetaceæ, 19 Ferns, 4 Lycopodineæ, 129 Mosses, 30 Liverworts, 81 Lichens, 338 Fungi and 133 Algæ, making in all 737 Cryptogamic Species.

After giving the character by which the plant is known, and the places where it grows, the Doctor has in most instances introduced some appropriate remarks, either on its peculiarities in structure, or its use in medicine, agriculture and the arts. We subjoin the following

On *Menyanthes Trifoliata*, page 56, vol. I.

"This is perhaps the most beautiful of our native plants—equal," in the opinion of Mr. Curtis, "to the Kalmias, the Rhododendrons and the Ericas of Foreign climates which are purchased at an extravagant price, and kept up with much pains and expense, while this delicate native which might be procured without any expense, and cultivated without any trouble, blossoms unseen, and wastes its beauty on the desert air." An infusion of the root and leaves is much used by the common people in this neighbourhood in dyspeptic complaints. Formerly its virtues were highly extolled by many medical practitioners, and though now little used, it is apparently fully equal in strength to other bitters, and may hereafter lessen our dependance on foreign drugs. In West Bothland, in times of scarcity, the roots are ground and mixed with the corn to make bread, "qui admodum est amarus et detestabilis," while in other districts of Lapland and Norway they are given to domestic cattle which devour them fresh, notwithstanding their bitterness."

On *Trifolium Pratense*, page 163, vol. I.

"The 'Cow grass' of Farmers—who seem very unwilling to allow that their "Purple Clover" can be a variety produced by cultivation, as is generally supposed by Botanists, seeing that the former is perennial while the latter is biennial only, and their agricultural properties are very different. This however is very good for cattle and very noisome to witches. And in the days when there were witches in the land, the leaf was worn by knight and peasant as a potent charm against their wiles; and we can even trace this belief in its magic virtue in some not unobserved customs. Hast thou never sought and deemed thyself fortunate in finding a *four-leaved* clover?"

'But woe to the wight who meets the green knight,
  Except on his faulchion arm
Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St. Clair,
  The HOLY TREFOIL's charm;
For then shall fly his gifted eye
  Delusions false and dim,
And each unbless'd shade shall stand pourtrayed
  In ghostly form and limb.'

On *Hypnum Commutatum*, page 32. vol. II.

"In the Muscologia Britannica the leaves are described and delineated as rather strongly serrated. They appear to me to be entire or nearly so, as Smith says they are. It is a beautiful species and grows in large matted tufts of a very dark green on the surface, but always stained underneath with a dusky-yellow. The *petrified moss* so abundant in this neighbourhood is a tuft of *H. Commutatum* incrusted and solidified by a deposition of lime from the water in which it grows. It delights to hang over the precipitous point of dripping rocks or of small cascades, whose waters strain themselves through the dense and plumy foliage as through a sponge. Leyden must have had it in view when he wrote of the "listless shepherd"—

> "His is the lulling music of the rills,
> Where drop by drop the scanty current spills
> Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,
> Or filters through the YELLOW HAIRY MOSS."

The few extracts which we have just given, though perhaps not the best that might have been selected, are sufficient to shew the interesting and, in many instances, highly spirited observations which diversify and lighten the volumes, and which, if glanced at while the plant is under examination, will serve to impress its form and structure on the memory much better than any lengthy descriptive detail. The passages from the poets often connected with these, in their *variety* and *applicability*, display an acquaintance with our bards not unworthy of the poet-laureate himself. But while we thus withhold not our mite of praise and publicly express our admiration of the man who, engaged in the arduous duties of a laborious profession, has contributed so much to the illustration of the Botany of Berwickshire, our duty as an impartial reviewer compels us to notice one passage wherein the purity of a sentence is somewhat wantonly sacrificed to his partiality for the Muse.

We allude to that which concludes the introduction where "Nature's works," instead of comprehending the wide and extensive range of creation which they usually and properly embrace, imply here only a portion by no means the most important, and "which," says the Doctor, "when I see them *spread out* in my Herbarium, what are they but proofs

> "That man immured in cities still retains
> His inborn, inextinguishable thirst
> For rural scenes, compensating his loss
> By supplemental shifts, the best he may."

There is here an evident straining to secure the aid of the Poesy by hook or by crook, and certainly we have no desire to be *extra*-fastidious, seeing that every mortal has his *hobby*.—While discharging a small measure of innocuous bile, we may add, that several grammatical errors occur in the Latin extract from Symeon of Durham. The extract in question relates to the state of the Fern Island, previously to the settlement of St. Cuthbert on its bleak and barren surface, and may be found in a note appended to the 325th page of the second volume. We make this reference, merely because we are at a loss whether to attribute the mistakes to the pious monk himself, or to the source whence our Author derives the quotation, or to the typographer of the publication.

Is Primside Loch in Berwickshire, or is it within the prescribed limits of the Flora? We believe not; and if so, the addition of the *Cicula Virosa* in the Appendix is hardly warrantable.

In the first volume of the Flora, the *Tragopogon pratense* is described with the calycine segments considerably longer than the corolla. It has been since ascertained by Dr. Hooker, whose attention was first directed to the plant by Mr. Thomson of Eccles, to be the *Tragopogon major* of Jacquin's *Flora Austriaca.* It has long been suspected to be a species distinct from the *T. pratense,* and indeed it seems probable that this last plant is far from being so common in Britain as has been imagined, having been mistaken for the *T. major.* We mention not this to detract from the merit of its discoverer, but rather to caution Botanists against considering every one to be the same species as that to which it is nearest allied among the British plants.

At the conclusion of the Fungi, Dr. Johnston has described a production which, whether a vegetable or not, seems to deserve notice on account of its beauty and singularity. It was found growing on decayed branches of hazel, and at least 20 specimens were procured all precisely similar. "Originating under the bark, and escaping by some fissure in it, the slender stalk rises for about half an inch, and supports a proportionally large head which is like a glass bead or an egg in miniature. The stalk when fully exposed is about 1½ inch in length, filiform, smooth and hollow, more or less flexuose at the root, and white or brownish. The head or capsule is ivory-white, sometimes tinged with pink, cernuous, ovate, smooth and glossy, tipped with a jet black lid or operculum, and so hard and compact that it almost rings when dropped on the table. It is densely cellular and contains in the centre a green oval vesicle which appears to be formed by a continuation and extension of the stalk. The vesicle is membranous and may with ease be entirely removed from the white bed in which it lies. It has no connection with the persistent lid, nor did it contain any fluid or foreign body. It has been suggested by an eminent naturalist that this production may prove to be the *nidus* of an insect; while another is of opinion that it is a diseased state of *Bryum capillare.* The latter conjecture is ingenious, but not unattended with difficulties."

There is given a description of the *Veronica filiformis* which was discovered by the Doctor growing in the shrubbery at Whiterigg, the second place where it has been observed in Britain, and an interesting addition to the Scottish Flora. This is illustrated by a very accurate coloured drawing, supposed to be the work of Mrs. Johnston, by whom there are also delineations of the *Lathræa squamaria, Luciola sudetica, &c.*

The very interesting "Sketch of the Botany of North Durham and Berwickshire from the earliest period to the present time" is excellent, when we consider the difficulties to be encountered in the investigation of the subject. The sources from which information is to be derived are so scanty, and in many cases so imperfect, that the Botany of Berwickshire through a great many centuries is involved in the greatest obscurity. But these difficulties, instead of diminishing the value of the essay, serve only to impress us with a greater respect for Dr. Johnston as a Botanical Antiquarian.

As the author of a work illustrative of the natural history of a part of Britain, he justly merits the thanks of all the friends of science, and while such a man is within her walls, Berwick may well be pardoned a strain of exultation. Though we do not designate this publication a complete catalogue of the Cryptogamic, or even the Phenogamous plants of the district, we feel nevertheless fully confident, that seldom has a work on any subject been written by a person better qualified for the task than our author, whose profound knowledge of the science and indefatigable research are only surpassed by his extreme modesty and candour. We cannot take leave of his excellent volumes without submitting to our readers the following additional extract from page 132, Vol. II.

"Sprengel, in his *Systema Vegetabilium*, has described 360 species of this genus (Sphæriæ); and Fries, a later author, is said to have made them upwards of 500. The fact affords a very striking illustration of that variety in his works which the Creator of all has every where indulged in. All the Sphæriæ apparently serve the same end in the economy of nature, viz., of hastening the reduction of vegetable matter to its original dust; and that purpose, we may suppose, might have been effected as easily by an increase in the numbers of one, as by the creation of a multitude of species. It has, however, seemed good that it should be otherwise, and it is very probable that those little, but permanent, differences, which characterize the species, are accompanied with variations in the operation of the plants, important in their results, although to us unapparent. In the present instance we can scarcely look on this great variety as auxiliary to the beauty of the earth's surface, for, with scarcely an exception, the Sphæriæ are so diminutive as to require the practised eye of the botanist for their detection. He finds in the examination of their structure a pleasing and agreeable spectacle and so much curious design and constancy as are quite subversive of hypotheses implying spontaneous generations or formative powers of nature as necessary to account for their production. If I may judge from my own experience, it is, in fact, in these 'minims of nature' that we are most strongly impressed with the conviction of the existence of a First Great Intelligent Cause, and are most ready to admit that his works are wonderful and made in wisdom."

X.

THE

POINTER-DOG, THE RABBIT, & THE WARRENER.

A Fable.

BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

(Translated from the French.)*

Cæsar, a pointer-dog high rated—
But with his merit too inflated,
Besieg'd a helpless Rabbit near
Her burrow formed, half dead with fear.

---

* The original of this Fable may be sought for in No. 319 of the Literary Ga-

"Arouse!" he cried,—"to me surrender!"
With voice as loud as any thunder,
That, distant far, might fearful make
The inmates of the forests quake,—
"I'm Cæsar, learn, for deeds high fam'd;
My prowess through the world's proclaim'd."
At this great name poor Jannette shook,
And, ere she to the *hero* spoke,
Commended her stain'd soul to heaven,
For all its sins to be forgiven,
Then thus replied—"Dread Sir, pray say,
If I your summons stern obey,
What then will be my destiny?"
"To die!"—"To die!—suppose I fly?"—
"Your life's the forfeit certainly."—
"To me," then said the tyme-fed brute,
"In either case, if death's the fruit,
You'll pardon me, illustrious Sir,
If I my limbs shall dare bestir,
And my best strength, and speed exert,
The threaten'd evil to avert."
Then fast she o'er the warren flew;
As fast did Cæsar her pursue.—
Stern Cato scarce, perhaps, might laud her;
For my part much do I applaud her:
For soon the chase the Keeper eyed,
And to his gun as soon applied,
With which he took his aim so well,
That instant dead great Cæsar fell.

What would La Fontaine now have said?—
"Be forward aye *yourself* to aid;
Ere long, kind Heav'n the means will bless,
To shield the guiltless in distress."
This moral's good—for man design'd,
And meets th' approval of my mind.

J. T.

GROANS!

Extracted from the Journal of an Exquisite.

Edinburgh, June 14th, 1828.

Twelve o'clock, A. M.—WAS sorry I had been awakened from my comfortable nap;—thought I should have died of *ennui;*—presented with a dose of morality by my landlady—found it indigestible—was

---

zette, but with no translation;—the Editor has, however, introduced it with the following remark:—

"This Fable was the composition of Buonaparte when only fifteen or sixteen years of age, it bearing date of the year 1783,——and it has been considered not only a favourable indication of talent, but a proof of the active, decisive, and independent character by which the future life of the school-boy was to be so eminently distinguished."

satisfied my moral and religious principles were of a peculiarly easy and graceful character;—thought of devoting myself to the high and honourable task of preaching the doctrines of Chesterfield;—tumbled the "Castle of Indolence" down stairs—turned the "Course of Time" after it—waded through the "Road to Elegance and Fashion"—sighed for the "Means of Purifying a Tainted Breath;"—tried to write a distich to the memory of the immortal Brummel who invented the stiffened neckcloth—headed it 'Starch is the Man'—failed in my attempt—gave up the glorious idea to Horace Bayley, doer of doggrel, who has lately written himself out—believe it will create a prodigious sensation in the *beau monde*;—yawned;—drank half a glass of lemonade;—tasked my memory to the committal of two capital jokes—threw my brain into a fever-excitement with the great mental exertion—dished completely—determined to study no more.—

Three o'clock, P. M.—Supported nature on a fruit pie;—went to the mirror—pulled a chair in front of it, and sat down—placed my elbow on the table, and leaned my head upon my hand;—killed fifty-nine minutes and a half in the cultivation of an interesting look;—was convinced the thrusting out of the two forefingers and thumb insinuated condescension—thought the shrewd shrug quite vulgar—was in love with my significant shake of the head;—got up and paced my room—piqued myself on the erectness of my carriage—thought myself the idol of *ton* and taste.

Four o'clock, P. M.—Was bored by my landlady—thought of knocking her down with the boot-jack—began to be apprehensive of a *scene*—forced to talk a great deal smaller than a gentleman ought to do—told a few bouncers full of the cock-and-bull—got creditably established in her good opinion;—moved to the window—threw up the sash and looked out—inhaled the fragrance of the mignionette which grew in a long green box upon its sole;—perceived Miss Biddy Templeton nearing my lodgings in company with Pompey her lap-dog—waved my hand—was recognised;—sweet soul!—never saw hair more tastefully dressed—decided beauty—unparalleled impalpability of waist—sighed to have a tête-á-tête;—whistled to Pompey—knew me instantly—wagged his tail and barked—appeared glad to see me—knowing creature—great favourite of mine;—breasted over the window, and pitched him a crust—felt the buttons on my dress coat entangled with the box—placed my hands upon the inner side of it, and endeavoured to throw myself into the room per force—struck the back of my head a terrible blow against the framing—knocked out twelve panes of glass—brought the window down upon my neck—nidged completely—precipitated the mignionette garden, box and all, down a height of fifty feet upon the back of the dear little Pompey—beheld him sprawling on the street in the last death-throes. —could render him no assistance—felt I was a gone man—rescued from my perilous situation by the washerwoman, after *groaning* under a mortifying blow inflicted on the most honourable part of my person—could have eaten my heart from shame and vexation—got a soberer from Mrs. M'Nab—reminded of the damage she had sustained at my hands—unfeeling wretch!—shall not forgive her till the day of my death.

September 16th, 1830.

Nine o'clock, A. M.—Sprang from my bed and hurried on my inexpressibles;—rubbed my teeth with salt till the blood welled from my gums in mouthfuls;—was sorry I had not sixpence left to procure a twist from Bill Oliver the barber—hit upon a capital expedient—soaped my head with the wash-ball—hair thrown into the happiest confusion imaginable:—practised bowing in the broken glass—started when I discovered the whitey-brown complexion of my dicky—was tempted to seize Mrs. M'Nab's dress cap—pinned it inside my new vest in lieu of a frill—admired my ingenuity—thought myself very taking;—contrived to while away the forenoon;—popped into Ambrose's—sipped a gill of half-and-half—blew up the boy like dust for his inattention—paid my shot, and left the rascal trembling in all the shabby agonies of dirty terror.

Two o'clock. P. M.—Went by myself to the Meadows—did not relish my walk:—met Tom Patten and his two sisters—looked glum—was aware they assumed a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed—passed—overheard Miss Frances ejaculate, "La! what a vulgar fellow! of course, he is the glass of fashion"—took no notice of it, but charitably wished all three at the devil. (*Mem.* will not fail to acquaint Miss Scroggins, that Miss Patten had three ribs of her corset fractured at Mrs. Wilkinson's last party, while indulging in a sob. Might tell for *whom* she sighed too—but no matter.)

Four o'clock. P. M. Hurried off to dine with Mrs. Scroggins and family—found a large merry party—never was in such spirits—knew I was the very cynosure of attraction; ate voraciously—had scarce time to admire Miss Scroggins—helped her largely to potatoes and gravy;—drank two bumpers and a half of light wine after dinner—could not be tipsy—fired off some fine things which were received with loud peals of laughter. Tea ushered—did justice to the marmalade;—interchanged glances with Miss S.;—found her dark eyes perfectly irresistible—felt new life run tingling through my veins—saw at once I was the worshipped star of her heart—fancied myself in the third heavens.

Eight o'clock. P. M. Was alarmed to hear Mrs. Miller reading Mrs. S. a lecture on the doing up of linen;—felt my heart beat irregularly—was sorry they had broached such a subject;—heard Dick Jardine complimented on the exquisite plaiting of his shirt—fulsome creatures—never felt so sheepish—seized unbreeched Scroggins, and seated him on my knee;—was afraid the chincough or measles might lurk beneath his wrapper—began to sneeze—dreadfully agitated—could not drive the chubby urchin from his quarters—contrived to amuse myself with his innocent prattle;—started to hear one of the ladies exclaim, "O! for Cruikshank!"—was perfectly shocked at their giggling—wondered how they could give way to such frivolity—thought there was something mysterious in their laughter. A fearful sensation stole over me;—I turned to the child—it was too late—the cap dangled at my breast—his audacious fingers had already torn it from my vest;—I felt an eternity of suffering compressed into one minute's duration. My brain whirled. I sought refuge in madness—bolted from the room—scoured down the street—heard the cry of "Stop Thief!" booming after me in full chorus—was knocked down by a watchman—lay all night *groaning* in the police-office, where I dreamt that I was standing on the top of Nelson's monument, crowned with the stolen cap of my landlady, while the poisoned arrows of scandal, and malice, and envy, were unsparingly directed against a heart leaping in the very insanity of misery!

December 13*th*, 1831.

Seven o'clock, A. M.—Intensely cold—could not lie in bed;—rummaged my chest—discovered I had failed with a full suit;—wept to see the buttons on my threadbare coat, beginning to show something like new moons at one side;—compelled to put on a pair of nankeen trowsers;—paired my shoe soles with my penknife—afraid of a patch; —rubbed my hat with Warren's Blacking—was sure it had a melancholy appearance;—thought of Prince's Street and sighed;—took a short stroll down the Cow-Gate—saw, to my utter horror and consternation, my old friend Tom Patten approaching—tried to get away unobserved—was overtaken at the door of my wretched lodgings;—found him inquisitive—was informed the coldness of the weather was in bad keeping with my nankeens—told him it was my *taste*;—was asked how I was getting on—replied I was going out to Berbice in the West Indies as overseer to an extensive sugar plantation, with capital prospects:—thought that I heard him mutter the expressive vocable "Fudge"—was told I looked as pale and gaunt as if I had eaten nothing but mine own empty words during the whole course of my existence;—felt inclined to collar him for his cold-blooded impertinence. Did not stay longer with him.

Six o'clock, P. M.—Gazed on the moon through my broken window—beheld her, partly obscured by clouds and smoke, shedding a melancholy light over the black buildings in front of my Attic;—ruminated on the heartless apathy of seeming friends;—brooded over the emptiness of hope, and the worthlessness of fruition;—felt a sudden gloom fall upon life;—found myself degenerating into a misanthropist;—*groaned* over my darkly evolved destiny;—was conscious that my heart was rendered incapable of again experiencing any pulse of joy or gladness; —cared not for the prolongation of a weary and miserable existence; flung myself down, in an agony of despair, upon my bed, where I shortly fell asleep, and dreamt of being visited by Tom Patten and his two sisters, while confined in a cell in BEDLAM!

◆

SWEETS OF EVENING.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

But some in more etherial mould are cast,
Who from the imagery of Nature cull
Fair meanings, and magnificent delights;
Extracting glory from whate'er they view.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

I.

'TIS sweet to gaze at the fall of eve
On the ruddy streaks that lie,

Like the curtain-folds of an angel's couch,
Round the skirts of the western sky:

I've look'd in joy on the autumn wood,
Till the lingering blush of light,
That smil'd through the yellow forest leaves,
Was veil'd by the cloud of night;—

And oft I've thought, as the twilight stole
Adown to its calm abode,
That the trees, on the far horizon's verge,
Were engrav'd on the hills of God!

II.

'Tis sweet to gaze on the waveless stream,
When the shadowy tints of even
Are mirror'd there, with the crystal lamps
That burn in the vault of heaven!

For down in the silent under-world,
The raptur'd eye will view
A thousand shapes, like domes and towers
Which the star-light flickers through!

III.

I've sat me down on the hoary cliff,—
Where the minstrel loves to be,—
Till the moon's red disk clove the sombre clouds,
That dip in the rocking sea;—

And I've seen her ride up the starry east
And peer in the welkin's blue,
Till the smallest wave that the night wind kiss'd
Was rob'd in her holy hue!

IV.

Yet O 'tis dearer—sweeter far,
On the flowing tide to gaze,
When the moonlight sleeps on its heaving breast,
Or deep in the eddy plays,—

For then thine eyes will behold its sheen
Far down in the waters clear,
As it sparkles bright on the whirling wave,
Like a gorgeous chandelier—.

With a thousand lamps of fluid gold
Lit up round a jasper throne—
Which a poet's fancy well might paint
For the Nymph of the river's own!

SKETCHES OF BRITISH POETS.

No. I.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

POETS have sprung up in the present century like mushrooms, all tolerably pleasant to the palate, but most of them as devoid of stamina, when subjected to the grasp, as the feeblest of the fungus tribe. They were beautiful and delicate creatures, hovering about like summer birds, displaying every variety of elegant plumage; and their notes not being disagreeable, people in the absence of music became charmed with their twittering. The force, the majesty, the fire, and the living soul of poetry, appeared buried in the graves of departed ages. Wordsworth disguised half of his godlike imagination in the beggarly garb of silliness; and suffered simplicity to dwindle into conceit.—Coleridge enveloped his angelic fancy in a mist, and obscured his head among the clouds of metaphysics. He groped about, like a blind man in the halls of eternity, clutching to feel light in an infinitude of darkness! In Madoc and Roderic, Southey exhibited great genius, but showed himself a reader rather than a poet. Campbell wrote the Pleasures of Hope—and the Pleasures of Hope will live with the English language—they called up the hopes of a hundred years, but more than thirty years are past, and those hopes have not been realized.—Moore is a clever man,—and a witty man,—but he never wrote a line which indicates the man of MIND and of GENIUS. For popularity, he is solely indebted to his subject, an exuberant fancy, and the redolent melody of his numbers. For a time, Sir Walter Scott bounded onward smoothly and rapidly as an Arabian pony bearing a lady over a velvet lawn, and from all competitors bore the palm alone! Still, it was only beautiful,—easy,—running,—monotonous—versification. It had scarce a higher claim to the name of POETRY, than colours have to beauty in the absence of light. I speak, however, only of his *metrical* works; for in so far as regards the *Poetry* in his *Prose*, it would be difficult to place any name this country has produced by his side, except that of Shakspeare. Few of them felt, or were capable of feeling, poetry burning and bursting from their bosoms; stealing out their very soul in ecstacy, as it longed to mingle in breathless sympathy with the glorious universe, that glowed and rolled around them—a mass of breathing beauty—a panorama of Poetry! Nine-tenths of them were merely poets of reading and memory; and they thought themselves wonderful *clever* fellows, when they did violence to what they miscalled a *song*, or committed murder upon a harmless *sonnet!* I would scarcely give him credit for being a merely *clever* man, who could not in a week produce a larger and better volume of rhyme, than two-thirds of those published within the last twenty years, and falsely called poetry. With a few exceptions, versification was running through the land, like gentle rivulets, and murmuring rivers; with here and there, a motionless lake, adding its dull sameness as variety to the scene, when the Third Canto of Childe Harold burst like the thunders of Niagara in the midst of them; sweeping away the soul upon the bosom of its torrent,—astounding with the thunders of its massy foam,—and blinding with the splendour of its eternal rainbows.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Professor Wilson, and perhaps Southey, are the only British Authors of general celebrity living, who are endowed by Nature with powers capable of bearing them, if put forth, down to posterity as GREAT POETS. Of these, Wilson has infinitely the greater portion of pure poetry within himself.—He is almost the only writer I have met with, who thoroughly understands and feels what poetry is. It appears like an unfathomable fountain springing up in his heart, welling and gushing forth from his every word and his every action; and the greater the waste, the deeper the reservoir, and the sweeter the waters! Whether we view him in the Isle of Palms, bridling his luxuriant imagination into the most chaste poem of which the English language has to boast, or scattering it monthly in prodigal profusion as *Christopher North*, in his inimitable *Noctes*,—the greatest of our modern poets dwindle in the contrast.

The Professor is a native of Paisley, where his father, who was a respectable soap-boiler in that town, died, I believe, before our poet had completed his sixth year.—Here he was for some time a pupil of a venerable old man, named Mr. Peddie, who then was, and still is, teacher of the parochial school; and who also, if I remember rightly, was connected with the early formation of the attainments of his gifted townsman and namesake, Alexander Wilson, the poet and ornithologist. How long he remained in the place of his nativity, I am uncertain; but I know that he still retains all the frankness and kindliness of soul for which the *Paisley bodies* are deservedly conspicuous. The qualities of his heart, indeed, can only be equalled by those of his head.

While a very young man, he purchased the estate which he still holds, called Ellerly, in Westmoreland. In 1812 or 13 he went to Edinburgh, where one of his earliest acquaintances was Sir Walter Scott, then basking in the full blaze of poetical favour. Shortly afterwards, appeared his "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague," claiming for their Author the highest meed of exalted genius! And if his fame did not like Byron's burst as a rocket upon the world, blazing,—expanding,—and echoing as it flew,—it arose from its being, like his own beautiful visions, too splendid for the noise of the multitude! The establishment of Blackwood's Magazine formed a new field for the exercise of his varied talents. And of the *Chaldee manuscript*, which first gave celebrity to that publication, he was somewhat more than the Editor. This popular article was first written by Hogg, and, falling into the hands of Wilson, was published without the consent of the Shepherd; who was justly unable to distinguish it, in its present garb, as the *jeu d' esprit* written by himself; for, without in any way detracting from Hogg's exquisite genius, I may say, that it abounds with passages, equally impossible for him to write, as it would be for him to utter the glowing and glorious poetry put into his lips in the Noctes. Although the Professor is the Christopher North of *Blackwood*,—he is to be regarded rather as its sheet anchor and principal contributor, than its conductor; for although the publisher may occasionally consult the poet upon the insertion of a strange Article, yet conscious of his own shrewdness, he is virtual and ostensible Editor himself.

In person, Professor Wilson is the very antipodes of the muling and milliner-made tribe of poets, whose bedizened exterior is slender and fragile as their own sonnets—the reverse of every thing that looks like an Album poetling or a lady's verse spinner! Were you to endeavour to embody the free—masculine—unfettered—and nervous poetry of his Noctes, it would form an idea of Wilson's character and appearance. In stature, he is about six feet,—strong, sinewy, robust, and athletic:—gentlemanly, but negligent in his dress; with light hair, a fair and once florid complexion, and a quick restless eye, which, although not generally vivid, gives you an idea of the gorgeous visions for ever flitting before it in its own "chambers of imagery." He is now about forty years of age,

As an Author, in his earliest productions, his faults were the faults of the Lake School; and in aiming at simplicity in his blank verse, it sometimes gave the appearance of carelessness and want of harmony; and from the same reason, in his metrical compositions, there was a multiplying of undefined ideas in a sentence, that made simplicity become mystified. Wilson is a poet in his writings,—in his actions,—in every thing; we have no Author whose imagination is so rich, chaste, and varied; less than a tithe of the gems which he scatters monthly, has purchased immortality for some who rank among the poets of Britain. Of living poets he is indisputably at the head; and such is the situation posterity will award him among the Authors of the present century.

As an example of the quiet and lovely tone of beauty, which steals through Wilson's verses, I shall give an extract of a single sonnet teeming with poetical thoughts; and sonnets are generally *things* that a thought would shiver to pieces:—

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul;
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given:
And by the breath of mercy made to roll,
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

PART I.

OH! dinna speak o' death, Jeanie,
Unless ye wadna break
The heart that wad pour out, Jeanie,
It's life-bluid for your sake!
Oh! wae's me, what a blank, Jeanie,
This warld wad be, I trow,
Gin ye were sleepin' your last sleep
Upon yon cauld green knowe.

I canna thole the thoucht, Jeanie,
Nor maun ye breathe it mair,
For weel ye ken that love, Jeanie,
Is stronger than despair!
I'm wae to see your white, white cheek,
Sae bonnie red lang syne;
But joy will soon woo back its bloom,
Gin ye will press't to mine!

I like to bring to mind, Jeanie,
The times that's past awa,
When we twa soucht the loanin' green
Ay at the gloamin's fa';—
The sternie in the lift, Jeanie,
That twinkles a' its lane,
Wad never shut its angel ee
Till you an' I were gane!

We've look'd on Nature's face, Jeanie,
In haly joy for hours,
Ayont the wimplin burn, Jeanie,
That laves the simmer flowers.
An' there the mavis slept, Jeanie,
That welcomes in the spring,
Upon the trystin' tree, Jeanie,
Wi' its head below its wing.

I ken that on our bliss, Jeanie,
A darksome clud has come,
But Hope, the Iris o' the soul!
Still bends out ower the gloom:
An' fate will be mair kind, Jeanie,
An' haply there will dawn,
Anither morn o' joy, Jeanie,
When grief sall be withdrawn!

PART II.

Oh! the past was unco bricht, Willie,
But it gies me muckle pain
To think thae gladsom days, Willie,
Can ne'er come back again!
Sax years we've been acquent, Willie,
An' little did we dree,
That we should e'er hae met, Willie,
Wi' sic a destinie.

I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,—
I'll leave this warld soon,
But oh! its hard to dee, Willie,
I' the sunny month o' June!
Joy's breathin' ower the earth, Willie,
An' it costs me bitter tears,
To think I ne'er can feel again
The hopes o' happier years!

I've ne'er luved ane but thee, Willie,
Sae let me greet my fill;
I feel the leal o' faith, Willie,
Nae power, but death, can chill.
It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Or tak o' bliss to come;
Ye canna tone my feelins mair—
For a' their music's dumb.

I grieve to find my thouchts, Willie,
Sae mixt wi' folly's leaven;
For still they're tied to earth, Willie,
Instead o' seekin' heaven!
I'm selfish to the last, Willie,
For I wad like to wear,
The lockit roun' my neck in death
That halds your braid o' hair.

An' when aneath the elm, Willie,
At eventide ye sit,
Oh! mind that it was there, Willie,
Where our first tryst was set—
An' gin ye fauld anither's heart
To yours wi' fond regard,
Oh! think on her wha then sall lie
Hapt up in yon kirk-yard.

TIBBY SHIEL'S CREEL.

The little cottage, which stands at the head of St. Mary's lake among the wild hills at the western extremity of the shire of Selkirk, is well known to the anglers of Edinburgh, and many a brother of the "gentle craft" besides. The best of loch fishing,—trout, pike and perch,—lies at the very door; and Yarrow, one of the finest fishing rivers in Scotland, rows down among its pastoral hills within two or three miles distance. And, after a flood, the Meggat and Douglas burn positively swarm with the big black yellow-bellied fellows, as many a tired sportsman, retracing his steps to Tibby Shiel's cottage, with his creel strap cutting his shoulder, has testified. And the briefless lawyers and unfeed physicians, who know more of Isaac Walton than of Coke or Cullen,—who know better how to *toodle* a sullen trout, than a refractory witness or an obscure disease,—are as well acquainted with the active, good-natured mistress of the humble mansion we have spoken of, as with the best stream-*throats* in the Yarrow, or the days of cloud and wind which suit so well for the brown drake wing over St. Mary's.—Well, there is many an angler in Auld Reekie and scattered over wide Scotland who knows the place, and so I will not describe further.

Of all places in this earth,—if St. Mary's loch is the most pleasant for an angler, lover of nature, botanist or mineralogist to spend the *day*,—Tibby Shiel's is the most forlorn and miserable for any of the above gentlemen to spend the uncompanioned night.—No books, no music, no conversation to solace the wearied sportsman;—he has nothing to do after he has devoured his fried trouts, or dozen and a half of eggs,—but to put his cigar between his teeth, and perching himself on the top of a gate, watch pensively the shadows deepen over the bosom of the lake until the whole of the mirrored mountains seem to close and embrace each other beneath the dark mantle of night.—One evening, when I had exhausted all possible means of amusement,—sorted my flies,—mended my reel, and put my minnow-tackle in order, I applied to Tibby in perfect despair for a book.—

"Ou aye, Sir, beuks eneuch,—there's the Shepherd's—that's Mr. Hogg's sangs, Sir, and John Bunyan, and Harvey's Meditations, and the Gentle Shepherd, and Robie Burns, mair by token maist pairt o' thems roven out, an—an Mr. Hogg's sangs, as I said afore, Sir."—But none of these would do; so I retreated to my crib, with the intention of taking my glass of toddy, and, as I had done every night, beating the devil's tattoo on the hearth for an hour, and then try to coax myself to sleep.—But, in pursuance of this intention, I had not got through above half a dozen bars of the tune, when Tibby entered the room with a monstrous black creel to which hung a strap of undressed leather.—"Od, Sir," said Tibby, "ye're no like the fech o' the gentlemen that stay here, for whan they've won hame, and had their denner an' their glass o' toddy, or maybe twa—an' what for no?—they just gang quietly till their beds, and sleep sound while breakfast time the morn's mornin'. But ye maun hae readin',—an' nae doubt ye sall be pleasur'd, if I can do it, Sir, sae, since ye say ye hae a' Mr. Hogg's sangs aff by heart, and downa chuse the ither beuks, I've brought ye a muckle creel fou o' papers, that neither my callants, nor

Watty Anderson can make head or tail o'; here they are, Sir,—I showed them till Mr. Hogg, when he was up ae day, but he leugh, and said he had aneuch to do wi' papers, an' he wadna spoil his fishin' wi' lookin' at thae." And here my landlady left me with a desire to "ca' if I wanted ony thing, for the bell had ne'er been mendid since some wild advocate callants frae Edinbro'—the verra lads that left the muckle creel—had pu'd it down in their daffin." I found the creel contained many pieces in verse and prose, which seemed to have been written to divert the ennui which I had myself so much felt from the loneliness of the place.—As they served to amuse me during the remainder of my stay at St. Mary's, perhaps they may have the same effect on the readers of the "Border Magazine;"—I shall therefore occasionally present one of the budget to them.—Here is the first in place.

THE FISHING CRIB.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.—*Tibby Shiel's door.—The Ettrick Shepherd, Author of the Death Wake, Daniel Mershaum, and others adjusting their fishing rods for the night.*

SHEPHERD.

Weel callants, we've gotten ourselves tired, if we've no got mony fish,—yon awfu' moss hags and steep heather braes among the Chapel Hope hills, though I could hae sprung o'er them like a roe when I was a young man, dinna suit sae weel wi' the trembling limbs o' threescore.

OMNES.

Trembling! ha! ha! ha!

MERSHAUM.

Hark to the echo from the dens of Borehope! The spirits of the mountains, who know your prowess, are guffawing, my dear Sir, at the idea;—for they know that you are yet as strong and steady, as you will be immortal, like themselves.

SHEPHERD.

Verra weel said, but like mony ither fine things, no true. Death's just like auld Watty o' Peebles wi' a muckle backit twelve pound salmon on his rod,—he draws and draws and draws him closer till the edge—whiles gien him a brattle out into the deep water—and then the poor beast thinks, just like man when he finds himsell strong an' hale and hearty—that wheugh! he's free and unharmed;—but the unerring line o' time is wound up slowly and securely, until he comes till the shoals—whilk is auld age and feebleness, ye ken; and at lang last he lies upon the white gravel, and, alake! and alas! a' his strength gane, and the twisting energy o' his muscles vanished—for he has been felled by Death in the shape o' auld Watty, wi' a muckle stane instead o' a scythe. Sae there's what we ca'd hunting down a metaphor to ye, in my younger days.—But oh! Sirs, it wad be grand sport, to hae sic a salmon as this I was speakin' o', on this rod o' Phin's verra best manufacture!—

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Death! ho! ho! ho!—who speaks of Death? There is not such a thing in life, as an Irishman would say.—Why, if you mean by death the mere state of the body, which induces putrefaction, I understand you; but if you mean a destructible agent producing effects which *should* be remarkable, then I am certainly in the dark.—

SHEPHERD.

You certainly are, my mon.—

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

What is Death? The cessation of life:—very well, but what is Life? The Physiologists say, it consists in a succession of phenomena, to which we give the term.—Phenomena are events; life is a succession of events therefore. Now I see nothing more singular in this succession of events being stopped, or rather altered, (for the *vital principle* continues) than I would on finding my appetite gone.—

SHEPHERD.

My certie! that wad be singular indeed!

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Or my reasoning faculties becoming less powerful.

SHEPHERD.

Tuts man! that's impossible.—But ye see, I haena time to talk metapheesics the noo, for my tail flee,—it's a Professor Wilson,—has got ravelled somegate wi' the line;—I wuss ye wad come an' pit it richt for me, Philips, my mon.—Noo, be carefu'—it's ane o' a score that Sir Walter sent me afore he gae'd to the Continent,—heaven watch ower him while he's awa', and send him safe and hale back to the country where his glory has grown and flourished like "a tree planted by a river!" The only big ane I hae, raise at this flee, close by the Eagle's Island, and sair manœuvering I had among the rocks or I got him out,—he gae me ten minutes as fine play as I could wuss to hae,—he'll be twa pound and a half, I'se warrant.

MERSHAUM.

Two and a quarter only, for a mutchkin of toddy.

SHEPHERD.

Done wi' you. Ye've lost this time, Daniel, my fine fallow; we dinna weigh fish like rhubarb, an' ye're thinking o' drachms and grains while I'm thinkin o' the stilyard—he's the finest fish taen the day, at ony rate.

PHILIPS.

He is not, for a mutchkin.—Come, say done.

SHEPHERD.

Done, done,—odd! I've won ane frae Daniel, I maun lose ane to keep him in good humour—Tibbie! bring out the stilyard, and let's hae thae wagers deceeded.

Tibbie, *(emerging from the cottage.)*

Here they are, Mr. Hogg. But will ye no let me weigh them, and gang in yoursells, an' get some o' the Irish stew that's reekin' on the table to ye. Ye maun be hungry, weel I wat.

Shepherd.

That is excessively gude! Hungry! why Tibbie, I dinna ken what keeps me frae eating you up yoursel, bodily, bit no that I'll no get anither sic a wifie in a' Yarrow—Sirs! my trout is twa pund nine unces and a half fair fisher's weight—sae, I want a mutchkin o' toddy of you, Mr. Mershaum. An' whew! yours is only a sax unce abune the twa pund, sae, I will want anither mutchkin o' you, Philips.

Both.

The devil!—

Shepherd.

Dinna swear, callants,—fishers sud never swear;—but come awa' ben, like gude lads, and see whether the air o' Loch Shene is na a better sauce than Harvey's Incomparable.—

(Exeunt Omnes.)

Scene II.—*The Fishers seen seated, in a very small room, accommodated with a small table, on which smokes a huge dish of "Irish Stew."*

Author of the Death Wake.

Philosophers take a pleasure in painting in scenic representation, as it were, the actions of the abstract powers of the mind—the admiration of virtue unconnected with individual agents—the love of benevolence as a principle divested of its connection with man—and this they have called the divine drama of intellect. Look at that Irish stew, and the drama becomes a farce—a mere pantomime, where intellect is the Puck, the philosopher the owl, and we (the admirers of such views of man and his nature,) but the unfledged children let loose from the nursery to laugh at the mimic representation—to admire the great gorgeous lie of philosophy, as though the splendour, which it wears, was the undying light of Truth!

Mershaum.

Was the love of virtue or benevolence ever so strong in the hearts of the most Quixotic of its admirers, as the real, material, strong devotion which we feel for that savoury mess, reeking to the ceiling in clouds of divine fragrance, and diffusing life and vigour to the dying energies of the soul, and the weakened powers of the body?

Shepherd.

Daniel sellin' his birth-right for a mess o' Irish stew!

Author of the Death Wake.

Roast pig and Irish stew are peculiarly dishes of Paddy's invention. It was at the Battle of the Boyne, when William the Third beat the boys of Killarney, that a cook in one of the Irish regiments put an unruly ram into one of the mess kettles to "kape him quate and cool," until he was wanted. Unfortunately he forgot the poor beast, and shovelled in his usual load of potatoes to boil over the top of him, and thus was concocted the first dish of Irish stew. Roast pig again, was first discovered by Teddy O' Leary of Ballynahinch, when his pig house was burnt over the swate innocent shaccy pigs by that thafe o' the world Morrice Flanagan in revenge for going home sober from his mother's wake.—

SHEPHERD.

Mr. Stoddart, I maun say that your imagination seems to be a stronger fawculty than your memory.—

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Ah! you flatter me, Mr. Hogg. But sir, the remark used to be made by my friends before I was a year old, when I first conceived the idea of my Death Wake.—

SHEPHERD.

A verra quick conception to sic a late delivery, I maun say—Sirs! there's a pun.

MERSHAUM.

Take thy long body back a bit, Tom, and let us feel the fire; you're a beastly bad conductor of heat, as Reid would say.

SHEPHERD.

He seems to have a great capawcity for it, though—

MERSHAUM.

The only thing he has a capacity for, I fear—

SHEPHERD.

That's clear to the meanest capawcity!—Anither! and a trump. But here comes Tibbie wi' the bilin' water, an' she's a good conductor o' heat I think. Tak awa' the dishes, Tibbie.

MERSHAUM.

What a beautiful specimen of elective attraction—since our talk is chemical—is that between whisky and boiling water.—They seem made for each other.

SHEPHERD.

What is elective attraction, Mr. Daniel?

MERSHAUM.

Dr. John Mason Good defines it to be the attraction which peculiar bodies have for each other—For instance—

SHEPHERD.

The attraction between the Author o' the Death Wake an' you maun be *elective*, then, for I'm sure ye're baith verra *peculiar bodies!* —Come, come, callants, this 'll never do, gaun joking on at this rate —We'll be blinded wi' excess o' light. I wull sing a sang.—

OMNES.

Hurrah!—a canty sang!

SHEPHERD. *(singing.)*

A BONNIE wee cloud flew up the lift
Wi' a lightsome, glancin' motion,—
As pure and as white as the snow in the drift
Or the spray on the moonlit ocean,—
A' peopled wi' spirits frae earth set free
And happy as sinless spirits can be!

Their robes were a' o' the dazzling sheen,
As they sped on their joyful mission;
Such robes were never before, I ween,
Display'd to mortal vision;—
They were wove by the Fairy Queen in her bower
Frae the snow-drop's leaves in a sunny shower!

Between the moon and the mountain ridge
They row'd on their blissful path;
Till they rose to the realms abune the starns
Unkenn'd to sorrow and death!—
And sinking away frae my straining sight—
Burst forth a troop o' angels bright!

I arose frae the side o' Borehope wan
In its Autumn mantle clad,
And a wish through my moody musings ran,
That my grass-green grave were spread!
That I might share abune the skies,
In the undying joys of Paradise!—

MERSHAUM.

O my dear Sir, Mr. Hogg, but I love you dearly! I sometimes think, when feeling that unspeakable pleasure which some of your songs give me, that I could lay down my life for your sake.—How often in the golden hours of my boyhood have I stolen away to the quiet river side, or to the edge of the wood just bursting into the leafy verdure of spring, or to the hoary ruin, and there beneath the shadow of a thousand years wondered and wept over the loss of "bonny Kilmeny;" and then—when "grief grew calm, and hope was dead," for that she was never more to appear on this earth—turned to the wild chronicle of Queen Hynde, or read how the wilful and doomed M'Gregor was carried away from that lonely lake couched black among the scowling mountains, till my very heart was bursting with emotion, and I feared that from the mouldering walls of the ruined stronghold some unearthly being would steal forth, and act over upon me the fearful tragedy!—But it was a momentary terror, for I had turned over a few pages,—and like the colours of the kaleidescope ever changing, but ever dazzling and glorious, another view absorbed my entranced spirit.—I was smiling through sweet tears at the gentle affection of the "Larkis sang" or learning what was the "dearest bliss that the tongue o' man can name" in this world; while now and then the book would sink from my sight, as my fancy struggled to form some semblance of the mighty magician who had thus got the master key to my feelings.—

SHEPHERD.

Noo, that is the criticism o' the heart,—the best of a' criticism.—And, Daniel, I am prooder o' the admiration (as ye ca'd) o' that callant sittin' under the shadow o' the auld castle wa's, in the just wakin' energies o' his young heart, than o' the clamorous compliments o' numerous assemblies, or the hackneyed and cauldrife praise o' the haill periodical press.

MERSHAUM.

Pure, disinterested admiration it indeed was, and never did I expect in this world to have any nearer or dearer feeling for you. But when after many "hopes, and fears that kindle hope," I had at last got one of the dearest wishes of my heart—a pilgrimage to the shrine of Burns—fulfilled, and when I had traced every hill and glen that he had loved and sung, and every "bosky bourne from side to side," and when I had walked from his monument on the banks of the Doon to Mount Benger knowe on the Yarrow,—from the shrine of the *dead* to the dwelling-place of the *living* poetic genius of Caledonia!—then indeed my sensations respecting you underwent a change—a modification which was the more grateful, inasmuch as it was not anticipated.—A stranger in a strange land,—and wearied with wandering—wearied even with enjoying the recollections which swarm about the banks of Clyde and Tweed, I came to your cottage, expecting but to see, for a brief period, the lineaments of him who had been one of the best benefactors of my boyhood;—to give, as it were, "a local habitation and a name" to the floating and shadowy fancies which I was wont to form of you, and then to pass on my way in peace, blessed even beyond the fondest aspirations of my boyhood.

SHEPHERD.

What! without seein' whether we could leister a saumon an' kipper him, or shoot a muirfowl an' eat him, or no? Fie for shame, Daniel!—what wad hae become o' the hospitality o' Mount Benger, an that had been the case? But gie's your hand, my mon, I ken fine ye love the auld Shepherd,—him and his,—frae the mistress hersell doon to the verra sonsy servant lass;—no forgettin' wee Ettie.

MERSHAUM.

God bless them! Jamie, Jessy, Maggy, "wee Ettie" with the fleecy flakes of flaxen hair floating across her starry neck,—Mary Gray—and the whole of them—God bless them all! Sweet flowers of the Forest are they, and like the flowers round Burns' Jean, blest to catch the glances o' *your* e'e!

SHEPHERD.

Odd sirs! the callant's gaun wud—Come, gie's a sang o' your ain, Daniel;—ye speak o' Burns in the right feeling in prose;—perhaps ye may hae some sang about him.

OMNES.

Propound—declare—discuss!

MEERSHAUM.

Evoe! Corraccio!

Song for Burns' Anniversary.

THIS night there's mony a glance o' pride—
There's mony a streamin' tear shall fa'
O'er Scotia's hills, an' vallies wide—
For him—the Bard that's far awa'.
And weel our cheek wi' pride may glow,
Though gemm'd wi' pity's saftest tear—
As o'er our hearts the mem'ries grow
O' Burns, to us, to a' sae dear!

O! wha like him could touch the heart,
Or paint the lover's saft desire,—
Could cause the pitying tear to start,
Or kindling, rouse the patriot's fire?
As winds, that o'er Eolian chords
Sweep forth their music far and free,
Frae ilka heart his magic words
Hae drawn its sweetest melody!

What's a' the joy that lear can gie?
What's a' the treasures o' a king?
Compar'd wi' that sweet witchery
The Poet to our hearts can bring?
We wadna gie the humblest flow'r
That Burns has sung on Scotia's waste—
For scholar's lear, nor monarch's power,
Nor a' the treasures o' the East!

It's no for me his fame to tell,
It's rung frae mountain glen and plain!
By bonnie lass an' canty chiel,
In mony a sad an' cheery strain;
By ilka lad that yields his life
To guard his native land frae wrang,
And croons amid the deadly strife
The gallant Bruce's battle sang!

We winna think it worth our while
The malice o' his foes to hear;
For a' their hate we hae a smile,—
For a' his woes we hae a tear.
If ever honest, manly worth—
If ever truth and honour gave
A claim on heaven to child o' earth—
Then Burns is there amang the lave!

SHEPHERD.

Give me your hand, Daniel. Sae he is, my man,—he is there "amang the lave" o' a' Scotia's glorious and good men—o' a' the benefactors o' his race,—in spite o' grinning infamy, an' carkin' malice, an' fause leein' narrow-minded sophistry.

MERSHAUM.

Some of those, whose opinions I highly value, have wished me to expunge the sentiment contained in the last verse;—rather than part with the hope contained in it, I would give up my own "longings after immortality."—What! was the mighty genius which could wield the passions of assembled multitudes, could inspire them with the lofty chivalrous courage which made "their bosoms one, though their swords were ten thousand," or melt them into tears at some tale of sorrow touched by his magic hand,—was his genius and his eloquence created but to plunge its possessor into everlasting misery? Oh! man! man! how often, clothing thyself in the garb of sanctity, dost thou go about to blacken with the foulest stains that religion which thou pretendest to serve; and to hold forth as the *justice* of the Creator to his creatures judgments which could emanate only from the most savage tyrant!—How often in the dim twilight of your souls——

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Come now, I hate plagiarisms.—Put down the poker, Daniel, I am quite a Sampson since the entrance of the toddy.

SHEPHERD.

An' he intends to slay you wi' his jaw bane!—sae put down the poker, and let's hear his observe, Daniel.

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Why, he was plagiarizing Sterne in his style, and all he wanted to say was just what Sterne has said, viz. that because he has got a better opinion of his Maker than other people, why, they call him an Infidel. Moreover, I opine that Mr. Mershaum treads on dangerous ground. It is a serious matter to bring down the attributes of the Deity—and especially his purposes—to the standard of human judgment. Very little divinity, methinks, might prove his sentiments the opposite to orthodox. If a man be naturally endowed with splendid talents, more is expected from him than from the bulk of ordinary minds, and the more he will have to answer for, should he neglect to improve them aright. Shall we assert, that the magnificence of genius will hide the enormities of guilt, and that——

SHEPHERD.

Gentlemen,—Tibbie's callants hae to be at the hill head by daylicht the morn's mornin', sae we maun just hae anither tumbler and then.—An' therefore, if ye will sing a sang, Mr. Stoddart, I sall be prood till hear ye, Sir; if no, I maun ca' on Philips, for time's precious.

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

My voice was never raised in the festive song, nor were my faculties ever prostituted to the composing thereof. Among the dead bones and the mouldering relics of men has my imagination wandered, and with the dull-eyed ghosts, whose punishment is to watch and suffer over the putrifying stench of their own wasting carcases, have I talked in the spirit. Let the man Philips, therefore, bellow,—haply I may breathe out the fancies of the moment thereafter.

Omnes.

Bravo! high priest of the charnel-house! Away, Philips!

Philips.

As our sport is, so shall my song be. *(Sings)*

The Old Fisher's Song.

I.

The merry morn is waking to the throstle's roundelay,
Upon the bosom of the lake, the fresh'ning breezes play;
A night of showers has steep'd the flowers, in the jolly angler's path,
As cheerily he wends his way, by greenwood hill and strath!

II.

Hurrah! the streams are up, and from their mountain holds so green,
Come rapid down, in foamy falls, with black'ning pools between,
The breeze sweeps through the alder's bough, and curls the wave beneath,
Where the sullen trout leaps fiercely out, and plunges on his death!

III.

The brown drake wing my foremost fly, the heckled deadly black,
The hare's ear grey to sweep the stream, the blae wing on his back;
Then oh! for Scotland's fairest stream, in the merry month of May,
And the heaviest hand with any man, 'tween Teviotdale and Tay!

IV.

Let others toil for power and fame, or crouch to rank and wealth,
Give me the angler's gentle sport, the angler's ruddy health,
To meet the sun upon the lake, with a bosom light and free,
And sink to rest when the glowing west drops down the distant sea!

Shepherd.

Hurrah! hurrah! my jolly boys, this is the sport for me!

Author of the Death Wake.

A capital fishing song! till now a desideratum in the lyric department, for old Izaac's are unsingable. Now listen to me, and draw your wet fingers over the rims of your tumblers. (*Sings.*)

Song of the Cholera.

I.

The foulest ghost from the charnel house
That glimmers in the pale moonshine
Hath the flesh rotting dry, from his hollow eye,
With a fairer face than mine!
In my blasting breath, disease and death
Do revel like toads, in their slimy path!

II.

O'er the awe-stricken earth, from the south to the north,
I have sent forth my death-dealing brood;
And I will not spare the strong or the fair,
Till the grave is drunk with blood!
Nor yield to the want of sinner or saint
One moment of grace to pause or repent!

III.

I love to smite hot Lust in his might,
As the wanton's poison he sips!
And to slay the man of a thousand crimes
When the curse is on his lips!
And to dull the brightness of Beauty's eye,
When hope is strong and bliss is nigh!

OMNES.

Horrible! horrible! horrible!

SHEPHERD.

O dreadfu'! Mr. Stoddart, ye hae spiled my sleep this nicht, I fear.—Come, gang away to bed, like gude callants, and pray that this horrible fiend may never enter our beloved Scotland to ravage its beautifu' and brave.—Gude nicht, gude nicht!—*(Omnes exeunt.)*

SCENE III.—*The kitchen.—Time Two o'clock in the morning.—By the dim light of the "kindling peat," the four younger Fishers are seen stowed away in two box beds, sound asleep. The Ettrick Shepherd standing on the floor, having come in search of water.—(speaks.)*

Weel might Sancho exclaim—"Heaven's blessing on the man who first invented sleep, it wraps one all round like a blanket." Blest omnipresence! thou canst extend thy sway from the frozen regions of the north to the land where fruits and blossoms succeed ane anither in never ceasing round beneath the genial influence o' an eternal summer!—and thou canst give thy sweet gifts to the sma'est part o' this vast space;—thou canst wrap thy downey mantle o'er half the world, and concentrate the whole o' thy benignant influence on the weary traveller who lieth down by the road side wi' his scanty bundle for a pillow, an' naething but the eemage o' the dying mother, whose eyes he hopes to close, watching o'er his slumbers! Even frae the faces o' thae callants, a kind o' calm quietude seemeth to sink into my spirit,—a moral tranquillity,—a sacred stillness.—

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE. *(dreaming.)*

Oh! horrible! horrible! the grave earth chokes me! the lizard crawls through my hollow ribs! Terrible death! Oh! horror!—horror! *(his voice sinks away in inarticulate murmurs.)*

SHEPHERD.

Blessed Heaven! Who art thou?

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE. *(still sleeping.)*

I am Thomas Todd Stoddart, Author of the Death Wake, a Necromaunt, in three Chimeras: and now, fiend, begone!

SHEPHERD.

Imagination is an awfu' being, when pamper'd and blown into bloated and loathsome life like this! But where is Tibbie's water pitcher, I wonder?—

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Oh! horrible! horrible!

SHEPHERD.

The puir callant's no gotten hydrophobia, I hope—I maun wauken him at a' events—Mr. Stoddart!—he's dead sound.—Thomas Todd Stoddart, Author o' the Death Wake, a Necromaunt, in three Chimeras,—awake! arise!

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Begone! evil spirit—what seekest thou?

SHEPHERD.

The water pitcher, Mr. Stoddart.—Odd Sirs!

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH WAKE.

Bless me! Mr. Hogg is this you? Such horrid dreams as I have had! I thought I was dead, buried and rotting in dry mould, the which dropped down into my open throat and choaked me, and for all my prayers the foul grave reptile would not trail its slimy length down my parched gullet, to give me the only sensation of coolness which could be procured in that horrid place.

SHEPHERD.

It's a' that confounded saut Irish stew—I'm fit to moulder down mysel wi' verra thirst.—Where can the pitcher be?

MERSHAUM.

Hollo! Tibbie,—bring the loch here! we're all choking!

PHILIPS.

Here is the pitcher in the pantry.—Angels and ministers! The enemy is among us!—Some hairy beast brushed through my naked legs just now.—(*Mershaum and the Author of the Death Wake roll down together struggling furiously; at length Mershaum staggers up, having choked the follower of Shelly.*)

MERSHAUM.

What in the name of horror was that? Some dreadful being overthrew us;—I thought I was closing in the death grapple with some evil spirit, and lo! I have squeezed the throttle of Mr. Stoddart "ad deliquium."

SHEPHERD.

He's comin' about. Burn some brown paper aneath his nose, while I dismiss this spirit, if spirit he be. If ony man i' braid Scotland can warsle wi' an unyearthly cretur an' gie him a cross buttock, I'm the man.—Whisht!

By the red rowan berries
The witch-glen adown
The foe o' the fairies—

Bless us! what's that awa' through the window!

MERSHAUM.

Ha, ha, ha! it's the advocate's pointer off with the cold roast shoulder of mutton! and now what shall we do for breakfast to-morrow?

SHEPHERD.

The pinter! odd! wha ever heard o' a pinter being taen for a spirit afore?—Come, to bed, to bed, and he's the best man that brings in a gude dish o' fish to breakfast the morn. (*All tumble in again.*)

THOUGHTS OF AN ABSENT ONE.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

My early home! my early home! that cradled life and love,
To thee my heart returneth, as the deluge-mission'd dove;
'Tis true, as once I sigh'd for thee I cannot sigh again,
For her cheek smiles on my bosom now, that pined within thee then.

Yet oft across our tide of joy a thought of thee will come,—
An evening shadow of the past,—a whispering of home!
For nowhere is the earth so green,—the sky so bright and blue,
As where, upon a mother's neck, we wept our first adieu.

Has change pass'd o'er the holy spot, where dropp'd our parting tear?
Or have the hearts forgotten us whose friendship erst was dear?
Some o'er the earth are scatter'd now,—yea, Death has been abroad,
And lips, that once glow'd warm, lie blanch'd beneath the freezing sod.

O'er bosoms that beat gladly to a measure with our own,
The midnight tempest waileth with a harsh and sullen tone;
O'er hands we grasp'd, o'er lips we pledg'd, the silent nettle waves,
And fancy leaves the scenes of home to sigh amidst its graves.

Now by the brae where sings the Tweed, the beach where shouts the sea,
The wand'rers there at gloamin hour are strangers all to me;
Or could I in a lonely few—remember'd features trace,
I should but read how care had chased young gladness from their face.

My early home is a dream of joy, from which with a sigh I wake,—
It steals through my heart with a melting tone, like a harp on a moonlit lake,—
Its face may change and its friends depart, but its sea and its glorious river
Will wait, and will welcome the exile's sight—the same, and the same for ever!

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

The opera of *Robert le Diable* has been brought out at Paris with a splendour and success that form an epoch in the annals of the French stage. Nearly a year was spent in preparation, and the cost of its production was little short of 200,000 francs. The scenery is said by the French critics to be wonderful, even in the world of wonders, the Opera. It surpasses the magic effects of the famous Aladdin.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's forthcoming novel of "Sir Ralph Esher" is written in the form of Memoirs of a Gentleman of Charles the Second's reign, so as to form a kind of "Pelham" of that period.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart's account of a visit to the islands of the Pacific is now before the public. His object in undertaking a voyage to Polynesia was chiefly to assist in the dissemination of Christianity.

For this purpose he lived among the natives, and endeavoured to win their confidence. Mr. S's narrative is, therefore, more than usually interesting in its details.

Mr. Murray, the kingly bookseller of London, has issued a prospectus and specimen of the first complete and uniform edition of Byron's works, including the letters and journals, together with the life of the author, by Thomas Moore, Esq. This splendid publication will appear in fourteen monthly volumes, corresponding in size and price with the *Waverly Novels*. The Letter-press and Embellishments are executed in the finest style. The copy-right alone cost the spirited and enterprising publisher no less a sum than Twenty-five Thousand pounds.

Dutch literature has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of the celebrated poet Bilderdyk. He was buried on the 23d ult., with great pomp, in the principal church of Haarlem.

Two individuals, of the names of Colthurst and Tyrwhitt, gentlemen by birth and education, are on the eve of departure from this country to explore the interior of Africa. They set out at their own expence, proceeding from Benin on the western coast, through to Egypt, their object being to solve the hitherto intricate problem of the Nile. Their hazardous undertaking is fraught with the deepest interest to the literary and scientific world.

Mr. Melrose has in the press "Considerations on the Moral Causes, Objects, and Preventives of Pestilence:" to which are appended, from approved documents, "Directions for the Prevention and Treatment of Spasmodic Cholera." By the Rev. P. Macindoe, A. M. Chirnside.

◆

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Hutton Mill, on the 23d Nov., Mrs. John Hastie, of a son.

At Belford, on the 3d ult., the wife of William Brooks, Esq. of Moory Spot, in the county of Durham, of a son and heir.

Here, on the 5th ult., Mrs. James Purves, of a son.

On the 12th ult., the wife of Mr. Thomas Chartres, jun. ironmonger, High-street, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 19th Nov. at Coldstream, Mr. George Murrey, only son of Mr. John Murrey, of Hebburn, to Miss Sarah Riddle, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Riddle, of West Newton.

In Berwick Church, on the 23d Nov., Lieut. James Simpson, R. N. to Jane, 3d daughter of Mr. Robert Carr, druggist, High-street.

On the 25th Nov., Mr. George Herbert, Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs of this port, to Miss Sarah Gibbens, daughter of Mr. William Gibbens, Cannon-street Road, London.

At Edinburgh, on the 29th Nov., the Rev. Henry Riddell, minister of Longformacus, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Horne, Esq., of Stirkoke.

On the 16th ult., at Berwick, Mr. John James, linen-draper, Great Southampton-street, London, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. George Scott, tailor, Church-street.

In Berwick Church, on the 26th ult., Mr. John Adamson, teacher, Castlegate, to Janet, daughter of Capt. Scott, Scott's Place.

At Montrose, on the 2d inst., the Rev. John Craig of Brechin, to Catherine Holm, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Thomson, of Belford.

DEATHS.

On the 14th Nov. in this town, Mrs. Smith, midwife, aged 95. A journal, which Mrs. S. regularly kept, shews her to have been present at the birth of 5,512 children.

At Craster Hall, near Alnwick, on the 19th Nov. much and deservedly lamented, Isabella, wife of Shafto Craster, Esq., aged 72.

At Edinburgh, on the 20th Nov. Mrs. Christison, widow of Alexander Christison, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and mother of the Rev. A. Christison, Foulden.

In this town, Nov. 28th, George F. Orde, of Longridge, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace for the borough, aged 49.

At Haggerston House, Dec. 3d, Sir Carnaby Haggerston, Bart., aged 76.

On the 5th ult., at London, William Alexander, Esq., Solicitor, aged 40.

Here, on Sunday, Dec. 11th., Miss Turnbull, aged 80.

At Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, on the 19th ult., John, son of the late Captain M'Laren, of Highlaws, near Eyemouth.

On the 28th ult., Mr. John Cockburn, merchant, High-street, aged 56.

At Edinburgh, on the 30th ult., James, third son of the late Rev. James Baird, minister of Swinton.

At Berwick, on the 1st inst., the infant son of Mr. T. Chartres, jun., ironmonger.

On the 5th inst., Mr. John Waugh, cornfactor, third son of the deceased Alex. Waugh, D. D., late of Well-street chapel, Oxford-street, London.

On the 9th inst., Ann, infant daughter of Mr. D. Cameron, printer, aged 16½ months.

On the 11th inst., George Landles, second son of Mr. Wm. Paulin, Western Lane, aged 3 years.

At Berwick, on the 14th inst., Margaret, wife of the Rev. James Thompson, missionary at Quilon, East Indies, and daughter of the late Mr. Johnson, dyer, of the former place, aged 31. She had lately returned home from her husband's station for the benefit of her health.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have great pleasure in announcing, that in all likelihood we shall be enabled, through the valuable services of a much esteemed friend, to lay before our readers in next Number an interesting Paper on the Antiquities, chiefly Monastic, of Berwick, in the different periods from its probable origin as a Town to the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the British throne. The promise, however, on the part of our friend, is conditional; nor in truth could it be otherwise, owing to the unsettled state of his general health. At the same time, we are well assured, that no other obstacle will stand in the way of his accomplishing the object of our solicitation. We have been favoured with a sight of the materials, which have been collected with great pains, and which promise to communicate an immense deal of information hitherto unknown except by a few.

No. IV. will also be graced with a Poem from the pen of the Rev. James Everett.—We expect, at the same time, to publish an article entitled "The Berwickshire Conservative Dissected" from an able pen, in which the writer hurls the club of argument and the shaft of sarcasm at the heads of the Greenlaw orators, in a way that will not readily allow the proceedings of that meeting to die in the recollection of our readers.

Our Mathematical article, which we had prepared for No. III., is unavoidably postponed.

There is a good deal of sweetness in the "Christmas Rose," and an amiable mind speaks out in the verses; they are, however, deficient in pathos and harmony. Will ALIQUIS favour us with his name?

N. P. has had a dash of the *mens divinior;* he writes like a man of good muscle.

Lawrence Fraser shall have a hearing.

Our rhyming correspondents multiply upon us, and though many of them have sent us the most ineffable nonsense that was ever penned, yet we see no reason, provided they can write no better, why we should lift up our hand and smite the poor creatures to the ground. On the contrary, so long as we continue in our vein of good-humour, we will allow them to approach us with their maudlin effervescence, without the slightest annoyance, as we have no wish to detain their *fugitive* pieces on their way to oblivion.

Various contributions have been received and are under consideration. The merits and defects of the *inadmissibles* shall be brought forth ere long in an Editorial delivery.

Persons wishing Births, Marriages or Deaths recorded in the Border Magazine are requested to forward the same at an early period of the month.

Owing to a superabundance of matter, and with every wish to meet a liberal patronage, we have this month presented our friends with four additional pages.

ERRATA.

At top of page 127, *for* "Sketches of British Poets," *read* "Sweets of Evening."

At top of pages 134-5-6, *for* "Tibby Shiel's Creel," *read* "The Fishing Crib."

At page 142, in *Song of the Cholera, for* the third and fourth lines as printed, *read*

With the flesh rotting dry, from his hollow eye,
Hath a fairer face than mine!

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1832. [Vol. I.

ANNALS OF BERWICK [*].

Introductory Notice.

The following description is principally composed from sundry notices and extracts taken by the Author, in the course of his readings, out of various historic and topographical researches, a list of which will be appended at the close of these papers; yet so brief have the writers been in whatever related to Berwick in their works, that much has been left to their followers for surmise,—nor has the present Author been at all scrupulous of conjectural remarks, but flatters himself they will appear to be grounded on no loose results. He will not say this attempt of his promises an immense deal of original *information* to his readers, particularly to those resident in Berwick; at the same time he is persuaded it will introduce them to a field of investigation, and to objects of antiquity hitherto shut up except to a select few. Any further preamble he thinks unnecessary, and shall therefore proceed to the accomplishment of his *purpose;* and which should he be fortunate enough to pursue to its end, satisfactory in any degree to the general readers of the Border Magazine, his feelings and ambition will be not a little gratified.

"The town of Berwick upon Tweed, we dare to opine, had no existence during the Roman sway in our Island, nor even during the earliest years of *that* of the Saxons,—since its situation is in no way marked out in the plans of Britannia Romana or Britannia Saxonica which have been published by any of our learned Antiquaries either in olden or recent times; whereas in the latter plan, both Bamborough and Coldingham are particularly distinguished, the former having had its rise in the sixth century, and the latter, at the very commencement of the seventh,—both falling within the reign of Ida the first Anglo-saxon king.

---

[*] By a series of papers under this head the Author intends to furnish a description of Berwick chiefly regarding its origin, its Monastic Antiquities, and the earliest erection of its fortifications, as well as the subsequent changes they underwent, from the probable date of its commencement as a Town to the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the British Throne.

At the first invasion of the Romans, the country between the Tweed and the town now called Dunkeld, on the Tay, was peopled by a race of men called Picti, said by some authors to have been a colony from ancient Scythia, thus giving them the same origin as the Scots; and of this opinion it seems was Claudian, one of our most ancient learned historians, but in this surmise he has had hitherto few followers. It is rather supposed, and we are not inclined to dissent therefrom, that they were a portion of the Britons, who at some period—at what exact one it has never been suggested, if indeed ever known—previous to the Roman invasion, had been forced northward by the Belgic Gauls, and here settled themselves, being joined afterwards by others, their own countrymen, in great numbers driven hither by their invaders. Their manner of life, and all their customs, particularly that of painting their bodies, from which they had the designation Picti, so entirely correspond with Cæsar's description of the Southern Britons, that it is in no small degree a support to our opinion in this matter, and must be our apology for presuming to urge it in opposition, we acknowledge, to that of several authors of great reputation for learning, and of great research into antiquity.

No historic records of sufficient evidence have come under our review of any inroads of these people on their neighbours the Britons in this quarter while the Romans remained in our island, though we know the *latter* became apprehensive of Pictish valour, and the disposition betrayed by these people for *invasion;* to guard themselves against which, they erected the extraordinary barrier called the *Picts' Wall* from the Solway to the Tyne, of which such visible remains are recognisable at the present day; and also the Wall of Antoninus between the Clyde and Forth, the course of which is still discernible. No sooner, however, had the Romans found it policy to quit Britain, which was in the year 426, than these barriers became of no avail to the security of the Britons thus left to themselves; for the Picts, now uniting with the Scots, made themselves a passage through many parts of them, and quickly inundated the country of the unfortunate Britons with their legions from the Tweed to the Humber in Yorkshire; and this too, twenty-two years before the first division of the Saxons, called in by Vortigern, entered Britain, which was in the year 452. When, however, their treacherous allies had become completely masters of Southern Britain, they began to drive back the Picts and Scots into their own country, never ceasing their pursuit until they had driven them beyond the Forth; and thus for the first time the Saxons became possessed of all the Lothians, known, at this early period of time, under the name of *Loida,* and in the 12th century under both that of *Lona* and *Lohers,* comprehending what are now the Shires of Berwick—Lithgow—Edinburgh—and Haddington; and also a part of Tiviotdale and of the Eastern district of Roxburghshire. This event happened about the close of the fifth century, and from that date until the reign of Kenneth the II. of Scotland, comprising a series of more than two hundred years, we know of no interruption to the Saxons in their new possessions either by the Picts or Scots. But in the year 829, Kenneth—having slain *Drusken,* the Pictish king, and destroyed the independency of their nation; and also availing himself of the discord that at this time had arisen among the princes of the Heptarchy, Egbert being now sole king of England,—thought fit to cross the Forth and possess himself of the Lothians, thus making the Tweed, for the first time, the boundary between England and Scotland; and it is at this period, and certainly not earlier, we fix the æra of the rise of *Berwick upon Tweed* to any thing resembling a town*: and its situation we scruple not to consider as sufficiently decisive of the etymology of its name (Berwick), notwithstanding the fanciful surmises of a *Chalmers*, a *Johnstone*, and even of a much higher name than either—a *Camden*, its prefix being no other than a corruption of *Baur*, signifying in the ancient British language, an accumulation of soil or sand, occasioned by the meeting of the tides of the ocean with the currents of rivers at their mouths; and of *Wic*, implying in the Saxon tongue, a town or village, and hence have we Baurwick, now Berwick—the *Baur town*, or the *town near the Baur*, at this day pronounced *Bar*. It is curious, yet not difficult certainly, to conjecture, what could have been the conception of the inventor of the armorial bearings of the Corporation of this ancient town, displayed on the fronton of their Townhall, as to the etymology in question, who has made a *bear* the chief cognisance in the shield, and *bears* solacing themselves under trees its supporters;—may we not suppose he had conceived the prefix *Ber* to be a corruption of *Bear*—and hence have we *Bear town*? yet is this definition of the etymology of Berwick not near so fanciful as many we have seen given. But to return to our history—within ten years after Kenneth had been so successful as to possess himself of the Lothians, and in the reign of *Osbert*, one of the last kings of Northumberland, Berwick was esteemed a town of great strength, yet was it doomed in a few years after to submit to a new race of invaders; for the piratical Danes, sometimes denominated Normans, encouraged, like Kenneth, by the discord, already noticed, among the princes of the Heptarchy, now first thought of and meditated the design of an invasion of Britain, which they did not hesitate long to put in execution. They quickly indeed made their appearance on the coasts of England, landed on many parts thereof, and ravaged all before them, and at length in the year 866 shewed themselves in the North, under the command of Inquar and Hubba, and were driven by stress of weather into the mouth of the Tweed, on the shores of which they made a landing and soon settled themselves. Nor were they long ere they drew the Northumbrian Saxons into an alliance with them, and, thus aided, cleared the Lothians of both Scots and Picts, and sate themselves down as masters of Berwick, and continued so for six years, when they were driven by Gregory the Great to their ships, and the town became again subject to Scotland; and so remained for more than 220 years, when it was next bestowed by Edgar, in honour of saint Cuthbert, on the See of Durham. This was during the prelacy of Carilepho; but the donation was resumed in his successor, Ralph Flambard's time, who died A. D. 1128, and Berwick Town now became, with a part of Lothian, the *appanage* of David, the brother of Alexander I., and was so possessed, until he himself ascended the throne of Scotland, which was in the year 1124, and when the Scoto-Saxon government had been at an end for now fifty-eight years. David found it an exceeding populous and *thriving town*, and indeed, what might, at that period of time, have been considered a very *splendid town*, having within its boundary a *Parish Church*, and three Monastic foundations, of which we shall have to give some account in a more advanced stage of our history; and so attached had this prince become to Berwick, that he made it his chief residence, and by many and various improvements, so added to its splendour and consequence, that when he became king, it had acquired the appellation of *Nobilis Vicus;* that is to say—a *Noble Town*. And now—fourteen years after his accession to the crown, at which he arrived in the year 1124, this *valiant*, wise, and pious prince,—for he had virtues justly to be thus characterized, very particularly by the first term, from the service he rendered at the battle of the Standard to his niece, the empress Maud, in her competition with king Stephen for the English crown,—added an extraordinary importance to Berwick, by making it the head or chief of the first four *Royal Boroughs* he constituted in Scotland (the other three being Roxburgh—Edinburgh—and Stirling) after the fashion of those made by Louis the Great in France at the same period. He next founded another monastery in the immediate vicinage of the town,—and then began the erection of the *first Castle ever erected* in the town—such at least is our *conjecture*, and we know no historic evidence of weight to weaken its validity. That there might have been *castellated mansions* long before we can readily admit, and David himself, while he held the town in appanage, we think could hardly have been without *one* for his residence, *but no fortress:* the monarch's intention by this great work was doubtless to guard against and repress the lawless borderers of England now become formidable from their numbers, and the valour and enterprising characters of their leaders, the most of them Normans; nor less, probably, to thwart the aggressive designs of his near neighbour, the ambitious and warlike Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who had but a short time before erected a *Fortress*, i. e. a castle of great strength at Norham. Whether David before his death, which took place A. D. 1153, had completely finished this great work we cannot speak to; but that Henry II. of England, when it was delivered into his hands by William the Lyon, greatly enlarged it, there can, we believe, be no reasonable doubt.

---

* Of this opinion we know Ridpath to have expressed himself in his Border history, and he hath given his reasons for it largely; but as the reasons are not in our memory, and having not the Volume before us, we cannot transcribe them, and are therefore under the necessity of referring such of our readers, as are curious to become acquainted with them, to the work itself; and if our recollection does not fail us, we think all these particulars will be found in some of its very earliest pages.

The remains of this castle at the present day left for us to contemplate, though they can hardly raise the imagination to what may have been its pristine *splendour*, yet they are sufficient to satisfy our minds of its once great magnitude and strength as a *fortress*, and also that it was constructed after the Norman plans of such buildings, which had then so generally obtained, particularly in England. The state to which it is reduced we believe to be chiefly, if not entirely, the effect of the ravages of time, and the pilfering, by individuals in the neighbourhood, of its materials for their private uses, since the period that James VI. caused, on account of his mounting the English throne, all the fortresses on the Borders to be dismantled, for we have nothing related in history of its having been materially, if at all, injured by any siege or assault it had at any time sustained.

(*To be continued.*)

TRADITION.

BY JAMES EVERETT.

Come, *tell* me, Tradition, enchanter of song!
So pleasing, terrific, and wild;
Come, tell me to whom thy beginnings belong—
Thy home, when thou wast but a child?
For on the proud rock, if I look, thou art placed
In hues and in forms of thine own;
And down with the cataract's foam thou art traced,
To depths thou hast fathomed alone:

Alternately shifting from mountain to dell,
From caverns to plains in the sun,
From forest to abbey, from castle to cell,
From *places* to *deeds* that are done;
Assuming the sceptre, the shield, or the hood,
The palmer and shepherd's array;
Appearing the lover, the murdered in blood,
The dæmon, the sad, and the gay.

How simple and pure was the tale which was told,
When infancy bloomed on thy cheek!
What mysteries soever thou hadst to unfold,
Our credence thou soon couldst bespeak:—
Bespeak with a grace, in the boyhood of time,
Ere life was cut down to a span,
When cent'ries roll'd on, before life was in prime,
And thou wert coeval with man.

Methuselah, so famed, in the morn of his days,
With Adam in converse might live;
To Noah, at eve, 'midst his sun-setting rays,
The hand of firm friendship could give:
While Shem, in his person, connected his sire
With Abram, the friend of his God:
And few were the links that the chain might require,
Till Moses appeared with his rod. *

---

* One Man was only necessary between Adam and Noah—a period of 1656 years, and Methuselah lived to see them both. In like manner Shem connected Noah and Abraham, having conversed with each. Isaac, in a similar way, stood between Abraham and Joseph, with both of whom he had communication: and Amram, contemporary with Joseph, might talk with Moses.

These—these were thy days—with thy dwellings among
An artless and patriarch race,
When social connexions were close, and were long,
Thy lineage for ages could trace:
So beauteous, so healthy—preserved by each head,
And loved by the child for his sake:—
An heir-loom to all, and as dear as the dead,
Whose names were in thee kept awake.

Necessity claimed an existence for thee,
Ere *letters* appeared to the eye;
While letters made Mem'ry—frail Mem'ry—a plea,
Why thou, sweet Tradition! shouldst die:
But thou hast survived, and art destined to move
With time and with man in their course,
Compelling proud lore—for e'en letters must prove
The truth which thou hast for thy source.

But healthy, and blooming, and strong as might seem
The frame of thy juvenile days,
When life became short, that it fled like a dream,
So vanished thy heart-cheering rays:
Decrepit and wrinkled, and monstrous and rude,
Infirmity only appears;
Our faith is invited, but seeks to exclude
Thy form, as the fable of years.

Fair Fancy, unfettered, stepped forth to thine aid,—
Full o'er thee her garniture threw;
Proud Reason, to slay thee, unsheath'd his bright blade,
When *backward*, as wont, was thy view:
As Reason's supporter, grave Learning was brought,
Still backward and laughing thy route,
And flying, and fighting, pitch'd battles were fought,
Thine, thine was the conqueror's shout.

Again and again was the contest resumed,
Some minor advantages gained;
The drapery so fine, with which Fancy had plumed,
No longer its station retained:
So deftly uplifted by Learning's sage hand
From whom thou hadst hoped to be screened;
Who saw, he declared, what short time thou didst stand,
The dark cloven foot of a fiend.

Though bared and though beaten, as oft thou wert seen,
Thy friends are the mass of mankind:
And eyeless and hoary, as long thou hast been,
With death standing dimly behind,
We love, while on travel, thy presence to meet,—
A thousand enquiries propose:
And thou, with thine answers, the querist will greet,
From knowledge that endlessly flows.

Where'er we may go, and with whom we may talk,
 Thy presence is never remote;
At home and abroad, on the flood, in the walk,
 Thy musings are always afloat,
With peasant and prince, and with friend and with foe,
 With age, and with childhood, and youth,
Extending thy presence to all things below,
 Professor—asperser of Truth!

While dark Superstition its bodings receives,
 And Faith in the Spirit implies;
While Idols suppose in the man that believes—
 Belief in the God of the skies:
So weeds 'midst the richest of flowers have their birth,
 As Error from Truth will proceed;
And Satan's proud temples will spread o'er the earth,
 Where temples of Truth lift the head.

The light of Improvement and Science, which dawned,
 In smiles, on the works thou hast reared,
Was destined, at length, to destroy in each land
 The errors with which they appeared:
As o'er the glad earth, when the morning, in smiles,
 Its beautiful tinting employs,
And gilds the cold frost-work, whose feathers and piles
 The heat of its noon-tide destroys.

But Science in all her migrations is slow,
 Nor readily tracked on the road;
While Fiction, that travels on still lighter toe,
 Will scatter her seedlings abroad;—
Will scatter them quickly through nature's wide round,
 Where clusters of wild-flowers now rise,
In regions remote, where the same will be found,
 Like kindred who meet by surprise.

From Noah to Janus the transit might move,
 From Samson to Hercules run,
And upward, with awe, from Jehovah to Jove,
 The threadings of Fiction are spun;
Whence all may be traced, like the stream to its source,—
 The stalk to its nourishing root:
But woe to the waters—all foul in their course!
 The tree—for its poisonous fruit!

Then *hear* me, TRADITION, enchanter of song!
 So changed since the days of thy youth!
To thee the Aurelia state must belong,
 The midway 'twixt Fiction and Truth—
The forthcoming insect, just ready for flight,
 Bestirring its wing in its shell,
Preparing to gaze on the sun in his might,
 Enclosed in the darkness of hell.

ON THE CAUSES OF THE DECLINE AND CORRUPTION OF TASTE.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the human mind, that taste as yet has never continued in a state of perfection in any country. Many years perhaps may have passed away before it has attained its climax, but no sooner has it reached that point than it begins to sink into decay. This is a melancholy truth, but it is one for which we have the sure evidence of experience. What country was more famous for its taste and the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature than Greece—and yet its glory was but the prelude to its decline? In its day of splendour it could boast of a Sophocles, an Euripides, a Pindar, a Xenophon, a Plato,—could display its taste in the eyes of the world by the manner in which they estimated the merits of the great supporters of its scientific and literary fame; but the meridian of its power was scarce passed when taste began to decline, and the thunders of the eloquence of Demosthenes seemed but the forerunners of its total overthrow. Greece sunk beneath the ambition of Philip and the arms of Alexander, taste continued on the wane, and at last transferred its abode to the land of Greece's second conquerors—the Romans. Nor was it permanent in Rome either. No sooner had the Augustan æra passed, than it gradually became perverted; and though now and then men of genius sprang up under the emperors, they were only like the last rays of the setting sun—beautiful in themselves, but marking the total disappearance of the great luminary. In course of time the papal authority gained the ascendancy, taste was soon buried beneath the superstitions of the Romish church, and those ages, emphatically named the dark, began to revolve. For centuries did this gloom of ignorance pervade Europe, but at length the dawn of the Reformation broke, betokening the approach of a brighter day.

In this manner has taste been in a state of perpetual fluctuation, ever, I may say, since the world began. It has risen in one country to perfection, then decayed, and on its ruins another was soon destined to rise, which in its turn was to be supplanted by a third. One constellation was no sooner blotted out from the horizon, than another appeared in its stead, and in a short while became the lord of the ascendant. Nor are we to regard as less remarkable—the manner in which taste has fluctuated in *each* of these countries. Invariably in them all has it followed the march of civilization, has risen gradually to perfection, flourished for a while, and then by degrees begun to retrograde. What Lord Bacon has said of learning may with propriety be said of taste;—it "hath its infancy, when it is but beginning and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and lastly its old-age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust." Such is the course of nature and such would appear to be the destiny of man. The human race at present have no doubt arrived at a high degree of civilization and mental culture, knowledge is extending wider and more perfectly than it ever did before, but, taking past experience to direct us in judging of what is to come, have we reason for supposing that taste will again decline? Such is the question which I propose to myself now, but it is one which, as I have occasion to revert to it afterwards, I shall not at present answer. Besides, in this discussion it is taken for granted that taste *may* decline, and going upon this supposition, I shall now endeavour to state the causes which appear to me the most effective in bringing about such a melancholy event.

It is a curious circumstance in the human mind, that what is best calculated for its improvement may not unfrequently be productive of a contrary effect. Such is the insatiable desire of man for perpetual change—the continual hankering after novelty. He cannot rest satisfied with what he has already attained, he is always aspiring after what remains unknown; and to such lengths may this desire for variety carry him, that even perfection itself may become tastless and destitute of attractions. That the mind should always be actively employed is necessary to its health and well-being, and to its desire for novelty is to be attributed nearly the perfection to which taste and knowledge can ever attain. Besides, the happiness of man seems to be bound up in the exertion of his inventive faculties, and that these should be gratified is therefore not only proper but necessary. Strange, that this trait in our character which can be productive of so much good, in improving taste, and in adding to the happiness of man, should also be one of the chief causes of his return to barbarism. Provided the objects upon which his mind is actively engaged be always varying, it makes little difference whether they be good or bad, and for the sake of change he is just as liable to adopt the latter as the former. As long as the former predominate, true taste will go on to improve, but when by any accident men are led to acquire a relish for any thing unworthy, taste must suffer a corresponding depression. Novelty therefore may really produce evil effects: in some cases it is certainly a gratification, but like all other gratifications, if carried to too great an extent, it may prove hurtful.

I place novelty at the head of the corrupters of taste, because men are less on their guard against it, and therefore it is most efficacious. There is a pleasure, I have already hinted, in novelty, and men are too captivated by it to perceive the evils resulting from the free indulgence. It comes to them in the habit of friendship—alluring and attractive, gains at once their confidence, and so pleases them, that they see not they are turning into the paths of error, that their feelings are becoming more and more enervated, and that the purity of their taste is gradually disappearing.

This desire of novelty operates in two different ways, in corrupting taste,—first, upon the minds of those who administer to the taste of the nation; and, second, upon the minds of the nation at large. On each of these I shall endeavour to make some remarks.

1. When any one has a desire to become a candidate for reputation in science, literature or the fine arts, it certainly should be one of his chief objects—to be as original as possible. Without this, all his endeavours will be fruitless. Who, for example, would think a book worth the reading which contained nothing but what had already been fully and adequately explained? On the other hand, there can be nothing more truly contemptible than that which bears along with it no other recommendation than that of mere originality. Yet how

often will we find the person, whom I have mentioned, on this account preferring the flimsy to the solid, the turgid to the pure; how often see him sacrificing good taste to the comparatively frivolous desire of producing novelty. Looking back upon those that preceded him, he perceives, or thinks he perceives, every avenue to fame already trod, and he cannot bring his mind to enter the same path as any before him. Despairing of being able to discover one as yet unentered and unexplored, he at last strikes out a way for himself, and it may happen to be in violation of the principles of pure taste, and of his better judgment. If he fails in this manner, is it to be wondered at if evil consequences follow? The path is destitute in itself of real beauty, and he finds himself called upon to adorn it with all the strength of his genius; so that no flower blooms in it but what is planted by his own hand,—not a prospect unfolds itself, but what owes its existence to his imagination. In short, an unworthy or insignificant subject is tricked out in all the finery which can render it attractive—it becomes so—and the pillars of true taste being thus undermined, the whole superstructure is overthrown. In this way has sound taste been too often sacrificed to the vain desire for originality, and a truly powerful genius been perverted by expending its strength in an improper manner. Such in some degree is the case with our two poets Wordsworth and Coleridge. No one can peruse the writings of these authors without perceiving marks of a lofty imagination, and a truly poetical genius, but how must we lament to see these powers obscured by the continual aspiring, for it can be nothing else, at appearing original. The first mentioned poet, conceiving from the beginning, that true poetry consists in simplicity alone, has followed that with unabating ardour. To him, however, it has proved but an *ignis fatuus*, has seduced him from the true road by which he might have arisen to perfection, and has led him into ridiculous sensibility and silly puerilities. At the commencement of his literary life, he saw, or fancied he saw, a road to poetical eminence as yet unentered; and, delighted by its novelty, he proceeded in it with unceasing activity. The attempt was novel, and in consequence he obtained not a few admirers. All the while, however, he was grasping merely at a shadow, was aspiring at a new species of sublimity, but at the same time verifying the French proverb—"Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a q'un pas." He has been extensively read, but it is well for the taste of the country that he has had few, if any, imitators. Had it indeed been otherwise, taste would certainly have been corrupted, and the manliness and vigour of English poetry would have been lost in a torrent of sensibility on a withered leaf, or in a foolish attempt to celebrate the gambols of a kitten. I speak thus of Wordsworth—not that I think lightly of him as a poet. Amid all the dull morality of the "Excursion" there are passages of the most unaffected grandeur and finest poetry, and in his minor Poems,—the "Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening" are worth half the volume besides, and equal to any thing in the language. With Coleridge the case is different. In his poems we may trace the breathings of a lofty mind, and a rich vein of heavenly poetry, yet we cannot but regret that with this there is not unfrequently conjoined much that offends against the purity of taste. Having an evident predilection for the German school, and being the avowed disciple of Kant, he has too often transferred into his own writings the ravings of a distempered imagination—the characteristic of the sect he admired. Nor is he free from the childish prettinesses of Wordsworth.

"We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to *let out,*
So many tears in our eye-corners
Sitting like little *Jacky Horners:*
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away."

Who could have supposed that such puerility could have proceeded from a mind capable of producing the following noble lines?—

"They parted,—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Such are the effects which a desire for novelty can produce on the minds of the candidates for fame in literature or the fine arts, and on minds too, I have shewn, of no inferior order. An author should certainly be as original as possible, but that originality ought to consist in the matter rather than the manner. Let him by all means lay before the public whatever is new, provided it be really so, but let him not attempt to disguise the poverty of his subject beneath quaintness or turgidity of style, or endeavour to corrupt the taste of his country by introducing the practice of giving weight to trifles, or of changing freedom and boldness of expression for foolish ornament or affected simplicity.

2. Novelty, however, produces a corresponding evil effect upon the taste of the nation at large. It is in this point of view, properly speaking, that the principle which we have been considering is really hurtful. No author, for example, provided he was possessed of sufficient judgment, would ever think it particularly necessary to be strictly original, were he not in the first instance, in a manner, impelled to it by the prevailing opinion of the nation. He knows that the great body of the reading public are accustomed to look upon novelty with the greatest respect, and regard the contrary with contempt; and accordingly he must suit himself to circumstances. That this opinion of the world is sometimes of advantage I have already admitted, but it is also one of the most effective agents in the deterioration of taste. Novelty is every thing; and when that is abundantly furnished, men seldom care about any thing else. The consequences resulting from this may easily be conjectured. That which has merely the advantage of being new, though it has no other solid merit, will acquire the highest approbation, while men, willing at any ex-

pense to purchase a new pleasure, will be disposed to cast into the shade what really deserves commendation, but which has not the fortune to be dressed in the garb of strict and striking originality. But let us enquire a little more particularly into the evils resulting to the taste of a nation from indulging too much the desire of novelty.

First, then, the desire for novelty leads to the admiration of false and meretricious ornament. True excellence is of such a nature that it admits of no very extensive variety, and those who aspire after novelty will often find it expedient, in order to gain their end, to transgress not a little against the "modesty of Nature," and surround her with splendours that do not exist. To say that this is inimical to true taste, is to assert a thing almost self-evident. Nature is beautiful enough of herself—she needs not the assistance of foreign and gorgeous ornament to shew off her excellences. The man of a pure and refined mind sees her to most advantage when clothed in simple and unassuming attire, and can perceive no real beauty in the tinsel and splendour with which vitiated taste desires to invest her. The great painters of the Italian school depend for their celebrity upon the accuracy of their delineations without the intervention of gaudy colouring; and Sir Joshua Reynolds relates, that when first he saw their works, the prevailing feeling in his mind was that of disappointment. The cause of this is obvious. His taste was vitiated by the study of the English paintings of his day, which, however well they were executed, were decked out with the most gorgeous and glaring colouring, and it was not until he got the better of his prejudices towards these, that he felt and perceived the beauties of the great painters of Italy. It is indeed with the mental as with the physical palate—both, when in a healthy state, prefer the simplest viands. When the appetite is cloyed with abundance, and the sickening taste is pleased with nothing but variety, the simple food which was formerly agreeable becomes disgusting, and is only tolerated when garnished with high-seasoned stimulants and other new appurtenances. This very circumstance, however, proves that the faculty is in no sound state, for it is only when taste is squeamish and unhealthy that such things become requisite. In like manner the mental taste, when pure and perfect, has little relish for high-seasoned dainties, and it is only when its vigour is blunted by excess, and it is in an unhealthy condition that it wishes to add to the simplicity of nature.

But, farther, the inordinate desire for novelty leads to a delight in ornament instead of in that which is useful, and to the preference of tinsel and show to more substantial though less gaudy beauties. When overwrought splendour of any kind becomes pleasing, it soon attracts the chief attention, and real merit which is inconsistent with such a state of things is thrown completely aside and neglected. The truth of this assertion may easily be shewn by the rage for novelty at present existing in our dramatic establishments. Lord Byron tells us that at Drury Lane theatre the "School for Scandal," certainly one of the finest comedies in the language, has always been among the least attractive, and it is notorious with how great applause the public hail every new melo-drama or opera, provided it has a sufficient quantity of show and gaudy splendour. The divine aspirations of the dramatic muse of Shakspeare are next to being banished from the stage, and the legitimate tragedy and true comedy must give place to some gilded mass of insipidity, some tissue of vulgarity and execrable punning in the shape of a "Life in London," some "Der Freyschütz" teeming with romantic foolery and absurd horror. It is not sufficient to improve upon nature and surround her with a glitter she does not possess,—the bounds of reason and probability must alike be passed, in order to gratify the insatiable desire of the million for novelty.

The principle of which we are speaking leads also to the admiration of whatever is quaint and possessed of affected singularity. This is a practice which the unthinking public are disposed to encourage to the greatest extent, and into which the highest minds may often be led. The mincing quaintness of Seneca was popular in his day, and so was the style of Lucan, although in the words of Scaliger, "he rather barked than sung." Sallust, by raking up from the ruins of time obsolete words and antiquated expressions, gave to his works a naiveté grateful to the public for whom he wrote. Nor is the taste of our own day so distinguished for purity as to reject every attempt of a similar kind. The "tu whits tu whoos" of Coleridge are not without admirers, and Leigh Hunt's writings are by many read with pleasure, notwithstanding the strange romantic turn of his style, his uncouth phrases, and odd expressions, which, to use an epithet of his own, he scatters about with a "how-do-you-do-pretty-well-I-thank-you sort of freedom." That this can have no good effect upon taste does not admit of a doubt. There may be some phrases of this kind which in certain situations are more expressive than those in common use, but by far the greater number of them are clumsy and uncouth, and are permitted only from an inward sort of low admiration at their singularity and conceit—in short on account of their being novel. The practice, however, is highly reprehensible, tending to barbarize the language, and at the same time, by implication, to blunt the edge of the relish for true excellence possessed by every mind of cultivated and pure taste.

Such are several of the evils resulting to the taste of a country from the unrestrained indulgence in novelty. Perhaps it would not be difficult to swell the list to a greater extent, but I shall now pass to other circumstances which are no less effective in corrupting the taste of a nation.

The principal causes which exert an influence over the taste of a country, are, in my opinion, chiefly these—viz. its political situation—the state of its religion and morals—and the several pursuits in which it is principally engaged. These, according to circumstances, may be either favourable or productive of evil effects, but that their influence is extensive may be shewn both by theory and by an appeal to actual facts.

1. If we look back into the history of those nations which have been famous in the world for the refinement of their taste, we will always find that their mental improvement has followed their progress to political eminence. The taste of Greece was not matured till in arms she shone unrivalled, and Roman science and literature had not attained their zenith, till the empire of the Eternal city extended from sea to sea, till the whole known world was comprehended within her dominions. Arms must first raise the state to superior power, and

lay open the streams through which knowledge may flow into it from all the world besides, and soon it will shine in science as unrivalled as it did in the arts of war. Let us ask ourselves by what means such political eminence is attained, and we will find it to be the result of independent feelings and a noble spirit. As long as these continue unimpaired, will it maintain the power it has acquired, and will its taste flourish in all its pristine refinement. But if, by contemplating its own greatness, it is lulled into a sense of self-security, and becomes listless or inattentive to its national honour and privileges, when the lofty independence of mind, which raised it to the glory it possesses, is lost, the road is open to mental as well as national degradation. Pure taste, while it leads a man through the creation and teaches him to admire all that is beautiful and excellent in it, expands and sublimes his mind, while it turns his eye upon himself and points out to his view the wondrous and fearful conformation both of his body and his soul, it elevates his mind with noble sentiments, it inspires him with noble daring as it marks out for his admiration and imitation those worthies of antiquity who remain embalmed in a nation's history. In a word, true taste and independence of spirit are coeval with and dependant upon each other—as the one declines, the other sinks into decay.

But, further, the taste of a country is, in a great degree, determined by the state of the government, and the manner in which its laws are administered. If the government is framed according to the genius of the people, and the laws are formed on principles of strict equity—there is no doubt but that taste will keep pace with the increasing internal happiness of the country; but if on the contrary there is any dereliction in their administration, while the people are distracted, taste must also suffer. A free government is perhaps the most favourable for the improvement of science and the fine arts, and accordingly we will find that in all cases knowledge has under such a constitution arrived at the greatest perfection. It is only when the "mind's ethereal spring" is uncurbed by foreign power or domestic despotism, when it has unrestrained scope for exertion, that the soul of man will rise upon the wings of freedom, and display all the energies of its might. It is then only that taste can flourish, that man can enjoy and relish the beauties of nature and the real excellences of art. The causes are various which may overthrow such a state of affairs. The nation may lose that spirit of freedom, of which I have spoken above, and luxury may infuse its contaminating influence into the minds of the people. When this takes place, the constitution will soon be materially changed; and if it is not overturned by a foreign power, it will at last sink under the iron hand of despotism and tyranny. In a despotic government it is certainly possible that taste in some degree may occasionally be found to exist, but it never can continue for any length of time in perfection, or even in comparative refinement. "Knowledge," says the proverb, "is power," and men that are possessed of it are naturally objects of fear to every despot, who for his own sake is desirous of keeping the people in a state of contented ignorance.

As taste, then, is corrupted by the loss of free and independent sentiments, so it declines and finally is destroyed beneath a despotism.

But there is another circumstance which tends to the overthrow of true taste, and that is, the mal-administration of the laws of the country.

If the rod of justice is wielded with care, firmness and impartiality, the effect upon the country at large will be of the most beneficial kind. The good will be encouraged and protected, the depraved and the designing will find no opportunity of carrying on their schemes against the commonweal, and taste will share in the general prosperity. The administrators of justice are conscientious in the discharge of their duties; by their exertions, virtue is held up to the admiration of the country; and what is more likely to follow from this than an universal desire to cultivate those arts which humanize the mind and ennoble our nature? Let us however reverse the picture, and suppose that justice is dealt out with a sparing and a feeble hand, and what will be the consequence? Propriety of conduct no longer meets with its reward, and vice is at least tacitly encouraged. While fraud and corruption are almost openly practised, what else are we to expect than a corruption of taste, than the blunting of the finer feelings which adorn humanity?

2. Having thus as shortly as possible endeavoured to point out the evils resulting to taste from defects of a political and civil nature, I may now advert to the effects produced upon the mental refinement of a country by the state of its religion and morals. Religion, from its very nature, exerts great influence over the mind of man. It tells him that he is a responsible being, it informs him of a superior essence under whose agency he exists, it points out to him the awful truth of a futurity. Such circumstances as these are of great moment to man, are frequently, if not perpetually, impressed upon his thoughts, and is it to be wondered at, if they excite an interest in his bosom, give a tone to his feelings, and influence his mind? But although almost all religions concur in the points I have just stated, yet nothing is more certain, than that they may be in very different degrees of perfection. Some religions may be pure, others corrupt; some may breathe in all their institutions the language of pity and benevolence; some may delight in cruelty and blood; some may be lax and permit great licence, others may be austere and ascetic. The taste also of the communities which are regulated by these must of course be different. That religion, which exists in purity and in the heart, must encourage a corresponding purity of taste; that which permits of depravity, or is but a form, can have no good effect upon the finer feelings of our nature. That religion which encourages the extension of knowledge is friendly to taste, but the contrary is the case with regard to that which delights in the ignorance of all that live under it. Mahometanism, besides permitting or at least winking at great laxity of morals, is decidedly inimical to the diffusion of general knowledge, and what nation of that persuasion was ever famous for the purity of its taste? Catholicism is, or at least was not very favourable to the cause of the dissemination of knowledge through a country, and mental darkness brooded over Europe when it was in its glory. If, then, true religion is capable of corruption, and its tenets of being perverted, the taste of the nation in which it exists is subject to a corresponding decline, and as men depart from purity in

the one, in the other they become more and more vitiated and depraved.

On the state of the morals of a country however, and these are closely connected with its religion, chiefly depends the condition of its taste. If the morals of the country are pure, taste must exist in corresponding perfection; but with immorality true taste is inconsistent. When depravity of life and morals pervades a nation, it has sunk to its lowest point, and true taste there cannot exist. When a man is accustomed to give way to the worst feelings of his nature, when every thing that is wicked and depraved is welcome to his breast, can he judge with propriety of what is excellent in genius, can his feelings be awake to what is truly beautiful, grand, or pleasing in nature? He has put himself upon a level with the beasts of the field, and like them his desires are all of a grovelling nature, all the pleasures he can feel are confined to sense, and to him intellectual enjoyments are tasteless. This state of complete immorality comes not however all at once—it is the result of various causes operating by degrees. When taste is at its highest in a nation, it will always be enjoying a high state of political power. With this however comes wealth, and luxury is its never failing attendant. Of the evils resulting from luxury I need hardly speak. It may indeed be named the spring from whence flow all the evils which can fall upon a nation, —it is equally fatal to its political greatness and to the purity of its taste. As soon as bodily gratifications become the chief concern, every thing else is disregarded or but partially attended to. The high spirit of independence, which wont to regulate their motions and appear in all their actions, begins to decay, and body and soul are alike enervated. The way, of course, is laid open for foreign innovation, or for the success of intriguing men within itself, and at the same time the relish for all that is pleasing in literature and the fine arts totally disappears.

When a nation is thus on the retrograde, there is contracted an inclination for low vices, and a disposition to take pleasure in them. If this state of affairs prevails among the lower orders, they are, from their situation, prevented from exerting any great influence upon the taste of the nation; it is only when it is to be found among the higher classes that it is attended with pernicious effects. Such was the case in the reign of Charles the Second. At that period every thing like virtue and morality was banished from society, and dissolute manners prevailed among those whose situation in life enabled them to exert the greatest influence over the pursuits of the nation at large. Hence the depravity of taste which characterises that reign, hence the licentiousness of the dramas of that period, when every thing profligate was hailed with pleasure by a dissolute audience. Taste is indeed the attendant upon virtue, and when vice becomes agreeable, it becomes corrupted and its purity is no longer visible.

3. Nothing perhaps has a greater influence over the taste of a country than the various pursuits in which its inhabitants are engaged. If these are of a martial kind, and prompt the people to the extension of their empire or political power, the only good effect produced upon taste will be the laying open sources of knowledge which cannot otherwise be accomplished, and so conducing indirectly to its

improvement. Again, if the nation be principally and deeply engaged in commerce—that, I fear, must be regarded as contributing little to mental refinement. Commerce is evidently regulated by a principle of selfishness—and with that feeling true taste is incompatible. Who expects to find, in the heart where the desire of gain is the paramount concern, a love for the fine arts, and purity of taste in estimating the beauties of nature and the excellences of genius? Bounds certainly may be placed to the feelings of which I am speaking, and selfishness may in some cases give place to a better ruling principle, but how seldom is that to be expected! Let us look into the characters of those who are extensively involved in commercial affairs, and scarce one in a hundred will be found capable of appreciating intellectual excellence, or possessed of a soul that raises him above "the world," as Leigh Hunt expresses it, "of brick and mortar and money-getting." With the great body of commercialists, to be rich is to be every thing, and they will consider the time mis-spent which is employed in cultivating taste instead of in searching out the means of acquiring wealth. But commercial pursuits are not only hurtful to the taste of those who are immediately concerned in them—they extend their deteriorating influence to those also who furnish the articles of merchandise. Commerce, if extensive, must be kept up by the overstrained labour of the lower and even of the middling classes—and that laborious exertion is inimical to taste may be shewn by adverting to the experience of all those nations which are remarkable for excessive industry. The Dutch are quite proverbial for the depravity or rather for the entire want of taste—and to what can this be attributed but to that laborious industry, and plodding application to traffick, for which they have been so long famous? No book published in Holland can expect even a temporary popularity which rises above the every-day affairs of that phlegmatic race, and their painters would never have attracted a moment's attention had they not, like Teniers, condescended to celebrate boorish revels, or like Rubens represented gods and goddesses as "hillocks of flesh," in order to please the perverted taste of the country. Even in their dramatic representations a similar deficiency of taste prevails, and nothing is brought upon the stage but what is level to the capacities of ignorant and stupid understandings—nothing but what is monstrous and absurd. To a similar cause we may trace the want of taste among the mechanics of Great Britain. These by their employers are kept in a state of perpetual drudgery, the time which is not entirely devoted to labour being occupied in meals and sleep, so as to fit them for the prosecution of their employment. When from twelve to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four are taken up in hard work, what time is there left for mental relaxation? But the evil does not stop here. Being from their very situation barred from intellectual enjoyment, all the leisure moments they have are spent in pleasures of a sensual kind, in the indulgence of their animal appetites. Wearied with excessive labour, and oppressed with the drudgery of their situation, they seek a temporary relief and oblivion from all their cares in the most disgraceful practice of inebriation; so that their faculties being stupified and their perceptions deadened, all that is beautiful and excellent passes before their minds without exciting a corresponding emotion. Such are the effects produced by excessive and continued labour, and if the case is as I have represented it, nothing is more powerful in the corrupting of taste.

Such are, in my opinion, the various causes which tend to produce a perversion and corruption of taste in a country. The over-strained desire for novelty, we have seen, exerts no small power; the loss of a spirit of independence, the corruption of the religious institutions of the country, and the indulgence in vice, selfish pursuits, and excessive labour, are followed by deteriorating effects. It is singular however as well as fortunate that the evils resulting from the above-mentioned causes can take place only with the concurrence of the nation at large. It is within the power of man to be on his guard against these, and as long as he does so, will taste flourish. According to Lord Byron,

> Self-abasement paves the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway.

And in like manner taste can become corrupted only, as it were, by a voluntary act. It may indeed be asserted that the taste of a country may be overturned by a foreign invasion, but however likely this may be in theory, I am disposed to think that in reality it cannot be the case. Pure taste encourages sentiments of virtue and courage, and is in fact one of the best safe-guards of the nation; and as long as it remains unvitiated, there is little reason for expecting an overthrow by foreign invasion. Greece would never have sunk beneath the power of Philip, had her taste been as perfect in the days of Demosthenes as it was in the time of Themistocles; and the incursion of the Goths upon the Roman empire would either have never taken place, or have been any thing else but successful, had the taste of the Augustan age continued in all its purity.

Let me now return to the question I proposed in the beginning—have we reason for supposing that modern taste will continue to decline? That it may decline is certainly possible, but that it will actually do so seems to be countenanced by no solid reasoning. On the other hand, the arguments for a contrary opinion are strong. Men are not now in the same condition as they were when Greece and Rome successively arose and shone in their turn in the horizon of taste. With a better feeling knowledge seems to have gone abroad through the world, and all mankind alike are partaking of her benefits. While among the ancients only one nation at a time became conspicuous for its taste, which country of the modern world can we point out as in this respect excelling another? All are making wide and rapid strides in every walk of literature and the fine arts; by all are the universally allowed standards of perfection studied, relished, and understood; and each can point to some mighty soul in its own community which has raised its fame among the nations and cast a lustre of glory around its name. Add to this, that there never was a period, at which the nations of the world were more united among themselves than they are at present. The language of one country is well known in another, an extensive intercourse is established between them, and every thing in one, which is calculated to improve the taste of another, is transmitted with the utmost rapidity. Inventions are no sooner made on the Continent than they are known among us, and every thing more excellent than another, which British genius can produce, travels with speed through the rest of Europe. Let us look to our own country alone, and we will find ourselves at a loss to tell what period in her history is to be regarded as the exact æra of its taste. Shall we say that it was the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, and bring forward the names of Shakspeare and Milton to prove our assertion? Shall we say that it was the age of Queen Anne and the first George, and instance the great names of Dryden and Pope? Or are the great spirits that adorn our own age sufficiently powerful to confer upon it the epithet of the æra of taste? In reality the present may stand a comparison with any preceding age. Few poets of a former day surpass the powers displayed by Byron. Scott and Campbell have added never-dying laurels to their country's fame, and the wonders of the Bard of Avon have nigh been equalled by the gigantic powers of the Scottish Novelist. In the improvement of all ranks in the community, the present age has never been equalled. Knowledge is extending her blissful influence over the land, and ignorance is flying before her steps. The peasant, the artisan, that a few years ago knew of nothing existing beyond the immediate sphere of his vision, is now led into the mysteries of nature and art, relishes their beauties, and becomes acquainted with the peformances of the genius of his country. Let us cast our eyes upon the state of the world at large, and the prospect is truly cheering and delightful. What changes for the better have a few years been able to bring about! The sound of the true religion is heard amid the wilds of America and on the plains of Hindostan, and the small islands of the Southern ocean, not long since immersed in savage barbarism, are now advancing fast in the career of civilization, in moral and religious improvement. Man indeed seems to be rapidly approaching to a state of universal knowledge and culture, and instead of thinking that taste will decline, we have every reason for the supposition that it will go on to improve. Nature besides is not sparing in her gifts, and though mankind may rise to a state of cultivation which we cannot anticipate, she is yet able to furnish scope for further exertion, while religion, diffusing a purer morality than the ancients knew, shall secure taste from corruption, and prevent the relish for all that is beautiful in nature and the fine arts from decaying.

J. C.

LINES,

Suggested by the appearance of a Sea-fowl which hovered, during three days, over the field where the author was ploughing.

Bird of the ocean! why lingerest thou here,
Where the rush of the waves may not reach thine ear?
Art thou come my friend and companion to be,
When friends are departed, sweet bird of the sea?

Thou hast left thy mate, thou hast left thy home—
On the white cliff lashed by the spray and the foam,

And forsaken the Solway's sounding strand,
For the calm repose of our mountain-land.

Of thy feathered tribe hast thou suffered the scorn?
With the strife of the wind and the waves art thou borne?
Meek Pilgrim! in this abode of peace,
No fear shall annoy thee—thy sorrows shall cease.

I, too, have been torn by Adversity's blast,—
My sky of hope hath been overcast,—
I have warred with life's billows unpitied, unknown,
A mariner weary and woe-begone.

And I have withdrawn from the warring crowd,
From the jest of the gay,—from the sneer of the proud,
And solace sought at the midnight hour
In lowly glen or in woodland bower.

Bird of the ocean! still linger here,
Nor return to the rock, where the sea-waves career,
More meet companion art thou for me,
Than man with his boasted dignity.

The above is from the pen of **William Park**, farm-servant to the Rev. **Dr. Brown** of Eskdale Muir. Though in the humble sphere of a Scottish peasant, he has evinced considerable poetic talent, and only requires the fostering hand of the liberal and enlightened to give publicity to a volume replete with piety, purity and energetic feeling. He has contributed to several literary periodicals,—among others to Blackwood's Magazine, and to the Edinburgh Christian Instructor, by the late talented Editor of which he was esteemed as well for his mental powers as for his unblemished integrity.

Alex. Thomson.

Edinburgh, 18*th Jan.* 1832.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF THE

BORDER LITERARY AND POLITICAL CLUB. No. I.

REPORTED BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

Scene.—*A Temperance Coffee House, within our ancient, sober, and well-beloved town Berwick-upon-Tweed. Newspapers, Magazines, and cups filled with coffee upon the table.—Present Mr. Andrew Feuar, a Berwickshire farmer, residing not ten miles from the town aforesaid; —Mr. Roger Bell, another cultivator of the soil, and residing on the*

English side of the Tweed, at a distance not exceeding half an hour's quick riding from their present place of rendezvous;—Thomas Neptune, Esq. merchant and ship-owner:—Mr. John Timpin, formerly a letter-press printer, and whilom Editor of a London Newspaper;—Jerry Jib, a skipper of the Port in better days;—Mr. David Dalton, a gentleman touched with poetry,—designed by his mother for a preacher, but now living on her legacy;—Dr. Ayton, a physician; and Francis Classum, Esq. a young solicitor;—all inhabitants of the said good town.—Time,—Seven in the evening.

Mr. Feuar—Did ye see yon lang-leggit Adverteesment in the Newspapers the ither day, Doctor, about *Patent French Brandy?*

Dr. Ayton—I did, Mr. Feuar.

Mr. Feuar—And what thocht ye o' it?—My certes! yon was shaking the nieve o' intemperance in the face o' the increasing sobriety o' the country wi' a vengeance!

Dr. Ayton—Brandy is a good medicine in the hands of a skilful physician; but as a common beverage, it is swallowing sixpences at every mouthful, and purchasing disease and death at the highest price. If people are fond of suicide, whisky will accomplish their object at one-third of the cost. A man may murder himself very comfortably with three shillings' worth of whisky,—brandy would scarce stand him less than nine, and the unnecessary six would contribute considerably towards putting him decently in the dust.

Mr. Feuar—Od ye're a queer neegor, Doctor,—ye're as dry as the edge o' ane o' Packwood's razors. But ne'er a boddle care I for neither their brandy nor their whisky. My wife says to me,—Andrew, says she, ye're just another man a' thegither since ye joined the Temperance Society—there's nae sitting up to four o' the Sabbath morning waiting on ye now,—nae galloping hame like a madman,—nae fears o' broken legs, or broken necks—nae horses coming hame without ye now,—I'll declare I'm just the happiest woman on the face o' the earth!—Oh, had we had Temperance Societies twenty years sine,—there wad been some riding their ain horse th' day that are breaking stanes by the road side; an' some hale and canty that the worms hae made their last meal on.

Mr. Bell—Drat! that's just what my Susan tells mye. An' as this *sugaree* or *chicaree*, or what d'ye ca' it, gies wur coffee such a flavour here, that I think it worth a' the smuggled gin that e'er came out o' Budale, I just ca'ed down at the Tea-office for a pund on't.

Mr. David Dalton—Well, Gentlemen, as I must deprecate the *drinking* habits of Society as well as the *intoxicating* habits,—let the cups be removed, and proceed with the business of the evening. Mr. Timpin, have you any subject to propose? [*A bell rings, servant enters and removes the cups, &c.*]

Mr. Timpin—Gentlemen, the deep interest we all take in every matter which involves the welfare of our country,—and of our own beautiful borders in particular, renders it impossible that we can pass over the recent Anti-Reform meeting held at Greenlaw;—you are all acquainted with its details,—and I propose that our conversation this evening be headed—

THE BERWICKSHIRE CONSERVATIVE DISSECTED!

Omnes—Agreed! agreed!—The *Berwickshire Conservative Dissected.*

Mr. Timpin—Gentlemen,—this meeting in question,—this mighty meeting,—this meeting in a village on the middle of the moor,—this meeting which arrogates for its object the *salvation* of our own, our beautiful land,—this Berwickshire meeting—this meeting, on which, in the eloquent language of David Milne, Esq. younger of Milne Graden, "the ark of the state has at length found a solid resting place!"—this meeting, gentlemen, was attended by no *less* than *one hundred and fifty* individuals, comprising the inhabitants of the hamlet. Of the talents of William Hay, Esq. of Dunse Castle, (their chairman,) I am as ignorant as I am incapable of giving what he calls the *view halloo,* and my lungs have been used to some purpose in their day and generation.

Mr. Feuar—Save us a'! Mr. Timpin, do ye no ken what the *view halloo* is?—I'll let ye hear it if ye like.

Mr. Timpin—I know it does not mean music for a room, and will dispense with it. However, the antiquity of Mr. Hay's family justly entitles him to a first place among our resident gentry. But, gentlemen, I loathe, I abominate the dishonest, the cuckoo strain, which six out of every ten men use, on being called to preside over a meeting, about their own inability, and wishing the chair had been filled by an abler person—while you can see pride, self-complacency and satisfaction shooting little glances across their eyes, like a gold fish twittering in a glass bottle, and each with all his humility thinks himself the ablest man in the assembly.

Mr. Bell—Well, Mr. Timpin, I dint knaw whether they mean what they say or not, but I knaw, that chairmen without ability are as common as stubble after harvest.

Mr. Timpin—Any gentleman taking such an office, and confessing, and conscious of his own insufficiency, is insulting the meeting over which he undertakes to preside. Mr. Hay is one of those, who cry out respecting lack of talent. With what ability he discharged his duty, deponent sayeth not; judging from the reading of his speech, I should suppose creditably. And in that speech, gentlemen, the sneering, depreciating insinuation, which he casts upon the talents of our honest, unpretending, sound-headed Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp, demands our reprobation. It is true, Lord Althorp did keep fox-hounds, as he informs us, but I beg to inform him in return, that there is not a member in the House of Commons, whose speeches produce a deeper impression upon the "collective wisdom," than those of Lord Althorp. His exalted rank—as the eldest son of the venerable, learned, and patriotic Earl Spencer, commands respect;—and his strong good sense and experience make every sentence he utters be received as a maxim. I have heard him speak in the house. He is no orator, but a deliberate, calm and enlightened statesman,—with more solid knowledge and fitness for office, than a thousand Goulburns. His Lordship is not young, and has been an upright and indefatigable member of parliament from his earliest manhood. Have you, gentlemen, forgotten him,—has the country forgotten,—or has Mr. Hay of Dunse Castle forgotten,—the unwearied—the bold—th manly resistance, which Viscount Althorp made against the abominable, the horrible laws, which some years ago threatened to render the phrase—*Free born Briton* synonymous with—*Base born slave!*—I ask you, gentlemen, if ye have forgotten the debt of obligation and gratitude which we owe to his wise, his resolute, his noble opposition to those disgraceful measures?—Yet this is the statesman, whom Mr. Hay of Dunse Castle, profaning the language of the immortal Shakspeare, compares to a little wanton boy swimming on a bladder!—He tells us, that if the Reform Bill pass, confidence will be shaken throughout the country, and the poor consequently unemployed!—Heaven and earth! gentlemen!—Where has the proprietor of Drumelzier been for the last six years?—Does he say confidence *will be—will be—will be* shaken? Does he not know,—has he not discovered,—has he not felt, that *confidence was*—not only *shaken,* but *broken down* throughout the country about the close of the year 1825? Does he not know, that the bubbles which then burst—exploded it into fragments?—And does he not know, that for six years, those fragments have been crumbling into atoms? Has he to learn that every dealer looks upon his buyer with suspicion while he knows his honesty? Has he to be informed, that *commercial confidence* was a phrase which our fathers once understood, but which the present blessed system of blessings and privileges renders their sons unable to comprehend!—What is the language of our merchants?—what is the language of our manufacturers?—what is the language of our farmers—of our ship-owners—of our tradesmen?—Do they not all declare, that they look forward eagerly to the passing of the Reform Bill and the following up of its principles—as to a measure, which will *Restore Public Confidence,* that has long been lost. Such, gentlemen, while I was absent from Berwick—such, within these few weeks, is the language I have heard publicly used, by the greatest merchants—the greatest manufacturers in the world,—and judge ye whether they or William Hay, Esq. of Dunse Castle should know most about public confidence. And does he say the *poor will be* consequently unemployed?—When *were* the poor employed? I will not bid you look at Manchester—at Leeds—or at Paisley, with their starving thousands. He perhaps meant only the *peasant* poor—the *agricultural* poor. Then I would ask him what lighted the recent torches of the incendiary?—And who will not answer—Hunger!—torturing hunger!—maddening hunger!——Hunger raging over and devouring the famished, the shivering, the despairing, the death-stricken children of the soil! But, gentlemen, I need not go to manufacturing, nor to large agricultural districts, to produce examples of the wretched and unemployed poor we already have. Look down from the bridge of this town upon the Quay, where, we all remember, Commerce once went merry as a marriage-bell, and busy as a Carnival—and what do you behold now? I will not tell you to look at a few *dead vessels*—a very *few*—and those few a *dead weight* to their owners—filling the shores with invaluable Ballast!—Ballast!—Ballast!—But I would bid you look upon those half frozen groups of ill-clad men, with their hands thrust in their bosoms—wandering to and fro over a little space, that their benumbed limbs, cold with the season and colder with hunger, sink not under them. And these men have families—

they have human hearts, they have fathers' feelings—and their children are gnashing their teeth for food. These men were once cotters or labourers on the grounds of those who met at Greenlaw, till utter want of field and country employment,—or the total inadequacy of their miserable pittance of seven or eight shillings a week to support themselves and family, drove them to this town, where they now—starve!—These things are—these things *have been* for years,—yet Mr. Hay tells us, the poor will only *then* be unemployed!—True, the mere passing of the Reform Bill will not give them employment,—but the measures which will and must be adopted by a free, reformed parliament of the people, will find them employment.—So much for the arguments of Mr. Hay.

Mr. Feuar—Famous!—As sure as death, that's capital, Mr. Timpin. I'll hae my breath out in a little, but I see the Doctor's upon the fidgets.

Dr. Ayton—Gentlemen, considering the weakness of the Reform cause,—considering that it has nothing upon its side—but the King—the Commons—a considerable portion of the Lords—and the whole people of England, Scotland, and Ireland,—I say considering this poor, weak, ill-supported cause, we have reason to rejoice, that *all* the landed proprietors of Berwickshire were not at this immense and all-powerful, nation-saving meeting. But if even all the *property* had been there, this consolation would have been left,—there was none of the *talent*—for almost every orator confessed, and was very sorry, he had no abilities. The first resolution was moved by Lord Dunglass; now, as to whether his lordship be young or old,—dark or fair,—tall or short—married or a bachelor,—a widower or a wooer,—I am unable to enlighten your understanding; but his lordship delivered one of those clever, ready-made speeches, which was delivered at a Tory meeting with applause,—might have been delivered at a Whig one with cheers,—and by a radical multitude been encored. He said it was the duty of every one at this moment to come forward and range himself under the banners of saving his country. So say we Reformers—so say insatiable radicals. He said he was sure every one present loved the king. So do we Reformers,—so do Radicals—the whole nation is a prayer of—Long live King William and God bless him! He said we had a glorious constitution, but it had defects. So say we,—so say radicals. This was what I call a cleverly, well conceived, most convenient speech. George Baillie, Esq. younger of Jerviswoode, after saying that his Lordship after his clever speech had left nothing for him to say—said—"he was sure the present system in England had contributed greatly to the *wealth* and *prosperity* of the country—this would be admitted on all sides."—Doubtless it will be admitted,—I admit—you admit—all the world admits, that the present perfect system has crushed us beneath an onerous load of debt, amounting nearly to a thousand millions!—A very pretty sum, gentlemen, to swagger with in sovereigns in your breeches' pocket!—I hope you all admit, that debt is the only and infallible criterion of real wealth and prosperity. If any proofs be wanting to establish the fact of our wealth and prosperity—as Mr. Baillie did not bring forward those proofs—I will. Is not our soil rich? Is not our climate adapted to that soil? Do they not rear the fruits of the earth in generous abundance. Are not the people of Britain, the most persevering—the most industrious—the most patient—the most ardently devoted to their country of any people on the earth?—And with this perseverance, industry, patience and devotion,—do we not see, from the one end of the island to the other, brown industry ashamed of its rags? Are not our merchants the most intelligent—the most sagacious—and the most enterprising traders on the globe? And does not Bankruptcy—suspicious, paralysing, devouring bankruptcy,—sit upon their bosoms like an eternal nightmare,—benumbing the faculties, weighing down exertion, and filling the soul with horror? Are not these proofs of our wealth,—are not these proofs of our prosperity, under our present thrice blessed system? Are other proofs wanting? Is not the sinecurist, and the tax-eater, fed like a glutton and clothed like a singing bird, while the mechanic, and the craftsman, who feeds them, and who clothes them, labours like a beast of burden from before the rising of the sun until after the going down of the same, that after having clothed *them,* and fed *them,*—he may save a fraction wherewith to obtain a coarse scanty meal for himself and for his children? Is not this an indication of our wealth—a sure evidence of our prosperity? Did not this perfect system, which Mr. Baillie admires, hurl us into an unjust and unnatural war with what were our American colonies; and after brethren had spilled the blood of thousands of their brethren, and the spirit of Freedom and the arms of France had torn those colonies from us, and rendered them a separate and rival nation; was not Britain compelled to submit to a humiliating treaty, after expending millions on millions in support of the absurd tyranny of our prosperous system;—and are not these accumulating millions left to us as a legacy—as a token and a demonstration of our wealth and prosperity? Was not Britain the mistress of the wide seas,—did not her pendant sweep over them—the Queen of nations? Was not her right of search upon the ocean admitted by every land,—did she not enforce it in every treaty? Did not all acknowledge this right? Were they not compelled to submit to this homage due to her naval supremacy? —Is it not necessary for the existence of which ever shall be the first commercial nation on the earth? And in the treaty after the last American war, did the present all-perfect and powerful system enforce this right? No! Britain dared not,—and its omission was passed in silence. And what was the language of the present President of the States, at his last opening of Congress, relative to this invaluable right of Britain? In plain English he tells us that unless we yield it up, he will league against us, to effect our overthrow and humiliation? How it may be answered I know not. But are not these proofs of our increasing power, wealth and prosperity? Did not the present pure system cost Britain hundreds and hundreds of millions of money, —and thousands and tens of thousands of brave lives, to place upon the throne of France—the despotic family of a despotic *decapitated Caput,* whom the French people have hurled again to our shores? Is any other proof wanting of its wisdom—of the wealth and the prosperity it has purchased us? Read it in the terrible signs of the times, which cry in a voice that the grave may hear,—that unless the load of oppression be removed from the oppressed—and that speedily—they will turn upon their oppressors, and trample them in the dust.—I hope, gentlemen, I have established the assertion of Mr. Baillie to your perfect conviction.

F. **Classum**, Esq.—Well, gentlemen, as the Doctor seems to have exhausted his breath and his irony, I shall take up the next speakers, who moved and seconded the resolution, relating to the suppression of Political unions. John Spottiswoode, Esq., of Spottiswoode, says that a declaration has gone forth and remains uncontradicted, that the Birmingham Political Union has 150,000 members. True, it is not contradicted—because it is true,—and short of the truth. It is not contradicted, because broad facts cannot be concealed;—because it is an omnipotent demonstration of the unanimity that prevails throughout the British empire, to be entitled to the privileges of men,—and to overturn the unconstitutional usurpation of the Boroughmonger, and the more unconstitutional meanness of the Peer, who dare in opposition to the principles of that constitution, whose name he dishonours, to traffic with the sacred rights of his countrymen. Speaking of this Union, Mr. Spottiswoode adds,—"It was quite natural that those who have nothing, should wish to share with those who have something." With what self-congratulatory feelings the laird of Spottiswoode gives birth to this moonlight sarcasm of his brain, I know not; but I do know, that to that Union belongs Attwood the Banker, one of the most wealthy and influential men in Britain; and another member of that Union, I believe, is Sir Francis Burdett, one of the largest landed proprietors in the kingdom—two men from amongst this union of men *who have nothing*, possessing more riches (if there be any merit in riches) than all the 150 saviours of their country in Greenlaw then assembled. He thanks his Majesty for his firmness in dissolving these unions,—but they are not dissolved,—a mere proclamation is not a law, and in itself does not possess the power of suppressing and dissolving. For the annihilation of all treasonable or dangerous societies, the executive, by our existing laws, is armed with full power. But neither our laws nor the proclamation in question have power over or refer to such societies as the Birmingham Political Union, which is one vast conservative against the contemptible rabble societies and their mad national-guard scheme, which the proclamation was intended to strangle in its birth; and of which, even before the proclamation came forth, every man of common sense was prepared to crush the insane instigators beneath his heel. The speaker gravely trusted, that the Berwickshire *one hundred and fifty* would root up and extirpate the Birmingham and all such Unions!—I know not whether this reminds me of Samson himself;—but verily it would be a fulfilling of the text—'One man shall chase a thousand!' And I would recommend to the "Conservative" the Rev. Edward Irving as a Chaplain, and let this be the subject of his first oration, for as he out-preaches preaching, this assuredly would be out-Thermopylæing Thermopylæ! The next speaker was David Milne, Esq., the younger of Milne Graden.

Mr. **Bell**—I say, whaes he? I never heard o' that chap. Is there tow an them?

F. **Classum**, Esq.—A son of the Admiral,—an advocate waiting for practice,—and the Author of a Prize-essay on Comets.

Dr. **Ayton**—Which accounts for his present *erratic* course of seeking practice or preferment, in the wake of a party who have bestowed their last gift.

F. **Classum**, Esq.—He asks, "is not the country in a state of high popular excitement?"—True it is—in a state of terrible excitement,—in a state of excitement that, if longer trifled with, irritated, and mocked, will whelm in one common ruin,—our constitution, our national faith, and humanity itself. But he has the ignorant audacity to affirm, that this excitement has been produced by a *corrupt* and *venal* Press.

Mr. **Timpin**—Pardon me, Mr. Classum,—but my blood burns at the assertion. It is an assertion that does not contain one word—one syllable of truth. I will place a mountain against a molehill; against the declamation of a stripling, I will place the opinion and experience of **Brougham**. Shortly before his elevation to the woolsack, he made use of these words—"*There never was a period in which our periodical press has been less disgraced by slander and abuse, nor in which newspapers have been purer and more respectable vehicles of public opinion.*" Between the statements of David Milne, Esq., younger of Milne Graden, and Lord Brougham, choose ye. The Public Press is the tongue of a nation's Freedom; and while it breathes the language of Liberty, who is to corrupt it—who is to render it mercenary? The People! Doubtless, they who denounce the corruption of a nation's sentiments, of which the present liberal Press is but an echo, will worship the purity of the hireling lick-spittles, avowedly established and paid, to support your Wellingtons, your Peels, your Newcastles and your Lonsdales;—so pure are *they* indeed, that the Tory Agents are now sending them round the country *gratis*:—and as nobody will buy, their prayer is—*read, in mercy read!*—

F. **Classum**, Esq.—The young gentleman goes on to ask,—"if it be a proper time in this state of excitement to discuss a great and momentous question?" And I ask,—is it not the importance of the question itself that produces this excitement? And the longer its settlement is delayed, and the longer the goaded feelings of the nation are tantalized, the more fierce and terrible will that excitement become. Are men blocks, stones or horses, that during the discussion of a momentous measure, which involves not only their rights and their liberties, and those of their children, but the very food they eat, and the raiment they put on,—are they, I say, when such a measure is discussed, and their enemies are in a state of ferment, and opposing them with cunning and deadly hatred,—are they like dumb dogs to remain silent and inactive!—Why, many noble lords cried out, there was *no excitement*,—no desire for Reform, as a colouring for their opposition, and young master Milne cries out there *is excitement*, as a covering for his. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

T. **Neptune**, Esq.—To my personal knowledge, the argument of Mr. Milne is half a century old. About forty years ago, gentlemen, I was confidential clerk to a house in the city. I was a lover of our constitution,—and therefore I was a member of the society of the 'Friends of the People,'—so was Earl Grey. Debates in the House of Commons were worth listening to in those days,—and I embraced every opportunity of being present. The time I speak of, was before General Grey was raised to an earldom, and his son, our present premier, was then only Mr. Grey; I was present, when he was supporting a Petition from our society in the House; and I will state to you the exact words, which he who is now at the head of our government then used. The silly argument of Mr. Milne recalls them vividly to my memory. Reform was the subject under discussion—"I well know," said Mr. Grey, "that the chief difficulty to be encountered, will be the argument as to the danger of the times. This is indeed a never-failing argument, equally in times of prosperity and adversity, in times of war and of peace. If our situation happens to be prosperous, it is then asked, whether we can be more than happy, or more than free? In the season of adversity, on the other hand, all reform or innovation is deprecated, from the pretended risk of increasing the evil and pressure of our situation. From all this it appears that the time for reform never yet has come, and never will come. By arguments such as these has reform been hitherto combatted; and by the like, I believe, it will ever be attacked, until some dreadful convulsion takes place, which may threaten even the constitution itself with annihilation." These words have often occurred to me as prophetic; and they sufficiently show, that the baby argument set up by Mr. Milne, has not even the poor merit of originality.

F. Classum, Esq.—There is one assertion made in the gentleman's speech we are speaking of, in which its utter want of truth can only be equalled by its fool-hardiness. He says "the present government came into power by agitation, and on agitation their political existence depends." The people of Britain will with one voice cry *Falsehood*, in reply to this desperate assertion,—no milder word will express their indignation. The present government came into power, from one sentence,—one insulting sentence, which fell from the lips of a great general, but a most despotic and illiberal politician. When Wellington dared to declare, that "*he would concede to no Reform!—that no reform was necessary!*"—the madly arbitrary declaration flew through the land like lightning,—as if a meteor, portending woe, had passed through the midst of it,—or the destroying angel had visibly bared his arm to begin his work of destruction;—consternation fell upon the breasts of all men,—wrath gathered upon every brow,—a groan,—a foreboding groan rang to the extremities of the island;—the *authors* of the agitation, under fear for themselves, dared not permit the king to enter the city. The Commons, for once faithful, in compliance with the voice of the despised nation, withheld the supplies,—and to prevent revolution, to the verge of which their predecessors had driven the nation, the present government were appointed,—this only is the *agitation* they have used. He charges ministers with hurrying the measure, in order to conceal its revolutionary character, by not allowing time for reflection; of a verity, gentlemen, the measure of reform has been hurried!—For its progress creates in my mind the picture of a snail flying at full speed from the reach of a falling house!—For more than fifty years, its necessity has been apparent, and demanded; and for the last twelvemonths, in every society, its discussion has swallowed up every other subject. Yet he tells us, the people have not time for reflection, when, disgusted with the temporizing delay, they will no longer think on what they have considered until weary, but if longer thwarted are ready fearfully to act. He says "even the bishops were attacked by the political unions." Now, gentlemen. without entering into a consideration of the propriety or non-propriety of the connexion of Church and State, allow me to say—the recent vote of the bishops—

Mr. Feuar—I tell ye what it is, sirs—(I beg your pardon for interrupting ye, Mr. Classum,) but I am saying, my great-grandfaither was a Scotch covenanter, and it is just as meikle as I can mind o' hearing him say, and the way that I mind it is, he headed every subject he began wi' it!—and my faither often used to repeat the words after baith him an' my grandfaither were dead and gane,—"Bairns," he used to say,—"bairns! to the last hours o' your lives never forget the golden saying o' the great English lord Peterborough—thire the words,—he used to say,—and take notice o' them,—*I wish a parliamentary king—and a parliamentary government—but no a parliamentary god—nor a parliamentary religion.*

F. Classum, Esq.—The quotation of your forefather, Mr. Feuar, is more than a compensation for any remarks that I could have offered.

Mr. Neptune.—Mr. Milne brings forward the authority of *William Pitt* against Reform, whom he designates "the pilot who steered the vessel of the state through the storms with which she was surrounded." —Gentlemen, when I hear Mr. Pitt called "the pilot who weathered the storm,"—I say he was. When I hear him called "the saviour of his country," I say he was. But I say also that when he entered the vessel, there was a smooth sea to his right hand, and a stormy sea afar off to his left; that he disregarded the wishes of the crew to remain on our own smooth shores, and steered headlong into the stormy sea. In some measure he brought the vessel through the dangers, but so many of the crew were lost, and so great was the damage done to her, that the owners were all but ruined in repairing her. It is true he saved his country, but he also placed it in the state of peril that made salvation necessary. He reminds me of the officer who, some years ago, foolishly or wantonly cast down the wonderful Logan stone near Falmouth, and after immense labour succeeded in replacing it in its original rocking position. Should our friend Dr. Ayton inflict wilfully a dangerous wound upon my body, I do not conceive he would be entitled to any particular expression of my gratitude for healing me by his skill. So is it with the nation and the late Rt. Hon. W. Pitt. But as his authority is unquestionably high, and as Mr. Milne has brought it forward against Reform, I will bring forward the sentiments of an equally high authority in favour of Reform. —It is exactly fifty years ago, since the language I shall quote was used,—and if such was the state of corruption then, as to call forth the expression of such sentiments, how must it have increased since that period, when the same corrupt system has remained uncleansed. Gentlemen, Britain never produced a more popular character, than he who pronounced these words,—never one whose name will live longer on the page of history. They are these—"*The beautiful frame of government which has made us the envy and admiration of mankind, in which the people are entitled to hold so distinguished a share, is* SO FAR DWINDLED AND DEPARTED FROM ITS ORIGI-

NAL PURITY, THAT THE REPRESENTATIVES CEASE, IN A GREAT DEGREE, TO BE CONNECTED WITH THE PEOPLE. *It is the* ESSENCE *of the* CONSTITUTION *that the people should have a share in government by means of representation; and its excellence and permanency is calculated to consist in this representation having been designed to be* EQUAL, *easy, practicable, and complete. When it ceases to be so, when the representative ceases to have connexion with the constituent, and is either* DEPENDENT *on the* CROWN or the ARISTOCRACY, *there is a* DEFECT *in the frame of representation, and it* IS NOT INNOVATION, BUT RECOVERY OF THE CONSTITUTION, TO REPAIR IT." I would go on to quote from this illustrious statesman, and bring forward his arguments in behalf of Reform, every one of which would fall like a voice from heaven on the ears of his opponents; but I shall only bring forward another sentence. "*I am afraid*," he adds, "*that the reverence and enthusiasm which Englishmen entertain for the* CONSTITUTION, *will, if not suddenly prevented, be the means of* DESTROYING *it; for such is their enthusiasm, they will not even remove its defects, for fear of touching its beauty!*" Similar language regarding Reform, gentlemen, has been used by the immortal Locke, by the highest of authorities Blackstone, by Sir George Sackville, by the Earl of Chatham, by Charles Fox,—by almost every name of which England is proud,—but the language I have quoted, was used by one not less distinguished than any of these, by one whose authority should be conclusive; the language I have quoted, gentlemen, was used in favour of Reform by the RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT, second son of the Earl of Chatham! So Mr. Milne and I are quits.

Mr. Bell—Capital! drat that's a famisher!—a right gud turn-about—as ever I heard. Yur a funny awd chap, Mr. Neptune.

Mr. David Dalton—Politics are a subject entirely out of my sphere. They are a subject for which I have no love. The muse (dear maid!) has been my earliest, almost only care; and politics and poetry are wider than the poles asunder. But the present times have made even poets politicians. Poets, it is true, have been so before. Addison was engaged in politics. Congreve was in a degree connected with them; so were Phillips, Gay, and Prior. Montague became a lord and a great man of government, and Parnell turned a Tory. Tickell also dabbled in politics: and the magnificent Dorset was immersed in them. Even in our own times, Lord Byron took part in such matters. William Wordsworth wrote a political pamphlet with a title as long as your arm;—Southey is associated with them;—Montgomery lived by writing on politics for his newspaper; Professor Wilson is a Tory, and Moore is a Whig; so that we see extremes sometimes meet. But as the subject is uncongenial to me, I will only notice, in two or three words, the silliest and most absurd speech that was made at the meeting. It came from the lips of a man of talent, —John Hall, Esq. younger of Dunglass, the son of Sir James Hall, a chemist and a critic of a high order; and brother of our able voyager and author, Captain Basil Hall. This gentleman says—"Taxes are absolutely beneficial, and especially to the poor!—because the taxes come in a higher ratio on the rich than they do on the poor! —Thus their object is to put down the rich and to raise the poor!"

—gentlemen, Cowper says

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;"

but no lunatic, lover, or poet out of Bedlam, ever uttered such monstrous idiocy as this. To prove the contrary of this is to prove that black is not white. When an absurdity beyond the reach of reason is asserted, he who undertakes to refute it by reason and argument undertakes a fool's task. If I tell you, gentlemen, there is no bridge over the Tweed at Berwick, how will you prove that there is? —Will you tell me you have seen it—that you have walked across it? —I repeat there is no bridge,—that there never was a bridge over the Tweed. And how will you prove what I have said to be false?—Would you argue against my ridiculous assertions? or would any argument be availing when every *it is*, would be answered *it is not*. The assertion of Mr. Hall, that taxes are beneficial to the poor, is of this description: you all know it to be false, and the opposite is too self-evident to admit of ratiocination. You know that two and two make four, but the fact is so evident and incontrovertible that to him who absolutely denies it, you can give but a woman's answer—they do! Such preposterous affirmations will only admit of a practical, not a verbal contradiction. He says, the taxes fall heavier and in greater proportion upon the rich than on the poor. Now the first and heaviest tax, or rather curse, upon this country, is the *Corn Laws*; these taxes come exclusively from the pockets of the middle and poorer classes, and go into the pockets of the rich. If any thing more be wanting to prove the folly of the assertion—do we not all know that if we purchase by pennyworths, we pay from a hundred and fifty per cent. more, than if we were able to purchase by the pound. A poor man buys a penny candle, eight of which weigh a pound,—I purchase a pound, and get the eight for sixpence,—but Mr. Hall buys a box at once, which only costs him four-pence halfpenny per pound,—thus, for a quantity of candles, which cost Mr. Hall only *two pounds*, I pay *two pounds ten shillings*, but the poorer man again, pays *two pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence*. And on almost every other necessary of life, taxes fall in a similar undue proportion upon the poor; they, from whom the rich purchase, are generally those who supply the retailer, with whom the poor are compelled to deal, and that retailer must be kept, his family must be kept, and his shop paid, from the difference in the price, between the articles bought by the poor man, and those bought by the rich man. His next assertion, that taxes tend to raise the poor and bring down the rich, is too ridiculous for observation. If this be their object they have been a wearisome time in accomplishing it, or of exhibiting any indication of doing so. In one sense this may be true, for a people borne to the earth by grievous taxation, and crying in vain for redress, might turn upon their tax-masters, and begin the work of spoliation,—which heaven forbid!

Mr. Timpin—I trust I may be excused in saying that I did not think our poet was capable of speaking so much solid prose, without taking an aerial flight as a breathing space. The next speaker at the meeting was David Anderson, Esq. of Rowchester, who made a blazing speech about fire and blood; and was followed by J. Bonar, Esq.

who delivered a good, little sensible address, something after the character of that spoken by Lord Dunglass. Neither claim attention. John Wilson, Esq. of Cumledge, wisely said, it required more wisdom to take advice than to give it. Then arose the hero of Algiers to fire a broadside at a nation's rights.

Mr. J. Jib—Vast there mate!—blow me, vast there!—I'm blistered if I hear a word spoken against the ould Admiral!

Mr. Timpin—Ha! ha! ha! You know Sir David Milne then? —Well, Mr. Jibb, as I do not know much concerning him, if you will favour us with a sketch of the Admiral's history, I promise for my part to be silent on the subject of his speech.

Mr. J. Jib—Why,—it an't much that I know. His father kept a shop,—a silk shop, I think, in Hunter Square, Edinburgh. But young Davy wasn't made for leaping over a counter or measuring ribbons. So he wasn't much more than a boy when he entered the navy. It was somewhere about the year 1778 I think, that he first set foot on board. He was master's mate during the first Yankee war;—was reckoned one of the best seamen in the service; and was present in almost every action. By the gimlets!—I'm bound to say, that ould Davy will remember, come the 12th of April, that day fifty years;—why,—blister it!—he was the very devil for daring;—and the Jonathans, if any of the oulduns be living from that day, will say it's true that I'm saying—I know. Then the lazy peace came;—but bless your soul and body, the ould boy was active as a lamp-lighter in those days;—he couldn't stop ashore,—not he for the life of him. So being paid off,—slap he goes into an East Ingeeman. But Davy was no tea and sugar lad;—so when we gave France a box on the wrong ear, in 1793,—my rum commodore leaps aboard the Blanche frigate, and was made second Luff. So they had a lion for a Luff, and a dozen tygers for a commander, for love ye!—the gallant Faulkner would have ate fire and water like a conjuror!—And when a shot from the La Pique sent the brave fellow's body on deck, and his soul aloft I hope;—why shiver it! after carrying every thing before him, Davy leaped overboard like a seal,—swam to the French ship, and sword in hand took possession of her. So you know, as government couldn't do less, they made him a post captain and gave him the command of the La Pique. He had riddled her pretty tightly, I am after thinking, before he took her. Anyhow, when he was trying to bring her to close quarters with the La Seine,—down the French-built sinner went, like a broken crutch, or a Dutch bumboat, in the turn of a handspike! I suppose she would'nt fight against her own *build!* Howsever, ship or no ship, he took the La Seine too, andwas made commander of her next. Well, as I say, I'm saying, Davy went with her to the West Ingees. And there, after peppering away for an hour and a half at a ship as big again as his own a'most, he took the Vengeance, the prettiest French frigate that ever douced colours to a British Jack. Well, the humbug peace—the *Amen* peace, or what d'ye call it came; and my hearty was cooped up on the Leith station. But that was a funny peace, and a short one,—so my toughun kept firing away, all the rest of the war. I think it was in 1814, when promotion was the order of the day, he was made a rear admiral of the blue. And blow me!—all the world knows he was next in command to Lord Exmouth at the battle of Algiers in August 1816. Why—heads and limbs!—the Dey thought his ship (the Impregnable) was a sea devil!—Blow it! d'ye see, she was like a dozen volcanoes built into one. Two hundred and ten poor fellows lost lives and fins on board of her alone—double the loss of any ship in the squadron. Splice me!—but I say the ould Admiral's a downright goodun. He came home with the news,—and what did the city of London do,—but came and thanked the ould boy, and gave him a sword worth a hundred guineas. And then the Prince Regent made him a Rear Admiral of the White,—and he off to sea again, to take the command on the Halifax station. He was made a K. C. B. or something of that sort before he went;—but since he came home, they have made him a Baronet. And you all know how he took for a second wife, an amiable creature,—a neighbour of our own;—and bought Carsfield;—and stood for this borough—and—shiver me, I say the ould Admiral may be no politicianer, but I'm blowed if I hear a word spoken against him,—and that's all.

Mr. Timpin—Thank you, Mr. Jib—quite a graphic sketch upon my honour.

Mr. Classum—I regret that so respected a veteran,—so brave a man, and so excellent a seaman, should have delivered such sentiments as he expressed at Greenlaw. After talking a great deal of nonsense about levelling the constitution to the dust, and evidently showing that he mistakes the defects of the constitution for the constitution itself; he says—"What was the remedy proposed? Why that the man possessing £20,000 a-year should be reduced to the same level with a man renting a house worth ten pounds. Where was the utility of committing the privileges of legislation to individuals renting ten-pound houses. Would it be right, then, to bestow the elective franchise upon *such men?*"—Such, gentlemen, was the language used by Sir David Milne;—language, than which, none more insulting was ever offered to the intelligence and rights of the middle classes of Britain. If he is afraid,—or ashamed of being placed upon a level with the respectable ten-pound householder,—does not his very soul blush that he already is upon a level with the lowest and most degraded slave of slaves, who in the most rotten of rotten boroughs, in common with him, enjoys the privilege he would hold from the ten-pound householder?—Good heavens!—Does Admiral Milne mean, that a man is a part and a parcel of his grounds—of his house—or of his five—his ten—or his twenty thousand a-year!—Why, gentlemen, is it for *this* a man should have a vote—because he keeps his hounds, his horses and his carriages!—Why, a fool may do all this. No, gentlemen, it is not *enjoying* and *possessing* the wealth of a nation that entitles a man to a vote;—but it is the man who *labours* to produce that *wealth*,—it is the man who *creates* that wealth, yea it is every man who pays taxes, that is entitled to a vote.—It is not horses, hounds, and acres of earth that have a right to be represented in parliament,—but *men*, gentlemen,—high-minded, honest, intelligent *men*. He raised a cry, that should the Reform bill pass, the *landed interest* will be unrepresented. There are a hundred reformers in the country, who possess twenty acres for Admiral Milne's one,—who have had ten times his political experience, and have none of his political fears. But, gentlemen, landed interest representatives and commercial interest representatives, county representatives and town representatives are unconstitutional terms. He who is elected to a place in the representation of his country, is not the representative of any place, or of any one interest,—if he considers himself such, and acts accordingly, he is unfit for, and false to the office which he holds,—he is a traitor to his country. When he takes the oath and his seat, he is no longer the representative of any one city, county, or interest, nor is he a representative of England,—of Scotland,—or of Ireland; —nor of Scotland, England, and Ireland united,—but he is the sworn representative, and a watch set over the difficult and complicated interests, of the whole immense British empire.—He talks of the injustice the Bill will do to the Scotch *paper voters*. There is mockery in the very term. He calls paper voting a *property*, and talks of the right being sold with the land;—gentlemen, no elective franchise constitutes a property,—even where legally obtained, it is only a *trust*,—and the nation can take up that trust when it will, without injustice to the parties, to whom the trust was originally committed. He wishes a recompence to be made to the paper voters. For what?—Gentlemen, if I place a deed in any of your hands, during my pleasure, and from the holding of which you receive a benefit, am I indebted to you, or called upon to make any restitution to you, when I find it necessary to take the deed into my own possession, and that too from the evil use which you have made of it.—Such is the case of the Admiral's paper voters.

Dr. Ayton—I admire his objection to the ten-pound householders, because they will be easily bribed by the Agent of some rich man, as he affirms. Now, gentlemen, you all know that under the present system, bribery is impossible. Such a thing never was heard of. The wealthy and respectable constituency now throughout the country, particularly in our boroughs, never knew the meaning of a bribe. And under the present system the Treating Act never caused a gentleman to lose his seat! But a beggarly fellow who only pays ten pounds a-year for his house might be bought and sold for a quart of ale!—*Verbum sat. sapienti.*

Mr. Neptune—The mover of the next motion was George Buchan, Esq. of Kelloe; and I do not mean to speak slightingly of the virtues and abilities of the other gentlemen present, for so far as I know, they are all honourable, well-intentioned men,—when I say that the presence of Mr. Buchan gave a moral elevation to the meeting.

Mr. Feuar—Mr. Buchan is a sincere good christian;—an ornament to religion, a pattern to the rich, and an honour to his country. My certes, if our Tories were a' like Buchan there would be little need for Reform.

Mr. Dalton—He is a man of high virtues and exemplary piety, benevolent, and beloved by every one.

Mr. Jib—And a hardy tar into the bargain. Why blow me, I'm saying, a sight at a mile off, of the half that Buchan has gone through, would serve a whole harbour full of fresh water lubbers for victuals and grog for seven years,—for I'm capsized if they would ever need either the one or the other again.

Mr. Neptune—As a christian I revere him,—I admire his virtues,—and esteem him as a man, but I detest and deplore his politics. Mr. Buchan's speech was a flourish of trumpets,—a volume of sound —signifying nothing; and his language in one instance—the language of an inflamed and intolerant bigot. He boldly said that "no punishment could be devised severe enough to punish any one, who would advise a creation of peers!" I will not comment upon this language —it carries its own character. But I will advert to the subject for a moment. When Pitt—the landowners' Alpha and Omega—wished to add a hundred members to the Counties, and failed,—to what measure did he resort to obtain the corrupt, and dangerous influence of the crown in which he had been thwarted?—HE RAISED THIRTY OF HIS TOOLS TO THE PEERAGE! And those thirty *new lords* returned FORTY MEMBERS to the *House of Commons*. But for these thirty Pitt tools, and the last Bill would have passed, with the approbation of all the old nobility of the country. And if Pitt created thirty lords to oppress the nation—has not the nation—the government—our good old king, an undoubted right to create thirty more, to destroy the yoke of Pitt's thirty?

They ask us if we understand the duty and importance of the House of Peers?—I think both may be summed up in a few words,—they are to stand *between* the king and the people, to prevent oppression on the one hand, and democratic phrensy on the other. But they are not to stand *against* the king, the government and the people. There is a difference betwixt standing on the breach, and tauntingly springing upon the wall. Their duty is to *reconcile* both, not to *oppose* both. They are as the face of the king to the nation. And every mixed government must be in a continual state of improvement. Revolution is the burden of Mr. Buchan's speech, and he tells us that concession was the ruin of Louis XVI. Was concession the ruin of his brother Charles?—It was not concession that brought Louis to the scaffold. Louis was a weak addle-headed, well-meaning fool. To-day he was the friend of the people,—to-morrow he was governed by his unfortunate, but prejudiced and bigotted wife; and the next day by whoever happened to be minister. After making some concessions, had he not in 1789, when the States-general became embodied in the National Assembly, wished to destroy the assembly by *military power*, and crush the people of Paris by putting them *to the sword*, he or his family had still reigned. The knowledge of this necessarily exasperated the citizens; and then did the patriotic and immortal La Fayette carry a measure in the teeth of him and his ministers, that they should be responsible for every attack upon the rights and liberties of the nation. Still all would have been tranquil, had *his*, or rather *his queen's* sentiments, not been imbibed by his body guard, who were odious to the people,—and who insultingly offered indignities to the people's symbol of Freedom. Then the already inflamed nation was aroused; and then indeed did Louis begin the trade of yielding when the infuriated multitude had entered his very palace, and stained it with the blood of those who surrounded him. And then he found too late, Royalty was only a name. But for the best account of those facts, which has been laid before the world, and which made the Revolution popular in Britain,—I refer you to the pages of our own eloquent and enlightened HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Mr. DALTON—What do you mean by saying *our own*, Mr. NEPTUNE?

Mr. NEPTUNE—Simply, that the elegant translator of "Paul and Virginia"—the Authoress of "Letters from France, in the summer of 1790"—of several of the most eloquent political works in our language, and of much exquisite poetry, resided in our good town of Berwick upon Tweed, until she was eighteen years of age.

Mr. CLASSUM—What! have we the honour of calling the most accomplished female writer of the age *our* townswoman.

Mr. NEPTUNE—We have—and more hereafter. Mr. Buchan admits the system of representation in Scotland is "*exclusively aristocratic!*" If we have this barefaced confession, how, in the name of common-sense, how can the representatives be the representatives of the people,—when even he admits that it is a subject in which they who are concerned have no *voice*—no *share*. And according to him they have no right to have either. Why even thc Toriest of Tory lords—*Wharncliffe*—thought the Scotch system so odiously bad, that the Reform proposed by the last Bill would meet with no opposition. And the great Lord Chancellor Thurlow said "the Scotch representation was a downright MOCKERY of the name of representation." Scotland is a mere nest of rotten boroughs. The chief fear expressed by Mr. Buchan and the others is, that Reform will enable us to shake off those *opes irritamenta malorum*—the Corn Laws. These, gentlemen, are a mill-stone around the neck of our commerce and manufactures. British power lies in two things—so said Burke—in our Constitution and Commerce. Now, gentlemen, these laws, by raising the necessaries of life, make the price of labour such, that in every market we must of necessity be shortly cut out by the manufacturers of other countries. But for these laws, and we could produce corn and manufactures cheaper than any country,—but these laws render us unable to sell. They are a disgrace to our statute book. If we speak of the fetters imposed upon our commerce by the American tariff—the American points the finger of scorn at our Corn Laws—saying, behold the cause!—and we blush in confusion. Is it not against the just law of nations—as it is against the law of nature, that wheat should be consuming in the granaries of the people of Poland, while they are in want of the manufactures of our country to clothe them, and we are in need of their wasting corn to feed us. At present, gentlemen, we have not time to enter upon the subject; and I therefore propose that the CORN LAWS and the principles of FREE TRADE, form the subject of conversation on another meeting.

Mr. DALTON—Gentlemen, I protest against—

Mr. NEPTUNE—Gentlemen, I insist—

Mr. FEUAR—Weel, Sirs, as it is getting late, I've only this to say, I will then gie ye my views upon the subject as a practical farmer. And in the meantime, I'll just gie ye a bit sang upon the subject o' Reform, by way o' saying "gude nicht and joy be wi' ye a'."

CHORUS—Reform is routing them a'! them a'!
Reform is routing them a'!
Auld Bigotry's dieing, an' slavery's fleeing,
An' Liberty's shouting hurra! hurra!

I.

O! YE are the wale o' kings, Willie—
O ye are the wale o' kings!—
Glad Freedom leugh,—when a chield sae teugh,
Gae Slavery's laws the fling, Willie!

II.

We're owre wise now for slaves, Willie—
We're owre wise now for slaves!—
A nation's word—is a mighty sword!—
It shouts like a thousand waves, Willie!

III.

Folk say that might is right, Willie—
Folk say that might is right!—
If this be true—I wat it is now
When country an' king unite, Willie!

IV.

And wha before us stand, Willie?
An wha before us stand?
But men o' straw,—at the best are a'
Corruption's feckless band, Willie!

V.

We've souls within our breasts, Willie!
We've souls within our breasts!—
We'll no be slaves, to poor lordly knaves,
Nor yet to owre-fed priests, Willie.

VI.

We felt oppression's heel, Willie!
We felt oppression's heel!
We felt it gore,—and we patient bore,
A yoke o' *gilded* steel, Willie!

VII.

But now we'll hae REFORM, Willie!—
But now we'll hae REFORM!
A fig for foes!—can shadows oppose
The wrath o' an ocean storm, Willie!

Exeunt Omnes—IN FULL CHORUS!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

My baby! my poor dying one! it is a rending thing,
To hang o'er helpless infancy, and see it withering
In deep and silent anguish, like a pale and early flower
That has met the tempest in its might, in a cold and wintry hour.

It is not well for thee, my babe, when thine own mother's breast,—
That holiest home of all the earth,—can't lull thee o'er to rest;
And yet, perhaps, my sorrowing has dimm'd thy bright young brow,
And brought the hand of sickness down upon my first-born now.

I do repent me of my grief, for though the spoiler's sword
Hath slain thy honour'd sire, and smote the chosen of the Lord,
I know my deep maternity could well have borne their chain,
Had thy smile shed its soothing o'er the mind and body's pain.

Oh! had my impious murmuring—my hours of dark despair
Been spent with HIM, the Comforter, in confidence of prayer,
I might have lean'd upon HIS staff, when crush'd with human ill,
And seen the Everlasting Arms encircling Judah still!—

But we are like a scatter'd flock, without a shelt'ring fold,
And our Almighty Shepherd's voice is silent as of old
When Israel served the Hivites' gods, and bow'd a willing knee
To Baalim and the groves, and did despite, O God, to THEE.

Our harps that on the willows hang have lost their buoyant tone,
And our crush'd spirits have forgot the music once their own;
And yet the Gentile asks for mirth who did us captive bring,
As if the exil'd Hebrew could the songs of Zion sing!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou city of our God!
My thoughts will ever linger where my soul hath its abode;—
And from thy hallowed temple they never shall depart
Till penitence and tears subdue the hard and stony heart.

The rivers of proud Babylon are not like Jordan's tide,
For there the palm and olive grow in all their summer pride;
And yet forsaken Israel must weep by Babel's streams,
And only hail their father-land in slumber's broken dreams.

Thou wak'st my babe, thy mother's voice, thou seem'st to know once more,
Or dost thou take a farewell look, ere life's last struggle's o'er,
Woe! for thy vine-clad home! that thou from Judah's land art thrust,
When thy young heart, my fatherless! is gather'd to the dust!

Oh! when in Sharon's plain ye smil'd on thy young mother's knee,
And when those hands the rose-buds wove in rich long wreathes for thee;
She little thought that hour would wane, when she must sit and wail
In widow'd solitude to find life's fairest promise fail!

Thou'lt leave my fostering breast to make thy cradle in the grave,—
And take thy quiet rest where now yon weeping willows wave;
But pure as dew of Hermon shall my tear-drops fall to steep
The flowers that deck the spot where he, my undefil'd, shall sleep,

Thy gentle grasp is on me now, yet ah! it but reveals,
The keen, and heart-consuming pain thy heaving bosom feels,—
And now there's nothing in that gaze—the light—the life is fled—
Support me, O thou Rock of Strength! my beautiful is dead!

THE ALPINE HORN.

From the German of Reichard.

The Alpine Horn has in the high-lands of Switzerland, besides the tuning of the *cow-call*, another religious and solemn use. When the sun has set in the vale, and the heavenly light gleams only on the summit of the snowy mountains, then the shepherd, who lives on the highest of the Alps, takes his horn, and exclaims through this speaking-trumpet—PRAISE GOD THE LORD! All the shepherds in the neighbourhood, as soon as they hear the sound, issue from their huts, take their horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts for the space of a quarter of an hour, and from the mountains and the sides of the rocks, the echo is heard to articulate the name of God. At length a solemn stillness succeeds. All pray, kneeling, and with uncovered head. In the mean time, it is become perfectly dark. GOOD NIGHT! now again cries the highest inhabitant through his *Sprachrohr* [*]; GOOD NIGHT! reverberates from every mountain, from the horns of the shepherds and the clefts of the rocks. Hereupon, each lays himself down to rest.

[*] Speaking-trumpet.

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

WHERE, oh where is Babylon?
The crown is off her brow;
And the City of bright palaces
Is desolation now!

Where, oh where is Babylon,
The Queen of Cities where?
The night-bird haunts her silent tombs,
And the wild beast's cry is there!

Where, oh where is Babylon,
The scepter'd City where?
The desert robber spreads his tent,
And feeds his camels there!

Where, oh where is Babylon,
The home of golden towers?
The serpent hisses in her halls,
And the dragon in her bowers!

Where, oh where is Babylon?
The bittern's hollow cry
Re-echoes round the reedy marsh
Where the broken columns lie!

Where, oh where is Babylon?
The deep pool mantles o'er,
With its silent robe, her gorgeous domes,
And Babylon is no more!

Where, oh where is Babylon?
The crown is off her brow;
And the City of bright palaces
Is desolation now!

◆

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Translated from the German.

FRATERNALLY embracing each other, the angel of Sleep and the angel of Death traversed the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down on a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy silence prevailed round about, and the evening-bell ceased in the distant hamlets.

Still and mute, as is their way, sat the two beneficent Genii of the human race in a confidential affection, and already night approached.

Then rose the angel of Sleep from his moss-grown couch, and strewed with a wary hand the invisible grains of slumber. The night-breezes bore them to the quiet habitation of the tired country man. Now sweet sleep enveloped the inmates of the rural cottages, from the hoary veteran, who leans upon a staff, to the suckling, in the cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his grief, poverty its cares. All eyes were closed.—

Now, business being finished, the beneficent angel of Sleep lay down again by his sterner brother. When the morning red awoke, he exclaimed in joyful innocence,—'Then men praise me as their friend and benefactor! O what joy to do good unseen and secretly! How happy are we the invisible messengers of the good spirit! How beautiful our calm vocation!'

So spake the friendly angel of Sleep.

The angel of Death regarded him with silent sadness, and a tear, as the immortals weep, entered into his large dark eye. 'Ah,' said he, 'that I cannot, like thee, enjoy the cheerful thanks. The earth calls me its foe and the spoiler of its pleasures!'—'Oh my brother,' replied the angel of Sleep, 'will not also the good man, on awakening, acknowledge thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brethren and messengers of one father?'

Thus spake he,—then the eye of the Death-angel sparkled, and the fraternal Genii embraced each other more tenderly.

THE SPIRIT'S DREAM.

BY THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON, A. M.

Recal me not to this mortal life,
  Recal me not—oh! recal me not!
Away let me speed, till this scene of strife,
  Of sin and sorrow be all forgot.

Away let me soar—away, away—
  Borne on melody's airy wing,—
Away to the home of eternal day,
  Where grief no more my being may wring.

Let me glide with sister-seraphs along
  Thro' bowers and meads of immortal bloom,
Where viewless harps, with their heavenly song,
  May banish all records of earthly gloom.

Let me mingle with those that have gone before—
  The loved, the lost in life's young day,—
Mingle—to part no more, no more!
  I come, bright Spirits! oh! lead the way!

I come! I come! for I feel your call,
  Like the touch of hope on the thrilling heart:—

Alas! I ween by that lessening fall
And that passing tone, that ye will depart!

Oh! I long for the land of souls in vain,
For mine earthly dwelling entombs me yet:
But come, sweet voices! come oft again,
That my dreams of bliss I may never forget!

THE SICK WIDOW.

From the Italian of Soave.

While a person of high rank was passing early one morning, incognito and alone, by the suburbs of Vienna, he saw a youth about twelve years old approach him, and who, with downcast and tearful eye, and with timid and desponding voice, began to ask him for some relief. The youth's genteel air, his composed behaviour, the blush which overspread his countenance, the tears which bedewed his eyelids, and his tremulous, faultering and broken voice, made a deep impression on this stranger's mind.—"You do not seem," said he to him, "to have been born to ask alms: what is it that reduces you to this extremity?"

With the deepest feeling of sorrow, the youth replied, "Alas! certainly I was not born in this miserable condition. The misfortunes of my father, and the unhappy state in which my mother is at present, oblige me to apply to the charitable for support. My father was a merchant, had gained considerable credit, and was beginning to make a fortune. The failure of one of his partners ruined him entirely. And to add to our misfortunes, unable to survive his disaster, and in consequence of it, he died a month after, of a broken heart. My mother, a younger brother and I were left in extreme distress. I found an asylum with one of my father's friends. My mother, by her industry, supported, till now, herself and my younger brother. But to-night, she was suddenly seized with a violent distemper, and I fear for her life. I am destitute of every thing, have no money, and know not how to bring her relief. Not accustomed to beg, I want confidence to present myself to any who knows me. Sir, you seemed to be a stranger, and therefore I attempted, at first sight, to overcome before you the bashfulness which I feel. Alas! have pity on my unhappy mother! give me the means to relieve her!" Saying thus, he burst into tears, and the stranger was much affected.

Does your mother live far from this?" said the stranger, earnestly.

"Not far: at the end of this street, in the last house on the left hand—on the third floor."

"Has any physician visited her yet?"

"I was going to seek one; but I know neither how to reward him, nor how to provide what he shall prescribe for her."

The stranger pulled a few florins out of his purse, and offering them to him, said, "Go call a physician to your mother, and bring her all the relief in your power."

The youth, having kindly thanked his benefactor, with expressions simple indeed, but full of heart-felt gratitude, departed instantly. When he had gone out of sight, the stranger instantly determined to visit the unhappy widow. He ascended the stair, and entered into a small chamber, in which he saw two or three rush-bottomed chairs, a few kitchen utensils, a rude and ill-constructed table, an old chest of drawers, and a bed upon which the invalid was lying. She was very sick, and her little son was sobbing at the foot of her bed. She tried to comfort him, but she herself had most need of comfort.

The tender-hearted stranger addressed her, and having comforted her a little, began as a physician to interrogate her respecting her disease. In a correct manner she told him the symptoms of it; then said with sighs and tears: "Ah! Sir, my disease springs from a cause too deep, and medicine cannot remedy it. I am the mother—the unhappy mother of two very wretched children. Their misfortunes and my own have struck too deep into this heart. Death alone can terminate my woes; and it makes me tremble for the desolation in which my poor children shall be left." With this, her tears increased; she told her misfortunes, which the supposed physician already knew, and which drew fresh tears to his eyes.

He said to her at length; "Take courage, do not despair yet, Heaven will not leave you in forgetfulness. I compassionate your misfortunes; Providence is bountiful; you shall not be abandoned. In the meantime, be careful to preserve a life, which is so very precious for your two children. Have you any writing paper?"

She tore a blank leaf from a book, on which the boy at the foot of the bed was reading. The stranger, after having written, said, "This remedy will yield you some relief: in a little we shall apply more effective medicine, be careful, and you shall shortly be well again." He left the note, which he had written, upon the table, and departed.

The elder son returned a few minutes after. "My dear mother," said he, "keep up your spirits: Heaven has pity upon us. See the money which a gentleman has very generously given me this morning; it shall support us for a few days. I have gone for a physician, and he will be here in a little. Quiet your grief and be comforted."

"Ah! Son!" the astonished mother replied—"Come that I may embrace you! Heaven assists your innocence. Yes! Providence shall always protect us. A physician, with whom I am unacquainted, left me just now; his recipe is upon the table; go, bring me what he prescribes."

Her son took up the note: perused it with great astonishment; he examined it, he read it again, then exclaimed, "O mother! What is this!"

The mother, astonished and perplexed, took the paper and read it with impatience.—"Oh heaven!—The Emperor!!"—"Saying this, the paper fell from her hand, and she swooned away. The note was an order from Augustus II., in which he assigned her a livelihood from his private treasury. The physician came in time to recover the mother from the swoon into which surprise had cast her.

The widow soon recovered her former health, as the principal cause of her affliction had been distress of mind. The generous monarch, loaded with praises and blessings, experienced the pleasure of having restored health and life, and of having rendered again comfortable and happy, an honest family, brought to misery by the sad reverses of fortune

CRITICAL NOTICES.

---

1. *The Young Man's Working Companion.* The Physician:—I. Cholera.

This is another of the valuable publications under the superintendence of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Nothing could be more appropriate at this season of contagion and alarm. By the assistance here furnished, the working classes, who are much exposed to infectious distempers, will be enabled to resist the malignant attacks of the pestilence. Recognizing the leading principle of the Temperance Societies—*that it is easier to prevent than to cure*—"The Physician" communicates abundance of the best advice at the cheapest rate.

2. *The Anatomy of Drunkenness.* By Robert Macnish, Author of "The Philosophy of Sleep."—M'Phun—Glasgow.

A propos! Have the members of the Temperance Societies possessed themselves of this admirable volume? If not, it is full time they should. A better friend or a stauncher and abler advocate of their cause than Mr. Macnish does not exist. He is a man of science, and his book,—unlike the fry of pamphlets and duodecimos ever and anon sent down upon us from the shallow waters whose source is traceable to the *cacoethes scribendi*,—has all the freshness and plumpness of an inhabitant of the deep and vigorous streams of professional knowledge. A sound and searching sense, an erudite application of scientific principles, clear and nervous argument are the characteristics of the Anatomy of Drunkenness.

3. *Considerations on the Moral Causes, Objects, and Preventives of Pestilence; to which are appended, from approved documents, "Directions for the Prevention and Treatment of Spasmodic Cholera."* By the Rev. P. Macindoe, A. M. Chirnside.—T. Melrose—Berwick.

Mr. Macindoe is, without doubt, a person of wonderful industry and good parts. How he contrives to perform the laborious duties of the sacred office and appear so often in the capacity of author at the same time, he himself best knows. He assuredly is master of some super-eminent recipe for *husbanding time.* Be that as it may, he has written a great deal, and a great deal to the purpose.

We confess to having sat down to the perusal of the little work beside us with a degree of prejudice, arising, in the first instance, from a sight of the title-page, which seemed to include a branch of enquiry beyond a clergyman's province, and which immediately suggested to our mind the Latin proverb—*ne sutor ultra crepidam;* and in the second, from a glance at the opening of the discourse, where we find an assertion neither true in the letter nor in the spirit. A portion of our dislike disappeared on observing that the *appendix* consisted merely of a few extracts from the reports of the London and Edinburgh Boards of Health, which we would recommend to the *Berwick* committee. Not so with the remainder. When Mr. Macindoe affirms, that the cholera "weakens the mental faculties," and understanding him in the *spirit* of the expression, he affirms the opposite to the truth, for all medical men agree in reporting an unimpaired correctness of ideas and an unaltered consciousness as a prominent feature of the disease—even to its last stage, when mortification pervades the whole body and the beating of the pulse becomes imperceptible. Equally wide of the truth is he by supposing at all, that the mental faculties are *weakened*. This is a doctrine which, we are confident, the reverend gentleman does not *preach*, although on common occasions he may be led astray by an erroneous vulgarism. Does not he and his brethren frequently tell us, that the soul or the mind is an indestructible agent, that it cannot be affected in its essence by death or disease, and that, on the contrary, its faculties—so to denominate the various mental operations—are always moving in a forward state of improvement or deterioration, as the case may be, in time, and will continue to advance to higher degrees of virtue and happiness or of wickedness and woe throughout eternity? Remembering this and that *it* is founded in *truth*—in observation and experience, is it not absurd to say, "the mental faculties are weakened?" One word more of carping, and we have done. Let Mr. Macindoe repair to some reputable lexicon and learn the difference between the words *depositary* and *depository*.

The sequel is of a more pleasing description. We finished the reading of the neat little book before us with a regret that it ended so soon. The author is evidently a searcher of the scriptures, his thoughts are manly and consonant, and he is just poetical enough to lend a charm to the otherwise grave and sober complexion of his prose:—not that his diction is ordinary or his exhortations austere,—we rather mean that the one harmonizes with the subject and the other breathes a spirit of sympathy, of solemnity and of earnestness. The impressions produced on us by the serious and well-timed voice from Chirnside are of a kind to demand from us a warm and unqualified eulogium on its useful and beneficial tendency. And while we would persuade every grade of a pestilence-stricken public to exchange a few pence for these seventy-eight valuable pages, our sincere desire and firm hope is, that like ourselves, they will feel themselves delighted, instructed and edified. We could add much, and diversify our remarks with several quotations. In conclusion, however, the author himself shall speak for us—"I have thus finished the doctrinal remarks respecting pestilence which providence seemed to require at the present crisis. I have endeavoured, neither to excite undue alarm, nor to lull you in unbecoming security, but to illustrate sound principles that cannot be disputed, and urge seasonable warnings that should not be rejected."

MATHEMATICS.

We intend, by way of experiment, to devote a very limited space to the Mathematical department. Our printer being in possession of neither diagrams nor algebraical characters, and unwilling at present to swell his expenses, scientific correspondents are requested to plan their questions and solutions accordingly. In future, it is expected that communications connected with the subject will be the *bona fide* original productions of the writers, whose names are attached to the notes or may be published along with the articles. At all events, the *solutions* must be so. We grant unto our thinking friends a period of three weeks to answer the following

QUESTIONS.

1. A person at a tavern borrowed as much money as he had about him, and out of the whole spent 1s.; he went to a second tavern where he also borrowed as much as he had then about him, and out of the whole spent 1s.; and going on in this manner to a third and fourth tavern, he found, after spending his shilling at the latter, that he had nothing left;—how much money had he at first?

2. Divide 48 into two numbers, so that 48 being divided by these numbers separately, the sum of the quotients may be $5\frac{1}{3}$.—

3. A gentleman dying left a circular estate (the rent of which at 20s. per acre, would exactly surround it in shillings allowing an inch to each shilling) to be divided amongst four sons, four daughters, and a grand-daughter in the following manner; each of the sons to have a circle inscribed in a quarter of the great circle; each of the daughters to have the land inclosed between the circumference of the great circle and two of the small circles; and the grand-daughter to have the land in the centre of the great circle inclosed by the four small circles. It is required without diagram or algebraical characters to determine how many acres belonged to each?

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

Fullarton and Co., Glasgow, have in the Press A History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans, by James Browne, Esq., LL. D., Advocate. The author intends to divide his work into two parts, viz. "first, a general history of the Highlands from the earliest to the present times; and, secondly, a detailed account, partly genealogical and partly historical, of each sept or clan into which the aboriginal population was divided, interspersed with such notices of local traditions, usages, peculiarities, and other circumstances, as are necessarily excluded from a general history, yet serve to illustrate those varieties of character and feeling observable amongst the different tribes of a people long subject to a species of government partly feudal and partly patriarchal."

Mr. William Tait, of 78, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, has secured a David to oppose the gigantic and terror-striking frame of Blackwood's Goliath. The warrior of the sling is to throw his first pebble in April; and if his aim be only *almost* as well taken and his stone as well guided as that of the conquering Israelite, he of Gath will stagger tremendously and leave the stripling candidate for fame all but master of the field. We need hardly notify, that **Tait's Magazine** will be the fearless and uncompromising advocate of Reform.

Nichols and Son, Parliament Street, London, have advertised, handsomely printed in folio, Vol. III. of the History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham, by Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Esq. F. S. A.; and also, in folio, the first portion or half of the History of North Durham, by the Rev. James Raine, M. A. &c., accompanied with engravings of the Priory of Holy Island, of Norham Church, &c., and intended to render complete the former work. The second and concluding part is expected to be ready in eighteen months. It will contain the Border History of the Eastern Marches, compiled principally from sources hitherto unexplored, the remainder of the Parochial History of the three districts, together with the History of Berwick upon Tweed, and the religious establishments of Farne and Coldingham.

The tidings will be received with satisfaction that Mr. J. M. Wilson will deliver his popular "Biographical and Critical Lectures on the Poets of Britain" in this his native town, in the course of the ensuing Spring. It will be recollected that it was here, before an audience of his townsmen, that Mr. W. began his career as a Lecturer, and here he intends bringing it to a close. How much the Lectures have added to his reputation may be known by the panegyrics bestowed on him by the Press in every part of England and Scotland. The Biographical and Critical Lectures are entirely distinct from those he formerly delivered in Berwick.—From some of the Journals now before us, we perceive that the *Manchester Chronicle* says—"As a Lecturer he is decidedly without an equal," and adds that his manner and intonation strikingly resemble those of Lord Chancellor Brougham. And the *Times* states that his complete mastery over and delineation of every passion, to the perfect command of every movement of his finger and every glance of his eye, can only be equalled by our greatest dramatic performers, &c.

◆

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 22d ult., at Dunse Castle, the Lady of William Hay, Esq., of a daughter.

At Langton Manse, Berwickshire, on the 14th ult., Mrs. Dr. Brown of a daughter.

On the 9th instant, the Lady of Thomas Gilchrist, Esq., Union-street, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th ult., at Hutton, Mr. Alexander Taylor, tenant of Paxton North Mains, to Miss Stephenson.

At Reston, on the 18th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Stark of Ayton, Mr. Hendrie, cabinet-maker, Edinburgh, to Agnes, third daughter of Mr. David Nesbit, Reston.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, on the 22d ult. Mr. John Scott, cabinet-maker, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Newcomb, Union-street, Berwick.

DEATHS.

Here, on the 22d ult., aged 64, Mr. John Fox. He was upwards of thirty years surveyor of works under the auspices of the late John Rennie, Esq., and the present Sir John Rennie.

On the 27th ult. John, only son of Mr. John M'Lemen, Hardware merchant, High-street, aged 12.

At Long Newton House, on the 10th ult., Mr. Thomas Carmichael, late corn-merchant in this town.

At Scremerston, on the 24th ult., the infant daughter of R. Johnson, Esq., of Byker.

At West Barns, East Lothian, on the 23d ult., Mr. Thomas Graham, parochial schoolmaster, aged 54, much regretted.

On the 31st ult., Mr. Patrick Hogg, tailor, High-greens, aged 73.

At Lindsay Cottage, Cheltenham, on the 28th January, aged 80, Dr. Bell, author of the celebrated system of education, which bears his name, and the munificent donor to various national institutions of sums amounting to £120,000.

Here, on the 3d inst., aged 76, Alice, widow of Mr. James Crow, of Tweedmouth.

At Hutton, on the 26th ult., Elizabeth Smith, wife of Mr. John Whitlaw, aged 56.

On the 3d inst., at the Rectory, Trowbridge, the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B., the celebrated poet, in his 78th year.

On the 10th inst., at Longridge Manse, the Rev. John Brown, eldest son of the late Rev. J. Brown, D. D. Haddington.

◆

To Readers and Correspondents.

In consequence of the length of the articles for this month, which could not be delayed, many excellent pieces are postponed; but all shall appear in due time.

In the report of the Border Literary and Political Club, we could find it in our heart to qualify some expressions and oppose certain doctrines. For example, when it is asserted, that every man paying taxes is entitled to vote, we would observe—that the power should be proportioned to the amount of interest to be represented. On this principle we approve of the Bill now pending in Parliament, which confers on persons of property more than *one* vote, when such property is so situated as to admit of increased suffrages. In like manner, we think the ten-pound clause expresses in general a just average of the representative rights of the people—the great body of the tax-paying population. The idea of universal suffrage we abhor. We abstain, however, from applying the instrument of correction, lest we should injure the spirit of the production in question.

The MSS. of our friends are all in safe keeping.

The Lines to the Lady of Pasture Hill are inadmissible. The languishing swain, who indites them, had better content himself with the garb of plain prose, seeing that the rich folds of poesy ill assort with the poverty of his thoughts.

The admirable sketch by the Author of "Perkin Warbeck" in next Number.

THE

BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. V.] MARCH, 1832. [Vol. I.

ANNALS OF BERWICK.

Continued from page 153.

David was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm IV., designated *The Maiden*. He came at a very early age to the possession of the Scottish throne, not having reached beyond his twelfth year, and took the first opportunity in his power, after he had taken the government of his kingdom into his own hands, (in doing which he had been much delayed by the turbulency of his chieftains, who had forced him for his security into a close connexion with Henry II., of England,) to extend the fortifications of Berwick, which his grandfather began by the erecting of the castle. He therefore set about encompassing the town with a wall six feet in height, and of a thickness, as is visible from the remains to be seen at this day, not of greater proportion than was necessary to sustain it; and for its defence he caused, on its eastern side, three *forts* or *redoubts* to be raised, of the *first* of which, that is at the north-east angle, there are yet some remains: the *second*, of which nothing but its site is now distinguishable, stood at about two furlongs directly east of one of the entrances into the town, now known by the name of the *Cowgate*, between which and the fort there was a covered way, evident enough yet to every observer: the site of the *third* is covered by the King's bastion. Besides the Cowgate we have just noticed, there were also three other gates of entry into the town,—one from the north, where now is the Toll-house, and originally called Saint Mary's Gate; another entering from the south, at the foot of what, at the present day, is called the *Bankhill*, at which the old bridge from Tweedmouth terminated; the third was the Shoregate, the situation of which, we are disposed to conjecture, has never been changed since the erection of the ancient walls,—which walls, we must further add, comprehended within their area the different portions of the town, as we behold them at this day, to-wit, what is contained within the present fast dilapidating fortifications, the Castlegate, and the Greenses.

The *Bell Tower*, of which so much is yet standing, now bespeaks our attention. That it was an exploratory one to apprise the garrisons of the castle and town of the approach of an enemy, can scarcely be doubted,—nor that the signal having been given by a *Bell*, did not give it the name it still retains; yet, that its existence is coeval with the finishing of the castle, as we know many persons are disposed to imagine, we think is very disputable. Its construction, and the style of its architecture which is somewhat elaborate, certainly confirm it of a later date, but of how much later we know of no historic evidence to guide us even to a surmise. It may be proper, however, to notice, that there was a *tower* of the same kind, visible from the castle, standing on Hide hill, so far down as to the middle of the sixteenth century; and that in the year 1460 there were in Northumberland eighty-seven such towers, no town in that county of any consequence being without one. To enter, however, into, or to indulge in any surmises for what purposes they were raised, would be digressing farther from the history we are principally engaged in, than would be prudent. Perhaps the Border feuds might have induced the necessity of them for the protection of the inhabitants of the towns.

To advert again to the walls:—they remained in the state Malcolm left them at his death, until king Robert Bruce added four feet to their height, and planted some towers around them, and this he saw the necessity of for the future defence of the town, after two or three violent assaults on it, in which he failed, by Edward II. They were again repaired, and some additional defence devised and executed by the order of James III., about the year 1480, only two years before Edward IV. made himself master of the town, and after which it never could be recovered from England by a Scottish monarch. Still further were these walls strengthened, at the expence of between five and six thousand pounds, by some bulwarks, in the short reign of Mary of England; but what these bulwarks were, and where placed, we can give no account, though we have not been indolent in our research to inform ourselves. One circumstance more, of historic fact, is only left us to relate regarding these *walls*, which is, that the first cannon fired by the English in warfare was pointed against *them*, and this happened in the reign of Henry IV. of England and Robert III. of Scotland, and no doubt sufficiently convinced both monarchs of the necessity of other more effectual defence to towns, than walls ten feet high. Berwick had enjoyed perfect tranquillity during the whole reign of Malcolm, who died A. D. 1165, having governed his kingdom with justice and mildness for thirteen years, leaving his throne to his brother William, designated, for his valour, the *Lyon*. His valour, however, it is more than probable, had better been wanting in him, as he failed in prudence and a due regard to the quiet and prosperity of his kingdom in the use he made of it. For no sooner was he seated on his throne, than he thought proper to urge claims to Northumberland as a portion of his inheritance, which not being listened to by Henry II. who was then sovereign of England, he hesitated not at an immediate invasion of it, and of Cumberland as well; and at a second invasion of the former county, (for he had failed in a previous one) he was surprised and taken prisoner at Alnwick, which he had been labouring for some days to blockade, by a party of English. To get himself freed from this disgraceful dilemma he instantly made over his kingdom to Henry, and now it was that the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, destined to become, as it were, the shuttlecock of contention between the kingdoms of England and Scotland for future centuries, first fell under the sway of a monarch of the former. This took place A. D. 1174. Fifteen years after—when Henry II. was in his grave—Richard Cœur de Lyon who succeeded to his crown, to provide himself with the means of indulging his passion for a crusade he had been long meditating against Palestine, released William of the vassalage of Scotland, and put the fortress of Berwick into his possession for the paltry sum of ten thousand merks. England having, at Richard's demise, fallen under the government and regal sway of his brother John, this monarch attempted a serious annoyance to Berwick, by beginning an erection of a castle in Tweedmouth, from which, after two or three unavailing efforts to accomplish the task, he was finally obliged by William the Lyon to desist.

William lived not long after this; he died A. D. 1214, having reigned forty-nine years, and left his kingdom to his son, Alexander II., when John took it into his head, nor staid long ere he resolved, to lay claim to the paramountry of Scotland, notwithstanding the recent renouncement of it by his brother Richard. Being resisted in his extravagant demand by Alexander, he determined on invading the kingdom, which he did by way of Carlisle, and *entered Berwick;* but soon finding from the efforts of Alexander, of which he had quick intelligence, to oust him, that he should not be able to retain it for any length of time, he caused it to be set fire to, and much of the town fell a prey to the flames, but not before, consonant to the brutality of his disposition, of which he had given antecedent proofs on his way from Carlisle by laying waste all the country before him, he had caused numbers of the inhabitants of both sexes—sparing neither old nor young, no—not even children,—to be put to death. This monster dying A. D. 1216, after a reign of twenty years, Alexander recovered the possession of the town from Henry III., and immediately set about rebuilding the habitations that were then laying in ashes, which he did in a style far superior to that of the former ones; and the more to embellish the town, or possibly in gratitude to heaven on its being restored to him, founded two additional monasteries, and as these were the last monasteries with which Berwick was embellished, we think we cannot do better now, than to proceed to give what account we have been able to collect in our researches of all of *them*, as well as of the churches standing therein, and in its immediate vicinage, at the death of Alexander II. which took place A. D. 1249.

MONASTERIES, &c.

THE first monastery upon record, said to have been at the period of Alexander's death, in existence in Berwick, was founded, but by whom we are without information, "pro ministro et Fratribus Sanctæ Trinitatis," for so runs its dedication. Its brotherhood were denominated *Red*, and sometimes *Rented* Friars, from their being endowed with several mortifications. They followed the rule of St. Augustin, and had a church, called the chapel of Ravendale, appropriated to their service; the brethren of the house, in the reign, we think, of Edward

The next monastery we have to notice was a house of *Franciscans*, or *Grey Friars*, a mendicant order, and founded by Sir John Grey, A. D. 1219. It was one of the convents of the custody of Newcastle, and Edward III. by charter the 13th of his reign, confirmed to it an allowance of twenty merks yearly, settled on the Friars by the kings of Scotland. This monastery—we know not that it had a church—was situated, we have reason to conjecture, in Western Lane, and part of its site is now covered by the Advertiser Office.

We now come to the monastery of the *Dominicans*, or *Black Friars*, a mendicant order, founded A. D. 1230, being but nine years after the first house in England was founded at Oxford. It had a large church appropriated to its service, which became famed, by having the first parliament assembled in it called by Edward I. of England to decide on the claims of Baliol and Bruce to the crown of Scotland; the three other parliaments called by Edward in Berwick for the like purpose, assembled in the great hall of the castle. The situation of this monastery was near the castle, but within the walls of the town. The brotherhood were removed to the house of the Friars of the Holy Trinity near the bridge, when the latter, as has been already noticed, were exiled by Edward III.

The next monastery, and the last founded in Berwick, was that of the *Carmelites*, or *White Friars*, who were, like those of the Dominicans, of the mendicant or begging order, and had their origin from Mount Carmel in Syria, renowned for the dwelling place of Elias and Elisha the prophets, who were their first founders, or at least they were always pretended to be so by the brotherhoods. Albertus, patriarch of Jerusalem, gave them rules A. D. 1205. When they were first seated in Berwick we can give no account. We know, however. they were removed to the house of the Dominicans, when the latter, as we have already had occasion to relate, took possession of that of the Brethren of the Holy Trinity at the bridge. Those two monasteries were those we have already mentioned, and were founded by Alexander II.

The churches, or, as they were properly called, the chapels, attached to the preceding monastic houses and hospitals, having been all noticed, we are called to give what account we are able of the earliest Parish Church of this town, which stood, surrounded by its cemetery, on the spot now a garden, immediately behind the town reservoir in Castlegate. It was dedicated to Saint Lawrence, founded and liberally endowed by one Robert Fitzwilliams, by some historians supposed in the Scoto-Saxon period. But from the name of the founder, which is certainly of Norman extraction, this supposition is, in our mind, very doubtful—we should rather fix the first foundation of it at the æra of the Conquest of England, when the appanage of Berwick was in David Earl of Huntington, a progenitor of David I.

The church, with all its endowments, was bestowed by the saintly David on the abbey he had founded at Selkirk, and afterwards removed to Kelso; nor did this gift go unaccompanied by others from him out of the town, of lands—houses—fisheries—mills—and yearly money-payments out of its Customs; which gifts were confirmed by the charter of Malcolm IV., David's grandson, the original of which, it is said, is in existence in the archives of the Duke of Roxburgh at Fleurs.

The church made way for one more splendid, and of larger size, erected at the charge of Anthony Beck, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward I., dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Its situation in the town was on the ground now covered by the Cumberland bastion.

With all the preceding religious and monastic edifices, we repeat again, was this good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed embellished in that wise and good—for so has he been in history characterized—prince's reign, Alexander II., who died A. D. 1249.

At the aforesaid period of time, after a long succession of years of disastrous events, not unfrequently attended with direful inflictions on its unoffending inhabitants, the cheering rays of tranquillity, prosperity and, of course, happiness began to dawn upon Berwick. Is it asked, whence arose this promised change, and what were its signs? need there a more rational and explicit answer? Alexander III. was seated on the throne of Scotland: he was only eight years of age when he ascended it, but his mind was precocious, and as his years increased, it became an eminently enlightened one, so that, when he attained to his majority, he had become esteemed for all the virtues and qualities necessary to reign and reflect lustre on the diadem that encircled his brow,

He found the bordering districts of his kingdom in perfect peace,—his father, not more than three months previous to his death, having given his assent to a meeting of Commissioners, among whom he had nominated a Robert Bernham, Mayor of Berwick, on the marshes, to ascertain the bounds and laws thereof, which settled every dispute between the contending parties that might have had a tendency to endanger that blessing.

When therefore the young Alexander had provided for the due administration of the laws in the northern parts of his kingdom, he hastened to Berwick, and on entering it found the inhabitants revelling, if we may be allowed thus to express ourselves, in the enjoyment of tranquillity; he found it renovated by the provident care of his late father from its ashes, and that too in a degree of splendour, it had never before attained; he found its streets densely planted with habitations, and pouring therefrom a population beyond all precedent in the most prosperous of its earlier days. For these advantages, and we may add blessings, Alexander's breast became imbued with a reverence for his father's memory that never quitted him; and as an early proof of the sincerity of his feelings, he thought he could not do better than endeavour to add further consequence, in the eyes of the English nation, to a town that had been so much the object of his care; and delayed not to improve the trade, and widely to extend the commerce of Berwick. He called into it a colony of Flemings, for whom he caused to be built a large and splendid hall, denominated the Red hall, for their residence, and thus made Berwick-upon-Tweed, at this period, the greatest staple for wool of any other town, not excepting London, in our island; for the wool sacks were not yet in the House of Lords at Westminster for the Judges to lounge or muse on, as they might be most inclined. It was not until about the middle of Edward I.'s reign that these elegant Ottomans were first introduced into the chief assembly of the nation. The purpose of this was, according to some antiquaries' opinions, to perpetuate the æra when wool first became the great staple and support of the kingdom; and further, to put the sovereign and his peers, when they met together, in constant mind thereof, for not only had the Lords, but also Edward himself been charged with being too negligent of the encouragement of the woollen manufactures of the kingdom.

But to resume our history. We must here notice that the Red hall had doubtless been situated on the space now occupied by the street known at the present day under the name of the Wool-market; and, in all probability, with the first circumstance originated the appellation of the present street, particularly as the Red hall, at the period of its erection, was the only mart in the town of Berwick for the article of wool.

And now as a proof that every other branch of trade and commerce must have been in the same flourishing state in this port as was the commerce in wool, it need only be observed, that the chronicle of Lanercost, a chronicle of reputation for truth, records its customs to have been nearly equal in amount to one-half of that of all the other ports, save London, in England; and hence Berwick gained the distinguishing title of a "Second Alexandria;" nor did the town experience a decline in its consequence afterwards in any way. Alexander left it, when he died, in the same prosperous and palmy state, to which he had at any period of his paternal reign, raised it.

His death was a melancholy one: it happened by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn in 1283, when returning home after his second marriage. To say how great was his loss to Berwick, more need not be said, than that it was *irremediable;* and how greatly the whole kingdom of Scotland had valued his wise, equitable and paternal rule, and how deeply it lamented his death, let the following lines, revived into notice by Sir Walter Scott in his Border minstrelsy, and said to be the most ancient Scottish song known, tell;—

"Quen Alysander our kyng was dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away was sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle,
Oure gold was changy'd into lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynte,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SENTIMENTS

Of a warm-hearted patriot Scotchman of the middle of the 18*th century.*

[The following lines have fallen accidentally into our hands. They were written a few years ago by a gentleman of Scotland, and have never, so far as we know, been transmitted to the public through the Press. In the absence of more definite information respecting the Author, let the intrinsic merits of the piece be its recommendation. Our own impression is, that the composition will be generally acceptable, nor can fail to awaken recollections and revive feelings, more than agreeable, in the breasts of some.—Ed.—]

Though rugged and rough be the land of my birth,
To the eye of my heart 'tis the Eden of earth;
Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see
Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be o'er,
Though her nobles be few, and her kings are no more,—
Not a hope from her thraldom that time may deliver,—
Though the sun of her glory has left her for ever,—

Though dark be the shadows that compass her round,
Even yet 'mid those glooms may a radiance be found,
As the blush through the clouds of the evening is seen
To tell what the blaze of the noon-tide had been.—

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her story,—
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory,—
How nations contended her friendship to know,
How tyrants were trembling to find her their foe!

Let him read of that story, and where is the Scot
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her lot?
Swell with pride for her power, in the times that are o'er,
And with grief, that the days of her might are no more?

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she sung!
Ere her blood, through black treason, was swelling her rills,
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills!

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,
Who would lay the high name of a Scotchman aside!
Would whisper his country with shame and with fear,
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they hear!

Go tell them, thou fool! that the time erst hath been,
When the Southrons had blenched, if a Scot had been seen,—
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,
As the loud Border echo resounded his tread.

Must thy name, O my Country! no longer be heard—
The boast of the hero, the theme of the bard?
Alas! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone!

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame!
When I hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,
As the meed of her own, what thy children had won,—
Their deeds pass for deeds, which *her* children had done!

Accurst be the man that would sweep from the earth
The land of my fathers! the land of my birth!
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen!
Not her name left to tell where her glory hath been!

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land!
As bare as the rocks that encircle thy strand,
Than the wealth of a world that thy children should boast,
And thy heart-thrilling name in thy rival's be lost!

O Scotia! my Country, thou land of my birth!
Thou home of my fathers! thou Eden of earth!
Through the world have I looked, but no land could I see
Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me.

SCENE IN IRELAND IN 1798.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

As the following Sketch may not be fully intelligible to the reader without his having some previous acquaintance with its dramatis personæ, and with the circumstances in which they appear, we beg to say that Father Kenney was a stern and bigotted churchman. Father Mulligan the very opposite; generous and kind-hearted. Seymour Conway and Terence Sullivan were both the sons of gentlemen of easy fortune; the latter a frank, thoughtless, but noble-minded Irishman of the true Milesian breed. Serjeant Shannon, an old Artilleryman on half-pay. All of them were connected with the rebellion of 1798, *and it is in the very midst of that unhappy period that our Scene is laid. The meeting described was a secret meeting of rebel leaders—Mrs. Mallony's cottage having been selected for that purpose for its retired and secluded situation, and was indeed considered as a sort of head quarters, whilst the rebel forces were mustering in that part of the country.*

On the approach of Seymour and his party, the centinel who was on guard in front of Mrs. Mallony's cottage tapped gently at the door—a proceeding which he followed up by whispering two or three words through the key-hole. The effect of this secret communication was instantaneous. Several bolts and bars were withdrawn, the door flew open, and Mrs. Mallony sallied forth to receive her guests.

The kind-hearted hostess of the "Half-moon and Wheelbarrow," the sign of Mrs. Mallony's hostelrie, was a widow tolerably well to do in the world, cleanly and trig in her person, and largely gifted with the loveliness of disposition and frankness of manner peculiar to her country-women, and which they have the happy art of associating with the utmost purity of sentiment and the strictest propriety of demeanour.

Mrs. Mallony had, for a year or two previous to the occasion of which we are speaking, been looking about her for some suitable personage to supply the place of her dear departed husband, Lauchlane Mallony, and her eye had at length rested with something like an expression of decided predilection on the manly form of Serjeant Shannon, a preference which the gallant Serjeant, himself a widower and a man of much experience in the world, had quickly perceived, and by very frequent visits and many little kind services and assiduities had converted into a regular matrimonial process which promised sooner or later to terminate satisfactorily for both parties. Such, then, was the footing on which Mrs. Mallony and Serjeant Shannon stood with regard to each other at this particular juncture of our story.

"It's yourself that's late stirring, Serjeant?"—for the Serjeant was one of the party alluded to—said Mrs. Mallony curtseying generally to the whole party, though addressing herself to the former only.

"An that's true for you, Mrs. Mallony,—halt! dress!" exclaimed the Serjeant, his notions of military punctilio intruding on the considerations of mere courtesy, and addressing the latter words to his escort, whom he wished to draw up in military order in front of the cottage. "Can't you keep in line, O'Reilly, and not be after standing out there like a mile stone? Back! Dennis, back! Och, the devil confound you! not so far back as that neither:—do ye think now I wanted ye to go to Dublin backwards? you couldn't stop half way, couldn't you? no, by St. Patrick, no more could ye than the pendulum of a time-piece any where but the middle. I say, Tim Rooney, what's the use of blowing your nose on parade—can't you let it alone or ask leave to go to the rear?" Having at length succeeded, though with no small difficulty, in getting every man into his place, Serjeant Shannon stepped to one end of the line in order to cast his eye alongst the whole. "There ye are now," he exclaimed in a tone of desperation, mortified at the grievous irregularity which this experiment exhibited to him, notwithstanding all the trouble he had been at, "as crooked, by heavens! as a flash of lightning and only a poor dozen of ye, in place of being as straight as a foot rule or fifty yards of iron railing as ye ought to be." This defect also, however, the perseverance of Serjeant Shannon at length overcame; by thrusting one back, dragging another forward, and squeezing a third to the front, he succeeded in forming his men into a tolerably straight line. This done, he retired a pace or two and contemplated his awkward squad with a look, after all, of something like satisfaction, if not pride—a feeling which in this particular case could have been excited only where the most rooted habits of military controul previously existed, and where the pleasure of commanding was unexpectedly resumed after a long interval of desuetude; for such another "garde du corps" as that which was on this occasion drawn up before Mrs. Mallony's door, has not probably been seen since the days of Falstaff's ragged recruits. The hats and trusties* of the party were the most prominent articles of their equipment, few of the former retaining more than a segment of the rim, and many of the latter hung together on the persons of their owners evidently with a feeling of great reluctance—large portions seemingly entertaining a strong propensity to part company with the main body.

By the time Serjeant Shannon had completed the disposition of his men, Mrs. Mallony, who had been employed for the last ten minutes in ushering Seymour and Terence into the council room, and in providing seats for their accommodation and doing some other little services connected therewith, returned to see what was become of her swain. "And its a great could you'll be after catching, Serjeant"—she said as she now stood in the door-way of her little domicile—"if you stay any longer out in the night air; can't you step into the kitchen a bit and take a taste of something after your walk?" "Thank you for that same, Mrs. Mallony"—replied her inamorato, advancing with as gallant an air as he could assume towards her while he spoke—"and its myself that'll accept a trifle of your kindness now with all the pleasure in the world: but every considerate commander, Mrs. Mallony"—he added—"will see that his men are provided for before he thinks of either bit or sup for himself, Mrs. Mallony. So with your swate lave, I should like to see the men there get a small matter of whisky amongst them to warm their mouths a bit after their march." "Och, and what else think ye, Serjeant"—said the hostess of the *Half-moon and Wheelbarrow*—"is little Felix doing now but filling a noggin by Mr. Conway's orders to give to the men? So just step ye in, Serjeant, and have no care at all at all about the matter." Satisfied on this head the veteran stepped into the house, Mrs. Mallony led the way into the kitchen, and in a few minutes Serjeant Shannon was ensconced in Mrs. Mallony's own particular chair with a bottle of whisky before him, and which was soon afterwards ably supported by a dish of fried bacon, ham and eggs. These savoury articles discussed—Mrs. Mallony insisted on the Serjeant's making a jug of hot whisky toddy, a request which, with an air of the most deferential gallantry, he immediately complied with. The materials being instantly furnished, Serjeant Shannon proceeded to brew, and whilst in the act of stirring about the jug for the last time, he politely solicited the favour of Mrs. Mallony's "sitting down beside him a bit and giving him all her news since he had last the felicity of seeing her." The solicitation was much too respectfully made to be denied, and accordingly Mrs. Mallony, with a slight blush and a slight but audible simper of modest confusion, placed herself beside her gallant inamorato. "Then here's to ye, Mrs. Mallony," said the Serjeant raising his own glass to his lip with one hand, whilst he gently shoved Mrs. Mallony's before her with the other. "Then here's to ye, Mrs. Mallony, and a short life to the name, and a long one to yourself, Mrs. Mallony," he added with a significant leer, which greatly increased the delicate confusion of his fair companion. "Och the devil's in you now, Serjeant, for a downright botheration," replied Mrs. Mallony raising her glass modestly, and at the same time throwing a laughing side-long look at her gallant. "Can't ye be after spaiking like a sinsible man and not be plaguing people with your nonsense, Mr. Shannon." "By the honour of a soldier, Mrs. Mallony, and that's a thing not to be questioned by any man that ever stood on two legs," replied the Serjeant again filling up his glass, "an its yourself that's the greatest botheration of the two; the never a wink of sleep have I gotten this fortnight past for thinking of you and them little roguish eyes of yours." Mrs. Mallony's modesty could stand this no longer; she struck the Serjeant a pretty violent blow on the shoulder and threatened to leave the table, if he persevered in *bothering* her with his blarney. Artillery Tom, however,—a soubriquet by which the Serjeant was much better known than by his more legitimate title—was too old a soldier to raise the siege for so trifling a show of resistance as this; he saw, moreover, as he himself would have said, that Mrs. Mallony's displeasure was "all in his eye," a truth which a much greater novice in the art of love-making than the Serjeant would have instantly detected in the laughing leering eye of the fair hostess of the Half-moon and Wheelbarrow. "Come, then, Kitty," said Serjeant Shannon, taking hold of her gown and gently dragging her down into her seat, from which in her affected displeasure she had risen, "sit ye down and I'll spaik to ye like a rational man and one who knows a little of the world, Mrs. Mallony. In the first place, my good landlady," continued the Serjeant raising his glass to his lips as he spoke, "I'll give you the three Ps of Tipperary—Pigs, Poultry and Potatoes." Saying this, the Serjeant drained off his glass, and having prevailed on Mrs. Mallony to follow his example, he again, but in a more serious manner, returned to the storming her affections, and so successfully, that in a very short time the conversation between the lovers began to assume a very grave character. The word marriage frequently escaped the Serjeant, and appeared to excite no very great alarm in the bosom of his charming companion. Indeed we have been told—and the information came from a quarter of too great respectability to doubt for a moment its truth—it was on this very evening that the marriage, which soon afterwards took place between Thomas Shannon, late Serjeant in his Majesty's —— Corps of Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Kitty Mallony, widow of Lauchlane Mallony, in the County of ——, was finally fixed upon, the whole preliminaries having been settled over the second jug, and ratified by a tender shake of the fair hand of the fair party to this serious and important treaty.

---

* A well-known garment somewhat resembling a great coat, universally worn by the lower orders of Irish.

Leaving the Serjeant to the enjoyment of all that felicity which the society of the mistress of his affections and a jug of hot whisky toddy could confer, we shall now proceed to the more immediate subject of our story. On the arrival of the party already alluded to at the door of Mrs. Mallony's cottage, both Seymour and Terence instantly proceeded into the house, without waiting the result of Serjeant Shannon's drill as described some pages or two back.

Requesting their hostess to shew them into the apartment occupied by father Kenney and his party, they were speedily ushered into the presence of that reverend person and his colleagues in council. The two gentlemen were received on their entrance with a shout of welcome and other noisy demonstrations of satisfaction—heightened probably by the circumstance of Seymour and Terence's appearing in uniform, as in this particular they had the advantage of all the others in the apartment, none of whom wore any outward sign of their party except a bit of green ribbon or some such slight token of the side which they had taken. The boisterous reception, with which the entrance of Seymour and Terence had been hailed, called forth, however, a severe reproof from father Kenney. "Gentlemen!"—exclaimed the stern priest in a tone, the first note of which alone produced instant silence—"Gentlemen!"—he thundered out, at the same time starting to his feet and striking the table with his enormous fist—"This is disgraceful and exceedingly unbecoming the gravity of a meeting like the present; your conduct, I take leave to tell you, has just now been more like that of a party of besotted bacchanals hailing the entrance of a couple of boon companions, than that of men assembled to deliberate on the best means of resisting the oppressors of their country and of overthrowing the system of tyranny by which she has been ruined and degraded. I am as well pleased as any of you," continued father Kenney, "to see these two gentlemen amongst us, but I certainly highly disapprove of the indecorous and unbecoming levity with which they were received—so unfitting time, place and circumstance." Having thus delivered himself, father Kenney resumed his seat, and with as much kindness in his manner as his nature would permit, welcomed Seymour's arrival. Terence, for whose talents and judgment he entertained the most profound contempt, he acknowledged merely by a slight nod of recognition. Terence perceived the want of consideration which was evinced towards him, and it not only recalled, but greatly added to the dislike with which he had always viewed the stern and unsocial character of father Kenney—a character so greatly at opposites with his own. The cold indication of recognition, with which the priest greeted him, he returned with another equally cold and still more haughty; and he would with all the fiery and headlong impetuosity of his disposition have instantly picked a quarrel with the rebel leader, had he not been restrained by a significant look from his friend Seymour, who had continued to gain an ascendancy over him which no other human being possessed. Both Seymour and Terence had been previously acquainted with every individual of the party in the room: most of them were of the rank of gentlemen by birth and education, but there were some amongst them whose only claim to that title was their wealth. They were all, with the exception of father Kenney, young men, or at least comparatively so, none of them exceeding probably thirty-two years of age. Full of enthusiasm for the cause in which they were embarked, sanguine of its success and totally regardless of the danger with which it was associated,—they were, in short, a band of choice Irish spirits, brave, generous, noisy and thoughtless; every man amongst them, with some slight shades of difference, a repetition of the character of Terence Sullivan. The happiness of the latter therefore, when he found himself in such congenial society, will be more readily conceived than described. The first salutations over, Seymour and Terence took their seats at the council board—a rough fir table propped up with two large pieces of turf at one end, and supported at the other in some measure by the knees of the persons seated there, who found from experience that its own legs were not to be trusted. Quietness having been restored by father Kenney's speech, that reverend person proceeded to relate to Seymour what had been done by the council previous to his arrival. "There have been two important points, Mr. Conway," he said, "under our consideration this evening;—the one, whether we should instantly attack the town of —— where there is a strong body of king's troops and several companies of the True Blues of Tinnehely quartered, and also, as we have been informed, a party of the Shilellah company of yeomen;—the other, whether we should wait where we are, for the approach of the Marquis of Huntly who is within a day's march of us with a large force and several pieces of artillery. My own opinion, Mr. Conway, is, that we should keep the vantage ground we have: the position is an excellent one; and with the resolute fellows by which it is occupied, altogether impregnable. I should therefore be for remaining where we are, until we gain a sufficient accession of numbers to enable us to march through the country with a force strong enough to resist every effort which may be directed against us. In short, Mr. Conway, I would have, if possible, one large concentrated and organized body of men capable of meeting our enemies in a regular pitched battle, and not to be thus wasting our strength in partial conflicts and that straggling warfare which can have no effect on the main issue of the contest, and by which, if continued, we must eventually be put down. Our cause, Mr. Conway, must be decided rapidly and by great and decisive blows, if we expect a favourable result, and not by protracted hostilities. Our poor men are neither paid nor in any way provided for, and must therefore be soon wearied out with a war which brings misery and starvation on themselves and their families. Our enemies, on the other hand, are both well paid and well provisioned;—war is their trade, and individually they care not how long it continues; and the government which they serve is rich enough to keep them in the field for years, if it be found necessary. Besides all these considerations, Mr. Conway," continued father Kenney, "in favour of our keeping our present position until we shall have acquired sufficient strength to strike a decisive blow,—it is obvious, that if the attack on —— is determined upon, we shall have two battles to fight in place of one. We must first drive the troops from the town, and immediately after sustain the attack of the Marquis of Huntly. Now, by keeping our present ground, one affair will in all probability decide it. All this, Mr. Conway," added father Kenney, "I have already stated to the gentlemen present, but they differ from me in opinion, and are one and all decidedly for the measure of attacking the town;—pray, what do you say, Mr. Conway?" "Och by all manner of means attack the town to be sure!" shouted out Terence, forgetting for the moment his dislike of the speaker and overlooking, in his eagerness to come to blows with the enemy, the circumstance of the interrogations not being addressed to him. "When your opinion, Mr. Sullivan, is asked," said father Kenney, laying a contemptuous emphasis on the pronoun and knitting his heavy eye-brows as he spoke,—"and which must be when we stand much in need of advice indeed, you shall be heard;—

till then, however, I will thank you, sir, to allow those to answer who are questioned." "By heaven!" exclaimed Terence starting to his feet with a determination, though rather a vague one, to commit violence, "there's never prince nor peasant nor man living who shall insult Terence Sullivan with impunity. So father Kenney, I insist upon you giving me this instant the satisfaction of a gentleman. We'll just step out a bit. Some of our friends here will do us the favour of lending us a couple of pistols and we'll settle the matter in a twinkling." The grievous impropriety, though by no means unprovoked, into which Terence's impetuosity had hurried him in thus challenging to mortal combat a minister of the holy catholic religion, was instantly brought to his recollection by those around him; the whole party almost simultaneously starting to their feet and surrounding the challenger, whom with more of a friendly than an angry feeling they one and all, and nearly all in the same instant, proceeded with much vehemence of manner to lecture on the impropriety of his conduct—soothing, expostulating and reprobating nearly in the same breath. Terence, fairly worried down by the noisy importunities of his assailants, after making several ineffectual attempts to procure a hearing in his own defence, resigned his claim to the satisfaction which he had demanded and allowed himself to be quietly replaced in his seat at the table. During this scene of confusion and uproar, father Kenney kept his place, contemplating with a look of imperturbable gravity and an expression of the most profound contempt for the cause of the disturbance—the exertions which were making to dissuade Terence from his sanguinary resolution. When the latter had first challenged him, he had expressed his scorn of the challenger and regardlessness of his resentment by a loud *pshaw* of derision, accompanied by a sudden elevation of the corners of his upper lip, which sufficiently shewed in what estimation he held the hostility of his antagonist, and during the struggle which ensued to prevent Terence from proceeding to violence, he had occasionally evinced his total indifference to the result by brief and impatient expressions of contempt. Father Kenney, who was a man of gigantic stature and felt his immeasurable superiority in point of physical strength over his challenger, was equally conscious that his courage was not inferior, and he entertained, besides, a high opinion of the respect and reverence due to his sacred calling. These considerations, operating on a haughty but well regulated mind, prevented him from feeling any thing like resentment at Terence's intemperate conduct and from harbouring the most remote idea of revenging it by personal collision. Order having been again restored in the apartment, father Kenney repeated the question which he had already put to Seymour, and he repeated it in the same calm tone and in the same sedate and unruffled manner, as if nothing had occurred. Through a fear of drawing too largely upon the patience of our readers, we will not enter into any detail of the discussion which now took place on the subjects spoken of by father Kenney, but content ourselves with stating, that Seymour, and soon afterwards the whole party, fully concurred with the warlike churchman in all his views regarding their future proceedings.

The business of the meeting being finally settled, it was proposed by one of the party that the proceedings of the evening should be wound up with a jug of whisky punch. To this proposal all, with the exceptión of father Kenney, readily agreed and nearly in the same breath declared that they would make their quarters good, that is, that they would spend the night where they were, and leave tomorrow to shift for itself. Father Kenney, after some ineffectual attempts to dissuade the wild reckless spirits with whom he was associated from their intended potations, and after resisting frequent and urgent invitations to join them, retired from the apartment, alleging that he had matters to look after at the camp which would not permit of his remaining any longer amongst them. Seymour would have followed his example, as he thought neither the time nor place, nor the circumstances in which they stood at all appropriate for such indulgence, but the whole party, one and all declared that they would not permit him to leave the apartment, and several of them, amongst whom was Terence, evinced their determination to secure him, whether he would or not, by placing their backs to the door. Seeing that it would be vain to attempt to carry his point either by force or persuasion, Seymour resigned himself to his fate, and soon saw, with no small fear for the result, the table covered with the various materials necessary for concocting that exhilarating, edifying and truly national beverage yclept whisky punch. "Is this now the right thing, Mrs. Mallony, my jewel?" said Terence, who had been unanimously appointed to the high dignity of brewer-general for the party. "Is this the right thing?" he said, raising up the lid of a pewter measure of whisky which she had just placed upon the table. "In troth an' its just the same, your honour," replied mine hostess of the Half-moon and Wheelbarrow, curtseying politely as she spoke; "There's not a drop of prettier liquor in the whole county, for the never a happ'eth of duty was ever paid on it as I'm an honest woman." "Och, you little devil you," replied Terence, as he emptied the liquor in question into a huge jug which stood beside him ready to receive it,—"an' that's the thing that has given it such a beautiful flavour, Mrs. Mallony: it's just the death of whisky to pay the duty on it." At the instant the whole party were startled by a sudden burst of soliloquy from some one in the kitchen of the Half-moon and Wheelbarrow. The feeling of alarm which this unexpected noise created was however soon allayed by the speaker's making the subject of his meditations more intelligible as he proceeded. "Och by the powers and I'm the boy for bewitching them," exclaimed the unknown orator, amongst other miscellaneous remarks which could not be so accurately ascertained. "Och an' there's never a one of them," he continued, "can touch Serjeant Shannon at winning the affections of the fair sex,—

A soldier's life's a merry, merry life,
And it's just the life for me, my boys;
His knapsack for a home, and his musket for a wife,
And the devil a care has he, my boys,—
And the devil a care has he."

A shout of laughter from the party in the room, followed this singular melange of prose and poetry. The speaker had now discovered himself, and was immediately recognized by those in the adjoining room, to all of whom he was personally known. We need not add, that the soliloquist was no other than Serjeant Shannon himself who, overcome with love and whisky, had availed himself of his mistress' temporary absence to indulge in expressing the sentiments which we have just recorded, and which, it will readily be perceived, bore reference at once to his suit with his fair hostess and his old profession of arms. Whilst delivering himself of the various matter of which these were composed, the veteran sat with his elbow resting on the table beside him and his head reclining on his open hand, his right foot luxuriously planted on one side of the fire place, and his chair thrown a little backwards so as to bring the centre of gravity into the two hind legs. It was thus placed then, and with a tobacco pipe a yard long in his mouth, that the gallant Serjeant gave vent to his feelings as he gazed on the fire which was burning brightly before him. Lost in his own reflections, he neither recollected that there were any other persons in the house besides himself, nor did he hear, or at least appear to comprehend the shout which his soliloquy had elicited, for he went on at intervals with his mental communings, wholly unconscious of their utterance being overheard. "Who the devil have we got here, Mrs. Mallony?" said Terence, addressing the former on the first burst of the Serjeant's eloquence reaching the apartment. "Och, and who should it be, your honour, but that foolish man, Serjeant Shannon, who has been taking a small drop too much!" replied Mrs. Mallony, blushing intensely as she spoke, and at the same time making an attempt, which was instantly frustrated by one of the party, to get out of the room, in order to prevent the Serjeant from proceeding with his reflections, lest something more should escape him than she cared should be heard by those in the house. Being, however, at length released, Mrs. Mallony hastened out of the apartment, drew the door carefully behind her, and the voice of the Serjeant was heard no more.

The party in the room now proceeded to discuss the huge jug of whisky toddy, which Terence had manufactured and which met with that general approbation so flattering to a philanthropic brewer, who has nothing but the gratification of his constituents at heart and who is above the selfish meanness of surreptitiously popping an extra lump of sugar into the jug, merely to gratify his own particular predilection for sweet drink, totally regardless of the wry faces and other expressions of loathing which the first smack of the clammy luscious liquor produces amongst the innocent victims of his villainy. Terence, as we have observed, was superior to this dishonourable dealing; he produced a fair marketable article, and found in consequence a large, steady and regular demand. Jug after jug disappeared: the faces of the party began to wax red; the conversation became thick, loud and undistinguishable. Set speeches full of patriotism, politics and blarney were beginning to prevail, each speaker, after being listened to for a moment, and for a moment only, being pulled down by his coat tails to make room for another who felt himself smitten with the *furor loquendi*, and who was in his turn as unceremoniously reseated by his next neighbour. Songs and witticisms and humourous repartees, mingled with some attempts at graver matters, also lent their aid to keep up the hilarity of the hour. Notwithstanding, however, this appearance of mirth and sociality, there might occasionally be perceived, as the night wore on, certain incipient symptoms of schism in the party—such as would probably have induced a quiet peace-living onlooker, had one been there, to ejaculate under his breath the pious wish—that "all might end well." In short, private matters between individuals gradually found their way amongst things of general interest, and these had already in more than one instance excited a degree of choler not at all in keeping with the general harmony of the scene. If any actual breach of the peace, however, had yet been contemplated, which we by no means insinuate, it was now prevented, pro tempore at least, by a sudden rapping at the door of the apartment and a slight shuffling noise as of a hand wandering over the door in search of the latch or handle. The latter was at length found. The door opened and in walked father Mulligan, and probably never man met with a more hearty or a more cordial welcome. The jovial priest was well known to every individual in the room. They all knew and appreciated his worth,—for worth he had and that in no small measure, notwithstanding his somewhat irregular habits and propensities—his over fondness for the liquor of life—the eye water of St. Patrick—his only fault. "Och you young rogues, you!" exclaimed father Mulligan, when the first burst of the noisy rapturous welcome, with which he had been hailed, subsided—"is it this wicked work you're after at this blessed time of the morning. Did'nt I feel the flavour of your blackguard potation there all the way at the camp, and that's a good two miles off. 'Hah! hah!' says I, holding up my nose to the wind like a pig in a storm, 'and there's some one not a hundred leagues off making a jug of whisky toddy. I must find him out,' says I, 'and do all in my power to dissuade him from such evil practices;' and with that, you rogues, you—I marched as straight to the door of your apartment with the flavour of your whisky punch in my nostrils, as if I had walked all the way between two stone walls, each of them a mile in height and not a yard asunder." By this time, half a dozen chairs were evacuated by their former occupants, who now surrounding father Mulligan uproariously pressed him to accept of one of them. They, however, left him no time to make any selection in this particular, but uniting their efforts fairly installed him by kindly violence, and with much noisy and many shouts of triumph, into the chair at the head of the table. "Och you dogs, you," said the jovial priest, placing his hands to his sides after he had taken, or rather had been thrust into, his seat, "you hav'nt left a whole bone in my body;—you have *squaized* me, you rogues, as flat as a crown-piece. Terence, my boy," continued father Mulligan—his face now beaming with delight and in the corner of whose eye there lurked an expression of good-natured humour which of itself 'set the table in a roar,'—"if you would save my life, fill me up a glass of that whisky toddy of yours." "That I'll do with all the pleasure in the world, father," replied Terence, "although it were fifty leagues to the bottom and there was never a bottom to it after all. There, father," he continued, now pouring the liquor into the priest's glass,—"there's a brimmer of as pretty an article as your reverence could have conscience to ask for." "Ah you young dog, you," replied father Mulligan, raising his glass while he spoke, "you know poor father Mulligan's weak side as well as you know a cow from a farthing candle. It's my conscience, you rogue, that's the botheration of me—the tender part of my constitution. Then here's to ye all in a bundle, you wicked dogs, you," added the jovial priest tossing off his glass—a salutation which was immediately returned by the most tumultuous acknowledgements. "Here's to you, father Mulligan,—long life to you, father Mulligan,—success to you, father Mulligan"—was shouted out from all sides and almost simultaneously. The ceremony of father Mulligan's induction to the revelries of the night got over and at least comparative quiet restored, matters went on much as before. Father Mulligan, however, in a short time began to exhibit symptoms of a relapse into his old complaint, for he had been plied with three to one in order to bring him to a level with the rest of the party. The trim of the reverend priest being well known to those around him, he was now judged to be in fine condition for indulging them with a song, a favour which, after a few nods and winks from the party, Terence, as master of the ceremonies, took the liberty of soliciting. "A song, you spalpeen you," replied the jolly father throwing himself luxuriantly backwards in his chair and contemplating the roof for an instant, as if to recall some lines suitable for the occasion. "Why that I will to be sure. I'll give you a small matter of my own,—written expressly for funeral parties where there's any thing like life going on." Having said this, father Mulligan started to his feet, raised his glass aloft, and looking the very personification of hilarity, shouted forth—

We're all good fellows, merry fellows,—
We're all good fellows round about;
We envy neither King nor lord,
When seated by our jug of stout.

When the jug is full, our hearts are high;
When its empty—pray what then?
Why then, my friends, with right good will
We fill it up again,
We fill it up again.
We're all good fellows, &c. &c.

The priest's song was received with thunders of applause and with such violent demonstrations of approbation on the table as threatened the destruction of every article upon it; but alas! how short-lived are all sublunary enjoyments, and how frail a thing is human happiness! Scarcely the half of one little hour had elapsed since the burst of joyous merriment, consequent on father Mulligan's song, had resounded through the apartment, when the dæmon of discord, envious of so much felicity, thrust his ugly phiz into the very midst of the revellers.

"I say by the bye, Mr. Duncannon"—exclaimed Mr. Neil O'Donovan across the table with an expression of countenance that argued every thing but love or affection for the party to whom he addressed himself—"was'nt it cursed *ungentale* of you now to ask me the other day for payment of the dirty small matter between us. I don't think it was using me like a gentleman at all at all, Mr. Duncannon; and I appail to the present company whether it was a civil turn or not." The interlocutor to this appeal was *nem. con.*, "that it *was* a most ungentlemanly thing to ask any gentleman for payment of an account;"

and some hints were thrown out by several of the company that the insult could only be wiped away by a hostile meeting of the parties. Others, however, were of opinion that an apology from Mr. Duncannon ought to be considered as an ample atonement for his indiscretion. The discussion of this point gradually increased in warmth and vehemence, until at length the whole party were thrown into the most dreadful confusion, every one endeavouring to talk down his neighbour when he found that he could not by fair reasoning convince him of the soundness of his own particular view of the case. In short, a hubbub of the most serious and inextricable kind instantly took place; glasses, jugs and bottles were every moment overturned and smashed by the vehemence with which the speakers followed up their arguments by bringing their clenched fists in contact with the table. In the meantime, the principals had themselves very nearly come to an understanding as to the manner of settling the point at issue. "An apology!" shouted out Mr. Charles Duncannon, a smart gentlemanly-looking little man about probably seven and twenty years of age,—"an apology!" he roared out with an expression of the utmost contempt, when this mode of arranging the matter had been proposed,—"no, by heavens! I'll apologize to no man for any thing. If I can't have my money, I'll have satisfaction; and that's the same thing and as good to me as the money any day." "And it's that same you'll have presently, Mr. Duncannon," replied Mr. Neill O'Donovan, "and we'll just settle it across the table here, there's no use of disturbing the harmony of the party by going out of the room." There are probably few but Mr. O'Donovan himself who could have seen either the force or the propriety of the remark. At the instant he spoke of the harmony of the party, the room was in the most dreadful uproar, and how the sociality of the party was to be maintained by fighting a duel in the midst of them, that gentleman alone, we believe, could explain.

"Where are the crackers?" now shouted out Duncannon. "Can any gentleman here favour me with the loan of a brace for a few minutes? I say Terence, Terence"—he added, going up to that gentleman who was at that moment engaged in hot and loud dispute with his right-hand neighbour—"I say Terence," he repeated, shaking him by the shoulder, in order to gain his attention, then wholly engrossed by the discussion in which he was involved—"will you be my second in this affair?" "Och, my dear fellow, Duncannon," replied the latter, on turning round and learning the nature of the application which was made to him, "and that I would with all pleasure in the world, but I'm just engaged as a principal myself to this gentleman"—reclining his head towards the person to whom he had been speaking—"and cannot accept your very obliging offer." In short, it now turned out, on similar applications being made to others, that there was not a man in the room, with the exception of Seymour and father Mulligan, who had not a duel on his hands. The truth is, that the whole party had not only lost sight of the principals in the commotion which had taken place, but also of the original subject-matter of debate: yet so successfully had they cultivated the hostile feeling which it had elicited, that they were now as regularly paired off for fighting as if it had been for a country dance; and certainly the glee, with which it was gone about, much more resembled a preparation for the latter, than the former event. The whole party now sallied out to a little green plot in front of Mrs. Mallony's cottage, in order to settle their differences by an appeal to gunpowder. On reaching the ground, however, it was discovered that there was a scarcity of pistols,—there were six couple, and only two pair of fairly matched weapons. Under these circumstances, it was found necessary to decide the business by turns. An arrangement was therefore made, that so soon as one couple had fired, they were to lend their pistols to another, and so on, till every gentleman had had his turn in the pastime.

This point settled, the parties took their ground, and the business began. Fortunately the condition they were in—every man of them being less or more affected by the evening's debauch—rendered them wholly unfit to take any thing like a decisive aim. The consequence was, to the great disappointment of the parties themselves, that not a single shot out of the whole took effect. When the last couple had fired, Seymour and father Mulligan conceiving it a favourable opportunity for again interfering—for they had already attempted a reconciliation to no purpose—now stepped in between the combatants, and the calls of honour being now satisfied by an exchange of shots, not only succeeded in putting an end to the contest, but in generating the most brotherly love amongst the fiery and reckless, though generous spirits, who were the objects of their solicitude. Always in extremes, they now took each other by the arm, and shouting out mutual love and friendship, returned to the apartment which they had left, to discuss another jug of Mrs. Mallony's whisky punch.

THE CAGED LARK.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

I.

Bird of the sky! it were far more meet
  That the minstrel's hand replace thee
In the earth's green vales, where thy song might greet
  The breeze that was wont to embrace thee;
Than that thou shouldst beat thy fluttering breast
  'Gainst the bars of thy cheerless dwelling;
Or cow'r thee lorn, with a drooping crest,
  When thy notes subdued are telling
Of the purpled morn, when thy dewy wing
  Bore thee up, like a speck of glory,
To the throne of God, with thy matin hymn,
  While the white sunny clouds swam o'er thee.

II.

Bird of the sky! while ye lowly sit
  In the prison ye now inherit,

I look upon you as an emblem fit
  Of the weary and broken spirit
That a sinful world has shut out from God,
  And the blessed light of heaven;
Till the mind has become a dreary blank,
  Where no ray of truth is given
To lighten the faint and fettered soul,
  When the star of hope is clouded,
That beamed o'er its far-off home of rest,
  Which sin hath in darkness shrouded.

III.

Bird of the sky! while the earth laughs out,
  And the stream leaps on in gladness,
Thou shalt rise again as a holy thought,
  From thy prison-house of sadness;
And wing thy flight to the gates of bliss
  With liberty's song so tender,
Till far from my sight ye seem to melt
  In the pure and delightful splendour,
That wells so bright from the fount of light,
  The blue calm of ether wreathing;
Like the soft sunshine of a seraph's soul,
  On the bosom of Mercy breathing.

IV.

Bird of the sky! ye are free again,
  And away 'mong the grey clouds winging:
And deep is my joy to behold thee there,
  And to list to thy clear sweet singing;
For now to the eye of faith ye seem
  Like a soul on its way to heaven,
To summer high on the hills of God,
  Where the fulness of bliss is given
To the tried and believing ones on earth,
  Whose anguish and grief could never
Dispel from their thoughts that land of light,
  Where their spirits have gone for ever!

◆

BORDER CHARACTERS.

SKETCH OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

Edward Irving was born about forty-three years ago, in the town of Annan in Dumfriesshire; where his father still lives, and formerly carried on the business of a tanner. After finishing the routine of his college studies, and entering probationer, he crossed the Queen's-ferry, and taking up the birch, which he resolved should be no idle instrument in his hand,—the future orator, enthusiast and fanatic, became *dominie* in the 'lang town o' Kirkaldy.' And full soon

> 'The boding tremblers learned to trace,
> The day's disasters in his morning face,'

which frowned "dark as Erebus," and showed

> 'No light, but rather darkness visible;'

and most truly

> 'A man severe he was and stern to view.'

The mild method of Professor Pillans, and the beautiful system of Infant Schools, would have been regarded by the rigid-discipline-loving-dominie of Kirkaldy as heresies not less abominable and preposterous in a school-room, than those of his own fair babblers, Miss Campbell and Company, are confessed to be in the church, by every person who is not a knave, or an idiot. The *taws*, the rack, the birch, wringing of ears, thrusting up the chimney, hopping for hours upon the *same* foot,—are only a few of his practices and inventions in the art of torture and punishment. To record all,

> 'The longest summer day would be too short.'

The imps that tortured Caliban were so many mercies in the contrast. His method of instruction, like his preaching, was by *main force*, and being an excellent scholar himself, by *main force* he made several excellent scholars in Kirkaldy. He *forced* dunces to learn whether they *could* or *not;* and in other instances made genius incapable of learning. At length on his being appointed assistant to Dr. Chalmers, who was then in Glasgow, the bare-legged tremblers of the school escaped with joy from his 'reign of terror.'

After he arrived in London, and was appointed to the Caledonian Church in Cross-street, Hatton Garden, crowding thousands thronged from all parts of the city, to stare, gape and wonder at the singular man and his original orations. The first exhibition I went to witness, no sooner were the doors opened, than the body of the church was crammed,—the galleries groaned,—and the passages were wedged with breathing beings. Canning and Brougham sat in front of the pulpit hob-a-nob with each other,—here sat Basil Montague, his countenance seeming to say—'the man of God—the admired of all admirers, is my friend,'—and there sat honest Allan Cunningham, waiting his approach,—yea, Honourables and Rt. Honourables, Peers and Peeresses were sprinkled over the congregation like raisins in a Christmas loaf. Into the midst of this motley assembly stalked a huge, bony figure, whom the audience might have bowed down and served, without infringing on the literal reading of the second commandment. He was six feet high, and broad-shouldered,—a mass of a man moving in a piece. The covering of his outward person was after the fashion of the old school, plain and outlandish. His skin and countenance were yellow and leathery; his whiskers bushy, black and enormous;—his shaggy hair divided *a la nazarene*, and falling in uncouth clusters upon his shoulders. His eyes!—aye!—there lies the difficulty of description,—they looked to the ceiling, the floor, and the four corners of the chapel at one and the same instant!—He drew himself up to his full height,—the most unpolished-looking piece of humanity that ever 'wagged a pow in a poopit.' He opened his lips;—his accent was as unpolished as his person; it was provincial, harsh, grating and disagreeable. It was like a heavily laden waggon passing over a road newly macadamized!—His language, or composition, was a jumbling together and a transposing of participles, adjectives and new-made verbs,—a sort of new edition of Ossian with additions, or the rules of Syntax run mad. His action was vehement and overwhelming. He poured forth a torrent at the full pitch of his thundering voice, swung his long *right* arm round and round his head, and ever and anon made it hurl upon the cushion like a sledge hammer,

> "Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl!"

Or crouching together like a tyger ready to spring upon its prey,—his wild eyes rivetted, his voice deepening, and the power and solemnity of his subject increasing, as he crouched closer and closer together, with his hands raised above his head, till the climax of his argument being ready to burst forth, he sprang forward, and pell mell fell his clenched fists upon the Bible, like the lusty blows of a brawny blacksmith.

He is one of the most logical reasoners I ever heard; and all his arguments are deduced with the power and closeness of a mathematical demonstration. But while we admire the frequent magnificence, the apparent strength and fitness of parts of the fabric he has reared, we are aware that his premises have been taken for granted, and that the building he has erected in such exquisite proportions is without foundation, and like his fantastic theories, is merely a *baseless* fabric.

With all his folly,—all his eccentricity,—and all his fanaticism—not to call it by a worse name—Irving, in a limited sphere, is the most powerful—the most effective orator I have heard either in the pulpit or out of the pulpit. Again and again, while the Bible and common sense told me he was merely giving vent to the effervescence of a diseased imagination, I have felt the flesh creep and tremble on my bones, and the hair on my head move. He will not speak a quarter of an hour, till you are convinced, the rough accent, the fierce manner, the wild language, and the wilder looking man were all made for each other,—and form an orator in some respects as powerful as the whole are singular or individually ridiculous. He has few claims to true originality, and his principle merely is a determination to be like no one else. Still fewer are his claims to the qualities of a truly eloquent man. He can neither affect the heart nor convince the head; he can only throw a whirlwind around the imagination, or keep a continual thunder-storm before it. Almost the only quality he possesses, which comes within the region of true eloquence, is *earnestness*. True eloquence is the tongue of poetry, it is unto it as Aaron was unto Moses. It is poetry bursting forth, and flashing among the multitude. It is poetry's shout of welcome in the embrace of freedom. I do not mean the rhetorical whimperings trimmed by an Aristotle;—*he* was learned in philosophy,—learned in words,—learned in verse,—but he was ignorant in poetry, he was the enemy of eloquence.

He attempted to forge chains for the invisible soul,—to prescribe rules for the limitless mind,—to set a depth and a breadth upon the feelings of the human heart. Poetry disdained his trammels. It knows every name but the name of a slave, and it would not be the slave of a critic:—it forsook the walks of his tyrannic school, and eloquence fled in company with its mother and its guide. To lay down laws for poetry is to lay down laws for feeling,—and do you need to be told how to weep?—Do you need to be told how to sigh?—Cannot passion glow on the cheek, beam from the eye, or bound from the hand, without the artificial, the cold, the insipid dogmas of the pedant, which have assumed the place of eloquence? Freedom is the nurse of Poetry, and eloquence rests her head upon her breast. Poetry may visit the heart of a slave, but eloquence never dwelt upon his tongue,—or he was a slave no longer. It is true that for the words which have burst from his spirit, they may bow down his body with chains,—they may bury it in the darkness of dungeons,—but he who dares to say—*I am free!* is not—cannot be a bondman, for his soul laughs at the fetters, and

"Brightest in dungeons—Liberty! thou art,—
For there thy habitation is the heart!"

In a word, Poetry and Eloquence will only flourish with a free people, and under a free constitution. And it is from this cause that the pulpits and senate of Britain have exhibited examples of poetic eloquence, rivalling Greece in her glory,—Rome in her pride. As has been said, the only claim that Irving has to any portion in this description of Eloquence, is in his passionate earnestness. I am indeed inclined to give him credit for sincerity through all the stages of his folly but the last, and there also I will give him the benefit of my doubts. He is not only by nature an enthusiast, but his morbid imagination is too powerful and extravagant for his judgment; and being guided by it, every Will-o'-the-wisp of his brain, to him becomes

"Confirmation strong as holy writ."

Like all religious enthusiasts, he is a compound of piety and absurdity. And while I do believe him in the main, to be not only sincere, but zealously sincere,—if I can do so without involving a contradiction, I would add—*public notoriety* is his idol, *singularity* the temple in which he worships, and *novelty* the sacrifice he offers up. In conclusion, Irving is a mixture of the *christian*—the *man of genius*—and the *charlatan*.

VERSES,

Written in the Vale of Yarrow.

BY D. J. LIETCH.

Who hath not felt the magic spell,
Which in our olden measures dwell,
A music quaint and wild?

Who doth not feel his bosom bound—
To tread some ancient battle ground,
With cairns of chieftains pil'd?

Though centuries enshroud the tale,
Who doth not weep to hear the wail
Some grey-hair'd minstrel sings?
For grief is an undying flower,
Which, water'd by each passing shower
Of feeling,—freshly springs!

Even I, whose visions all are gone,
Whose dreams of fame with youth have flown,
Feel o'er my swelling breast—
Amid these scenes, beneath these skies,
Throbbings of other times arise
I deem'd were all at rest.

Dark rolls the fatal Yarrow's stream,
Beneath the moon's inconstant beam;
And in her fitful tone,
She seems to mingle with the blast
A lover's wail of ages past—
A song of sorrows gone!—[*]

In yonder shadowy spectral keep
That stands upon the mountain steep,
So like an aged warrior's ghost!—
Fair MARY SCOTT has held her bower;
And yonder faded like a "flower,"—
Her slaughter'd lover lost.

The Douglas burn, behind yon height
That rises, kiss'd by the moonlight,
So bright and fair to see—
Beheld the scene, so often told
By wandering minstrel frail and old,
The Douglas Tragedie!

St. Mary's lake, in dream-like peace
Wrapt in the shadow'd hills' embrace,
Lies silent, still and lone;
Scotland has not another scene
So bright, so fair, so wild I ween
As now I gaze upon.

'Tis hallow'd by the mighty dead,
By dark events of ages fled,
By beauty, grief and song!

---

[*] The sorrows of Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," are the theme of many of our most exquisite ballads.

And living genius in its power,
The mightiest of the present hour
Has trod these wilds among!

The clanging hoof, the wild deer's tread,
The deadly strife, the carnage red,
The stately hunting train—
Gay glittering through the greenwood trees,
Have pass'd like murmurs of the seas—
Or but in song remain.—

Where trooper shot across the steep
With lance out-stretch'd,—the silent sheep
In starry clusters lie!
Gone are the glittering princely throng
Mourn'd only by that funeral song,—
The plaintive plover's cry.

Yet is not Yarrow's glory veil'd,
For he, whom nature's self hath hail'd
Her darling Shepherd bard!—
Has twin'd his name in deathless green
With Mary Scott and Scotland's Queen
In strains o'er Scotia heard.

May Heaven its choicest blessings pour
Upon his little cottage bower
White rising o'er the stream!
And while the Yarrow seeks the main,
His memory and his song remain
Bright as the noonday beam!

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN NOVELISTS.

No. II.—ST. ANDREW'S EVE.

(Freely translated from the German of Frederick Baron de la Motte Fouque.)

BY N. D. STENHOUSE, A. M.

"Be dissuaded, Barbara," said Margaret to her young friend. "Oh do not tamper with evil spirits! Your fate has, indeed, been a happy one. Besides, it is always a duty to be contented."

Barbara was a light-hearted, lively girl, who had never felt any privation. Her native town, Magdeburg, had been stormed and demolished a few years before; but, at that time, she was on a visit to a distant country, and even this event had scarcely cost her a pang. She was now lodging along with her wealthy parents, in the upper storey of a house, which was all that Margaret's mother, who had been left a widow at an early age, had saved from the wreck of a handsome fortune. The two girls, however, kept up a firm friendship, though their circumstances were so different, and though their dispositions were, if possible, still more different, except in a good groundwork of piety and kind-heartedness. They used to visit each other alternately every evening, and, at the time we are speaking of, the widow had gone out to inquire for a sick person, and they were sitting together at the fire-side in her little room, and plying the distaff with great assiduity.—"What is it, after all?" said Barbara in reply to Margaret's anxious exhortation. "It is just one of aunt Susan's old-fashioned notions and nothing more." "I am not pleased with aunt Susan," said Margaret, "and much less with her old-fashioned notions. What an idea! To go into a dark room, on St. Andrew's Eve, and ask with mystical words and gestures who is to be your husband, that you may get spirits to personify him! Barbara, the thing condemns itself. Who knows what monsters you might bring up! And only consider how awful these times are. It is scarcely three years since the cruel Tilly reduced our beautiful town to dust and ashes,—only a few houses near the venerable cathedral have been spared,—and it is a mercy indeed, that ours is among the number." "Well, then," said Barbara smiling, "the house seems to have something fortunate about it, and this is an encouragement to run such a risk." "I do not think so," replied Margaret. "Whenever I pass through Magdeburg, and see the half-shattered, half-burned houses, and tall grass in many of the streets, and return to my own home, which has been so miraculously preserved,—I feel a strong inclination to throw myself on my knees and to take some vow upon me,—I am so completely at a loss to express my gratitude for goodness so overwhelming." "The affair may well leave a deeper impression upon your mind," said Barbara; "as you were in the midst of the havock, and made such a narrow escape on the intercession of the venerable Bakius. How truly affecting it must have been, when he came to the porch and repeated the Latin verses,—since even the stern Tilly relented, and pardoned the crowds who had taken refuge in the church! But all this has naturally had less effect upon me. I was only told of it, you know, a month afterwards, when I was engrossed with the gaieties of Vienna; and my parents, too, reconciled themselves to what had happened, as they had not been exposed to any danger." "But what are your feelings," said Margaret, "when you see the death-crosses on the graves of so many young citizens, who died like *heroes*,—fruitless, alas! as their resistance was? This I should think, must, at least, draw a tear from every eye." "There is such a scarcity of lovers, in consequence of all this," said Barbara smiling, "that I wish to know at once, whether I should despair or not. To morrow-night is St. Andrew's eve. Consider the matter till then, and accompany me. Good night!" She then left the room, singing and laughing; but Margaret burst into tears and hid her glowing face in her handkerchief.

Soon afterwards her mother came home. When she had shut the door, blown out the lantern-candle, and hung her black velvet hood, after carefully brushing it, in its usual place behind the stone, she sang the following lines:—

"Oh why art thou cast down, my soul,
Why thus, with grief oppress'd,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest.

"Be of good courage, and He strength
Unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Do on the Lord depend."

Then perceiving, for the first time, that her daughter was in tears, she stroked her moist cheeks, and said, "Has the psalm brought up painful recollections? Ah, my dear,—I never thought that it would affect you in this way—you might rather derive the highest consolation from such words as these,

"Be of good courage, and He strength
Unto your heart shall send."

"Be assured, Margaret, that *he* also *will be strengthened*, for, in pursuit of a nobler object, no one could have fallen."—"True! my dear mother," said Margaret; "let us trust that all will yet be well!" She then kissed her mother's hand and sang the verse with perfect composure, while she assisted in extinguishing the fire, and both were offering up their evening prayers in bed when the town-clock struck ten.

St. Andrew's Eve arrived; but in spite of all Margaret's opposition, aunt Susan kept her ascendancy. She accompanied Barbara up stairs, and soon after, glided, with a sneer, past Margaret who, with tearful eyes and a beating heart, was standing at the open door and looking on the silent, glittering scenery of the snow-covered streets.—

Barbara soon rushed down stairs in the greatest agitation—grasped Margaret by the arm,—and whispered, as she tottered with her into the sitting-room, "Ah! my sister, would that I had taken your advice! I am undone. A monster is to be my husband!"

Margaret endeavoured, as far as she could, to compose her trembling friend; she also brought smelling-bottles, medicine and every restorative which her well-regulated house contained. By this means, Barbara was at last so far recruited, that she was able to relate what had befallen her.

"You must know, Margaret," said she, "that though I did not positively believe what I had been told, I shuddered from head to foot when aunt Susan left the room. But I cannot describe the horror I felt, when I pronounced the mysterious words and followed the other directions which she had given me. Then I heard the sound of footsteps on the stair-case—yes, I did,—and they were loud and heavy like a man's—the door creaked, and a face appeared."

She covered her face with her hands and trembled violently. "In his shrunk hand, the monster bore a lantern, which threw an oblique light on his shaggy hair, his rolling eyes, and his foaming lips. Art thou my bride?" he shrieked out, and opening his mouth with a convulsive effort, he began to hop round me. He did not remain long, however, and I collected strength to make my escape. But what does that signify? I must be his prey soon or late. Oh, luckless night!"

"Compose yourself," said Margaret, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a mournful smile and a deep blush; "compose yourself, my dear Barbara; it has not been a spectre, but alas!—a true object of pity —a maniac. I must tell you his whole history.

"When the enemy marched against Magdeburg, no one was more active in mustering the city-soldiers, than the young Lorenz Falk, who had already given many proofs of a most amiable and heroic disposition."

"I recollect him, perfectly," said Barbara, interrupting her friend. "When he was a little yellow-haired boy, he used to play with us before the door in my father's garden. We always called him *Eichkatzchen* *, as he sprang up the trees so quickly and fearlessly, —is it not the same?"

Margaret gave a nod of assent, and suppressing her tears, she continued, "That was indeed a happy time.—During the siege, he often came to our house, as he was stationed near the walls,—not far from this,—and my mother thought it an honour to have an opportunity of shewing any kindness to so brave a man. Ah! Barbara, what a confidence he felt in the Divine protection. He had, in fact, the art of banishing care from all who heard him speak. He only laughed at Tilly and his cannonades, and met the enemy with the spirit of a lion."

"My dear Margaret," said Barbara interrupting her, "you have overheated yourself, in attempting so kindly to allay my fears. Your cheeks are as red as fire. Remove a little from the hearth."

Margaret hastily shoved back her chair, and continued, though in a lower tone of voice.

"As he had always been so confident of success, he might be partly to blame for the inconsiderate conduct of the people, when the enemy had apparently withdrawn. Indeed, it cannot be denied, that he did what he could to encourage the projected festivities, and that in order to enter upon them with greater spirit, he advised the troops, in the first place, to take a night's rest. Alas! how suddenly did the enemy rush upon the slumbering town! Lorenz Falk fought like a hero;—so did all his comrades,—and if he was guilty of imprudence, he atoned for it with his blood. He was found among a heap of dead bodies, under the smoking rafters of some shattered houses. The deep gash on his head was at last cured, but his reason had deserted him, probably before he received the wound, in the heat of his impetuosity and on the sudden overthrow of all his hopes; for, those who saw him last affirm, that he laughed aloud, and cried out *Victoria!* and said, that he was fighting among the ruins of conquered Rome.

"Every evening he hovers about that part of the wall where he was formerly stationed, and when I am standing at the door, or sitting at the window, he stops and beckons to me in a calm and friendly way, and then returns to a sort of cabin which he has erected for himself at the side of the Elbe. But when he does not see me, he is sometimes quite frantic. To-night I had neglected him. He must have slipped into the house and terrified you, for, a short time before you came, I saw him rushing, bewildered, just as you describe him, from the house-door, and he did not even recognise me."

---

* Oak-cat.

Barbara, after thanking her friend for the consolatory explanation, slank up stairs. But, while undressing herself, she had not courage to look into the mirror, lest the hideous form should be lurking behind her shoulders; and when she extinguished the lamp, she sighed with a heavy heart, "Alas! that I should have trusted to aunt Susan and her wicked advices!"

The morn was shining brightly when poor Lorenz returned in composure to his hut. As he had not seen Margaret all day, he thought that every thing was leagued against him. In the twilight he had thrown his little furniture into disorder, but he now began to arrange it, and sing a plaintive air.

Young citizens, who were crossing the Elbe-bridge, stopped and heard him with emotion; maidens, in the adjacent houses, listened behind the half-opened windows and wiped their eyes.

Next morning aunt Susan came to ask Barbara what had been the issue of the experiment. At first she heard nothing but bitter imprecations on the whole matter, but when she learned by degrees how horribly it had terminated, she began to inveigh against poor Margaret, and to blame her for the disappointment which Barbara had met with. "No," said she, "it must have been on the very point of entering—the handsomest knight in all Vienna, and at that moment, the envious thing had hounded her mad lover upon you—for how could the poor idiot otherwise have come directly to your room? —and by this means she has succeeded in driving away the image of him who is destined by the stars to be your husband."

Coffee-grounds and a book of geomancy were then had recourse to, and from the description, it was just the handsomest knight in Vienna, that Barbara seemed to be destined for. Of course, poor Margaret was from that time regarded with great aversion; and the cheerful meetings over the distaff came still sooner to an end, as the first flowers were starting at the call of the spring.

Aunt Susan's prediction appeared, meanwhile, on the fair road to fulfilment. One bright, warm day, Barbara had accompanied her parents to a delightful wood near the town, and they discovered a handsome young man with the bridle of a noble steed wrapped round his hand, lying asleep under a linden tree; and Barbara turned aside in some confusion, for she at once recognized the Italian Count who used to ride past her windows in Vienna. The stranger awoke and blushed deeply when he saw Barbara. But he quickly recovered himself—sprang up—addressed her parents in the most ingratiating manner, and before his retinue arrived and threw new attractions over him, he had already obtained permission to visit the house of the vain citizen whenever he chose.

For many months after this, Barbara's life was an uninterrupted scene of dissipation. Every day, the Count was either at a banquet in her father's house, or invited the whole family to some select party. When they were passing in a splendid carriage, or in some festal procession, through the more than half-desolated streets, many a pale-faced citizen would gaze after them, and shake his head and think that such misplaced revelry could not come to a happy end. Barbara, however, was not disturbed by such considerations, or by the tear which sometimes filled Margaret's eyes, when she happened to meet her; aunt Susan used to smile and whisper into Barbara's ear, "That is all from envy." The few hours which she had to spare, were dedicated to the old sybil who had predicted her present good fortune, and she even joined with her, on one occasion, in a loud laugh, when they saw poor Lorenz Falk approach at the usual time and beckon to Margaret who was standing at the door,—"Do not be afraid, Miss Margaret," cried Barbara; "I have no wish to cheat you of your enviable lover." Margaret instantly withdrew, hid her face in her mother's bosom and burst into tears. "Compose yourself, my dear child," said the old woman; "when we think, that our heart is breaking under the discipline of our heavenly Father, his smile, like a rainbow, is secretly rising upon us with its rich promises."

It was not long, however, before the gaieties of Barbara and her friend met with a very serious interruption. One night, at a very late hour, the Count came running to the house without his hat and mantle, and knocked again and again with redoubled violence; but, as no one heard him in the upper rooms, he at last attacked the window-shutters of the room occupied by Margaret and her mother. The worthy matron went herself to open the door, and he rushed past her in a state bordering on distraction. When he had gained admission up stairs, a great tumult arose.—Margaret and her mother heard him whetting his sword against the walls and doors of the hall, and Barbara weeping bitterly and imploring him not to do any thing desperate. Then her father uttered some harsh and violent words. But in the course of an hour, every thing was again quiet. The Count came down stairs with a heavy bag of money under his arm, smiling and bowing. Barbara's mother lighted him to the door, and he made a confused and elaborate apology for the disturbances.

In a few days, the whole town knew what had happened. The Count had been unfortunate at play with some strangers, and he had pledged his word of honour, that he would instantly discharge his debt. His intended father-in-law had also been, in a manner, compelled by the joint intercessions of the bride and her mother to assist in preserving him from ignominy and despair. But, for some time afterwards, the revellers were at rest—the Count appeared humble and silent—and Barbara laughed no more, when Lorenz Falk, with his mournful salutations, passed by Margaret's window.

But every thing was soon changed. Ample remittances arrived from the Count's estates; and Barbara's father received back the loan with great interest and splendid presents besides. The festivities were also renewed, and had been carried to the greatest length the evening before Barbara's marriage.—Margaret and her mother, in order to avoid the deafening bustle, walked out to the corn-fields in the brilliant moon-light; and the venerable matron's heart was cheered as she contemplated the goodness of Him who had blessed the ripening harvest. Margaret plucked a nosegay of beautiful flowers and also acquired complete tranquillity as they proceeded homewards But when she heard the sound of the cornet and the trumpet swelling from the window of the bride, she felt a sort of tightness at her heart. Her mother looked on her,—shook her head and said, "Ah! Margaret, I hope, that nothing like envy is lurking in your breast." —"Forbid, that it should! my dear mother," said Margaret.—"It was on Barbara's account that I felt anxious. A fearful misgiving has, for weeks, almost tortured me to death."—"Will you put your feelings to the test?" replied her mother. "Go immediately up, and present your flowers to the Count's bride; wait at the door modestly and patiently till she throw upon you and your trifling gift a favourable look, and if you can do all this with good-will, you may then be sure that you are free from infection."—"Mother of my heart," said Margaret, "cheerfully will I obey you; but consider, that poor Lorenz will be here soon, and that if I am not ready to return his salutations, he is always thrown into a paroxysm. You know that too well."—"Why," said the old woman, "let him try to do without you for once. The Evil One always contrives to place some obstacles in our way, whenever we are disposed to submit to a useful trial. Go,—my daughter—go immediately."

Margaret humbly obeyed, and sighing for poor Lorenz Falk, she went up stairs.

In the brilliant hall, Barbara was surveying the people at the door, who were admiring the grandeur of the festal preparations; and she was too attentive to every thing that flattered her self-importance, not to descry her old friend immediately. She also observed, that Margaret wished to speak to her and to present her with the nosegay which she held in her hand. "But," thought she, "the envious thing may wait;"—so firmly had aunt Susan's poisonous insinuations taken root in her heart. But when the bridegroom sprang down stairs to give instructions, that a musical band, on the outside, might repeat, like an echo, the tunes that directed the dancers within, the bride thought—"it will be better to despatch the poor thing now, as I have more leisure than I may expect afterwards."

She then came to Margaret, and said, when the latter tendered the flowers with a humble courtesy, "Keep them for yourself, Miss Margaret. They would only spoil my dress. Take this, however, for your good intention,"—offering her, at the same time, a double ducat. But Margaret started back and made a signal with the flowers, that she would not accept the money. "Ah, Barbara!" she exclaimed, struggling with sobs and tears, "Ah, Barbara!" I am sorry for you.

Do not give way to excessive pride, and think still of St. Andrew's Eve!" She then hastened down stairs, covering her face with her veil. The bride remained standing at the door, pale and motionless.

The bridegroom soon returned home, almost as agitated as herself. Lorenz Falk, who had been thrown into a state of phrensy, in consequence of not seeing Margaret as usual, had met him in the street, seized upon him and shrieked into his ear, "St. Andrew's Eve! St. Andrew's Eve! it was even thus on St. Andrew's Eve!"—as the recollection of her absence on the anniversary of that night had been painfully impressed on his disordered senses.—A cold shivering crept over the ardent bridegroom,—bewildered, he tore himself from the maniac's grasp—rushed up stairs and sought relief in wine and dancing. But as he was attempting, after a waltz, to exchange some words with his pale bride, one of the guests came up to them and said, in a playful way, alluding to the current superstition—"Did the beautiful pair, then, see each other, for the first time, on St. Andrew's Eve!"—With an exclamation of horror, the bride and bridegroom started back, and, from that moment, a serious misgiving, like a dark cloud, lay heavy on the festive splendours.

Soon after the marriage the Count, with his young wife and her parents, left the town; but Barbara cast only indignant glances on her friend, who was standing before the door to bid her farewell. In the house, as well as in the thinly-inhabited street, all was again silent. Poor Lorenz Falk, every evening, passed by at the usual hour, and never failed to receive the attentions that delighted him so much.

In this way, several years ran on. It was then reported, that a savage robber was lurking in the Hartz-mountain and that he had often ventured even into the plain, and had been victorious in so many combats, that he was now considered invincible. Some of the young citizens instantly went out to attack him; but they came back, covered with wounds, exhausted by the quickness of their flight, and many of them without their horses and accoutrements. Other expeditions of the same kind were attended with the same results. So, the bloody Würfler,—for this was the name of the robber-chief—met with no further opposition. On this account, his audacity increased to such a height, and so many desperadoes were continually flocking to join him, that the Town-council of Magdeburg, anxious to preserve its ancient and unsullied fame, issued a proclamation, that all who were able and willing to take arms against the bloody Würfler, should place themselves under the Town-banner. But, though the herald blew his trumpet loudly and lustily, only a very small band collected round him. As he was crossing the Elbe, some of the young citizens were standing on the strand and saying, how willingly they would have engaged in any enterprise but this. "Shame upon you! Are *you* citizens of Magdeburg?" said a young man close beside them; and such an impassioned strain of words fell upon their ears, that their hearts were inspired with new vigour, when they remarked that it was only Lorenz Falk. "Return to thy hut, poor Lorenz," said they; but he replied, "I know I have been ill. But, be assured, that the proclamation and sound of the herald's trumpet have completely restored me;" and he continued to speak in such a way as fully to convince them, that his reason had actually returned; and they did not even hesitate to place themselves under the waving banner, with him at their head.

As they proceeded, the strength of the party gained rapid accessions; for many, who at first merely came to inquire what the maniac Lorenz was doing, found themselves unable to quit his side, when they learned, from the testimony of his companions, and from his own inspiriting addresses, the wonderful change which had been produced upon him. The band of volunteers at last presented themselves before the magistrates; and Lorenz Falk, with the most amiable humility, told, how his senses had abandoned him, when the terrible thought, that he had been the cause of so much devastation, rushed upon him; and how light and strength had returned to him, when he heard the proclamation enjoining all to attempt something for the liberties of fellow-citizens and countrymen. The young men demanded, with loud acclamations, that he should be appointed their leader. The council, overcome with joy and surprise, at once complied with the proposal; and Lorenz Falk, in full uniform, attended with the cheers and good wishes of the people, soon marched at the head of his troops past Margaret's window and bowed to her as he passed. Her heart had been *always* his,—and this was "an overpayment for all her sorrows." She hastened into her little room to offer up thanks; and when she returned, "You see, child," said the old matron, "how He can strengthen the feeble knees."

A few days afterwards, it was reported, that Würfler had enticed those, who had marched against him, into the wildest part of the mountain, and that they had all perished. The whole town was thrown into dismay. But Margaret's heart beat calmly. "I cannot think," said she, "that he has been so miraculously restored, merely in order to be defeated;" and she continued to perform her domestic duties with such regularity, that she gave her mother real pleasure. Soon afterwards, with the first misty rays of dawn, the sound of joyous martial music struck upon her ears. She hastened to the window and beheld Lorenz Falk approaching in all the pomp of victory. In front of him was borne a curious sword, and a long, spiral helmet dyed with blood and almost shattered to pieces. A herald announced,—that the brave Lorenz Falk had wrested these, with his own hand, from the bloody Würfler, who had leapt, in despair, over a ledge of rocks,—that the whole of his band had been either taken prisoners, or cut down or dashed to pieces,—and that the neighbourhood was now secure.

Honoured by all his fellow-citizens, the young man was presented, a few weeks afterwards, with the senatorial gold-chain. He then rebuilt his house, which had been burned down, on the Elbe-strand; and conducted Margaret to it as his wife, amid the tearful blessings of her mother.

Lorenz and Margaret had lived together for two years, in the utmost unanimity, and the old woman was quite overjoyed, whenever she came to see them,—for she could not be prevailed upon to give up her own house. Margaret, too, had presented her husband with a beautiful boy. She was sitting, one mild evening, before the door, waiting for Lorenz, who had gone out on public business,—and the child was playing at her feet, when she observed a miserable vehicle, covered with red tent-cloth and drawn by one lean horse, jolting over the ill-repaired pavement. The boy, delighting, like his father, in horses and any thing connected with them, crept towards it; his mother sprang up in terror, and while she was carrying him to the side of the street, half-caressing, half-chiding him, she threw a cursory glance on the vehicle, and it was just stopping at her door. Margaret was so shocked, that she almost sank to the ground with the child in her arms; for the pale face which, shrouded by a deep-mourning veil, peered out from the linen cover, was the face of her proud and light-hearted friend Barbara. "Noble Countess," said Margaret, with a low courtesy, "how have you happened to come with such an equipage?" But Barbara, with tearful eyes, descended from the conveyance; and as Margaret observed, that she wished to make some private communication, she conducted her hastily into the house, after instructing her servants to unload the little baggage and to satisfy the demands of the driver.

Long and dismal was the tale which Barbara had to relate. In Vienna, the Count had sunk deeper and deeper into all the miseries of gaming and drinking, and when he had exhausted his own fortune and Barbara's dowry, he had absconded. Sorrow had brought her parents to a premature grave; and she had contrived, though with much difficulty, to return to Magdeburg, as there was no one to whom she could look for assistance except that friend whom she had once despised. "Happy indeed am I," said Margaret, "that you have arrived here in safety;" and she immediately prepared for her a handsome room in the upper storey, taking care to render it as agreeable as she could.

When Lorenz Falk returned and heard of his new inmate, he seemed not to be altogether pleased; but he instantly controlled his feelings and received Barbara with the utmost hospitality.

Under the influence of retirement and affectionate attention, Barbara's cheeks bloomed once more—her eyes began to glisten anew—and the same buoyancy of temperament, which had formerly brought misfortunes upon her, now led her to forget them. But others were besetting her steps. A pang shot through her heart whenever she looked on the brave, the intelligent, the universally-respected Lorenz Falk, as he sat opposite her at table or by her side in the domestic circle; for she could not divest herself of the thought, that he was destined for her. It was he who had entered the room, on St. Andrew's Eve, as her allotted husband; and only an incomprehensible delusion, which at best was to be ascribed to magic, had deprived her of him.

At last Christmas approached, and a *Weihnachtslust* (a Christmas feast) was to be prepared for the child's amusement.

One afternoon, it had been sent over to its grandmother, and the happy parents were so busily employed in gilding the apples and nuts which were designed to glitter, at the approaching festival, between the lights of the green Christmas-tree, that Barbara, who was just beginning to sing and accompany herself on the harp, was quite overlooked. Dejectedly she placed the instrument in a corner, and hastened up stairs.

As she sat alone in the gathering darkness, her thoughts reverted to years long past; and she recollected that this was St. Andrew's Eve, the anniversary of that day when the noble Lorenz Falk had come into her presence under such unhappy circumstances. Transported into a sudden burst of tears, she covered her face with her hands and exclaimed,—"He was mine—he was destined for me."

And hark!" the stair-case echoed with the sound of foot-steps—they were heavy and firm like a man's—the door creaked—a face peered into the room.

Barbara might rather be said to be dead than alive, for every thing, from that moment, appeared to be a repetition—only a far more hideous one—and a fulfilment of the emblematic prophecy. In his shrunk hand, the monster carried a lantern, which gleamed on his shaggy hair, his rolling eyes and his foaming lips. "Art thou my bride?" he exclaimed, opening his mouth convulsively. But, instead of hopping round her, like Lorenz Falk on St. Andrew's Eve, this more horrible visitant, singing and laughing, lifted her up, and bore her to the door.

Barbara uttered a scream of terror which brought her brave landlord to her assistance. The monster, quitting his prey, now attacked Lorenz with fury; but the latter soon perceived, that he was struggling with a maniac, and that it would be impossible to overpower him; so, with a half-stifled voice, he called for his servants. After many efforts, they at last bound the frantic stranger, and threw him—for he had now fainted—on a servant's bed. But when all the people of the house were gazing upon him with looks of curiosity, and the glimmering light fell upon his wild countenance, pale as death,—Lorenz Falk, shuddering, commanded every one to leave the room. All obeyed him, except Barbara; she remained alone with him and the horrible prisoner.

"My lady," said Lorenz, after a pause, "it would be as well for you to go out before he revives, as the scene will be more than you can bear." "Lorenz," she replied, with a tone of solemnity altogether unusual to her, "it would be more proper for you than for me to leave him. You are not aware who he is."

"Well do I know him," said Lorenz; "he is the bloody Würfler, whom I fought with in the Hartz-mountain."

Barbara turned pale, and a visible shudder passed over her. At last she said with a deep sigh, "I might easily have conceived that his fate would be a dreadful one; yes, I was confident that it would. But notwithstanding all this, your words fall like lead on my heart, for you must know, Herr Lorenz Falk, that the bloody Würfler is my unfortunate husband. Alas! the prediction is now completely fulfilled."

Barbara never moved from the maniac's side. Compunction for her numerous errors appeared suddenly to have come upon her, and at the same time, an active sense of duty. Lorenz Falk, who, in all this, recognized the mysterious hand of an over-ruling power, founded an hospital, to which the unhappy Count was conveyed. Poor Barbara did not scruple to become the superintendant of the institution; and a few years afterwards, the Count departed to the invisible world in a moment of light and hope. She continued, however, to discharge the duties of the solemn office on which she had entered, and was honoured far and wide, in town and country, under the name of the 'kind lady Barbara.' Lorenz Falk and Margaret, on the contrary, had many children, and lived long and happily together, with their little ones. They often visited the hospital and brought from it feelings of solemnity and devotion; behind them, however, there remained the bright beams of a blessing which had already risen to refresh lady Barbara in her toilsome occupations of piety.

◆

WE MET!

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

We met—and I did hear, Ianth,
  That low sweet voice of thine;
But how unlike is now the joy
  To that which once was mine,
When Hope its wild enchantment threw
O'er every wish my spirit knew!

The being of thy heart's fond pride
  Unlock'd thine arms' soft chain,
And led thee where I stood, and plac'd
  Thy hand in mine again;
But where had fled the answering glance
That soften'd into love as once?

The bright lost past in freshness rush'd
  Upon my tide of thought,
And pent-up streams of feeling gush'd
  From out the heart o'erwrought;
For pain and pleasure both were there,
While gazing on thy face so fair!

Perchance along the downcast lid
  Ye saw the glistening tears,
Wherein had melted out, Ianth,
  The frozen pride of years;
For though hope's foam-bells all have burst,
Love's current floweth as at first.

Yet still thou knowest not, Ianth,
  Thine every glance recalls
A buried grief, while on the heart
  A dreamy madness falls,

And images from memory's gloom
Do break like spirits from a tomb!

I saw thee on thy bridal morn
When all around thee smil'd,
And sooth'd by thy sad sympathy,
Despair itself grew mild,—
But ah! my tongue would fail to tell
The anguish of that hour's Farewell!

I do not think thou'rt bless'd, Ianth,
For on thy glossy brow
The shadow of a mental pang
Is passing o'er it now,
Where erst calm thought did softly gleam,
Like moonlight on a sleeping stream!

Thine eyes have learn'd the way to weep
Since last I met with thee,
And joy and love, thy young heart's guides,
Seem melted into memory!
Yet seldom is the sorrow trac'd,
That lays the wounded spirit waste.

We're parted—and I name thee not
Unto the passing throng,
But my soul's untold bitterness
Is poured forth in song,
And sullen pleasure thence doth flow
From out the depths of lasting woe!

It is a fearful thing, Ianth,
To love, as I love thee,
For I have thought a thousand times,
That pale insanity
Would reach my fever'd brain at last
And shed oblivion o'er the past.

HOSPITAL CASES—THE OLD SOLDIER.

Innumerable and intricate are the paths of misery which men are destined to tread, and rarely does the wretched wayfarer meet with sympathy or relief from his more fortunate brethren. If sickness has fallen on one of the wild beasts of the desert, or the bolt of the hunter struck a deer among the herd, his companions with a savage kindness gore him to death;—but man too often looks with cool barbarity on the misery of his fellow-man, and suffers him, unaided and unheeded, to linger out his existence in agony. Of systematic charity,—of patronized benevolent institutions we have more than enough,—but the obscure and retiring wretchedness which is without the pale of these, and of which the great mass of the misery in this world consists, is passed by unrelieved, because it is the peculiar charge of none.

How many instances of this have I met with in the course of my hospital practice!—for it is to these haunts that worn-out misery retires to die, and after having struggled through nameless sufferings during an obscure existence, to heave its last groan unheard amid the louder exclamations of living woe.

It was during my residence in a town in the north of England, during the year 1820, on account of ill health, that I obtained the particulars of the following affecting story. Dr. M——, the consulting surgeon, had politely given me leave to visit the wards under his care, and as I was otherwise unoccupied, I frequently took advantage of the invitation.

There was one poor fellow, who was to undergo the operation of lithotomy, that particularly attracted my attention. He was constantly attended by a very beautiful young woman, who appeared to watch him with the most anxious solicitude, but who always retired when I approached the bed; on enquiry, I found she was understood to be the patient's daughter, and had been allowed to remain with her father, (though contrary to the rules of the house), at her own earnest supplication. By frequent conversations, in a few days I became quite familiar with the old man, and drew from him the history of his life. He was descended of a respectable family in Westmoreland, and was intended for the church, but having been a party in some unfortunate affair at Cambridge, he was expelled from the University; and ashamed to return home, he enlisted in a Cavalry troop then recruiting in the neighbourhood. After various adventures, in the course of which he had taken a part in seven engagements and been four times severely wounded, he fought his last action at Mont St. Jean, where he had lost an arm and been deprived of the sight of an eye. By some of those culpable oversights which often occur in this country, he was left, without pension or means of existence, to crawl about the country for which he had bled; and now being afflicted with a horrible disease, was obliged to crave the shelter of the Hospital. Such was his story, as briefly told by himself, for remorse on account of his youthful indiscretions seemed to combine with his actual pain in preventing him from dwelling on his misfortunes. There was a calmness and fortitude in his manner very different from the generality of hospital patients, and his knowledge of the world gave an interest to his conversation I have rarely seen equalled. The girl, too —who could she be? In all his wanderings he had never spoken of being married, and from the dark eyes and tresses, which gave a peculiar lustre to her brunette complexion, she could not have had an English mother. I had not enquired concerning her of himself—fearing to awaken some chord of past suffering, which haply had ceased to vibrate. Chance gave me the information I desired. One hot summer afternoon, I was passing through the ward, with a book I had brought for the old soldier. His back was turned towards me, and his arm was thrown over the neck of his daughter. She had sunk to sleep, exhausted with heat and watching. Not choosing to disturb them, I sat down on the chair by the side of the bed, and looked at the interesting group. The girl's dress had slipped over her shoulders, and her polished neck and arm were covered by the thick disordered clusters of curls, like the folds of a black mantle. She lay as still as night. The old soldier's side, as he leant round, was partially exposed, and showed the seams of a ghastly wound. His grey hair, frayed and unshorn, strangely contrasted with the black tresses over which he was leaning, and the brawny hand and arm seemed too rudely placed upon the fragile and beautifully proportioned neck which it enveloped. As I looked, I saw a tear drop upon the girl's naked shoulder, and the old man gave a sigh that seemed to convulse his whole frame. "Poor Emilie!" he breathed, "what will become of thee when ———;" his heart was too full to go on; he groaned and threw himself back in the bed, and his faithful attendant awoke.

I felt as if intruding upon their sorrows, and began to offer an apology. "Say no more," said the old man, "I have wished for this opportunity before—you have been kind to me, sir; will you, for the old soldier's sake, be kind to my girl?" "I will, by the Father of Mercy!" said I, for my heart was full. "God bless you, sir," said the old man,—"I am satisfied,—'twas the only thing that hung heavy on my mind, and now I can die in peace." The poor girl burst into tears.

"Do not weep, my good Emilie," said the old man, though a tear filled his own eye, and stood vibrating as if uncertain whether to overflow or return to its bitter fountain. Nature would have her way,—the tear rolled down his cheek;—the old soldier dashed it off indignantly. "What matters it where the old and the miserable lie down in the grave?" said he;—then added after a pause—"But it is a bitter thought that he who has escaped Spain's bloody fields, and the slaughter of Mont St. Jean, should find a grovelling death in a place like this;" and he cast his eyes around.

I thought so too.—"But I must tell you about Emilie," said he more cheerfully, and patted her neck. "She, too, has felt the fortune of war. Her father was a peasant of the little village of Mont St. Jean, and for Emilie's sake, I love to call the battle by that name, though it is the French title. Every inhabitant had left the village on the morning of the 16th of June, except my poor Emilie, who was attending her sick father. We had been sorely harassed by the French artillery on the 17th, and suffered great loss. On the 18th, Count D'Erlon charged our position with his first brigade, and drove us back. We rallied, however, instantly," said the old man brightening, "and assisted by another corps, drove the Count's 1st and 2d brigades out of the village. It was in the charge upon the battery to the right, where I lost my arm, and my colonel at the same moment was cut to the ground by a grape-shot which carried off both his legs. When we got back to the village we were forced to be carried to the rear;—Emilie, whose father had been killed by a ball which came through the roof of the cottage, accompanied us, and from that time has been the kind companion of my wanderings."

"Ah!" said Emilie, "I must tell the story;"—and she blushed through her dark features with the memory of the old man's gallantry. "My poor father was dead," said she, "and I was sitting by the body, horrified by the din of the fight around, when some French cuirassiers"—"They were of General Milhaud's division, and were annihilated," said the old man triumphantly. "They entered the cottage," continued Emilie, in a tone which partook not of the old soldier's exultation, "and after seizing every thing of any value, they dragged me from my poor father's corpse, and were about to carry me off."—"The hellhounds!" muttered the soldier raising himself suddenly on his arm, then agonized by the exertion, his brow burst out in large drops of sweat, and he sank exhausted on his pallet bed. Emilie soothed him with the most tender caresses, and when his features relaxed from their knotted and convulsed expression of pain, went on with her story. "The savage men had dragged me out of the cottage, and were about to place me on one of the horses, when I saw my brave preserver coming towards us. I saw not then the horrid state he was in, but I implored mercy and assistance;—in a moment he rushed forward, and the soldier who was lifting me upon his horse fell bleeding at my feet!"—"I had reason to thank God my right arm was sound," articulated the soldier. "I have often wondered since, Sir," said he, addressing me, "where I found strength to strike that blow, but almighty God, who would not suffer such a horrid deed to be done upon an innocent creature like my Emilie, doubtless nerved my arm." A ray of sunshine fell upon the faces of them both, as he spoke;—it was worth a thousand sermons. The old man went on. "My colonel had lost both his legs, as I said, and I could not leave him to welter in his blood, while I had an arm left to assist him, so getting a comrade to lay him across his horse, I led him to the village. But it was all in vain. He died in the evening; but the cry of victory cheered him in his death-moments." There was a stern exultation in the old soldier's voice; then after a short pause—"I was disposing his mangled limbs as decently as I could, when I heard the Prussians coming up, like a loosened torrent. Old Blucher and his staff halted close beside me, and as each battalion swept past the veteran chief, he took his pipe from his mouth and shouted "Courage—children—forward! All is ours"—and the old man waved his remaining arm aloft in unrepressed triumph.

Although more than eleven years have elapsed since this conversation, I believe that it is set down much as it occurred;—the old soldier's manner was too remarkable to be easily forgotten.

Two or three days afterwards, I saw him undergo the operation. At first he begged them not to bind him, appearing quite insulted at the idea of his interrupting the operation by any movement of pain. I firmly believe he would have perished rather than have stirred a muscle. The stone was large, and the surgeon unskilful. Many times successively was it drawn to the very lips of the wound, and as often slipped, by want of dexterity in the operator, amid a murmur of dissatisfaction from the assembled pupils. All this time the old soldier did not utter a groan. He saw at length that the surgeon was agitated. "Be calm, sir," said he with wonderful resolution, "and we will dislodge the enemy yet!" Another time, when they offered him wine, he held the vessel containing it aloft, and in a mingled tone of devotion and sorrow, breathed "Poor Emilie!" then drank it off. When he had been suffering the most cruel tortures nearly an hour, and his countenance collapsing, spoke of approaching death,—another surgeon took the instrument and almost instantly succeeded in extracting the stone. He begged to see it. He looked at it for a short time, then shaking his head and smiling faintly, he muttered—"I would it had been lead, but God's will be done!"

I caught his eye as he was carried from the theatre;—he nodded, and held up his finger impressively—his thoughts were with Emilie. Pale as a statue she had been standing at the door of the operation room, and instinctively followed the assistants to the sufferer's bed. The long watching and agony of mind, which she had endured in that loathsome house, had impaired a naturally delicate constitution, and the hectic flush with which she greeted me showed she was not long for this world. The old soldier died in two days, gently as though he had never known strife or carnage. Three months afterwards Emilie was laid by his side. The grassy mounds under which they sleep, are now undistinguishable in the field of graves, and the school-boy as he bounds joyously over their dust, or the mourner who seeks the spot to weep over those who are gone, dreams not that beneath—the OLD SOLDIER and Emilie have at length found a relief from their sorrows.

DANIEL MERSHAUM.

* * *

TO THE OWL.

Vox et præterea nihil.

STRANGE, melancholy mourner of the night,
Whose voice is as an echo of the past!
As, wheeling through the dark thy lonely flight,
Thou hold'st communion with the midnight blast,—
Lov'st thou, enamoured of its gloom, to mourn
For solitude on thy congenial yew?
Or fold thy wings on the sepulchral urn,
And moping there, some spirit nightly woo?—
Sad, strangely sad, unmeaning earthless thing!—
Beat thy wild dirges on the startled ear,—
Thy omen'd notes to superstition sing
A deadly song, and strains of boding fear:—
She hears thy plaints in every night-wind's breath,
And *deems*, or *makes* thy voice the messenger of death.

T.

MATHEMATICS.

We have received various solutions of the questions in last Number, from which we select the following, particularly recommended by their *conciseness*—a cardinal virtue in such communications.

Solution of Question 1st, by Mr. W. Rutherford, Mathematical Teacher, Corporation's Academy, Berwick.

By the question, the person borrowed 6d. at the last tavern, to which add 1s. (what he spent at each tavern) one half of which will be the sum he borrowed at the third tavern,—and so on, always adding 1s. to the last half, and taking one half of the sum, which will give what he borrowed at the second and first taverns; consequently he had 11¼d. at first.

Solution of Question 2d, by Mr. Thos. Ingram, Parochial Schoolmaster, Hutton.

The rule for this solution is obtained by an Algebraical process, viz. Divide 48 by 2, and square the quotient. Divide 48 by 5⅓, and the quotient is 9. Multiply 48 by 9, and subtract the result from the square of 24. The square root of the quotient *plus* 24 is the greater number (36), which subtracted from 48 leaves the less (12).

Proof,——48 divided by 36 = 1⅓
and 48 divided by 12 = 4

5⅓ the sum.

Solution of Question 3d, by Mr. W. Weatherhead, Teacher, Swinton.

By the question, the rent of the estate in shillings (allowing one inch to each shilling) is exactly to surround it; hence it is evident, that every acre of the circular estate forms a sector of a circle having 20 inches, the rent in shillings, for its arc on the circumference of the circle, and its vertex in the centre, the radius of which is equal to the radius of the circle of which it is a part; therefore 1584 chains will be the diameter of the circular estate, and 197061.25824 acres its content.

Again, about the given circle describe a square and draw the two diagonals, and we shall have four right-angled triangles, the sides of which are each equal to half the diagonal of the circumscribing square, and the hypothenuse equal to the diameter of the circular estate; then, by a well known property of a circle inscribed in a right-angled triangle, the diameter of the circle is equal to the difference between the hypothenuse and the sum of the two sides; hence the diameter of the small circles, containing each of the sons' portions, is 656.114 chains, and the content of each will be 33810.33753 acres; then, if we join the centres of the circles inscribed in each quarter of the great circle, we shall have a square, from the content of which subtract one of the sons' portion, and we shall have 9238.22056 acres, the grand-daughter's portion; lastly, if from the whole estate we subtract the four sons' portions, *plus* the grand-daughter's portion, and divide the remainder by 4, the quotient (13145.42189 acres) will be each of the daughter's portions.

Mr. Weatherhead has also solved Questions 1st and 2d correctly, and Mr. Ingram, Q. 1st. Nor must we omit recording the receipt of solutions of the whole from Mr. G. Giles, Teacher, Tweedmouth,—which, though by far too elaborate and lengthy for our pages, furnish evidence of indefatigable industry and numerical precision rarely to be met with among the commonalty of his profession.—Mr. Matthew Paxton, of Etal, has been equally successful, and proved himself deeply conversant with the subjects, about which he has employed more care and taste than we had reason to expect.

Want of room compels us to defer, till another occasion, some additional Questions for Solution.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

Reform and Cholera have so effectually frozen up the tide of business, that we need hardly wonder at the slow progress of pencil-creations, during the two past years, from the hands of the artist to the gallery of the *connoisseur*. At a time of commercial melancholy and political distraction, it is gratifying to observe, that if works of sterling merit are not readily disposed of, they are at least in some sort appreciated. Among *The Spectator's* notices of pictures, now being exhibited at the gallery of the British Institution, occurs the following, which needs no comment;—Good's *vraisemblances* of character reconcile us by their sheer truth and force, to the cold sharp light which he throws on all his figures. 'An old retired Comedian' (11), must be the very man himself; and in 282, the expression both of reader and listener is perfectly real. It is like seeing the persons in a camera,—which we think the artist employs, judging from his peculiar style."

Such has been the rapid sale of Mr. Macindoe's little work on Pestilence, that a second edition is expected to appear in a few days, in order to meet the extensive demand.

The weekly sale of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, which is already familiar as a household word in the mouths of the lieges throughout the united kingdom, amounts to 20,000! Allowing *one farthing* as the proprietor's share of profit on each copy sold, Mr. William Chambers will realize the handsome sum *per week* of—£20 16s. 8d., or £1083 6s. 8d. *yearly!* Henceforth, ye men of mighty imaginings—ye spendthrifts of pounds—ye despisers of little things, learn to esteem less lightly the fraction of a penny.

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 11th ult., in Bryanstone-square, London, the wife of T. W. Beaumont, Esq., M. P. for the county of Northumberland, of a son.

At the Parsonage, Lavenham, Suffolk, on the 23d ult., Mrs. Robert Ainslie, of a daughter.

On the 2d inst., the wife of John Grey, Esq., of Milfield Hill, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Paul's, Shadwell, London, on the 16th ult., John Cunningham, Esq., of this town, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Kirkaldy, Wapping-wall.

In the Parish Church of Berwick, on Saturday, Mr. David R. Brown, Druggist and Chemist, High-street, to Miss Hair, eldest daughter of the late Mr. B. Hair, Farmer, Mardon.

DEATHS.

At Blanerne West Side, on the 11th ult., Robert Dunlop, Esq., of Mayfield, many years Major of the Berwickshire militia.

On the 7th ult., at Woolwich, the Rev. W. Terrot, A. M., Vicar of Grindon, in the county of Durham, Chaplain to the Marquis of Cleveland, and late Chaplain and head Master of Greenwich Hospital Schools, aged 63.

On the 12th ult., at Wiverton Hall, near Bingham, Mary, wife of John Musters, Esq., of Colwich and Annesley Halls, aged 46. Mrs. Musters is the lady to whom Lord Byron's early poems are addressed.

On the 24th ult., in this town, James Lee, aged 100 years. He was coachman several years to the late Sir Carnaby Haggerston, Bart., and his father, Sir Thomas.

On the 18th ult., Mr. John Landles, of Hutton Hall Mill, aged 48. Returning from Berwick market about 7 o'clock, p. m., Mr. Landles fell from his horse, in consequence of an apoplectic fit, and shortly afterwards expired.

On the 14th ult., Joseph Hume, Esq., of Ninewells.

At Ancrum Manse, on the 12th ult., the Rev. Thomas Campbell, D. D., in the 71st year of his age, and 39th of his ministry.

On the 5th ult., Elizabeth, relict of Dr. Erasmus Darwin—author of "The Botanic Garden," "Zoonomia," and other works in poetry and prose—of the Priory, Derbyshire, aged 84.

At Horncliff, on the 29th ult., Mr. William Paxton, aged 66.

At Belford, on the 24th ult., aged 80, Mr. James Johnson, corn-inspector, universally regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

At Dunse, on the 26th ult., John Kay, Esq., aged 77.

At Paxton, on the 3d inst., after a long and painful illness, Mr. Peter Smith, A. M. Preacher of the Gospel, in the 49th year of his age. Mr. S. was author of a volume of Sermons, a System of Grammar, a Catechism on the Works of Creation, The Eccentric Traveller, and various publications of a useful and popular character. His death is deeply lamented.

At Kelso, on the 26th ult., Mr. W. Tait, aged 75, supposed to be the last representative, by maternal descent, of the Kerrs of Greenhead.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FOX.—In a former Number we recorded the death of this excellent man, the simple statement of the event being accompanied with a single brief remark, which was all that our limited knowledge of his life enabled us to communicate. Ever anxious that departed worth should be embalmed in the memory of the living, not so much that the dead may be eulogized, for the righteous have their reward in heaven, as that survivors may be stimulated to the exercise of virtue,—with unfeigned pleasure we extract the following from the columns of a contemporary—*the Cumberland Pac-*

quet—whose estimate cannot be other than just, as we are certain it must be disinterested;—"Died on the 22d inst. (Feb.), at Berwick upon Tweed—of which place he was a native—Mr. John Fox, late superintendent of the Whitehaven Harbour improvements, in the 64th year of his age. Mr. Fox had been seriously indisposed for some time, and had gone to the place of his nativity, in hopes that a change of air would prove beneficial to his declining health; but the malady was too deeply rooted, and shortly after reaching the 'house of his fathers,' he expired—deeply regretted by his relatives and friends, as one of the most upright and amiable men that ever adorned a private station. He was twenty-two years in the employment of Mr. Rennie, sen., and connected with many important public works in different parts of the kingdom; and when the New West Pier, at this port, (Whitehaven) was undertaken, the extensive experience and great abilities of Mr. Fox recommended him to the situation of superintendent—in which he displayed a degree of industry, attention and zeal for the interest of his employers, that procured for him the lasting esteem of all who were capable of appreciating his merits. During nine years that he resided amongst us, we never heard his name mentioned without respect; and now that he is gone 'to return no more,' we may safely say that he has left a character without a single blemish—and one of the finest specimens of masonry, which England can boast of, as an enduring monument of his superior abilities."

To Readers and Correspondents.

Communications have been received from *D. W.* and *Amo Amavi.*

The admirable paper of J. S. H. in our next. We shall be glad to hear from the author again. By the by, what has become of C? And wherefore is he so long silent?

The *Song of Liberty* beginning

> 'Come, arouse ye! arouse ye! why do ye wait
> In asserting the cause of the free?'

falls short of our standard, and has therefore been added to the condemned list.

The article on History, &c., by O., is partly in type.

ERRATA.

In No. IV. 10th line from bottom of page 150—for *Lohers* read *Lohens.*
———— Same page, 3d line from bottom—for 829, read 839.
———— Page 152—for *Louis the Great*, read *Lewis the Fat.*
———— —— 192, line 1—for The *Young Man's Working*, read The *Working Man's.*
In No. V.—page 200, line 21—for *Portem* read *Portam.*
———— —— 201, line 13—for "had the *custos*," read "been the *custos*."
———— —— 202, line 28—for *When* read *Where.*

THE
BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. VI.] APRIL, 1832. [Vol. I.

ANNALS OF BERWICK.

Continued from page 204.

A. D. 1283. If the records from which we have hitherto derived our information be faithful, we have seen Berwick at this period in the most prosperous state of commercial consequence, she had at any time previous or since attained. Indeed, we shall greatly err in our opinion, should it not be found and acknowledged by those who may have looked with due circumspection, and with an impartial eye into her history, that she has been, from the aforesaid period to the present day, in a progressive state of decline as a port town. Let us hope that she has arrived at the lowest ebb of her decline; and should this be really the case, it is not in the nature of sublunary things to remain, for any length of time at least, stationary; an advance, or deterioration is inevitable;—a favourable reflux therefore may ensue;—we wish her more prosperous days, and we think she has more the means in her power than she seems to be aware of, to secure them to herself. But we must digress no farther;—we are called upon to revert to our history, and to facts as they are presented to our view in the records now lying before us.

By the death of Margaret, commonly called the Maid of Norway, which happened very shortly after that of her grandfather Alexander, the whole posterity of William the Lyon failed, and the Scottish diadem reverted to the descendants of David, Earl of Huntingdon, the brother of William. Several claimants of course arose, but the competition finally settled between Baliol and Bruce. Both parties were found to be equally matched in interest, and hence confusion and little else than a civil war ensued throughout the kingdom, and continued to rage till the great Nobility called upon Edward I. of England—certainly a very politic, but not less a very ambitious prince—to arbitrate the claims. He accepted the office, and after having assembled several parliaments—we think not less than five—in Berwick for their advice—decided on the seventeenth of November, 1292, in the great hall of the castle, in favour of Baliol. The decision could not be found fault with,—it wa slegitimately just—but, alas! the motive, on the part of Edward, proved bad; for he had, the year before, required and obtained the oath of fealty as superior Lord of Scotland—

to which he had as little pretension as the lowest vassal in his own dominions—from Philip de Rydal, Mayor of Berwick, and the Burgesses thereof, together with the inhabitants. Among the last mentioned was Agnes de Bernham, the prioress of the town,—for such was the prioress of the hospital of Saint Mary the Virgin then generally styled. He had also at this time the promise of the oath of fealty from Baliol, who faithfully fulfilled his engagement a few days after, the crown had been adjudged to him. Here was iniquity and treachery in the extreme towards the Scottish nation; and it quickly roused her patriots in defence of her independence, who soon found a leader worthy the cause in William Wallace of Eldersley,—a somewhat obscure man, but the truest hero of his age. War and devastation now raged in all their horrors, in almost every quarter of Scotland; battles were fought with various results on each side, until the life of Wallace fell, by treachery, a sacrifice to his patriotism. But we must pursue these matters no farther,—we fear we shall be thought to have already gone beyond the province of our Annals, and shall therefore proceed to particularize the evils that overtook the unfortunate town of Berwick in these disastrous times.

In the year 1296, Edward, in order to enforce, his iniquitous and unjustifiable claim of paramountcy, crossed the Tweed at Coldstream with thirty-five thousand men, and encamped, in the Easter week, at the foot of Halidon hill. By some stratagem, of which we are unable to give a particular account, he so far deceived the garrison of Berwick,—consisting at this critical time of only two hundred men, —as to have had the gates of the town opened to him and his army. Upon his entry a conflict ensued, wherein, according to the relation of some authors, seventeen thousand of the inhabitants were slain,—a most exaggerated computation, no doubt. Boece and Buchanan do not reckon the number beyond seven thousand five hundred. Among the slain were thirty Flemings, who were buried under the ruins of their hall, which they had bound themselves, when they were put into the possession of it by Alexander III., to defend to the last extremity, in the event of an assault on it, at any subsequent period, by an English force. With this latter circumstance ended the great staple of wool in Berwick, which was now transferred to its formidable rival, the port of London. Edward spent fifteen days at Berwick, to put it in a state of defence against future attacks, and in order to this, it has been recorded by some historians, he had caused a vast ditch, eight feet broad, and forty deep, to be dug through the neck of land between the sea and the Tweed; a work which, were it ever accomplished, could not fail to be deemed of unparalleled labour. Our conjecture is, that it never was begun; and our reason for the conjecture is, that it is hardly possible some trace of it should not have been visible at the present day; we have indeed sought frequently, but unavailingly, for the slightest mark of such a work. The ditch outside the old walls on the north, whereabouts this great barrier, according to Edward's direction, was to run, is certainly noother than the remains of the covered way, that formerly ran from the castle to the old Fort, near which the Bell-tower now presents itself. Edward now set out for the north, but speedily returned to Berwick, where he had summoned a Parliament to assemble on the twenty-third of August to settle the disputed kingdom, and where several of the Nobility and Clergy appeared,—avowed their allegiance, and swore fealty to him. He next appointed John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, guardian of Scotland, and nominated other gentlemen to various offices of trust; and finally, having directed an Exchequer to be established in Berwick for the receipts of the customs of the kingdom, he took his departure. The spirit of the country, however, still rose, notwithstanding all his means and polity to maintain his usurpation, and he found himself obliged to assemble another Parliament in Berwick, A. D. 1300, to advise about the means of subduing it:—but the national energies were not to be diverted from their purpose,—"a determinedness never to yield up their independence to an alien prince." Nor was it ever yielded to Edward, for seven years after this period we hear of death having arrested him, on his march at the head of a more numerous army than at any previous time he had collected to invade Scotland, at Burgh on Sands near Carlisle, as the following Latin inscription on a cross now standing there fully testifies:—

MEMORIÆ ÆTERNÆ
EDWARD I. REGIS ANGLIÆ LONGE
CLARISSIMI: QVI IN BELLI APPARATV
CONTRA SCOTVS OCCVPATVS HIC
IN CASTRIS OBIIT 7 JVLII.
A. D. 1307.

From this date to the reign of Edward IV.,—comprising a series of one hundred and fifty-four years, when Berwick fell under the sway of England, never more to be separated from it,—her history is only a narrative of disasters, and a detail of changes, according as the power of the one or other kingdom predominated; or as the guilty passions of their respective sovereigns urged them to the prosecution of particular plans. One only, however, of the events that happened within the above years, we shall notice; and we notice it as the most disastrous that befell Berwick. "A. D. 1355, being in the reigns of Edward III. of England and Edward Baliol of Scotland,—the Scots surprised the town in the month of November. Disembarking from ships on the north side of the Tweed, and applying scaling ladders at the Cowgate port, they entered the town—when much slaughter ensued, and the whole wealth of the place, reported to have been very great, became their prey."

From the end of the reign of Edward IV.,—who died in the year 1483, and who but a short while previous called upon the Burgesses of Berwick (and it was the first time they had been summoned) to send representatives to the English parliament,—to the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, A. D. 1558—this unfortunate town still continued at times the theatre of many conflicts. In these much blood was shed, the consequence indeed rather of the treachery and treasons of the Governors of the place, sometimes of those of England, at other times those of Scotland, than of the evil passions of their Sovereigns. Two events, however, not only of material benefit, but of very considerable importance to Berwick, arose within these latter years. The first, in July 3d A. D. 1486., according to Ridpath, B. vii. pp. 454 and 455. A treaty between Henry VII. of England and James III. of Scotland was made, wherein was agreed, "that on the 8th March ensuing, with continuance of days if requisite, a diet should be held on the marshes between Commissioners from each king, who should be instructed and empowered amicably to determine the bounds to be possessed by the inhabitants of Berwick and Garrison of the Town and Castle, agreeably to the extent and limits, during former treaties, while these places were in the hands of the king of England, and if a clear proof could not be obtained of the precise extent of these boundaries, the Commissioners should then settle new ones." The difference of the bounds was finally settled on the 8th of April of the following year.

The second event, to which we have alluded, was the making a county town and a free town of Berwick, independent of both states, by treaty between Edward VI. and Mary of Scotland, by which treaty Berwick became, in point of rank, equal to the most favoured towns and cities of England.

It is rather remarkable, nor can we find a reason for it in our own mind, that in the aforesaid treaty between Henry and James, the "inhabitants, and Garrison of the Town and Castle" (this wording is deserving of notice;—here is no Corporation named) should not have been freed from the Injunction under which they were lying by an agreement entered into, not more than a year before, between Richard III. and James, *not to cultivate their lands.*

It was not set aside until James VI., when he arrived at the English throne, gave the lands by charter to the Corporation,—a gift hardly justifiable, we are disposed to think, on the part of that monarch. The agreement between Richard III. and James III., already alluded to—but more particularly the wording of the treaty between Henry VII. and James III.,—rather tend to increase our suspicion, that James's bounty, was, in some degree, to be charged with enriching one part of his new subjects of the Town, at the unwarrantable expence of the other. Let it be understood, that by these observations, we by no means cast reflection on the Corporation of that period of their *golden harvest,* as it now proves to their successors to have been. No blame could possibly have attached to them, seeing that James had set so high a value on the courteous reception given to him by the Town, while on his way to London to have the Crown of England planted on his pedantic head. It was our intention, when we began our Annals, never to introduce the word *corporation* —but this we have found it impossible to abide by. That such, however, *was* our first intention, the following reason cannot fail to be satisfactory to our readers—we were destitute of any document to justify a descant on corporate matters. The archives of the Borough have been to this moment, and we have little doubt they will ever continue to us, a sealed letter;—no access to them, we have always been told, can be allowed to any, save to a member of their own body —a rule this, that cannot be too greatly lamented on several accounts. We shall notice but one,—it must tend to lessen the expectancy of ever seeing a History of Berwick comprising all the events necessary to give it the commanding interest of which it is susceptible. It is well, however, there are means occasionally to force these Archives, and bring a Deed and Statute and Charter into public notice, and under an impartial examination. An appeal to Bancus Regius, will do this effectually, as it has been done in two or three instances within the last few years, as the Corporation must be aware somewhat to their cost. May it prove a lesson of caution to them, how they assume, in future, privileges grounded on the usurpation, or at least the misconception, of their progenitors!

But now to our Annals again, which it is our design, from this time, to pursue to their end, without the introduction of aught, that may be conceived by our readers foreign to the task we imposed on ourselves, when we commenced them.

A. D. 1558.——The aspect of the town of Berwick is now about to undergo a material change;—it is to become a town with a suburb. Elizabeth of England, in the first year of her reign, determined on erecting those Fortifications which we now behold fast crumbling to ruin, and which, we may safely prophesy, will ere the lapse of many years be seen level with the ground on which their ramparts and bastions are raised. They were constructed after the fashion that generally obtained at this period on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the frontier towns of France; and to prosecute their erection, many master masons—some of them foreigners—and a great number of labourers were brought from Liverpool, to which place they were sent back when the works were completed.

We must now observe that when these great works were begun, it was found necessary, in order to their perfect finish, to cut away a large portion of what was called the lower town, near the Quay, and also to pull down many houses in *Saint Mary Gate.* Speaking here of *Saint Mary Gate,* it probably will not be considered as going much out of our way, if we notice, that at this period the street now called *High Street,* and the whole line of *Castle gate* to the toll bar went under that name. The Church of the hospital, which had now become the Parish Church, in consequence of the famed Church of the Holy Trinity, built by *Bec,* Bishop of Durham, having been taken down by order of Queen Mary, stood in the centre of the whole line.

Further—to supply the material of stone, the Old Walls on the north and east of the town were levelled nearly to their foundation, as is evident enough at the present day; nor was the Tower on Hidehill, we have had occasion early in our history to refer to, spared;—and we are disposed to indulge a conjecture that all the Monastic Edifices, which had doubtless remained unoccupied since Henry VIII. had set their ascetic inhabitants adrift in the world, were also taken down for the like purpose; or how else, surely we may ask, can it be accounted for, that we have before our eyes no remains but an inconsiderable portion of one of them?—(*Vide* history of the hospital of the Virgin Mary, in our former paper.)

How long these great works were in progress to the time of their completion, we have had, hitherto, no means of ascertaining. We hesitate, however, not to remark,—judging from what we see of them even now, and knowing they had a garrison within them of five hundred Infantry, independent of a proportionate number of Artillery-men to work the ordnance with which they were furnished—that they certainly cannot have failed, in their pristine state, to present a most formidable front of defiance; yet are we sometimes told by military gentlemen, whose judgment in these matters we are not competent to question, "that had the military art of that day approached in any tolerable degree toward the perfection to which it has now arrived, these fortifications would have been found of no avail to sustain for any moderate length of time the attacks of a besieging army: to this trial, however, they were never put,—nay—we are inclined to believe, it will be found on enquiry—that no glittering banner of war ever waved on, nor was a gun ever fired from, their ramparts or bastions in hostility.

Such were these fortifications, and such the metamorphosis of the ancient town of Berwick, at the death of Elizabeth, A. D. 1603—when it fell under the sway of James VI. of Scotland, in consequence of his accession to the English throne. And here properly, and agreeably to our first design, should end our labour; yet we shall not bring it to a final close, till we have brought together, in short details and in chronological order, some few particulars we esteem worthy of record in, and not foreign to the plan of, our history, in which they could not with propriety have been incorporated.

A. D. 1072. A peaceable meeting recorded, by Matthew of Westminster, to have been held in this year at Berwick between Malcolm Canmore and William the Conqueror of England—when the former king paid homage to the latter, (but for what—the good Monk does not tell us,) which left the town under the sway of Scotland.

A. D. 1166. At this period—in wantonness, if not from a worse principle, this town was nearly consumed by fire, by the followers of William the Lyon, on his way to his first invasion of Northumberland.

A. D. 1199. The first bridge of Berwick, which was of wood, washed away by an inundation of the river, and a new one of the same material instantly begun, and rapidly finished, by command of William the Lyon of Scotland. This latter bridge was not removed until the present *fine one* was completed in the reign of Charles I., it having been commenced in the last year of Queen Elizabeth. We have called it a *fine bridge*, but it may justly be styled, for the period in which it was erected, a truly *magnificent one;* yet has it not been fortunate enough, even in very recent times, to escape disfiguration: witness the miserable hovel of a toll-house, standing nearly on the crown of its curve.

A. D. 1216. A meeting of the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, to absolve Alexander II. from a sentence of excommunication.

A. D. 1217. The nuptials of a sister of Henry III. of England with the Earl of Pembroke, who was Protector at this time of the realm, took place here.

A. D. 1297. The town entered and taken by Wallace, but retaken in the same year by Edward I.

A. D. 1304. The remains of the Hero Wallace, sent down from London after his execution, and exposed on a gibbet on the bridge. We have heard it said, it was on *Wallace-green* this shameful and unfeeling exhibition took place; but it is far more probable, it was in that spot, that Wallace, with his brave followers, seven years before, (*Vide* preceding notice) halted when they entered Berwick; and hence its name.

A. D. 1306. The Countess of Buchan's punishment, whatever it really was, took place, but the Iron Cage we consider as much a fable, as was the Iron Cage in which Bajazet, nearly a century after, was said to have been exposed and rolled about from place to place by his conqueror Timour the Tartar, and to which no historian of recent times yields the least credence. That the Countess of Buchan was very closely confined, we can have no reason to doubt; her crime in the consideration of Edward could not fail to be otherwise than great; her punishment might have been confinement in a room of very narrow dimensions,—on the very summit, too, if you please, of the tower of the castle, where she might occasionally have been seen at its grated window by persons entering the town from the north; but beyond a punishment like this, we cannot be induced to entertain a shadow of belief.

A. D. 1310. Edward II. and his queen, with a numerous attendance of courtiers and a great acquisition of the *noblesse* of both kingdoms, spent the winter and Christmas in Berwick in great revelry and wassailing.

A. D. 1312. The Countess of Buchan released from her confinement by Edward II.

A. D. 1328. The marriage, by proxy, of Joan, the sister of Edward III., a princess only six years old, with David, son of Robert I. of Scotland, celebrated here with great magnificence.

A. D. 1333. The tragical execution of the two sons of Seaton the Governor of the town, is said in this year to have taken place in Berwick,—at least such is the account we have from both Boece and Buchanan. Historians, however, of both kingdoms since their days, seem to throw great doubts on the truth of the event. All we have to observe on the subject is, that it was an act of cruelty, if it really was put in execution, strangely militating against the nature and disposition of Edward III., who was ever characterized for generosity, and a feeling most congenial with the purest humanity. The circumstance of two skulls having of late years been discovered beneath the ground on which the execution is recorded to have taken place—and this too adduced in proof of the fact of the cruelty in Fuller's history of Berwick—we set down as a proof beneath all criticism.

A. D. 1461. Henry VI., with his queen and son, and several of his adherents, lords and gentlemen, fled to this town for safety, immediately after the fatal battle of Towton: and Henry, in order to secure to himself a surer refuge in the court and under the protection of James III. which he meditated whilst here, made no scruple of surrendering up the town to the sway of that monarch.

A. D. 1488. Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., arrived in Berwick on her way to her marriage with James IV. of Scotland. She was met at her entrance into the town by the college invested with the cross, where she remained three days, was entertained with the greatest magnificence and then departed, accompanied by the same college and the Corporation of the town, to Lamberton church where she was delivered to the commissioners from Scotland at no expence to the bridegroom.

A. D. 1552. The reformer John Knox, after his return from exile, was sent to Berwick by Archbishop Cranmer to preach, and continued his preaching therein for two years.

A. D. 1566. Mary of Scotland visited the town of Berwick, and was received with every possible mark of respect to which her dignity entitled her; and on her return home was attended back as far as Halidon hill by the Corporation.

A. D. 1588. James VI. visited the town, and was received in the same way, as was his unfortunate mother twenty-two years before, and like her was attended on his return home as far as Halidon hill by the Corporation.

Thus have we, with as much brevity, we will dare to presume, as it could well be done, brought these Annals to an end, nor are we aware of a single event of material consequence and interest, having relation to, and happening in the town of Berwick from the earliest period of her rise into notice as a town, to the year 1603, being omitted by us. Nothing more remains to us than, conformably to the intimation we gave at the commencement of our labour, to lay before our readers a schedule of a few of the chief works we have in recollection, from which our extracts and memorandums have been taken, and on which our Annals are founded. They are as follows:—

Boece's and Buchanan's Histories of Scotland;—Rapin's and Hume's Histories of England;—Ridpath's Border History;—Hutchison's History of Northumberland;—Camden's Britannia;—Leland's Itinerary;—Rhymer's Federæ;—Stephenson's translation of part of Dugdale's Monasticum Anglicanum;—Keith's Catalogue of Bishops of Scotland and its Ecclesiastical and Monastic state in former times;—Anderson's Diplomata; and Kennet's Parochial Antiquities.

J. T.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

BY DAVID MALLOCK, A. M.

How sweet the memory appears
Of other days and other years!
When smiling cheeks and laughing eyes,
Soft as the blue of summer skies,
Sparkled unceasingly, till night,
With balmy sleep, brought dreams of light;
And morn again, with sunny face,
Afresh renew'd the fairy race;
And hour on hour roll'd fast away,
Unnotic'd as the steps of day;
And the wide world was bright and fair,—
For Pain left not her footsteps there!
How sweet the memory appears,
Of these deceased and buried years!—

Oh! 'mid the anguish and the gloom
That herald manhood to the tomb,
And o'er the scenes of coming years
Throw the dark pall of doubts and fears;—
Like beauteous shapes that seem to rise
From the rich clouds of evening skies,
When the broad sun with circling sweep
Plunges his forehead in the deep,
And flings behind, to gild his tent,
Ethereal hues—magnificent!
Like beauteous shapes—departed years!—
To me your memory appears!

Thronging around me, now ye stand
Unscath'd by sorrow's withering hand;
As fresh and beautiful ye seem
As the bright picturings of a dream;
And num'rous as the stars of even
That stud the radiant roof of heaven;
And richer—brighter do ye blaze,
As sorrow dims these evil days!

Nor were ye void of sighs and tears—
Ye gone, and ye twice blessed years;
But oh how soon all trace departed
Of anguish from the innocent-hearted!
If tears ere stained the cherub face,
They left behind no furrow'd trace
That other scalding drops might stain
The laughing field of Pleasure's reign;
Like rainbow showers they seemed to fall
A pause in joy's bright festival,
That glow'd the sunnier when the cloud
Had pass'd, that wrapt it in its shroud!

Days of my youth! where are ye now?—
The clouds of grief rest on my brow;
And all the sunny thoughts are fled
That danc'd like light-beams round my head;
And nought but mem'ry—Stay my tears!—
Remains of these departed years!

FRAGMENT IN MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The possession of intelligence and the power of exhibiting it is the peculiar glory of man whose intellectual faculties are able not only to produce spiritual creations, but to make them and himself the subject of his contemplation. The other animals seem altogether incapable of any thing analagous to this. Their whole internal nature appears to consist of a few regular impulses to action; or if any of them have been known to afford obvious indications of a considerable degree of mentality, the process was so short and uniform under similar circumstances that we are warranted in saying that brutes are governed more by a law of instinctive feeling than any thing else. No animal except man possesses as the characteristic principle of his constitution, the capacity of forming abstract ratiocinations. To the human soul, this is natural. Indeed the simplest thoughts of the most unfurnished mind may fairly be presumed to be analyzable into a regular series of premises and inference.

One distinguishing feature of mind is its *activity*. How many thousands of ideas live for a moment, and die, then live again in the mind of a man during the course of a single day! What astonishing speed is displayed in their succession! Nothing can be compared to this inappreciable velocity! Often is this invisible flight of Thought so accelerated as to defy the power of attention to distinguish any element of the combination of ideas, and so lost and enveloped do particular notions become in the general tide that the soul soon finds it impossible to identify its own productions! How rich and fertile, the secret recesses from which such incalculable quantities of intelligence continually flow, and how inexplicably mysterious the capacity of evolving them in such rapid progression! In general, the processes of mind are distinguished by a species of *order* and are governed by certain laws of association. Sometimes however, the excursion of the mind is trackless, and it is found impossible to trace the remotest tie of connection between two immediately successive ideas. All such phenomena are resolvable into principles of affinity which at the time elude our notice and recollection. Such influence of one idea upon another, as if it were a kind of mutual attraction, is governed evidently by very subtle laws of connection and dependance. The mental concatenation is so very complicated as to include every variety of species and mode of association within the circumference of possibility. The mind, though unable to summon forward any particular thought, till that thought first solicit our notion, has yet the power of bidding defiance to the restraint of absolute rule in the succession of its ideas; and while abhorring a vacuum, it knows knowing of continued sameness.—This moment, cogitation embraces one particular object or subject. But its direction is often changed in an infinitesimal of time. Variety of conception is one of the prominent features of the mind. Heaven and earth, the affairs of home and of parts abroad, the most important events of historic fact and trifling toys of common-place observation, are brought under the sphere of its contemplation, and, as if by an instantaneous impulse, commingled together in a sort of orderly confusion. Now thought sports in the sallies of imagination and in the fantastic whims of fancy,—then it assumes all the more commanding attributes of a rational nature, exploring the abysses of abstract truth and speculation. Now it imagines, reasons, judges, remembers, apprehends—then it desires, feels, hopes, fears, anticipates, loves and enjoys. Nor does it require much of its inherent energies so to concentrate and sublimate its jarring and unconnected elements as to produce beauty out of apparent ugliness, order out of wild confusion, peace and harmony out of discord and conflict. Not more beautiful the refraction of light introducing the mild glory of morning, or the process of vegetation from the formation of the bud to the expansion of the blossom, than the reciprocal action and re-action of Thought and Feeling upon each other. All objects without us are in great measure tangible by reflection; but man's is also the faculty of penetrating through the recesses of his own mentality, or of employing the mind about itself. In the contemplation of any of the mental operations, the mind is considering the mind. The understanding that would comprehend, is the understanding to be comprehended. The thought we would analyze, is analysable only by thought. This power is probably a reflection of some inscrutable attribute of the Deity, the possession of which constitutes Him what He is. The human power of reminiscence, in connection with that of anticipation may together form something analagous to the Divine Omniscience. The faculty we have of bringing scenes before our imagination that are not actually before us, and of transporting ourselves, as it were, to points of locality, at which we are not literally or substantially present, may be something analagous to the Divine Omnipresence; or if we conceive of the presence of the Deity, as connected with the manifestation of it in acting wherever He is, or producing effects wherever He wills to produce them; then such virtual ubiquity has, in some measure, been conferred on men who have extended their influence over extensive regions of the earth without being personally present at them. Inquisitive reason in endeavouring to determine the mode of the Divine presence has proposed the question—Where is God?—to which sober philosophy appropriately retorts by demanding an account of the locality of human thought—that emanation from the Eternal essence.

The cases are analagous. Every one who has paid any attention to the operations of his own mind must have been struck occasionally with the recurrence to him of any old idea, long absent, long ago forgotten, and now as it were an apparently dead and buried stranger belonging to another sphere. Yet memory fully identifies the resuscitated offspring of its brother faculties. And where has it been and how has it fared since the days of yore when it lodged for a while as a member of the spiritual family—is a query certainly not more rational nor less inconsistent than the analagous one respecting the residence or abode of the Divine uncreated essence.

The French philosopher conceived more justly on this subject when he drew the analogy (fancifully figurative as it was) of God's being a circle whose centre is no where and whose circumference is every where. The sublime subject is far removed above the sphere of our capacity and intelligence. But it is equally just and appropriate to say that God is a circle, whose centre is every where and whose circumference is no where. As there may be an analogy between the human constitution and the Divine, and the Deity may be conceived of, as united to the universe of matter as a human soul is united to a human body; so the power we have of moving our bodies by the mere volition to move, may be similar to the omnipotent energy of the will of God in nature. And man rises yet into a higher emblem of Deity in respect of authority, when he exercises moral, intellectual, political domination—when his fellow-creatures by millions receive his commands—when he sways bodies, minds and hearts, and thus appears invested with something of the grandeur of Divine prerogative. As all parts of material Nature are bound together by laws of mutual adhesion, so there is a system of reciprocation through the world of mind. We communicate and interchange ideas, and impart to and receive from one another spiritual influence on the volitions of action and the springs of passion. In this there seems an analogy to the operation of God upon the human soul, and to the corresponding effect of human volition upon the mind of the Deity. Our faculty of consciousness, or of considering ourselves as ourselves, is necessarily similar to the personality of God. The monarchy of man among the tribes of his fellow animals is attributable to his possession of reason. Notwithstanding the smallness of the human stature and the comparative feebleness of man's frame, he grasps firmly and wields irresistibly the sceptre of universal domination. The howling savage, the winding serpent, the gaping alligator, with all the untameable and rebellious offspring of the earth are destroyed in the contest with him, or driven to a distance from his habitation. As the arrangements on the surface of the globe were evidently made with especial reference to human accommodation and comfort; so we are able to turn to our advantage even the vast extent of ocean. By forcing it into our service, it becomes our own. The tempestuous waters, instead of limiting and dividing man's empire, only assist his industry and enlarge the sphere of his enjoyment. Its billows and monsters instead of intimidating his efforts serve only to excite his courage. The naked savage, standing on the brink of the ocean as if looking at an angry God and trembling at his tumults, is indeed incapable of converting its terrors into benefits, or of asserting his dominion over the stupendous abyss. But the acquisition of science renders him as strong as he had been weak—and gives him command over the unintelligent forces of the wind and the waves. *Knowledge is power*. Of the laws of nature, reason can avail itself, and to a certain extent renders man master of the elements, because capable of guarding against the danger of their conflict, and of modifying or preventing their action on his frame. Thus he rises superior to the laws of nature by means at the same time in accordance with those laws. To the possession of reason we owe that internal sense of rational dignity which arises from knowledge. Man's capacious intellect has explored the recesses of glorious nature—has elicited its properties and called into action its powers—has extended his acquaintance with the more remote parts of the universe—has opened up to his imagination an unlimited range through the immensity of space and of time. Indeed Philosophy has dared even to venture into the presence of God, the Eternal Cause of all causes; and though at every such attempt it has uniformly felt itself overwhelmed and confounded, by the glory and grandeur of the peerless monarch of the universe, the inaccessible height of his throne, and the mysteriousness of the insignia engraven on its impregnable pillars; yet has it gained much and lost nothing by its bold and sublime excursion into the empyreal sphere. If in some measure it has ascertained its incompetency to soar so high, it has at least derived satisfaction from concentrating its strength on the subject most worthy of its exertion. Man by reason is related to the Creator as the subject of his moral government. And though Divine Revelation is the chain that hangs, as it were, immediately from the throne of God by which his authority is definitely connected or indissolubly linked with the immutably moral obligations and duties of intelligent creation; yet may unassisted reason fit one for the homage and admiration of the sublime Architect of the universe; for the understanding that ascertains and determines scientific truth, or the power and wisdom and goodness of God as exhibited in the works of nature, is able to connect them with the devout acknowledgment and praise of the divine agency and government in the system of the world. And under a pious impulse, the view of benevolent plan and design and operation may suggest to and enforce on a man the fitness of conforming his actions in society to such an excellent demonstration; while the indications of Divine Wisdom within us and around us may be regarded as teaching him the duty of endeavouring to become intellectually wise and to possess knowledge, in imitation (faint as it must be) of Him who planned the stupendous whole according to the sublime conceptions of Infinite and Eternal Skill.

The Poet has said, 'O what a miracle to man is man!' to which we may respond—What a wonder is Thought! We are struck with amazement in considering the magnitude and distances of the heavenly bodies! The idea of worlds bounding forward along with us round a central sun, a million of times bigger than our globe, is a most astonishing idea. Admiration rises higher still by the reflection that our sun itself and his surrounding planets constitute but one of an innumerable multitude of systems that pervade and brighten the heavens! The thought of possible magnitude and distance is altogether overwhelming. That the point of space occupied by any single globe, or that world itself, is only as it were the centre to an infinite circumference, is a theme fit only for an archangel's capacity. But these subjects in sublime magnificence are not comparable to the mind which can grasp them! Hence the creation even of a single soul was a more admirable display of Divinity than the formation of material worlds, in which we see nothing more than organized masses of matter—nothing but magnitude and form—which have nothing kindred to mind, and no affinity with the intelligence of their Creator, so as to be able to interchange sentiments or contemplate the soul which yet can contemplate them! The complicated motions of the stars, are as the working of an Omniscient brain—a universal intellect. They measure ages but feel them not. Unchanged by time, they seem as if they had existed from a past eternity, and as if their future career were to be as interminable as the space in which they revolve. But humanity is a nobler emblem of the uncreated glory. Man sees what all this means. Its perception is in his sight. Its interpretation is in his soul. Were there not the rational beings to see and hear; no heavens could declare the glory of God, nor firmament shew forth his handy-work of power and wisdom and benevolence. Their beauty is felt by him, not by themselves! Their laws are investigated by him, not by themselves! In knowing them he is their superior and a better image of God than they are. It is spirit that is most congenial to spirit; so that the grandest wonders of this wonderful world, which are those of heavenly bodies and spaces and motions, are not naturally associated so much with the idea of Divine perfection, and reflecting the glory of the Supreme to the same extent as the constitution and operations of human thought.

At present, it is true, we can regard man but as a young untaught pupil in the school at which high orders of intelligence preside. Clogged with flesh and blood, we are incapable of much expansion of intellect or of knowledge relating to much more than to objects sensible and material. Here we are but beginning to be, learning, as it were, the alphabet of the language of the highest powers surrounding the Eternal's throne; and to be able to hold converse with our seniors, and reach the high themes of high understandings, we must be dismissed from a state of sense and material confinement. Meantime, let us cultivate and improve the faculties we enjoy. Their most important employment is of course to be auxiliaries to the dictates of the moral sense. Their most happy state is to be in harmony with conscience. And as a powerful motive to piety, we should draw upon the stores of natural knowledge. Science is a book of facts and principles nearly as express in its intimations of the Divine character and will, as the oracular voice of the Bible. It is rich and replete with all that can gratify curiosity; while it unfolds and elucidates the noble features of Divine wisdom, power and goodness, in all their exuberance of beauty, glory and grandeur, on which the mind may dilate itself in sublime and ineffable satisfaction. And our knowledge shall increase in the dominions of heaven when from the eternal hills of Paradise we may, with angelic telescopes, extend our survey of the complicated movements of the wheels of nature, and be able to tune a harp to the praise of Him who made man at first but a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honour. Here our understanding gropes and wanders in '*darkness visible.*' Such is the feebleness of our mental grasp of ineffable truth, that we are sometimes dazzled and confused more than illuminated, by the reflections of uncreated light, even on the pages of heaven's revelation. In another and higher sphere of being, however, "we shall see as we are seen, and know even as we are known."

Alnwick. J. S. H.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

AWAY to the woodlands, Eliza, my fair!
The morning is bright, and the valleys are green;
The glad smile of nature shall welcome you there—
Of fond hearts the dearest, of beauty the queen!
Away to the woodlands! the winter is gone,
The green earth is budding in summer's array,
The blackbird is singing in sweet mellow tone,—
Away to the woodlands, Eliza, away!

Away to the woodlands! the summer is near,
The sun's on the lake, and the lark's in the sky;
And if the young rose is bedewed with a tear,
'Tis the soft tear of gladness, the dew-drop of joy.
Away to the woodlands! and there shall we roam,
Till the sun woo the ocean at calm evening's close;
Your heart is my treasure, your bosom my home,
For there all my fond hopes in safety repose!

REMARKS ON HISTORY AND HISTORIANS,

ESPECIALLY

HUME, ROBERTSON AND GIBBON.

From Lectures lately delivered in the Sorbonne.

BY M. VILLEMAIN,

PROFESSOR OF FRENCH ELOQUENCE, & MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY.

IN modern times, previous to Voltaire and the historical renovation he has produced and which Hume has followed, three men appear to me to stand prominently forth in their different manners of writing history—Machiavel, de Thou, and Bossuet. These men constitute three widely different types; and not one of them is the type which I think would suit our epoch.

Hence we draw this natural conclusion, that history is not subject to any necessary and precise form, that of all kinds of composition its character is the most various and manifold; that it always leaves room for the display of original talent; that according to the writer's point of view, according to the character of his genius, of his epoch, or the special end he proposes, history undergoes correspondent transformations, and appears in all its different forms equally true.

Machiavel is at once modern and ancient: herein lies his originality. From antiquity, he borrows that vigour of mind, that energy of expression which engraves rather than paints, and those eloquent discourses which he puts into the mouth, now of an Albizzi, now of a conspirator of Florence almost transformed into a citizen of Rome. But he possesses, at the same time, that penetrating sagacity and that accurateness which are the gift of modern times. By the necessity of his subject, he is led to that rapid view of the past, to those vast and philosophical summaries which unite in one *coup d'œil* all the distinctive characters of a nation or an epoch. Nothing can be finer, in this respect, than the first book of the 'History of Florence.' There, all the barbarity of the middle ages is condensed, so to speak, into a few pages, yet without sacrificing graphic description to profound reflection.

After him, de Thou stands conspicuous by eminent qualities, which I would call entirely modern; for the conscientious impartiality, the calm of reason and justice which characterize him, were merits almost quite unknown to the ancients, and almost unattainable by them. The passions of the ancient republics, those quarrels so violent between the little states of Greece, and between the parties which formed as many states in each democracy, seemed to exclude that integrity and independence to which philosophy exalts de Thou, in a time of fanaticism and fury.

After this great and upright man arises Bossuet, elevated by genius. What the experience of the world,—what a practical and contemptuous knowledge of common life had contributed to Machiavel's character, the grand truths of Christianity contribute, under a different form, to the manner of Bossuet. On his high episcopal chair, rather than at the historian's desk, he collects and sums up the histories of all nations, he makes the human race pass before him, he urges them on, he bids them 'march, march,' according to the eloquent allusion of one of his most ingenious panegyrists. He precipitates them towards the abyss, and seems to have predicted what he relates. There is something lofty and solemn in this manner of a prophet: it is not the vocation of the historian, but the power, and, if you will, the charm of the orator.

How very different are these three forms, and yet how far are they from having exhausted the infinite variety of historical genius!

I believe, Gentlemen, were we to select and enumerate the moral and intellectual qualities of the historian, we would almost be afraid to think on all that is requisite. Cicero strove hard to form his ideal orator; he has imposed on him many onerous conditions of knowledge, facility and genius; he has required of him at the same time much study and great talents. I consider the duty of the historian to be not less vast, not less difficult of performance. Thus, in respect of his moral qualities, I would demand the love of truth, that is, the zeal of accuracy and a patience carried to scrupulosity. Under the love of truth I comprehend not only the necessity of knowing the cold and lifeless truth, buried in diplomatic papers, but the power of discovering,—of feeling,—of restoring local and contemporary truth, of designing anew the physiognomies of personages, of setting them in motion, by rendering to them, without any trace of the writer's own period or personalities, their genuine passions and costumes. Here then is a moral quality which becomes, in the historian, a mental endowment.

I would next require of him the love of humanity or of liberty. You see, my exactions are not immoderate; for I can conceive that, according to the diversity of the times and the countries, there are certain subjects in which the love of liberty, too openly manifested in the historian, would be a sort of anachronism and impertinence in the midst of the personages and facts he was describing.

I demand then, in a historian, the love of humanity or of liberty. His impartial justice ought not to be cold and impassable. He must, on the contrary, have an interest,—a passion; he must wish, hope, love, suffer or rejoice in what he relates. Look at Tacitus;—he is the greatest of historians, because while he is the most upright, he is, I am bold to say, the most impassioned; because he discerns as a judge, and deposes as a witness who is still full of emotion and of anger at what he has seen.

Lastly, I exact of the historian, on certain occasions at least, the love of country. I do not agree with Lucian in thinking that he should be a stranger without a native land,—without altars; nor with a writer of the eighteenth century, that he should be attached to no country, no party, no religion. Surely such a demand is most foolish! —You ought to believe the historian; but how shall you believe him who himself believes nothing? The historian must have a real faith; he will not impose it on you, but he will gain your confidence, because he shews himself to be in earnest and to have a belief; and if in the midst of the peculiar opinions which he confesses, you discover a sound and elevated judgment which recognizes and discovers the truth, then the historian effectually enlightens and persuades you.

Such are the moral qualities of the historian! As to the intellectual qualities, they appear to me almost overwhelming and infinite. It seems a thing unjust that to have talents is more difficult than to have virtues; yet such is the truth.

Thus, Gentlemen, for our modern times especially, loaded with so many facts, and with so much science,—for this Europe that comprehends so many great States, each a world in itself, and that moves in a Universe which it touches and influences at all points; in the midst of this infinite multiplicity of political and civil laws, of institutions more or less perfect; in this complication of war,—marine,—finances, —and social biography, (if I may use the expression) I sink beneath the thought of those immense stores of acquired knowledge, and that singularly intelligent and docile mind requisite in a historian. For universal intelligence, so to speak, the knowledge of every thing and of every detail in every thing, seems to me almost an indispensable quality. How then is the appearance of so many histories to be accounted for? It is because the writers, like me, never reflect on all these necessary qualifications.

But farther, supposing the historian to be endowed with those moral qualities which I consider as the soul of his talent; supposing him to have acquired that universal knowledge, just described; and to have that pliancy, that ardour and that facility of intellect, ever prompt in conceiving and apprehending, still all this is not sufficient; he must be a master of composition; he must possess the art of distributing and blending together these treasures of knowledge and of ideas; he must be able to render his narration interesting and progressive. I know well that it is commonly allowed—not, as pretends Cicero, that history amuses, in whatever manner it may be written, but,—that history enjoys the privilege of being tiresome, without any one having a right to complain.

Look only at the innumerable histories written during the eighteenth century. Take Mezerai,—the servile and fanatical Daniel,—the learned, but cold and diffuse Rapin de Thoiras. Whatever may be the grandeur of the events related, excepting certain moments where the reality has been stronger than the historian, you are tired and repelled; and yet what else is history than a picture of life? and what is more animated—more interesting—more worthy of human contemplation than the spectacle of life? Why are we, unceasingly, so curious and passionate spectators of contemporary events? and why are these same events, buried in a book of history, so often for our own country as well as for others, tedious and revolting? The fault undoubtedly lies with the historians: but in order to escape from this fault, I am almost afraid to think of the necessary talent. This talent, I reduce, I sum up in one word—the art of composition; that is to say, the art of disposing reality, as imagination disposes its fictions—the art of laying out a territory whose situation is fixed, just as oriental poetry arranges those fabulous countries which she delights to create in the ærial vacuity.

Human life is a process, whose details interest contemporaries, but which must be abridged for futurity. The historian ought to select from the infinite number of facts what is worthy of surviving,—what is durable, that is, in an eternal relation to human nature, and illustrative of that nature as it is exhibited at particular epochs.

The style yet remains to be considered; but we have often said that style should not be regarded as a separate thing which can in a manner be taken off or restored, and is independent of the ideas. In the fourth century Christian writers fancied for a time that, in order to destroy Paganism, it was only necessary to carry off the style of Homer and Menander, and employ it upon Christian subjects. In our days a dexterous industry detaches from the domes and walls of temples the *chefs d'œuvre* of painting, and deposes them on canvass, to secure their preservation. But in things intellectual this superficies of style is nothing. The artificial works which the early Christians thus composed in imitation of Pagan productions proved tiresome to those for whom they were made. When, on the contrary, they separated not their style from their thoughts, nor their thoughts from their entire existence; when they made discourses merely to exhort these to martyrdom—those to repentance, they were sublime, and they invented a style which could no longer be stripped off from the ideas, but was intimately united with them as the soul is with the body.

Such, Gentlemen, is my manner of regarding style. I will not speak of it as isolated; it will flow from all those qualities of mind and soul which we have indicated. Thus from strict integrity, from a zeal for truth in all its details, from an imagination, fond of all that complete for it the image of what is true, will spring up ardour of expression and warmth of colouring.

From the learned and happy distribution of the various parts of his work,—from the immensity of knowledge which will assist uniting the details of manners, arts, sciences, in fine, of all the variety of human life, will naturally follow progression, grace and freshness of diction.

Thus, the style will be comprehended in all those virtues and talents that I have exacted of the historian: but it is not on that account the less difficult of attainment.

Let us now make the application. Here Hume realized the type that has just been traced? He is far from having reached it. His reason is powerful, his judgment full of sagacity, his style elegant and pure, but hardly any of the nobler qualities of the soul are to be found in his work. The zeal of accurateness, Hume possesses not; he is easily satisfied. The documents transmitted by intermedial historians relieve him of the necessity of referring to the primitive sources. He relates himself, that there were offered to him in France, fourteen manuscript volumes of James I., and all the correspondence of our ambassadors at London, and that, pre-occupied with the pleasures of Paris, he had entirely neglected that precious opportunity.

In Hume, therefore, you will often find material errors, which he could easily have rectified if he had only had the curiosity to go and turn slowly over the leaves of the verbal processes of the House of Commons. Why has he not done so? Because Hume entertained, in certain parts of his work, a contempt of his subject.

He has declared that he cannot conceive the power that Cromwell exercised over the assemblies, because he expressed himself like a rude peasant; these are his words. His academical taste, if you will permit me so to speak, shocked with certain vulgar, vehement, theological expressions, which Cromwell uttered, perceived not that ardent and sombre enthusiasm which burned in his words. He regarded as ridiculous what Cromwell spoke:—'I have not called myself to this place; others have called me to this place,' &c.,—subdividing his discourse into three parts, like a sermon. But if, instead of being shocked with certain coarse or pedantic expressions, he had penetrated deeper, he would have felt that thrilling force which agitates the soul; and he would have alternately explained the eloquence of Cromwell by his power, and his power by his eloquence.

Neither do I find in Hume so much as I wish (I hesitate in making these remarks, Gentlemen, remembering that the eighteenth century regarded Hume as the first of historians, and that this opinion is still in vogue;) but notwithstanding I own that I do not perceive in Hume enough of the love of humanity and liberty. Hume, undoubtedly loves freedom of discussion, the existence of the two Houses of Parliament, and the liberty of the Press; these are common-place topics in England; there is not a minister even who does not think so; but he loves them conventionally, from custom, and not with that pure and energetic instinct which fosters itself. He relates and analyzes the acts of stern and protracted injustice that occurred in the reign of Elizabeth and of Charles I. but without appearing to suffer in his narration; he is inattentive to that silent and continuous motion of English liberty, which disengages itself from so many gothic forms,—which throws off now one weight, and now another,—which, sometimes repulsed, but ever closing again, advances unceasingly. He perceives not this motion; he even reproaches some of his critics for having supposed its existence. This is an error of the historian,—an error of the erudite scholar,—an error of the man. He saw not this progressive motion, because he felt no interest in it,—because he liked not to recognize the principle of generous sentiments, and of sacred rights, even beneath rude and superannuated forms. Is it not Hume who tells us, in order to explain the whole of the English revolution —'The insults that chiefly inflamed the parliament and the nation, were the surplices, the rails round the altar, the bows exacted on approaching it, the liturgy, the violation of the Sabbath, the embroidered copes, the lawn sleeves,' &c.? It was for such things that the factions laboured to throw the State into such violent convulsions.

This is the manner of Voltaire; it is Voltaire who has dictated that, but it is not therefore the more true. These things, ironically described by Hume, were the exterior, the dress of the revolution. But violent, real, and profound passions agitated within; there was experienced much of regret, of longing, of noble and culpable ambition; the whole of human nature was in agitation: it was not merely copes and surplices.

It is the method employed by Voltaire in the '*Essai sur les Mœurs*,' to amuse the human race, to suppose it always duped, and for this end he ever represents great effects as springing from trivial causes; but is this the truth?

Neither do I find sufficiently expressed in Hume that love of country, which I regard as a virtue of the historian. I certainly do not wish for declamation; but I would like to discover the soul of an old Englishman; I would like to see him attached to his country, as to a friend, whose fortune one follows through all the changes of life; whom one beholds growing, developing himself, attaining glory and importance in the world. Thus, I would wish to see him participating, now with sorrow, now with pride and joy in the fortune of England, in the developement of that great and imposing sovereignty.

Now, to follow out my division, which is almost as regular as that of Cromwell's sermon, the qualities of the mind are undoubtedly more manifest in the work of Hume than the qualities of the soul. He possesses a high degree of intelligence, but it is the intelligence of reason, and not of imagination; he explains very well all the important facts, sets them forth with precision, arranges them with order and method. Does he penetrate with profound sagacity into human passions? I venture to doubt of it; I make bold to say that all those republican and royalist spirits, called into action and publicity by the English revolution, have not always been understood by Hume. He pretends that the Whigs accused him of not having wept over the fate of Strafford; but I think he has not fully comprehended the soul of that man, and that his tears even, if he wept, do not render entire justice to Strafford. Has he indeed recorded the generous resolution of Strafford, who urged the king to subscribe the condemnation decreed by the House of Peers, he adds these words: 'Perhaps Strafford hoped that this singular mark of generosity would induce the king to protect him; perhaps he abandoned his life, thinking it irrecoverably lost; and seeing himself in the hands of his enemies, he absolutely despaired of escaping the many perils which surrounded him on all sides.' Thus the offer of Strafford was a calculation, a sort of experiment made upon the will of the monarch, or at best the desperate resolution of a man who surrenders what he cannot retain. No!—the Whigs themselves, I am certain, never imposed on Strafford a more unjust anathema than this supposition of Hume, whose insulting nature he yet imperfectly understood. He thought to justify the prudence of Strafford, and he perceived not that he injured a great character. It is here that we discover, perhaps, an unpleasant connection between the sceptical spirit of the philosopher and his historical views. For one who entertained the doctrine of selfish interest, which Hume has disavowed in one of his treatises, but to which all his philosophy leads, it was a little embarrassing to comprehend the disinterested devotedness of Strafford, and his heroical abandoning of life: Hume has, therefore, disowned them.

The literary criticism of Hume's History and an account of Robertson in our next communication.

O.

Edinburgh, 1st Feb. 1832.

* * *

MR. JOHN MACKAY WILSON'S SONGS.

We believe there are very few living authors who have written more songs than our townsman Mr. J. M. Wilson—and none, we are sorry to say, who take less care of them when written. Many of them have appeared in numerous periodicals, but by far the greater part have not even received this fugitive publicity, and he has not troubled himself to publish them in any form whatever. Several of the latter have come into our hands, which, with selections from the former, we shall from time to time transfer to our pages, conscious that by so doing we shall gratify all our readers, to whom the genuine simplicity and originality of the true Scottish Song is acceptable. The first we select is intitled "My Faither's Hearth," and its quiet graphic power and pathos will find a passage to the bosom of every one.

No. I.—MY FAITHER'S HEARTH.

Can I forget the woody braes,
  Where love an' innocence foregather,—
Where aft in early simmer-days,
  I've crooned a sang amang the heather?
Can I forget my faither's hearth,—
  My mither by the ingle spinnin',—
Their weel-pleased look to see the mirth
  O' a' their bairnies round them rinnin'?

It was a waefu' hour to me,
  When I frae them an' love departed;—
The tear was in my mither's e'e,—
  My faither blest me—broken-hearted!

My aulder brothers took my hand,—
The younkers a' ran frae me greetin' !
But waur than this—I coudna stand
My faithfu' lassie's fareweel meetin' !

Can I forget her *fareweel* kiss !—
An' look—like words by lightenings spoken !—
Forget an hour sae dear as this !—
Forget !—na ! till life's cords are broken !
Forget !—na ! though the foamin' sea,
High hills an' mony a sweepin' river,
May lie between their hearth an' me,—
My heart shall be at hame for ever.

"The Gowany Braes" is in a different mood and manner, and is enough to make a bachelor renounce his state of single blessedness.

No. II.—THE GOWANY BRAES.

In our young—young days,
When the gowany braes
Were our temple o' joy and glee,
Some dour auld body would shake his head,
And tell us our gladness away would flee
And our hearts beat as heavy as lead ;—
Stupid auld body—silly auld body,—
Your mother spained you wi' a canker worm,
In our auld, auld days,—the gowany braes
Are memory's rainbows owre time and storm.

In our proud young days,
When the gowany braes
Kenn'd the feet o' my love and me,
Some ill-matched carle would girn and say—
'Puir things ! wi' a twalmonth's marriage and ye
Will find love like a snawba' decay !'—
Stupid auld carle—leeing auld carle,
Your mother spained you wi' a canker worm,
In our auld, auld days,—the gowany braes,
Like our love unchanged, hae their youthfu' form.

In our grey-haired days,
When the gowany braes
Are owre steep for our feet to climb,
When her back is bowed, and her lovely e'e,—
Once bright as a beam frae the sun,—is dim,—
She'll be still my bit lassie to me.
Stupid auld body—wicked auld body—
Love, like the gowan's, a winter liver,
The smile o' a wife is the sun o' its life,
An' her bosom a brae where it blooms for ever.

"The Bacchanalian's Sang" is as graphic a picture of the kind of *happiness* and *domestic comfort* which a drunkard enjoys, as it is possible to conceive.

No. III.—THE BACCHANALIAN'S SANG.

Stap, stap, we'll hae anither gill,
Ne'er mind a lang-tongued beldame's yatter,
They're fools wha'd leave a glass o' yill
For any wife's infernal clatter.

There's Bet, when I gang hame the night,
Will set the hale stair-head a-ringin',—
Let a' the neibors hear her flicht,
Ca' me a brute, an' stap my singin'.
She'll yelp about the bairns' rags,—
Ca' me a drucken gude for naethin' !
She'll curse my throat and drowthy bags,
An' at me thraw their duddy claethin'.

The fient a supper I'll get there—
A *dish o' tongues* is a' she'll gie me!
She'll shake her nieve, an' rug her hair,
An' wonder that she e'er gaed wi' me!
She vows to leave me, an' I say—
'Gang, gang! for dearsake!—that's a blessin'!'
She rins to get her claes away,
But—o' the kist—the key's a-missin'!

The younkers a' set up a skirl,
They shriek an' cry—'O dinna mither!'
I slip to bed, and fash the quarrel
Neither ae way nor anither.
Bet creeps beside me unco dour,
I clap her back an' say—'My dawty!'
Quo' she—'Weel, weel, my passion's owre,
But dinna gang a drinkin', Watty.'

To this "The Temperate Man's Sang" forms an exquisite counter-part.

No. IV.—THE TEMPERATE MAN'S SANG.

Na, dinna press, I winna stay,
For drink shall ne'er abuse me,
Its time to rise and gang away—
Sae neibors ye'll excuse me.

Though ance I liked a social gill,—
A friendly crack wi' cronies,
I like my wifie better still,
Our Jennies an' our Johnnies.
There's something by my ain fireside,—
A saft, a haly sweetness;

I see wi' mair than kingly pride,
My hearth a heaven o' neatness.—

Though whisky may gie care the fling,
Its triumph's unco noisy,
A jiffy it may madness bring,
But comfort it destroys aye.
But I can view my ain fireside
Wi' a' a faither's rapture;—
Wee Jenny's hand in mine will slide,
While Johnny reads his chapter.

I like your company an' your crack,
But there's ane I looe dearer,
Ane wha will sit till I come back
Wi' ne'er a ane to cheer her.
A waff o' joy comes owre her face
The moment that she hears me,—
The supper—a' thing's in its place,
An' wi' her smiles she cheers me.

"The Recruiting Cockade" is a happy thought, and well brought out.

No. V.—THE RECRUITING COCKADE.

TIBBY's jo at Saint Boswell's had listed;
An' at night when my Jammie came back,
He took my cauld hand an' he kissed it,
He seight, an' but little he spak.
I dreaded na what was the cause o't,
But ca'd him a cuif an' a fool;
Looked paughty, an' seemed to grow fause on't,
But spiered na the cause o' his dool.

I thought little gude could come out o'
His gan without me to the fair,
But the warst thing that I had a doubt o',
Was he might see *somebody* there.
He promised to buy me a ribbon,
I huffy ways asked if he had,
He spakna, but bitterly sobbin',—
Pu'ed out—a *recruitin' cockade!*

I shrieked, an' my head gae a swirl—
Grew blind, an' fell dead on his breast,
Syne grat, and asked what in the warl'
Could tempt my ain Jammie to list?
Then close in his arms he pressed me,
An' kissed aff the tear frae my e'e,
He leugh that wi' love he'd distressed me—
The cockade was—*a breast-knot for me!*

The next is a sweet and beautiful lyric entitled—"Tweedside."

No. VI.—TWEEDSIDE.

We'll aye think o' Tweedside, love,
Our early, only hame,—
Our ain, our faithers' pride, love,
Wha's face is aye the same.
Our friends may pass away, love,
Like shadows owre the sea,
But still Tweedside will hae, love,
A voice for you an' me.

Mind ye when nane were near, love,
We swore aye to be true,
An' the wee bit stars to hear, love
Stealed through the gloamin's hue?—
Can we forget the night, love,
'Twas by our ain Tweedside,
Our whispers fell as light, love,
As moonbeams on the tide?

Like a waff o' music still, love,
That whispered vow I hear,
An' still the eye it fills, love,
Wi' memory's fondest tear.
'Twas there we drew our breath, love,
'Twas there we nightly met,
An' some sleep there in death, love,
We never can forget!

With one more example we shall hold for the present. The subject is rather a novel one, viz.—"The Huntsman's Bride."

No. VII.—THE HUNTSMAN'S BRIDE.

Should the knight be sad when the morning breaks
Through its rainbowed glories bounding;
As the stealthy fox from a dream awakes,
While his lady's horn is sounding?
Should the knight be sad when, at break of day,
The proud fleet steeds are prancing,
And the gallant hounds round his lady bay,
While her eyes upon his are glancing?

Away! away! let the night be gay,
For beauty is smiling o'er him;
They've left sorrow behind—on the lazy wind,
And pleasure leaps forth before them.

Should the knight be sad when his own true bride,
Like a bird, o'er the plain is sweeping,—

Or a spirit of smiles that cheers his side
O'er brake and streamlet leaping?
When the chase is o'er, and her eyes are bright
As all are round her cheering,
Oh! it is the smile of her own loved knight,
That makes the prize endearing.

Let the knight be gay, let the knight be gay,
And joy in his dark eye glisten;
For his lady-love will sing the lay
To which he loves to listen.
When the sun has set, and the huntsmen all
Have left the banquet mellow,
Her evening song on his ear shall fall,—
Her breast shall be his pillow.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE MERITS OF THE SCOTTISH NOVELS.

> MEANWHILE, whate'er of beautiful or new,
> Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea or sky,
> By chance or search, was offered to his view,
> He scanned with curious and romantic eye.
> Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
> From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
> Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
>
> BEATTIE.

FOR a number of years previous to the publication of the first of these novels, fictitious writing had in a great degree been regarded as trivial and unprofitable, as unworthy of employing the pen of genius and talent. We had indeed a solid though rather voluminous Richardson, a Fielding powerful in description, a Defoe characterized by simple yet attractive narration, a Smollet who pictured human nature in all the hues of reality, a chaste and elegant Goldsmith; but all these great minds had disappeared from our earth, and no one arose capable of following in their footsteps. A sickly taste for meretricious ornament had usurped the throne of fancy and fiction, and the press teemed with tales of horror and paltry love-adventures. The wit and the scholar had employed their talents on other subjects, and had left the fair fields of romance, and the fairy regions of the imagination, to minds of inferior cast among their own species, or to be described by the pen of the female writer. I mean not to detract from the well-won praises of an Edgeworth, a Radcliffe, or an Opie, but certain it is that during that period the female sex seemed to have obtained a sort of prescriptive right over this kind of composition. At length, however, the Giant Genius of Scotland arose, and, concentrating in himself all those powers which have gained a reputation for the Novelists that preceded him, burst forth in the energy of his strength, and formed a new æra in the annals of fiction. From the metropolis of the North the star of his fame arose in splendour, but not to his own country only were its rays confined,—all Europe saw and wondered; and shooting across the ocean, they were hailed with surprise on the further shores of the Atlantic. From city to city, from nation to nation have these novels travelled, and by all, high or low, have they been admired and praised.

The reading world was in a manner taken by surprise,—every one found in them something congenial to his own taste. The mere reader for amusement was delighted with tracing the imaginative flights of the Novelist through the interesting events which occurred in the course of the tale, with the wonderful invention apparent in each successive chapter. But no sooner did the Waverley novels come into general circulation, than the Novelist was discovered to be a wit, a scholar, a philosopher and a critic. The man of learning wondered at finding depth of erudition and critical acumen under the unpretending, or rather disreputable garb of fiction, and the observer of human nature was agreeably surprised that such a writer should embody in his works the real passions which agitate the breast of man, or describe in such an interesting manner the events which occur in the world. The antiquarian, too, found in the author of Waverley a companion suited to his taste—a friend well versed in the customs and events of antiquity. The lover of poetry, also, perceived in the Scottish Novelist a mind that could view the universe with a poet's eye, and describe in glowing colours all the magnificence of nature.

But not only were the productions of which we are speaking suited to the taste of each individual reader; they possessed another charm—that of novelty in design and execution—a charm which, in the present state of literary amusement, was sufficient of itself to confer upon them, at least, a temporary reputation. Before the appearance of Waverley, novel-writers, comparatively speaking, had confined themselves within narrow limits with regard to the developement of character, and depended more upon incident than any thing else for the purpose of exciting interest. Smollet, for example, took a hero and introduced him into a variety of scenes, which are no doubt described with the accuracy of a master; and the same thing may be said of Fielding. But none of our author's predecessors ever thought of introducing into his novels matters of national importance, or of describing characters who, in their day, were of some eminence in their country. This was left to the Scottish Novelist, by whom events, often involving a nation's welfare, are finely described; and kings, princes and heroes walk before the imagination, dressed in the same habiliments, and engaged in the same affairs as they were in the olden time, when they flourished in all their glory.

We have thus taken a sort of general view of the merits of the Author of Waverley; let us now consider him closely; and, first, let us enquire into his manner of conducting his story. By employing such an expression, I do not mean to insinuate that the plots of his novels are of the same kind, that they are conducted on a similar plan, or even that they are equally well managed. Nor am I on the other hand disposed to grant with some, that Waverley must still be regarded as his masterpiece, or that he has written nothing since which can be compared with that first wonderful performance. On the contrary, I am of opinion that there are many of the succeeding novels which are not only equal to that one, but which even surpass it; and I need only mention Ivanhoe, the Pirate, and Quentin Durward, to prove my assertion. Waverley however possessed an advantage which the others did not enjoy,—it was the first our author produced, and men recollecting the pleasure they felt in reading it, looked back upon it with delight and a sort of veneration, and it soon became the fashion to decry the succeeding efforts of the Novelist as inferior to the first. Impressed with this opinion I have not the least hesitation in asserting that, if even the least esteemed of his novels, such as Peveril of the Peak or the Fortunes of Nigel, had appeared in circumstances similar to those with which the author of Waverley was ushered into the world, they would have met with a similar reception.

Nor would I have it inferred that a novel-writer should be restricted to those rules of epic severity, regularity and accuracy, with which graver productions may be tried. The professed object of a Novelist is to amuse; he is therefore at liberty to employ whatever is conducive to entertainment; and on this account he enjoys a freedom which no other writer can claim with justice. Our author has taken advantage, in no small degree, of this privilege, and perhaps not an inconsiderable portion of the interest he excites may be traced to this circumstance. The ostensible plots in Waverley, Ivanhoe, and Quentin Durward, are a recital of the adventures of these characters during a certain portion of their lives. In the first of these, however, our attention is almost wholly occupied with the well-written details of the rebellion in 1745, and the fortunes of the ill-starred Charles Edward and his adherents; in the second we dwell upon the feats of the lion-hearted Richard and the cabals of his faithless brother, with as much interest as upon the real hero of the romance; and in the last, the intrigues of Louis attract a great, if not the greatest part of the reader's curiosity. The Waverley Novels are therefore, for the most part, to be regarded as a kind of history of a certain period, adorned of course with fiction and the creations of a lofty imagination, rather than the mere adventures of a single individual. One character, however, was necessary in all works of the kind, in order to give unity to the whole, and to which the mind might on all occasions refer. Besides, when a writer of a novel sits down to his task, he must have some end in view, some catastrophe to unfold and describe, and it is the manner in which the author of Waverley brings about this by degrees, that I mean now to consider.

A novel, although, as I have already said, it is subject not to the restrictions of an epic poem, must yet, in the language of the critics upon that species of poetry, have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Its action and fable, if not great and nationally important, must at least be interesting, fully developed, complete in themselves, and lead to a result—probable as well as satisfactory, when considered as the consequence of events mentioned before.

The real plot or fable in most of the Waverley novels is not very extensive, and if stripped of all contingent circumstances, might have been comprised in a very few pages. It is not indeed upon the fortunes of his heroes merely that our author relies for giving his productions effect,—it is more upon the description of events which were of great importance to the nation. In this respect the genius of the author of Waverley is displayed in a favourable light. In his novels we read of events which we have seen described in real history, we see characters pass before us who, we know, actually existed, and when we recollect that this is in a fictitious narrative, the interest that is excited becomes the greater. It is seldom, if ever, that our author perverts real history. A great deal of fiction is of course mingled with reality, but the fictitious is used merely to give relief and additional interest to the story, and what actually happened is recorded with the fidelity of an historian. There is nothing indeed in which our author excels more than in the amalgamation of fiction and reality—it is done with so much skill that in union they appear perfectly natural and probable, and at the same time have so much the air of romance about them, that they become doubly interesting. It is, then, by the incidents which the author of Waverley collects around his plots that they excite the greatest attention. His characters are placed in such situations that how they are to be extricated becomes a matter of the most intense curiosity. His fable, therefore, although, when we consider it gravely, it is apparently short and simple, and capable of giving but small scope to the author, is yet, after all, rendered highly interesting, and I need hardly say that it is always fully developed, and for the most part satisfactorily. I say *for the most part*, because several instances may be pointed out in which our author is not so successful as usual. When the Novelist winds up his tales and disposes of his principal characters in a certain manner, we are of course bound to believe him, and to take matters just as they stand; but sometimes we are obliged, in our author's works, to do so at the expense of probability. The catastrophe in the Heart of Mid Lothian comes upon us quite unexpectedly, and in proportion as we are startled at it, do we regard it as unnatural and improbable. St. Ronan's Well is of the same description—we cannot for a moment believe that such a catastrophe could take place—it is too tragic to be regarded as the result of events mentioned before. In this particular, also, the Antiquary is in some measure defective. In this novel we meet with a great number of well-drawn characters, but it is far from being so interesting as many of the author's other productions. It is however in the denouement of the plot that the Novelist chiefly fails. The tragic story of the 'lord' is told in a style of the most pathetic beauty, but we cannot help thinking that it is improbable, and however much the reader must rejoice in the fortune of the hero, still the thought must rise in his mind,—that the catastrophe is rather too improbable to be real, and at the same time rather common-place. The winding up therefore of our author's plots, although they are always full of ingenuity, cannot be represented as always fortunate. This remark, I have shewn, may be applied in several instances, but it becomes of less importance when we consider the great number of his productions.

The incidents in these novels flow on in a current unbroken except where it is indispensably necessary to act otherwise. Yet even when he is obliged to make such an interruption in the story, he generally contrives to make us consider it rather as a relief, while at the same time it explains something upon which our curiosity has been already awakened. Thus the appearance of the Black Knight in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche is rather mysterious at first—we desire to become better acquainted with him, and our wish is fully gratified by the Novelist breaking in upon the proper narrative in order to follow his adventures. The skill which our author manifests in making such interruptions is in my opinion greater than that displayed by any preceding novelist. The thread of the story, for example, in Tom Jones is perpetually broken, and that with a bad grace. The fortunes of the hero have scarce arrived at their most interesting point, when the narrative is interrupted all of a sudden in order to relate the story of the heroine.

The method of carrying on a narrative by means of letters is particularly subject to the objection of which I have been speaking, but to that our author has had recourse only on one occasion—in the first volume of Redgauntlet. Our author soon experienced its disadvantages, and he is therefore not long in abandoning it.

Another interruption to the real story, to which the older novelists sometimes subjected themselves, consists in making some one of the characters give an account of the former part of his life. Thus Smollet in Roderick Random relates at great length the history of Miss Williams, and the same author in Peregrine Pickle expatiates on the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality. Now, by most readers these are no doubt felt as disagreeable interruptions;—but a similar charge, if I recollect right, cannot be brought against the author of Waverley. Something of the kind indeed takes place in Redgauntlet, where Wandering Willie gives a recital of some remarkable circumstances in the life of his grandfather. This however cannot come under the objection of being uninteresting, but on the contrary it adds considerably to the developement of the plot, while at the same time, both in manner, matter and language, it is most characteristic.

Though the majority of our author's novels are comic, that is, end favourably to the hero and heroine, still several of them are decidedly tragic. In the comic novels the author is in general sprightly and exhilarating, but in the tragic we must perceive a tone of melancholy running through them which the gaiety he sometimes assumes cannot effectually conceal. In Kenilworth, amid all the splendour that adorns the royal progress, the reader can scarce be prevented from feeling that the ill-fated Amy must at last fall beneath the machinations of the villain Varney; and in the Bride of Lammermoor, the calm melancholy of the opening scene, the pathetic touches as the story advances, and the terrific forebodings of the witches, are all in the style of deep tragedy, and lead us to suspect some fearful catastrophe. It has been said that the introduction of the ridiculous exploits of Caleb Balderstone into the last mentioned novel must be regarded as a fiction. To this I cannot assent. Among all the terrors that crowd around us in reading that tragic fiction, the mind pants for some relief. I admit that the beautiful rather than the ridiculous is to be employed to relieve the terrible, but in a work, like that before us, of some length, beauty alone would be inadequate for that purpose. Before the mind is presented with a new scene of terror, there must be something to lighten it of a great part of its former load, and this is abundantly provided in the present case by the adventures of the wily but affectionate steward. All the tragic tales of our author display beauties of the very highest kind, but somehow or other they do not appear to be in so great repute as those in which the principal characters are in the end fortunate. There seems to be always so much excellence, so much worthy of esteem, in the hero or heroine, that our nature shudders at the thought that they are devoted to a tragic end. In the Bride of Lammermoor the lovers are surrounded with so many perfections,—are made by the peculiar skill of our author so to steal in upon our affections, that we deplore the unhappy circumstances in which they are placed, and when at last the fearful catastrophe is announced, we shut the book with feelings of the deepest sorrow.

Let us now turn to consider our author's power in describing scenes in nature as well as his skill in recounting the events of active life. No other writer, perhaps, that has appeared since the days of our immortal Dramatist, is worthy of being put in competition with the author of Waverley in the art of description. Whether he describes the sublimely enchanting scenery of the mountains of Scotland, the noise, confusion and bloodshed of the battles of Preston, Drumclog or Bothwell Bridge, the awful sea and storm scenes in the Antiquary or the Pirate, or the magnificent pageantry of the tournaments of the olden time, we find him equally at home, equally capable of doing justice to every subject. When the scenes of nature are the subjects of his descriptive powers, they are painted with like truth and beauty. It has indeed been asserted by some, that several of these descriptions are more vivid than those of nature. Perhaps there may be some grounds for such an affirmation, but the instances of exaggerated descriptions are of unfrequent occurrence, and even those that are pointed out as such are so uniformly beautiful, and even exquisite, that to find fault with them would be the very tameness of criticism. Besides, in order to give effect to descriptions of this sort, nature will not unfrequently be required to be relieved or heightened, and I am firmly convinced that many of those pieces, which in every age have been regarded as most beautifully descriptive, owe not a small part of their celebrity to their containing portions more highly coloured than a comparison with nature will justify. Setting aside therefore this objection, which after all is of little importance, we will find in our author's descriptions of nature sufficient cause for high admiration. They are one and all executed in the most spirited manner, are full of poetry, feeling and imagination. It would indeed be difficult to tell whether the author of Waverley succeeds most in picturing nature in her state of calm beauty or when she is enveloped in terror and sublimity. It is certain that in both the art of the describer is seen to great advantage. Who, for instance, can peruse without the utmost pleasure the delightful opening description in Ivanhoe, or feel not his mind elevated into awe and sublimity as he reads in the Antiquary the account of the night-storm among the rocks, or in the Pirate that of the waves chafing against the cliffs at Jarlshoff and hurrying the devoted ship to destruction.

In descriptions of active life the author of Waverley excels. He is equally powerful, whether his scene is laid in the humble cot, in the bustle of the city, or amid the pomp of courts and splendour of royalty. In reading his novels we know not which to admire more—the powers of observation by which alone he could have been so accurate in picturing the actions of men, or his talent in bringing them powerfully before the mind. It is seldom that he describes impossibilities;—the only scenes of this sort I recollect as worth mentioning are those in which the White Lady of Avenel appears. But, who, for the reason I have just stated, would quarrel with the romantic though somewhat ludicrous account of the moon-light crossing of the Tweed, or read without pleasure the description of the descent into the bowels of the earth of the Lady and Halbert Glendinning? With this exception, the stream of his descriptions of action and incident may be said to flow in a course perfectly true to nature. Not only so—they are also well told, and the action or situation rises up before the mind full and perfect. Who can read the account of the tournament in Ivanhoe, or of the splendid pageants at Kenilworth, without conceiving himself in a manner a spectator of them? When the attack on the whale in the Pirate is described, who does not almost suppose that the whole takes place in his presence? In all descriptions of active life our author is particularly happy, but never more so than when he is engaged upon something lofty or grand, calculated to give scope to his imagination. Of this kind is the fearfully interesting combat between Burley and Bothwell in Old Mortality; and the attack upon Jorquilstone Castle in Ivanhoe is one of the most magnificent things ever written.

In terrific description the author of Waverley displays great talent. The cave scene in Guy Mannering and the death of Meg Merrilies are painted in colours truly terrible, and nothing can be more awfully sublime than the description of the burning of Jorquilstone Castle, the death of Front-de-Bœuf, and the fiendish song of Ulrica as she sinks amid the flames of the conflagration.

To the ludicrous our author has frequent recourse, and of that species of writing every reader of his works must allow him to be a complete master. To prove my assertion, I need only allude to the humorous dinner-scene in Old Mortality between the old and avaricious Milnwood and the dragoons of Claverhouse, or to the comic scene between King Richard and Friar Tuck in the hermitage of Copmanhurst. Through all his writings our author displays a great love for the ridiculous, and scenes of that sort he paints with inimitable spirit, and now and then we may even observe an approach to the satire, but on no occasion does he employ invectives or abuse. His wit is playful, and his humours sprightly and pleasing, but it would require the microscopic eye of a fault-searching critic to discover an instance of sarcastic bitterness or merciless satire. It is true he has endeavoured to throw a shade of ridicule over the Covenanters, but this is palliated by the manner in which be exposes the violence and blood-thirstiness of their enemies. Those parts in the characters of the Cameronians, at which he laughs, are certainly ridiculous enough, and we know that for the most part they were founded on truth, but we are led also to admire their heroism and to regard them with emotions of pity.

Pathetic descriptions are of frequent occurrence in the author of Waverley, and they are always beautiful *in the extreme*. Our author is possessed of a feeling heart, and he knows well how to excite pity in the hearts of his readers, and to generate that melancholy sadness so exquisitely pleasing to every sensitive mind. The mournfully told death of Fergus in his first great production is a proof of this, and so are the pathetic trial of Effie Deans in the Heart of Mid Lothian, and the scene in Lochleven Castle between the unfortunate Mary and her relentless nobles. This last scene in particular is conducted with the greatest skill; our pity is strongly excited towards the ill-fated and oppressed princess, while on the other hand we are ready to execrate the harsh and unmanly nobles, and we rise from a perusal of the passage without a doubt of Mary's innocence—guilty only through the machinations of her enemies.

To be concluded in our next.

◆

DAVID'S LAMENT.

Vide 2 SAMUEL, CH. 1.

IN Ziklag once was heard a royal mourner thus complain—
'Thy beautiful, O Israël,—thy beautiful is slain;
'Arrested in his mighty speed, on Judah's hills he fell—
'Thy beautiful, O Israël,—thy beautiful Gazelle! *

'Tell not in Gath the tidings, nor in Askelon proclaim,
'That death hath spoil'd thee of thy best—the chosen of thy name,
'Lest the uncircumcis'd exult,—and, of our sorrows proud,
'Their daughters triumph when they hear, how Isra'l weeps aloud.

'Ye mountains of Gilboa! may the kindly dew no more
'Light on thy tops to crown thee with the harvest's golden store!
'For there, as though no sacred oil had on his brow been shed,
'The shield of Saul ignobly dropp'd,—the warrior's spirit fled.

'Ne'er from the bow of Jonathan the arrow sped in vain,
'But oft as flew the weapon forth, a foeman bit the plain;
'Ne'er shrank in fight the arm of Saul his trusty blade to wield,
'Till many a chieftain's corse lay strewn upon the battle-field.

'Oh! pleasant were they, ere the streams of life had ceas'd to run,—
'Death parted not the links of love that made their spirits one;—
'Swifter than eagles to the prey, they to the onset sprang,—
'Like lions, side by side, they fought amid the hostile clang.

'Ye maids of stricken Israel! let tears your grief confess
'For Saul, whose vict'ries cloth'd you with the luxuries of dress.
'How are the mighty fallen 'mid the battle's mailed throng!—
'Thou, too, on Judah's hills hast sunk—the slaughter'd hosts among;—

'O Jonathan! such pangs, as rend a brother's heart, are mine,
'For woman's breast less warmly felt affection's glow than thine.—
'How are the mighty fallen now beneath the deadly stroke!
'Perish'd the warrior and the lance he bore—in pieces broke!

AER.

---

* This rendering is in accordance with the translation of an eminent theologian.

SKETCHES OF BRITISH POETS.

No. II.—BURNS AND ROSCOE.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

The name of Burns will ever be a name of pride on the page of Scottish History—his strains will be sung upon the green mountain and in the yellow vale, till the last sheep shall have nipped the last blade of grass upon the one, and the last sickle, in the hands of the last reaper, shall have cut down the last harvest in the other.—Burns was born in the year 1760, in a small cottage built by his father, about three miles from the town of Ayr. He was the eldest son of a poor, upright, sternly honest man; who bestowed upon his children an education rather above, than below his circumstances, and set before them an example of cheerful piety and inflexible integrity. The progress of our young poet, while at school, was sufficiently rapid, but not remarkable. Gilbert was the more studious, and apparently the cleverest boy of the two; and their teacher said that had he been asked which of the brothers would have been most likely to become a poet, he should have said the younger. But with all respect for that worthy gentleman, I should have said no such thing,—give me the boy—whose young brow in the school-room is clouded with unutterable thoughts,—who cares only so much for learning as not to let others surpass him,—whose mirth is wildest on the green, whose climbing exploits are most daring in the wood,—who is willing to run, leap or box, the biggest boy in the school—or hurl a stone at their heads should they intrude upon his solitude, when twilight falls grey on his native river, as he wanders by its side, indulging in dreams, which to himself are vague and indistinct as that twilight, and that is the future poet for me,—and such was Robert Burns. He was early called to take a part in the labours of the field, and there was more poetry in the aspiring principle, that caused him while a boy to compete with the strongest reaper in the field and determine to "*do or die,*" than if he had mastered all the volumes of the Vatican. *Love* makes poets of us all—though all cannot express the poetry they feel. And love made a poet of Burns—nor could any poet have a better master—for then the poet is sure to be in earnest, and *love* of one description or another, is the very soul of poetry. Not muling, sickly, corrupting, *Tommy Mooreish* namby pamby—but frank, open, honest, fervid love, such, as if it offend a lady's ear, will not corrupt her heart. He began to write verses at fifteen, which were as indifferent as verses may well be—I have had the pleasure of seeing the original copy of the first he ever wrote, and the ploughman's hand stiffened with early labour, evinced that from the time of his leaving school, the pen till then had been a stranger to his fingers. His judgment and his passions grew with his growth, and as they grew, they drew out his mighty genius from its hiding-place. His spirit became entranced in nature and her works. He heard her voice in the teeming earth,—in the birds that carolled in the spray—in the leaves that wantoned on the bough, in the echo of the hills and the sounding sea—in the stern independence that cried from his own bosom: and the dreamer answered her back from the furrow where he followed his plough in strains she mistook for her own echo.

"*Robbie Burns the rhymer*" and "*Burns the Poet*" became a name familiar for ten miles round. His father having taken a small farm, which was wrought by himself and sons, after struggling with it for a time, died, and left it to his sons and widow. But it yielding a very imperfect maintenance for the family, our poet gathered together a few pounds and entered into partnership as a flax-dresser in the little town of Irving, which has the honour of being the birthplace of the scarce less celebrated James Montgomery. But before he had been many months in his new profession, a fire burnt their mill and property to the ground, leaving him, to use his own words, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence. At this period misery mocked him to his face. It is not my intention to dwell upon the vices into which at about this time he fell; some may call them youthful indiscretions—but vices was their name in his father's house—vices was their name in the country that gave him birth—and vices was the name they bore in his own conscience. But there are enough to blacken them. Let their memory perish. To his ardent and social disposition they owe their being. And oh! what a millstone of guilt hangs around the neck of that miscalled word—*sociality!* It is strong as hell! It is powerful as death! It is desolating as insanity! It converts the angel into the fiend! Let a man once cross its threshhold, and he is led as a lamb to the slaughter.

So desperate were his circumstances, and so does slander dog the heels of misfortune, that the parents of the future partner of his life, determined she should rather suffer dishonour than become his wife. In despair he resolved to quit his native country, and go out a voluntary slave to the West Indies; and to raise the money for this purpose, his Cotter's Saturday Night and other poems were printed by subscription at Kilmarnock, and he was waiting at Greenock, (the place where his Highland Mary is buried) for a vessel to convey him to Barbadoes,—skulking to avoid the gripe of his merciless creditors; when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, the poet, to a friend, roused his hopes and ambition. And instead of the West Indies, he steered his course eastward to *Auld Reekie*. A review in the *Mirror* by Mackenzie the gifted author of the "Man of Feeling," who died but a few months ago, rendered the productions of the ploughman bard, the topic of conversation in every circle. An enlarged edition was announced to be published by subscription, and patronized by the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt. Its success was worthy of his genius. His company was sought by all ranks. But those who, priding themselves upon their station in society, thought they did honour to a ploughman who was a poet by inviting him to their tables, found they had invited their equal,—a peasant it was true, but one of those peasants who

> "With powers as far above dull beasts endued
> In forest, brake, or den,
> As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
> Men who their *DUTIES* know,
> But know their *RIGHTS*, and knowing dare maintain."

They found they had drawn within their circle a giant, harmless, but conscious of his strength, and ready to use it.—One who could cut the soul of presumption to pieces with a glance. They did not find in him the studied scrapes and congees of a posture master, nor the lumpish rudeness of a clown, But they found the perfect ease of a proud good natured man; who had too much intuitive delicacy to be rude; too much self possession to be awkward. Burns was far from becoming giddy with the incense so suddenly offered up: but his love of pleasure, the only vulnerable point of his character, yielded to the syren voice that sung around him. And upwards of twelve months, I may almost say dissipated months, were unfortunately spent in Edinburgh, where habits which had formerly taken root sprang up. He made a tour to the Highlands, from which it appears he profited but little; and in company with Mr. Ainslie of Edinburgh, made a visit to Dunse and to the Borders. On settling with his publisher, Mr. Creech, he received eleven hundred pounds, and returning to Ayrshire, married the object of his early love, and took the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries, with the resolution, as he says, "Come, go to, I will be wise." But the habit of death was formed. Love of company threw its net again around. He had been appointed an exciseman, it led him to the tavern, The farm was neglected,—given up. And he removed with his family to Dumfries, as gauger of the district. There is not in Scotland, particularly on the Borders a more hateful avocation than an exciseman. But it was the fortune of Burns from his leniency, to be rather loved than hated. And

"Ilka wife wha selled guid liquor."—

blessed him as he passed. And when upon a ride of inspection round the district with the supervisor, he was in the habit of riding on before, or leaving the superior officer at the principal inn, while he slipped up the village, and cried into the passages or windows of the suspected houses—"Now, Tibby, or now, Jannet, the superveesor will be here in a quarter of an hour, an' if ye hae a drap ye had better hae it out o' the way, or it winna be my wyte."—And to this kindly intimation, "Thank ye, Robin lad, ye're a mindfu' chield," was the grateful reply. He now fell into low company. Low company sealed his ruin. And he sank pennyless and broken-hearted into the grave, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, leaving his fame only as a portion to his widow and family—but to the honour of literature and humanity, that has been no mean dowry.

Boswell, the verbatim biographer of Johnson, has said, he was anxious that "no word might be lost of that immortal man:" and though kindly meant, it was neither a very wise nor a very friendly wish, but it was one of those wishes, the effects of which are eagerly swallowed up by the insatiable, the universal and all-powerful gormandizer called *curiosity*. Curiosity is, indeed, but a childish word when used, yet call its influence by what name we will, trifling as it seems, there is no one whose bosom it has not visited with the greedy appetite of a hungry giant. Despised as it is, it is the parent of the sciences,—the nurse of poetry. It is all very well to talk about feelings more sacred than curosity: it gives a sort of sentimental, lack-a-daisical falsehood to what may be termed impudence, but give it what term we may, *curiosity* is the straight-forward and legitimate word. The prim, precise, mechanical Chesterfield did it some justice, but it merited a manlier and more warm-hearted advocate. It may put on the grab of awe or of reverence, but the moving spirit is curiosity still. Mackenzie says truly that we do not like to be pleased with, or weep over the pages of an author without knowing who he is. Curiosity was in the beginning, and is destined to be an ever-will-be principle. Nicholas Rowe justly remarks, "how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity; their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. And we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears." Unfortunately, there are instances where fulfilling this last office would be "the unkindest cut of all," for oftentimes the *cut* of the outward man is of such a shape, texture and complexion, that, to paint them as they are, the colourist must lay his easel by, and dipping his pencil in the dust, moisten it with his tears, and apply it to the canvass. I know not if these feelings created in me poetry, or poetry created them, but I do know they have strengthened each other. We always find we can judge best of the author by knowing something of the man, and in treading the ground where the never-dying dead have trode before us, to find out for their strains a "local habitation." To muse over the narrow graves, where the worm banquets amidst the ashes of immortality, and trace upon the mouldering stone a name which, riding over time in its chariot of Fame, will meet the shock of eternity, is still curiosity, but curiosity—trembling beneath the dark wings of sublimity. To me the land of Burns was holy ground, and I visited the places of his birth and his burial, with a reverence more sincere than a devotee's at the tomb of his prophet. I had gazed upon the monument erected near

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"

wandered by the

"Banks and braes o' bonny Doon,

stood upon the "Brigs o' Ayr," and sauntered by the banks, where

"Ayr gurgling kissed its pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,"

where

"Mary from his soul was torn:"

and although the poetry of anticipation felt disappointment when I gazed only upon every-day objects, still the spirit of Burns was hovering over the scene, bathing it in a glory immortal as himself, and indignation mingled with reverence on finding that Mammon had converted the clay-built cottage of his birth into a mean change-house. I had followed the "winding Nith" to Dumfries, and with deeper awe gazed upon the costly tomb where his ashes now rest: I had stood under its templed roof, with his dust beneath my feet, gazing even unto blindness upon the breathing marble, where he stood with his hand upon the plough, gazing upward in awe as Genius threw her inspiring mantle over him; and turning aside from its pillars and mute magnificence, if they gave rise to any feelings less hallowed than those arising from his sacred dust, it was the painful recollection of almost his last letter, and the agonizing sarcasm of Butler's application of a text of Scripture—"He asked for *bread*, and they gave him a STONE!" I had left the church-yard, and turned up a short, narrow, hilly street, near the church-gate, upon the corner of which appeared the words *Burns-street.* A clean, white-washed house, consisting of a ground and upper story, and approaching what may be termed genteel, stood at the higher end of the street. A weaver of about sixty, and a tanner of fifty, each bearing some of the implements of his calling, were conversing before the door. Of them I enquired in what part of the town BURNS had resided.

"In this vera house," said the tanner, "and auld luckie lives in't still."

"An' as canny a cracky body is luckie Burns," added the weaver, "as is in a' the gate end."

Heaven! earth and sea! I was struck dumb, dismayed, confounded! my very soul ached beneath the unchiseled lumps of prose that fell from their unpoetical lips! "*Auld luckie!*"—"*Luckie Burns!*" I repeated in horror, gazing upon the astonished tanner and the wondering weaver, like a man with a dagger in his breast. *Auld luckie* and *luckie Burns!* What, "lovely Jean," whose name has been sung in every land and by every tongue! Jean! the inspirer of his theme—the subject of his muse! Jean! from whose eyes he drew the fire, with which he lighted an admiring world!—"his ain kind dearie O." Jean! "the flower o' them a'," whose name is eternal as song, immortal as his lay,—to be in one moment reft of her divinity, and transformed into an ancient, plodding, gossiping housewife, and be styled "*auld luckie*" by a tanner, "*luckie Burns*" by a weaver!—it was humiliating, monstrous, unpardonable!

I found an opportunity of being introduced to her on the same evening, and was shewn into a small, neat, respectably-furnished parlour, in which, during his residence in Dumfries, the greater part of his latter poems were written. The door opened, a stout, middle-sized, dark-complexioned female, of about sixty or upwards, entered, wearing a plain muslin cap, a slate-coloured stuff gown, and cloth shawl of a similar shade. Beautiful she certainly had never been; the most prominent trait in her countenance was deep good-nature, blended with a sort of sombre quietness. Her manners were neither easy nor awkward, but those of a plain country-woman, who feels conscious she is within her own house. Her education, appearance and conversation were those of a farmer's wife of the middle class, who, knowing neither poverty nor riches, confines her researches and accomplishments to the concerns of her husband's household. In her youth she may have been what in the west of Scotland is termed a *likely lass*, with an aggregate share of comeliness, though transformed into an angel in the blind gaze of her poetical lover.

Leading to a portrait of her husband which hung near the door, she said "That is the only likeness he ever sat for; but Maister Naysmyth has painted it far owre coarse, for he was neither sae blacky-viced nor coarse looking as ye wad tak him to be by that, but it was a very guid likeness for a' that."

The existence of the portrait of the poet by the late Mr. Taylor, of Leith, was then unknown to her, and to the world.

She again continued: "Indeed I little expected there wad been such a wark made about him, puir man, now when he's dead and gane."

Then drawing my attention to some miniatures over the mantel piece, she added, "But ye'll no ken wha this is I reckon? This ane in red is my son James, and that in blue his brother William. James, ye'll observe, is like his faither, but William aye took it o' my side o' the house."

Then turning to a print between them, taken from the Cotter's Saturday Night, and representing the father opening the "Big Ha' Bible," she said, "Ye'll ken this better, it's reckoned an excellent thing, but I'm nae judge of these matters."

Her household consist of a grand-daughter, a maid servant and herself; she lives in easy competency, in the midst of neighbours who esteem her for her own worth, and neither think of nor envy her the fame of the partner of her youth. Such is the widowed wife of the first lyrical writer of modern times, the child of nature, the more than father of Scottish poetry.

It is a very general error to entertain the idea that Burns was no scholar. He was not what is called a Scholar in the extended signification of the term, but his acquirements were highly respectable,—his study of nature intense,—and his knowledge of poetry intuitive. Had the scholar appeared more in his poems, the poet would have appeared less. And I maintain, that his poems exhibit all the education, that the nature of the subjects will admit. Virgil was a scholar, Homer was not; and is the pomp of Virgil to be compared with the sweeping unrestrained vehemence of Homer? His pictures are not like figures upon canvass, they are like groups of sculpture set in motion. His very fancies are tangible. His spirits may be seen and felt. His judgment was equal to his imagination—his wit equal to his genius—and his honest glowing enthusiasm greater than all. By wit, I mean wit in its proper and legitimate sense, not mere aptness to repartee. The wit of Burns was a part of his poetry—it existed in thoughts not in words, and the following anecdote will illustrate it. At a funeral in Scotland every person must appear in black, which frequently causes a good deal of borrowing of coats upon the occasion. A person of a very worthless character applied to Burns for the loan of his black coat to attend a neighbour's funeral. "I am sorry," said the poet gazing sternly in the face of the applicant, "I am sorry I cannot accommodate you with my sables, having to attend the funeral myself. But, throw *your own character* over your shoulders, and it will be the blackest garment you ever wore."

I should not speak impartially of Burns, did I not acknowledge that some of his pieces have no higher claims to poetry than morality. But he has been mistaken for the enemy of religion, when only the scourge of hypocrisy.

There is one name that will ever go down to posterity in connexion with that of Burns. The name of William Roscoe, the patron of his family and friend of his Biographer Dr. Currie; through whose united exertions, the fame of Burns was made known to an English public, and provision made for his family. William Roscoe was born in Liverpool. He was the son of very poor parents, and nearly 70 years ago, occupied the humble situation of errand boy in Gore's Advertiser Office. Afterwards he became copying clerk to a solicitor, and his conduct and talents exciting notice, he was in time enabled to be entered as an articled clerk. After the expiration of his indenture he commenced business as a solicitor. During this period he wrote his **Leo**, and his greatest work the life of **Lorenzo de Medici**, styled the Magnificent. He became connected with Dr. Currie in a literary publication; and about the same time his beautiful poem on *Burns*—his *Mount Pleasant*, and others, severally delighted the lovers of elegance and pure taste. He became a Banker, and finally a member of parliament for Liverpool, and now stood at the acme of his fortune and of fame. He was now acknowledged as a poet of great beauty and chasteness, an accomplished scholar, an excellent critic,—the most elegant historian of his age,—a politician,—and one of the warmest friends of humanity. He was talked of, and admired throughout the world, and his name was the boast of Liverpool. But the failure of the Bank of which he was at the head, reduced him again to comparative poverty. And many who had praised him loudest in his prosperity, were among his bitter revilers in adversity. From his misfortunes he emerged slowly, to what may be termed affluence again. And not many months ago, he died full of years and honour. A few days after my arriving in Liverpool, in January 1831, I received an invitation from Mr. Roscoe. I found him seated by the fire, not in a very large, but the most tasteful library I ever saw. As I entered he smiling rose and extended his hand, and as he then stood, though somewhat bent by age, his stature could not be below six feet. A stroke of paralysis had rendered him very infirm, and slightly affected his features. His eyebrows were large and hanging, and faintly tinged with grey; but his grey eyes showed that even in age the sun of song was not set. He was dressed in sables after the manner of what may be termed a Briton in full dress, but wore upon his head a brown silk cap with a tassel descending to the ear. His voice was tremulous, and he moved with much difficulty. But his language, his actions, and manners were gentle as a sweet tempered child. After listening to him with rapture upon several literary subjects, "See,"—said he, "you can walk better than I can. Take down those quarto volumes in blue morrocco and examine them. They are a present of which I am very proud: and for typographical excellence, and elegant binding—they are perhaps unequalled. And it is a most strange work; for it is merely a dissertation on the Correctness of the Text of De Medici, by the Grand Duke of Tuscany—you know he is the same there as our king is here." Taking down the volumes, I found them edited by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in the original Italian, and by him presented in token of esteem to the talented Roscoe.

"And what do you think of this?" added he, turning my attention to a huge elephant folio volume, "I commenced to write this after I was 73 years of age. I have always been fond of Botany, and the whole species of the plant on which it treats, grow in the garden before the window. It was rather a Herculean labour for an old man. And the drawings were by my daughter."

And after showing every thing which he thought could amuse me, he continued, "But I have reserved the best for the last,—open that portfolio with the green back,—and you will find a treasure, richer and dearer to me than all you have seen."

I opened it as desired,—and met with the unexpected delight of finding it contained several quires of the immortal Burns' original manuscripts, which were presented to Roscoe by the poet's brother and widow in token of gratitude. Amongst them was the first he ever wrote, which I referred to "The Twa Dogs," "Tam o' Shanter," and many others. The hand-writing, until the time of his being admitted to the Excise, was stiff, cramped, and crooked. But after that period it assumes the appearance of a bold, back, dashing hand. On the margin were many remarks in the handwriting of Gilbert Burns, by way of criticism: and particularly at Tam o' Shanter, I remarked these or similar words—"*This is your best poem, your fame will greatly rest on it.* G. B."

As a poet Mr. Roscoe is distinguished only for chasteness, elegance, and classic beauty.

THE FIRST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

O WHAT a beautiful world is ours,
With its forest trees, and its blooming flowers,
And its emerald seas, and romantic streams—
Where the sunshine of summer in glory beams,
And the breezes of Heaven in music stray,
When the day-light melts in the gloamin's grey!

'Tis sweet to rove at the early dawn
When a sunny brightness robes the lawn,
And the dew on its leafy pillow lies
Like tear-drops wept from an angel's eyes,
For the scene does our school-boy days recall,
And they start like flowers at the young Spring's call.

And pleasant it is in the eventide,
To stray where the waters gently glide,
And to list to the 'plaining forest bird,
Whose strain at the hush of eve is heard
In the woodland's leaf-covered shades among,
As he easeth his own full heart in song.

I have drunk of life from a deathless source,
When I trac'd the stars in their shining course,
And gaz'd on the face of the blessed moon,
When she sail'd through the cloudless skies of June,
And thus it was that my spirit caught
Its softer feelings and loftier thought.

My youthful friends are around me now,
And joy and peace beam on every brow—

And how sweet, methinks, it is that truth
Dwells aye in the burning heart of youth;
For friendship's voice has a tone that seems
Like the melody of our Eden-dreams!

There are hopes which my heart dare hardly own,
Yet the earth's vain cares I have never known,
And my lyre will win me the smiles that lie
In the clear blue depths of beauty's eye,
For I feel that the spell of love is cast
Like a holy light o'er my soul at last.

THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

The ocean storm is gathering,
   This raw November even,
And glassy as the eye of death
   Gleam out the stars of Heaven;
Yet dear I love the shouting waves
   That dash against the shore,
For my fancy like a wild sea-bird
   Is travelling with their roar!

Alone—I am alone, to night,
   Beneath the naked sky,—
Lorn as the one black cloud that sails
   So gloomily on high—
But still I seek not moonshine
   To gild the sullen scene,
Nor once in mawkish weakness sigh
   To be what I have been.

I do not murmur that the world
   Has prov'd to me a foe,
For life itself has now become
   A vain and idle show.
And clouds have o'er my spirit pass'd,
   Nor more on manhood's track
Can I behold the hopes of youth
   In beauty coming back.

It was no call of vanity,—
   Nor yet a worshipp'd name,
That led me first to seek the world
   Where rings the minstrel's fame;
My heart was far too full to throb
   In silent musing long,
And thus in earnestness I pour'd
   My feelings forth in song.

The spirit of delicious song
  Absorb'd my every wish,
And oft the live long day I've strain'd
  Like a bloodhound on the leash,
Grasping at every phantom bright
  That mock'd the mental eye,
Eager to chain the lightning glance
  Of thought, that bounded by!

I sought no hollow woes or joys
  To deck in truth's fair guise,
But such as in a living heart
  In glowing colours rise;
And scenes that kindled in my soul
  Emotions few may scan,
I told in words sincere, as does,
  The heart of man to man.

Yet dullness scorn'd my lyre the while,
  And said its very tone
Was pilfer'd from the worthless crowd
  Whom genius ne'er has known;
And thus my soul was crush'd beneath
  Neglect so keenly felt,
Till misanthropic gloom came o'er
  The heart where feeling dwelt.

At one fell swoop I've seen my all
  Of happiness depart,—
And *she* who sent the life-blood once
  In spring-tides through my heart,
Has left me like a gaudy thing
  That courts the summer's blaze
To sun in feigned smiles, and drink
  The flatterer's fulsome praise!

I've seen of many a human heart
  The chamber doors thrown wide,
And all were filled with rottenness—
  With selfishness and pride;
For friendship, love, and youthful hope
  Are painted tombs at best,
And seldom do they aught but break
  The quiet of the breast.

Mine own dark spirit, too, has thrown
  A gloom on all I see,
Nor silent dews, nor breath of flowers
  Can bring a joy to me;—
All nature seems a desert wild,
  Nor more her feast is spread—
For my insensate heart does loathe
  Her sunshine and her shade.

And now it is a withering thought,
To feel my being hurl'd
From the enchanted tower of hope
From which it eyed the world,
And lived in close companionship
With fancy's dreams of bliss,
Unconscious of the coming ail
Of such an hour as this.

◆

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN.

Whoever has always a smile at command is certainly a knave.—*Stollberg.*

Children talk of what they do; old men, of what they have done; fools, of what they will do.—*Oxenstiern.*

'I know!' is the saying of a proud ignoramus—'I know not!' that of a simpleton—'I know, that I know nothing!' that of a wise man.—*Oxenstiern.*

The desire of being happy is an indispensable part of our nature; and the desire of making others happy, the noblest pleasure of an honest man.—*Gellert.*

Philanthropy is founded on nature; esteem on power, talent, merit; friendship on harmony. I love man, because he is man: I honour the individual who is more exalted, more intelligent, more virtuous than myself: I am his friend, whose heart and sentiments are in unison with mine. I can solicit for affection,—I can acquire esteem—but not friendship,—*it* gives and receives of itself.—*Lavater.*

A school-master of Paris wished to prove, that he was the finest person on earth. He argued thus,—Europe is the finest part of the world, France is the finest country in Europe, Paris is the finest city in France, the University is the finest quarter in Paris, my room is the finest in the University, I am the finest thing in my room—*ergo* I am the finest man in the world.—*Rievethal.*

The populace in the neighbourhood of Smyrna are in the practice of diverting themselves with Storks in the following manner. After abstracting their own, they put hens'-eggs under storks that are breeding. The unexpected appearance of the young chickens so discomposes the male-bird that he calls his neighbours together with a loud cry—to witness the disgrace of his polluted nest;—they then fall upon the innocent female, and peck her to death, while her disappointed mate with the most woeful clacking bewails his destiny.—*Rievethal.*

Every human station may have its burden. It has also and in no less a degree particular pleasures peculiar to itself, and these pleasures become so much the sweeter on account of opposite grievances.—*Lavater.*

MATHEMATICS.

QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

Proposed by Mr. Rutherford, Mathematical Master of the Corporation's Academy, Berwick.

4. A person was desirous of giving 3d. a-piece to some beggars, but found he had not money enough in his pocket by 8d; he therefore gave them each 2d. and had then 3d. remaining: required the num-of beggars?

Proposed by Mr. Weatherhead, Teacher, Swinton.

5. A gentleman intending to dig a circular fish-pond in his pleasure ground of such dimensions as the digging at 3d. a solid yard should cost as much as the inclosing did at 16s. a yard; It is required to determine the diameter of the pond, (its depth being every where 9 feet) and also the expence?

Proposed by Mr. George Giles, Teacher, Tweedmouth.

6. Admit I travel from a certain town situated on the meridian 0° longitude, but in north latitude. I started at ½ past 3 p. m.; after travelling some days on a directl ine in the S. W. quarter, I found myself 236.7 miles distant from the place of starting and on the meridian of 5° 50′ West longitude. The sun's azimuth at the place and time of starting was 59° 1′ 27″ from the South towards the West, and the sun is on the equinoctial. Required the name of the town I left, and also the name of the place arrived at?

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

Holdsworth and Ball will, ere this, have given to the world—"The Immortality of the Soul and other Poems," from the pen of Mr. David Mallock. If a long and intimate acquaintance personally with the author, and a careful and unprejudiced perusal of many of his earlier productions form a just ground of confident hope, then may we predict that the volume in question will do equal credit to the head and heart of the writer, and will powerfully contribute to uphold the literary, but especially the poetical character of the age. Nor are we solitary in thus expressing ourselves of Mr. Mallock's qualities and talents; for, even granting a liberal allowance to the prepossessions of friendship, it can hardly be that we have wandered far from the cold and simple truth, when our own opinion is corroborated and made creditable by such men, among others, as Thomas Campbell and Professor Wilson,—whose judgment—given in absence at the time of all knowledge of the Author—must have been impartial. Most certainly we shall favour our readers next month with several specimens.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Gilfillan's poems have been very favourably noticed by the public Press; we have especially in our eye at this moment the critical remarks of THE METROPOLITAN, whose liberal quotations include a song that first appeared in our own Magazine. The Ettrick Shepherd is the reputed penman of the aforesaid.

Kean, the king of living actors, lately performed several of his favourite parts at Edinburgh. The reviewers of the drama agree in lamenting the all but total extinction of histrionic powers, which formerly never failed to evoke from assembled multitudes a prolonged tempest of applause. Nothing now is visible but the remains of energy, that once wielded at will the passions of the soul,—the hopes and fears of men. Generally weak, brief periods of might yet occasionally occur, like the convulsive throes

> "Of some strong swimmer in his agony;"

or like the vivid lightning and the deep thunder-roll, repeated at distant intervals, which serve to indicate the splendid awfulness and terrific grandeur of the passing storm; or to use the milder, though perhaps less applicable, metaphor of a "patriot Scotchman"—

> 'As the flush through the clouds of the ev'ning is seen
> To tell what the blaze of the noontide had been.'

Theatricals, in fact, seem fast waning in the Northern Metropolis, if not every where. Can this betoken the approach of a new and brighter day in the moral horizon?—Notwithstanding, Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy of *Francis the First* has proved highly attractive and, in a pecuniary point of view, uncommonly productive.

◆

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Here, on the 25th ult., Mrs. George Henderson, of a daughter.

Here, on the 29th ult., Mrs. R. Fender, Western-lane, of a son.

On the 30th ult., at Bell's Hill, near Belford, Mrs. Darling, of a daughter.

At Belford, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Morton of a son.

On the 7th inst., at Lilburn Grange, Mrs. Thomas Howey, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Paxton, on the 13th ult., Mr. Wm. Johnstone, steward at Kimmerghame, to Miss Eliza Goodwill.

At Banff, on the 20th ult., James Campbell Brodie, Esq., of Lethen, to Mary Catherine; and John Clerk Brodie, Esq., to Bathia Garden, both daughters of Stewart Souter, Esq., of Melrose.

At Chirnside Manse, on the 26th ult., Abraham Logan, Esq. Woodend, to Agnes Watt, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Logan, Chirnside.

In Berwick Church, on the 10th inst., Alexander Souter, Esq. of Banff, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Grieve Smith, Esq. of Budle.

At Perth, on the 10th inst., Mr. A. Mallock, of the Tweed Bank, Berwick, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr. Adam Reed, Dowally.

DEATHS.

At Grant's Braes, near Haddington, on the 2d ult., aged 68, Annabella Burns, sister of the national bard Robert Burns.

At Coldstream, on the 6th ult., Mr. David Allan, agricultural-implement maker, aged 54—as a friend, a father and a husband deeply lamented.

At Morpeth, on the 7th ult., Mrs. Taylor, relict of John Taylor, Esq., formerly of this town, printer.

At Coldstream, on the 8th ult., aged 80, Mrs. Thomson, widow of the late Mr. Alex. Thomson of this town.

At North Shields, on the 14th ult., Mr. George Banks, aged 80, formerly of this town, and well known throughout the neighbouring counties as a dancing-master.

At Coldstream, on the 14th ult., after nine hours' illness, Mr. Andrew Elliot, of Lees Mill.

Same day and place, Mr. Jas. Cleghorn, merchant.

Same place, on the 15th ult., Frances, wife of Mr. Halliburton, bookseller, aged 39—deeply regretted.

Same place, on the 18th ult., Mary Ann, wife of Mr. W. Jeffrey, spirit-merchant, aged 21.

Here, on the 21st ult., William, eldest son of Mr. William Paulin, in his seventh year.

At Bowsden, on the 17th ult., Edward, son of Mr. William Young, farmer, aged 29.

On the 17th ult., at Belford, Prideaux Selby, Esq., in his 91st year. He was much and deservedly esteemed.

In this town, on the 27th ult., George Gilchrist, one of the Corporation's Waits, aged 76.

On the 27th ult., at Alnwick, Ann, relict of the Rev. L. Wilson, of Holy Island, aged 70.

On the 28th ult.; after a long and painful illness, which he bore with remarkable fortitude, Mr. James M'Burnie, gun-maker, High-street, aged 57. The deceased had acquired great celebrity in his profession, and up to the day of his death occupied a high rank in the esteem of his townsmen.

On the 17th ult., at her house, 18, Lambeth-road, London, aged 64, Mrs. Bowes, relict of Andrew R. S. Bowes, Esq., late M. P. for Durham, and High Sheriff of the county of Northumberland.

On the 2d inst., while in Harwich harbour, on board the schooner Jess of this port, Mr. Michael Brown, captain of that vessel, aged 58.

Here, on the 2d inst., after a lingering illness, Anne, wife of William Riddell, Esq., aged 64.

At Tweedhill, on the 24th ult., James Macbraire, Esq., aged 70.

At Gunsgreen Cottage, on the 2d inst., Mr. James Herriot, formerly tenant in Ayton-law, in the 88th year of his age.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The valuable paper on Criticism, &c. by a beloved friend and right trusty contributor shall open the succeeding Number; in which also we expect to publish a rare document, which traces the genealogy of an ancient Border family once eminent in the pride of predatory power and warfare.

H. P. has disappeared in a very strange and mysterious manner.—According to the Printer-fiend's account, "a smart knowin (query—known?) gentleman-like person" stepped in to the office one evening at dusk, snatched the doomed article from before the astonished compositor, and flew off—if not in a flash, at least—with the rapidity of lightning. We hope ere long to furnish a better account of H. P's fate.

Lawrence Glendale and others shall speedily be aroused from their long sleep.

ERRATA.

P. 226—L. 1. *pro* stone—*lege* stove.
— 228—— 14. *pro* morn—*lege* moon.
— 229—— 13. *pro* tear—*lege* tears.
———— 14. *pro* her; aunt—*lege* her, and aunt.
———— 27. *pro* friend—*lege* friends.
———— 40. *dele* he.
— 231—— 50. *pro* and sound—*lege* and the sound.
— 233—— 50. *pro* Weiknachtslust—*lege* Weihnachtslust.
— 235—— 13. *pro* together with their little ones. They—*lege* together. With their little ones they.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

No. VII.] MAY, 1832. [Vol. I.

CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

"Some critics," says Mr. Rymer *, "are like wasps that rather annoie the bees than terrifie the drones," and the aphorism was ably supported by his own practice. He may, perhaps, be known to some of our readers as the author of a fierce tirade against Shakespeare, in which, as far as we recollect, he maintains, among other things equally singular, that, if there is any merit in Othello, it consists in the morals; viz. that it is dangerous for young ladies to run away with blackamoors without the consent of their parents; that housewives should look well to their linen, and that husbands should let their proofs be mathematical, before their jealousy is tragical. But, ludicrous as these remarks are, we really think, that a very great number of our professed critics are fully as unjust in many of their decisions on the poetical literature of the present day, while they affect the same candour and independence as Mr. Rymer. It may, therefore, not be wholly uninteresting to consider what qualifications the critic requires, and what are the sources of so much injustice in our literary tribunals.

We shall confine our observations to criticism on poetical and imaginative writing, as most abuses are committed in this department.

Judgment is obviously one of the principal qualities in a critic. But this is not sufficient. He must possess, *in a high degree*, all the keen and enthusiastic feelings which the poet appeals to. However different the decisions of reason and passion may be on abstract points, they are reconciled in poetry (to apply a remark which an eminent writer makes on what he terms "the creative power" and "intellectual energy" of Shakespeare) and "each fights with its shield before the breast of the other; or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strain to repel each other and intermingle reluctantly and in tumult; but on finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate and flow on in one current and with one voice."

Nothing, however, can be more common than to hear it maintained, that a *powerful* judgment is incompatible with *intense* sensibility.

---

* Preface to his Translation of Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie. 1694.

But, so far is this from being true, that a man may err as often in his conclusions, under the most important circumstances in life, (putting poetry out of the question,) from deficiency in the latter as from deficiency in the former. To feel *dispassionately* is, in many cases, to feel *unjustly*, and imagination is as useful in summing up a row of figures, as pure intellect is in estimating the merit of the finest passages in Hamlet or Childe Harold.

We do not think it necessary, that a critic should be a poet himself. "I may know whether that is a neat table," as Dr. Johnson says, "without being a cabinet-maker." But this we may safely affirm, that if Pope's maxim—

> "Let those teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well"—

had been more attended to, it would have been much for the interests of true criticism.

Here we may say, however paradoxical we may appear, that we fully agree with Addison in thinking, that a true critic is seen to more advantage in pointing out beauties than defects; and we would ask any lover of poetry who has read Dr. Johnson's Lives and Hazlitt's Criticisms on Shakespeare, which of them has displayed the greater insight into the laws of imagination and passion. We say this, at the same time, with the highest respect for the Doctor's intellect, but it can scarcely be doubted, that he was deficient in the finer qualities of poetical perception, and that his prejudices against many of those, whom he criticised, were so violent, that he was scarcely able to judge at all.

We are far from denying, that it is the duty of a critic to censure defects. He must evidently do this in justice to the poet as well as to the public. But we certainly think, that least merit is shewn in this department. Defects in a poem are comparatively obvious even to an inferior mind, while the delicate shades of a most beautiful thought founded on feelings capable of the most philosophic analysis, may pass altogether unobserved. "It is not more difficult," as we once heard an acute metaphysician remark, "to detect incongruities or exaggerations, than to feel uncomfortable in a dirty road,—but it is only a man of taste that can admire a fine landscape." This is no doubt an extreme analogy. But we conceive, that it may justly be set up as a balance to many statements that have been made on the opposite side. "To point out defects," observes Mr. Hazlitt, "one would think it necessary to be equally conversant with beauties. But this is not the case. The best caricaturists cannot draw a common outline; nor the best comic actors speak a line of serious poetry without being laughed at. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by saying, that the perfection of the ludicrous implies that looseness or disjointedness of mind, which receives most delight and surprise from oddity or contrast, and which is naturally opposed to the steadiness and unity of feeling required for the sublime and beautiful." The fact, generally speaking, is as Mr. Hazlitt states it. But his explanation is perhaps more ingenious than sound. It is a safer theory to hold, that a taste for the humourous and a taste for the beautiful depend on original and distinct faculties,—admitting, at the same time, that the casual direction of the mind may sometimes have the effect, which Mr. Hazlitt assumes, though not to such an extent.

It cannot be denied, that an author has no reason to complain if his follies are fairly exposed. But it is, probably, as well to overlook altogether what is really worthless and harmless. It "will sink into oblivion by its own weight," and, after all, is a man not sufficiently punished when he publishes a book which is neither read nor sold without being treated as if he had committed a crime? What good did Gifford do to the public taste by his Mæviad and Bæviad? The fame of the Della Cruscan school of poetry (no offence to *our* Della Crusca whom we admire in common with all our readers) was confined to a small circle, and such as it was, had been waning long before it was attacked.

We shall now enquire what are the defects in the critical system of the present day.

1. We may remark, then, that the very nature of the critic's office, as it is generally understood in consequence of prescriptive abuse, seems frequently to mislead him. He is expected, first of all, to prove, that there are many things in which he is superior to those whom he criticises. Accordingly his chief object is to display himself. He must point out some redundancies, or exaggerations, or anachronisms, or inconsistencies. He must, in short, be caustic and humourous, at all events, without regard to the nature of the subject. If our smartest reviewers were to confine themselves to a simple style and to a philosophical analysis of the works which come before them, so much has the taste of the public been perverted, that they would be considered dry and inanimate by their greatest admirers, and the extracts of the finest passages would be read without the comments.

To illustrate our meaning, we shall give a specimen, from an article which appeared in the Examiner some months ago, of that prevailing spirit on which we have animadverted. Unfortunately we have not the paper at hand, so we must ask credit for our memory. The poem which forms the subject of the critic's remarks is entitled

INFANTINE INQUIRIES,

(From Poetical Ephemeras by J. P. Browne.)

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother, will I grow like him?

"He said,—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace and are blest;

And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home, where in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light by his own blue streams;
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away.
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dwellers' cheek,
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be!

"For he knew, that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade,
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew, that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He, who hath made them poor, may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

The critic thinks, that the qualification—"which my sisters say"—is not natural in so young a child, and we cannot differ from him there. But, the same remark might apply to the whole spirit of the inquiries in the first verse, as they presuppose a higher exercise of reflection than is consistent with the age. His wit, however, had not sufficient scope here. So he attacks the poet, on what we consider a less vulnerable point. He says, that the old man, instead of whining about the grave and the pleasure of hunting bees and butterflies should have "spoken of the time when beaf was not strange to him and mutton was a household word:" for we must be *some degrees from starvation*, before we long for death, as the immediate pressure of physical want prevents us from attending to any thing else. Then he goes on to contrast this poem with Holcroft's fine ballad of Gaffer Gray.

> "Why do you shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray;
> And why does your nose look so blue?
> 'Tis the weather is cold, 'tis I'm grown very old,
> And my doubtlet is not very new, welladay!
> And my doublet is not very new."

"The Inquirer," says the reviewer, "then suggests the true desideratum in such a case,—viz. a glass of ale. To this Gaffer Gray does not reply by saying, that he has lost all his good friends and relations,—but straight to the point,"

> "Nay, but credit I've none,
> And my money's all gone," &c. &c.

Now all this is, certainly, very smart. But it is little more. We cannot see what authority the reviewer had to assume that the poet intended to represent an old man in a state of starvation like Gaffer Gray. May his immediate wants not be understood to have been supplied? As to the other remark, he might dwell on those recollections with which the little boy and his sisters could probably sympathise most and which might be naturally enough awakened by the contrast between them and him; or there might never have been a time "when beaf was not strange to him and mutton was a household word." But youth is a period to which all look back with regret, and the very simplicity of the pleasures connected with a poor man's best days, invests them with additional pathos. "Ah! never again," says Campbell's Exile of Erin, though "he had no refuge from famine and danger," and though "the dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,"

> "Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
> Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
> *Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,*
> *And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.*"

Our reviewer would, no doubt, have thought it more natural for the exile to have mourned over his recollections of pork, buttermilk, potatoes and potheen.

But, though we think that the character of "the old man is not idealised to an unwarrantable extent, and that the chief object of the critic was to display his wit, we cannot maintain, that the poem is very happily constructed. Full justice is not done to the thought in the first stanza, and the three last almost seem to have no business there." In fact, we strongly suspect, that the contrast between youth and age was what Mr. Browne chiefly wished to pourtray, and this might, certainly, have been done better in another form. Let us take as an instance the following passage from Dr. Thomas Brown's lectures on the philosophy of the mind. "Were it given to us to picture the future, as we can paint what is before our eyes; and could we shew to the boy, as he returns, blooming and *scarcely fatigued*, from the race or other active game, in which he has been contending with his playmates, some form of feeble age, the few grey hairs, the wrinkled brow, the dim eye, the withered cheek, the wasted limbs, *that cannot bear without additional support, even that thin frame, which bends over them to the earth that is soon to receive all that is not yet wholly dead and consumed in the half living skeleton*; could we say to him, as he gazes, almost with terror, on this mixed semblance of death and life, *the form on which you are now looking is your own*, how incredulous would be his little heart to our prophetic intimation!"—

We regret, that we have not seen Mr. Browne's volume. But judging even from the specimen before us, (though perhaps it is not the one which we should have selected as the best) we consider him a man of fine feeling and a most accomplished versifier.

Apart from the injustice which is done to works of genius, from this passion for humour, it has another effect equally obvious. It leads the critic to pounce on inferior writers, as they furnish him with the best subjects for the favourite exercise of his professional sagacity. This, indeed, is not attended with any injury to the public, except so far as it re-acts on their taste,—but it does no good. We might furnish our readers with abundant instances from modern reviews. We think, however, that they will at once admit our assertion, and accept of the following *morceau* from Mr. Rymer as an equivalent. The passage on which he animadverts, is as follows,

> "Cependant le soleil se couche dans son lit,
> Que luimême de pourpre et de laque embellit;
> Et la nuit qui survient aussi triste que sombre,
> De toutes les couleurs ne fait qu'une grand' ombre,
> Avec le sommeil le silence la suit,
> L'un ami du repos, l'autre ennemi du bruit"—*Le Moyne.*

"Here again," says our old friend, "are words in abundance. He cannot tell us that 'tis midnight, till he first have informed us, that *the Sun is gone to bed*, to a fine bed *of his own trimming;* and this is matter enough for the first two verses. Then we are told, that *the Night of all colours makes but one great shade;* and this suffices for the second couplet. *Aussi triste que sombre* is an expression *the French* are so delighted with, they can scarce name any thing of night without it. The third couplet is much what—as in a bill of fare

> Item—*Beaf and Mustard,*
> That friend to the stomach, this a foe to th' nose—

the second line in both being alike impertinent." Poor Le Moyne was not worth noticing.

2. There is another consideration that materially affects the decisions of our literary censors. We mean political feelings. This is so obvious, indeed, that it requires no proof. But we think, that the best way to express our abhorrence of such a system, is to mention its effects on John Keats, whose beautiful poems, though they have not yet risen to that degree of celebrity, which they are ultimately sure of, may probably be familiar to many of our readers. We do not deny, that they have considerable defects. But these might certainly have been forgiven in so young a man,—particularly, as they are far more than overbalanced by beauties. Unfortunately, he happened to be on very intimate terms with Mr. Leigh Hunt, and to hold what are call-

ed "liberal opinions" in politics; and this was quite enough, in some influential quarters, to decide the fate of his poetry. He was sneered at for being an apothecary, &c. and misrepresented beyond all bounds, while his sensibility was so acute that "at the recital of a noble action or a beautiful thought, his eyes would suffuse with tears and his mouth trembled *." But he had few to take his part, for he "had no rent-roll," only "the fairest flowers *o' the spring*, daffodils, pale primroses, carnations and streak'd gillyflowers;" and, if his life was not shortened by the constant persecution, to which he was exposed, it was, at least, rendered miserable. Reader! the subject of such acrimony was a young man, scarcely twenty, who could write lines like these;—

"A CASEMENT high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest;
And on her silver cross, pale amethyst,
And on her hair, a glory, like a saint;
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven;—Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

"Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps *her warmed jewels* one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire *creeps rustling to her knees;*
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weeds,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair Saint Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

"*Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,*
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought until the morrow-day
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

---

* Hunt's Life of Byron.

3. A third cause for the perversion of criticism is equally obvious—the influence of "that metall whereby," as old Froissart says, "love is attayned both of gentlemen and pore souldiers [*]." This, we believe, is carried to an extent, which no man with a good heart could form any idea of in detail. Publishers contrive not only to get their own works praised, but to make pretty severe reprisals on their competitors. The principle of Wakefield's dislike to Porson—viz. "quod occasionem quæ subvenerit, meos labores collaudandi, omnino prætermisit," has its weight in such cases, though all critics may not admit it so freely.

Now, what has been the consequence of so many abuses, but a general distrust in the criticism of the present day? The public, notwithstanding the wit, scarcely know what they should *believe*, even in our most respectable reviews; for, we have some notorious instances, that men of talents are not superior to the influence of private and political interests. We are far from denying, that some of the finest criticisms which were ever written, on works addressed to the imagination, have appeared in our times. But the defects, which we have dwelt on, are extremely prevalent, and we fear that it will be long before they are got rid of.

SONG.—TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

BY D. J. LIETCH.

AWAY wi' the maddening joys o' the city,
Where folly drives faster than mirth can come speed,
Gie me a sweet hour in the gloamin wi' Katie
'Mang the auld castle woods on the banks o' the Tweed.
My faulden plaid round her,
Her cheek press'd to mine,
And the bright glance o' love, streamin' saft frae her e'e!
Oh! what can compare wi'
The bliss that I share wi'
My sweet blooming Kate, in the woodland sae free!

We needna to speak, for the mavis is telling
The theme o' our love in the warm wooded vale;
And I feel her heart beating, her saft bosom swelling,
As aften we linger to listen the tale.
In yon auld ruin'd castle, [†]
Mid revel and wassal,
What knights hae been joyous, and ladies been gay!
But could they compare wi'
The bliss that I share wi'
My sweet blooming Kate, at the close o' the day!

[*] Lord Berners' Translation.

[†] Norham—the old extensive ruin of a once formidable border Castle.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE MERITS OF THE SCOTTISH NOVELS.

Continued from page 277.

IF our author is nearly faultless in the conduct of his novels, full of poetry and nature in his descriptions, in his delineation of character he is admirable. In this point of view, by no author ancient or modern, I will not even except our great Dramatist himself, has he been surpassed. I say this of the generality of his characters, but let us enquire into particulars, and, first into his manner of delineating his heroes and heroines. In the choice of these he is far more fortunate than any of the great novelists who have preceded him. Many of their heroes have but an indifferent character. Tom Jones is by no means a model for imitation, and Roderick Random, to say the best of him, is little better; Joseph Andrews is a serving man of not exceedingly good repute, and Humphrey Clinker a curious compound of simplicity, activity and methodism. Sometimes, indeed, a novelist makes his hero more respectable, but then, in many cases, the error lies on the other side, and he is made a paragon of excellence. It was left to the author of Waverley to restore his heroes to a state more conformable to nature—to surround them with qualities really estimable, but not to such a degree as to make us believe, that it would be in vain to look for the like among mankind. It has often been asserted, that between the different heroes of these novels there exists a very great similarity; that Waverley—Ivanhoe—Morton—Quentin Durward—Julian Peveril—Mordaunt Merton, are just copies of the same individual placed in different circumstances. Now, in some respects, a rigid critic may certainly perceive a sameness in their tone of thinking, but I am persuaded that critics go too far when they make the assertion alluded to, and that it ought to be received only with some limitations. Among our author's heroes there are certain points in which their characters coincide, and even the current of their lives and fortunes is not always unlike. In most cases we find a young man setting out in the world—meeting with various accidents in his career—but at last finishing it in much the same manner. Now, upon these prominent similarities, the mind lays firm hold, is always comparing one hero with another, and, by consequence, we are hardly to wonder at the circumstance of its finding them more alike than they really are, discovering or fancying it discovers resemblances where they do not exist. But let us call up before our minds any two heroes of our author, let us place them in juxtaposition, and then ask ourselves the question whether we may fearlessly call them alike. When we read of Waverley among the mountains of Scotland, is the idea we have of him at all similar to our conceived notion of the mailed warrior at the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche? or can we think of the Scottish adventurer Q. Durward and the young man at the court of king James and pronounce them to be the same individual? As I have already hinted, it requires but little ingenuity to discover between them some points of resemblance, but they that are so disposed may find grounds for making a similar remark with regard to the heroes of Shakespeare himself; may say that Macbeth and Richard are much alike, and that Romeo would have acted just as Hamlet did, had he been placed in similar circumstances.

But after all, it must be allowed that the characters of his heroes are not always the best drawn—our author's genius appears to greater advantage in delineating the other 'Dramatis Personæ' who act in his novels. His characters are not few in number—they are scattered about with all the profuseness and variety of nature. They do not come upon us as so many duplicates of the same original—each has his own point of difference from another, the tones of thinking among them are perfectly distinct, each speaks in a language fitted only to his own condition. Our author's talent at personal delineation is really wonderful, but never more so than when he touches upon any one that figures in history. Take for example king James as he is depicted in the Fortunes of Nigel, and there will be found sufficient reason for this remark. The self-important yet kind-hearted monarch starts up before the imagination in the very manner we conceive he appeared in real life, surrounded with all his foibles and weaknesses, and not unattended by the virtues we know existed in his curiously compounded character. We see him not only as a king, but, divested of the splendour of royalty, we can view him as a man. No character was ever more exquisitely drawn than this;—we see not only the grand traits and predominating features of his mind, but each singularity attracts our notice, and conspires to render our ideas of this monarch still more perfect and natural. England's Elizabeth also appears as a woman, as well as a stately and decisive queen; and the eleventh Louis of France rises before us in form as palpable, as when he existed on earth, with all his superstitious fears, mistrustful suspicions and political cunning. There is something, too, in such characters which renders them particularly attractive. We know that they actually existed, we have read the events of their reigns, we desire to become more closely intimate with their individual character—and this excites an interest superior to that we feel for such as are purely fictitious.

The inferior, though no less important characters, in these novels are all drawn by the same masterly hand, and with equal originality of delineation. Whether he represents cold-blooded villany in the shape of a Varney or Rashleigh Osbaldiston, honest rusticity as a Dandie Dinmont, learning and absence of mind as a Dominie Samson, a purse-proud yet good-natured merchant as a Scroggie Touchwood, the foppery of the Elizabethan age as a Sir Percie Shafton, a projecting agriculturist as a Triptolemus Yellowley, or hypocrisy as an Andrew Fairservice, we must equally admire the accuracy of the delineations, and the powers of the mind which could strike out so much variety. In the grotesque way our author is inimitable, although his attempts in this are not very numerous. The taciturn Dumbiedykes is ludicrous in the extreme, and so is the redoubted captain of Knockdunder. But no personification of the ludicrous that was ever yet attempted can surpass that of Dugald Dalgetty in the Legend of Montrose. That worthy is ludicrous enough, take him just as he appears in the novel—a grotesque mixture of intrepid daring, conceit and self-sufficiency, but how increased must our desire to smile become, when we indentify the bold soldier in the wars of Gustavus with the Divinity Student at Marischall College, Aberdeen!

These novels contain several examples of characters of a half-supernatural description. I have already alluded to that beautiful creation of the fancy—the White Lady of Avenel, and to this I may now add the no less mysterious, though more palpable, characters—Meg Merrilies and Norna of the Fitful Head. In the first of these we find realised our ideas of the poetry of feeling which distinguished the Sybilline character, in connexion however with that of the modern gypsey; and in the latter we see embodied all the conceptions we may have had of the prophetesses of Ihor and Odin. The character of Norna is well sustained. The high-toned enthusiasm of the Reimkennar is admirably contrasted with the milder feelings of her nature. The character is full of poetry and sublimity; yet amid all the dignity she assumes as the controuller of the elements, she cannot conceal the fact that she is unhappy. The hags mentioned in the Bride of Lammermoor are also in some respects super-human—they are surrounded with all the sublimity, and with a mysterious terror greater even than that which our great Dramatist has given to his witches in Macbeth.

But there is another species of characters, in the delineation of which our author sometimes indulges, and in which he is assisted more by that rich vein of poetical fancy which shines through all his writings, than by any thing to be found in nature. Of this description are the characters of Rebecca the Jewess, Fenella, and old Alie in the Bride of Lammermoor. No characters were ever more exquisitely drawn than these, but the very nicety of the execution excites the belief that the painting is too fine to be the transcript of nature. Rebecca the Jewess appears before us like a being of another world; her air, manner and actions are more than mortal; timid yet heroic, meek and humble yet dignified, she passes before the mind—the beautiful but unreal personification of a poetical imagining. Jeanie Deans is not a character of this sort. She is exceedingly amiable, her mind is lofty and her affection towards her sister heroic, but there is nothing in all this which we can pronounce unnatural or incompatible with her situation; —her actions and language are just what we would expect to find in the daughter of a Scottish peasant. Annot Lyle also and the Children of the Mist in the Legend of Montrose, rank fairly under the poetical characters of our author. They are exquisitely drawn, and the romantic feelings which distinguish the latter are pourtrayed in vivid colours, and the poetry of their character is preserved throughout with the greatest success. The scenes of our author's descriptions, and the characters he developes belong not all to one country—England, France, the Isle of Man and the Shetlands furnish themes for his powerfully descriptive pen. But how towering soever the imagination may be that could paint in language the transactions at Plessis Les Tours, or the Wild Boar of Ardennes in the Bishop's palace at Liege, how powerful soever the mind that could describe the manners of the sister country, still our author is most at home when engaged on the customs and scenery of his native land. Although we want here in a great measure the wild luxuriance of fancy, we have, in its stead, beauties of a milder but no less attractive kind—clothed in the language of feeling and of nature. Our author is undoubtedly a lover of his country, but that love leads him into no extravagant eulogium. If ever any man was a citizen of the world, it is the author of Waverley; he writes and reasons, regarding all men as his brethren; yet he does possess that affection towards his native land which every feeling mind must have, but it is a principle, latent in his own bosom, displayed in his conduct, though never influencing it. His novels therefore abound in Scottish life, Scottish character, Scottish scenery. Notwithstanding this, however, these novels enjoy a popularity which few other works have attained, and are nearly as well known upon the Continent as they are in Great Britain. Not only are they read extensively through the Continent, they are also turned into dramas and acted on the stage with no little success and applause. They must therefore contain much of real human nature—and of this the very circumstance of their general diffusion is a decided proof. Man, however influenced he may be by habit and fashion, is yet the same in every country, and seeing the Waverley novels touch a chord in the human heart, are we to wonder because its vibrations are sympathized equally by men in this country, and in every other kingdom of Europe? The author of Waverley is therefore well versed in the feelings of humanity,—to prove that he possesses genius of the most exalted kind, I need only allude to that wonderful performance—Ivanhoe. Of the period, at which the events mentioned in that novel ostensibly take place, we know almost nothing, yet from the rich treasures of the imagination has our author contrived to conjure up a vast variety of character and incident, make these imposingly palpable, and construct a probable and well-told tale. At the same time, there is no confounding of ancient and modern customs and fashions—his descriptions are in perfect keeping with the times in which the events in his novels are supposed to happen. The fashions of these periods are described and kept up with amazing accuracy, the dresses of his characters are true to reality. It would indeed be no easy matter to detect our author in an anachronism—even the language of his characters is in conformity with the period at which they lived. "Chalk him across the peepers with your cheery," says one of the ruffians in the Fortunes of Nigel, and here we have the slang of the sixteenth century.

Between Shakespeare and the author of Waverley there exist many points of close resemblance. With regard to genius and natural powers we may place them on much the same level. Both were able to grasp all human nature—all mankind from the prince to the peasant are set before us in the works of both with all the foibles, virtues and prominences of character peculiar to each. For Shakespeare, the bounds of Nature herself were too narrow—he knew how to rise above the things of time, and find a world for himself in the bright creations of his imagination—could describe a Caliban and even invent a language for him. The author of Waverley, too, though contented in general with a lower flight, sometimes rises on the soaring wings of fancy—can describe in sublimity a Norna of the Fitful Head, can give a form and a language to the beautiful and romantic creation of the White Lady of Avenel. Shakespeare and the author of Waverley are both poets, both like to traverse the fair fields of nature and to rest upon all that is beautiful and sublime within them, both are conversant with the language of poetic feeling and pathos. But they are so in very different degrees. Through all Shakespeare there flows a stream of pure and lofty poetry, there shines a sweetness of fancy, a grandeur of thought, a splendour and beauty of imagery which it would be vain to seek in the author of Waverley, or indeed in any other writer whatever. Shakespeare and the author of Waverley are both wits—but the wit of Shakespeare is not unfrequently coarse and indelicate, while that of the author of Waverley is refined and scrupulously pure. Shakspeare often gives vent to expressions which no well-regulated mind can peruse with pleasure, the author of Waverley never employs a word which can call a blush upon the most modest cheek. It would also be difficult to say which of these two great writers is the more original. The plots of Shakespeare's Dramas were all made to his hand, and not a few of his characters may be seen in the works of several of the dramatists who preceded him. In like manner, most of the Scottish Novels are founded upon the legendary tales of the country, and a great number of the minor characters in them are little better than copies of those employed by other writers. In the character of Shakespeare, fecundity of genius was a prominent feature; and what writer was ever more prolific than the author of Waverley? Scarce have we digested the materials of one novel, when another intellectual feast is ready for us. Shakespeare, we are told, wrote almost without blotting a line, and Ben Johnson notifies this as the only thing faulty in him. Almost the same thing may be said of the author of Waverley. His first productions were indeed finished with the utmost care, and none have proceeded from his pen without internal marks of previous thought, but many of his later novels display a want of finish, and a hurriedness of execution.

Both of the great writers, of whom we have been speaking, owe not a little also to art. Shakespeare attempted nothing which he did not improve upon, he touched upon nothing to which he did not give a charm, he introduced no one into his dramas whose character he did not completely and skilfully develope. In like manner, whatever subject our author enters upon, we perceive him fully qualified for unfolding it, and every character he paints he thoroughly understands. Shakespeare possessed the wonderful art of making his readers never tire of any character he introduces into his dramas. Falstaff and Pistol appear in several plays, and no one can assert that their identity is ever lost, or that they on any occasion fail in exciting as lively an interest as they did at their first appearance. Our author's characters are also well kept up, but such as are continued before the mind for a long period diminish at last the interest we originally felt for them. The characters of Shakespeare are always distinct from each other, and I do not fear to say the same thing of the author of Waverley. Critics may, if they please, search out resemblances between them, may discover a Meg Merrilies in an Edie Ochiltree, a Cuddie Headrig in a Dandie Dinmont, but it surely is preposterous to say that they are just the same persons in different situations,—every reader must regard them and does regard them as sufficiently distinct. In the art of conducting his conversations Shakespeare has long been considered as pre-eminently happy, and perhaps there is no writer that can be put on a level with him, in this respect, except the author of the Scottish novels.

In all the dialogues which that author introduces into his writings, and they are not unfrequent, the distinction of character is admirably preserved, and the propriety and fine keeping of all his conversations are, with the exception of Shakespeare's, unparalleled. In respect of the education these two great writers have received, the author of Waverley has the advantage. Shakespeare, though evidently a great reader, was by no means a great scholar, and of course in the conduct of his dramas he was compelled to rely more upon the resources of his own mind than perhaps any other writer whatever. The author of Waverley is however a scholar, and that of some research, he is a critic, and from the skill he displays in laying open the human mind—a philosopher. The most abstruse subjects are not beyond the reach of his capacious mind—he is an adept in law, antiquities and history. Shakespeare is therefore perhaps the more original of the two, the author of Waverley the more correct. The taste of Shakespeare appears often coarse and uncultivated, that of the author of Waverley is refined by education. The subjects of Shakespeare's dramas are often national, and the Waverley novels bear the same character. While Shakespeare presents us with an intriguing king John, a bloody and tyrannical Richard, a weak but pious Henry, a brave and impatient Hotspur,—the author of Waverley treats us with a view of the lion-hearted Richard, the terrible Claverhouse of bloody memory, the luxurious Charles I., the hapless Queen Mary of Scotland. The author of Waverley treats of circumstances of no ephemeral notoriety—the events in his novels take place at a period of much real importance to the nation. If, then, Shakespeare has an additional claim to immortality from having celebrated many great events in his country's history, the author of Waverley must also go down to posterity side by side with the great Dramatist.

Such, then, are the excellences of our author, both as considered in himself and as compared with the great Dramatist of England; and if he is as I have endeavoured to shew him to be, and there seems no reason for thinking otherwise,—we may perceive sufficient cause for the approbation with which he has been received in every part of Europe. The attempt the author originally made was a novel one, and that could have given his works a temporary charm. But they possessed, we have seen, a great number of more solid merits—they developed mankind as they are, and displayed the real feelings which agitate the human breast. The interest they excite is always of the liveliest kind;—in fact, the tales are told more with the air of a real history than of a fictitious narrative.

Having thus endeavoured to finish what I originally proposed, I might have now concluded, but that I would make one or two remarks upon the assertion—that the novels of our author are of an immoral tendency, and at all events are unprofitable. To say that they are immoral is to allege a thing for which there is not the least foundation—their tendency is in truth quite the contrary. Maxims of morality, it will be no easy matter to say for what reason, have to the generality of mankind a forbidding aspect. Things are different, however, with novels—the general reader loves to read them, and the idle and dissipated, to whom no other species of literature is pleasing, find pleasure here. Has not the novelist therefore an excellent opportunity of inculcating a moral lesson which will be the more effective from the very circumstance that it is unsuspected? I have already said that our author delights in painting the most amiable qualities of the mind, in personifying the best feelings of our nature. Every one, even the most depraved, must admire these; and this admiration, from the natural disposition of the human mind, sinks insensibly into imitation. The consequence of this must be, that from perusing the beautifully told narrative, the reader will rise with sentiments more pure and refined than he possessed before, will become wiser, better and more intellectual.

But it has been said that the Waverley novels are unprofitable reading, are unable to add any thing to the stock of knowledge we already possess. Of course amusement, not instruction, is the writer's professed object, but indirectly his influence is of the most favourable kind. We obtain an insight into human nature and a closer acquaintance with our species than we have hitherto had, and this will not fail to be of the greatest use through life. Is poetry capable of refining the taste and improving the heart? we have poetry here and that of the truest kind; is an intercourse with nature capable of elevating and expanding the mind? nature is here described in the colours of reality; does sympathy with our fellow-creatures produce a pleasing influence over our souls? sympathy here has room for exertion. Who can read the Waverley novels without feeling his curiosity raised to the highest pitch, without a desire to become more closely acquainted with the historical events and characters which have a place in these productions, without a desire to become more familiar with the beautiful and sublime of nature that are there described? When the brave and aspiring Fergus, his queen-like sister, and his amiable and ill-fated prince appear before the mind, do we not feel an anxiety to become more acquainted with the chivalrous Pretender and his romantic campaigns? When we think of the bold and enthusiastic Cameronians, assembled on the mountain-side, prepared with scythes and other implements of rustic labour, to resist the overwhelming violence of the terrible Claverhouse, while the psalm of praise reverberates among the hills and seems to call down warrior angels to fight their battles, have we no desire to search into the records yet remaining of the stern and unyielding Covenanters? When we view the crafty Louis of France entangled in his own toils—in the hands of his inimical vassal of Burgundy, when the wild boar of Ardennes and his dark bands revel in blood and slaughter in the Bishop's palace at Liege, do we never wish to compare these with the real history? Have we no desire to revert to the past, as before the mind's eye pass the magnificent phantoms of England's Lion-hearted Richard, and no less lion-like Elizabeth?—are we content with the information we already possess when we think on the splendid lists of Ashby, and the glorious revelries of Kenilworth? When we hang over the descriptions of the picturesque scenery of the Highlands, do we not desire to become more closely acquainted with all that is romantic in nature? do we not long for a nearer sight of Lochleven as we view in fancy that strong-hold of the Douglas, that prison of royalty, hallowed in the recollections of every reader of history by the tears of Scotland's ill-fated Mary—the most unfortunate of an unfortunate race? There are novels, I will not deny the fact, which are both immoral and unprofitable, but the bright emanations from the pen of the author of Waverley must not be ranked among the number. His novels are of a different kind; and while purity of language, accurate delineation of human nature, or the productions of a comprehensive genius and cultivated understanding are prized in the land, so long will they rank among the brightest gems which this or any other age has bequeathed to posterity.

J. C.

STANZAS.

" *The heart is deceitful above all things.*"—JEREMIAH.

AMIDST the gay and vulgar crowd,
Where busy life is seen;
Where hollow laughter rings aloud,
As woe had never been
The tenant of those joyous hearts,
Which spread their mirth around,—
'Tis sad to wander, and to feel
That joy—that mirth unsound.

But looking on the smiling face
Tells nought that works below;
The *youthful* heart can never trace
The secret springs of woe;
'Tis left unto the *seared* heart,
Grown old amid distress,
To mark, beneath a seeming joy,
A smiling wretchedness.

And I have wander'd 'midst the crowd
And seen some smile in pain,—
Beheld the humble, mark'd the proud—
Each struggle, but in vain,
To wear an outward show of joy—
Veiling the heart within;
It is a melancholy sight,
The bitter fruit of sin.

Manchester. N. GARDINER.

A SHORT HISTORIC NOTICE OF THE CLAN OF THE ARMSTRONGS.

WE need hardly observe that, whilst the predatory and marauding system of warfare prevailed, the Armstrongs had for a considerable number of years the greatest sway and influence over all the other clans in the western districts of the Borders, and particularly in the south-east quarter of the county of Dumfries. A short history, therefore, of them, we presume, cannot fail to interest the feelings of those under whose view it may chance to come, and who are no strangers to the name of Armstrong, nor to the country wherein, even at this day, it so greatly abounds; nor, possibly, may prove altogether barren of information to others. Hence hath our attempt its appearance, with the approbation of the Editor, in the Border Magazine.

The name of *Fortinbras*, signifying in English *Strong in Arm*, but more neatly by our Saxon ancestors translated *Armstrong*, is—if not indeed of a much earlier date—coeval with Charlemagne in France. We say of *an earlier date*, for we have seen an old French history, edited in the fifteenth century, of the Duke of Normandy's ancestors, which mentions a gentleman of that name of high consideration. In the year 787 he had fled with his family, and with what property he could carry with him, into Denmark—the people of which country were then called Normans—for refuge from prosecution, on account of some treasonable practices against his sovereign and the laws of his country; and he was, of course, outlawed. The same history records, that a descendant of this gentleman, in the tenth century, being in the reign of Charles the Simple of France, joined the Norman Rolf, or Rolla, the leader of an invading army that proved successful against Neustrae, now Normandy, and there settled himself with his Danish comrades. It also tells us that a descendant of the latter person, in the eleventh century, followed the fortune of William the Bastard of Normandy in his conquest of England; and, shortly after, joined the English and Saxon nobles, and Norman men of power, become disaffected to William's government,—the former, in consequence of their being arbitrarily dispossessed by William of their lands and manors,—the latter, probably, for their not being rewarded by him to the extent they might think themselves entitled for their services—who fled for safety from the vengeance of his arm to the fastnesses of the border districts of England and Scotland. It is doubtless from these refugees, and their immediate descendants, that the several clanships of the Borderers first sprang up. Other clanships followed, but of a considerable later date, as the Maxwells, the Jardins, the Kers, the Scots and the Grahams, which became, in truth, more formidable than the earlier ones to both kingdoms. Their power of annoyance was established on a depredatory system of warfare against their neighbours on each side of them, and occasionally, as their jealousy might operate, against each other; and this system they maintained with the most determined spirit, it is known, for many centuries, even as low down as the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne.

Fortinbras, who had now taken up the Saxon translation of his name—Armstrong, sought for a domicile, and soon settled at Mangerton on the Roxburgh side of the river Liddel, in which vicinity also one of his Roman comrades, *Elliot*, had fixed himself; and here we will take occasion to remark, that we know of no ancestors of the clans of the Borderers, except those of the Armstrongs and Elliots, coming over to England with the Conqueror. The *Jardins*, no doubt, are of French extraction, but at what period they became a Border clan, we know not.

Mangerton—for by this name he was now and ever after known—having settled himself to his liking, was fortunate enough very shortly, by his maraudings, to acquire no inconsiderable possession of lands in Dumfries-shire; and thus became the first chief of the clan of the Armstrongs. From thence branched off, in after times, Gilnochy the second chief, and Kinmount the third, each having subordinate chiefs, generally selected from their own relations, under them, somewhat similar to the knights under the great Barons of England, conformably to the Norman feudal system of government as introduced, and finally constituted, by the Conqueror William himself.

Whilst the two nations of England and Scotland were each under the rule of its respective sovereign, it ever continued the policy of their governments but seldom to disturb the Borderers in their usurped dominion over the country in which they had fixed themselves. The reason was that these marauders or free-booters,—for they could be considered no other than a bandit of such,—generally became auxiliaries, as suited either their humour or emergency at the time, to one or other of those nations in their wars with each other; or sometimes, uniting their strength, lent themselves to either, to disturb the peace of its neighbour whilst waging war abroad. But when the crowns of the two kingdoms were united by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne, the administration of the two kingdoms, agreeing together, resolved on the complete subjugation of the Borderers; which measure they soon in a great degree effected. Those on the south side the Esk gave them no trouble; hence they quickly drew over, by promises and bribes, all the leading chiefs on the Scotch side, excepting only Gilnochy and Kinmount with their subordinates. *Harielaw*, the subordinate of Mangerton, had attached himself, some years before, to the Grahams of the southern border, and was on that account held in utter contempt by the rest of the clan of his name; nor less, too, on account of his treachery in betraying and giving up the Duke of Northumberland to the English government, when he had taken refuge in Scotland from the vengeance of the laws of his country, which he had offended by his treasons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. What had become of Mangerton at this period, we can give no account; his name was never mentioned; and it is possible he was not in existence, for we recollect once seeing in our perambulations a very elegant cross near his castle, which we were told had been erected over the spot where one of his name had been assassinated,—perhaps he was the last of the chiefs of his name, and his lands had fallen to the lot of Harielaw who was descended from him.

Christie, the son of John of Gilnochy, so famed in Border history and its ballads, and in Buchanan's history, was at this time the most powerful, the most enterprising, proud, and resolute of all the chiefs of the Borderers; determined on resistance, desperate as it could not fail to have been considered, to which he was excited probably by the recollection of the fate of his father recently and treacherously put to death by the mandate of James V[*].; and holding in abhorrence the mean and dastardly yielding, as he might naturally be supposed, from his high and undaunted spirit, to estimate it, of the other Border chiefs, who could so calmly surrender an independency that had been for such a length of time maintained in the Borders,—and that, too, by a perseverance and bravery that had no example in history.

---

[*] It was an Earl of Morton, by name a Maxwell (originally Maccus), at this time warder of the Scotch Marches,—jealous, in his *FIRST* character, of the great

Christie had made several successful raids into England, long after the other chiefs had submitted; and being greatly inspirited thereby, at length, with an infatuation little, if at all, short of insanity, carried his depredations as far as Doncaster in Yorkshire, not less than two hundred and sixty miles distant from his domicile in the Borders, where he was met by the King's troops, surrounded, and after some vain efforts at resistance, was taken with all the other chiefs of his clan that had followed his fortune, and with them instantly hanged. Their castellated towers and houses, being first ransacked, were now all dismantled, and their lands forfeited and suffered to be taken possession of, to their own private benefit, principally by the chiefs of the Scots, the Grahams, and the Elliots, excepting such portion of them as was bestowed for his services on the Lord Clifford, at that time Lord Warden of the English Marches. The chief of Harielaw was permitted to keep his lands, having joined himself, as we have already noticed, to the southern Borderers; but these lands, of whatever extent they were, had become reduced by the extravagance of his successors in the middle of the last century to so few as sixty acres, and these acres, we have heard it insinuated, were wrested in no honourable way from their rightful owner, by Henry, late Duke of Buccleuch, grandfather of the present Duke—an insinuation this we can, from the knowledge we had of that nobleman acquired by frequent intercourse with him, repel with indignation. The Acres, however, have fallen into the great mass of the Buccleuch property in the Border districts, so that there is not, we believe, an individual of the name of Armstrong at the present day in possession of a single rood of land in fee-simple that was possessed by any of their ancestors previous to the defeat we have just now recorded; how much were once possessed by them, is not easily, for a certainty, to be brought together—we dare only name the whole parish of Canobie, in which is now comprehended what were the parishes of Sark and Half Morton; the largest portion, if not the whole, of the parish of Langholm, and the same of what is now the parish of Kirk-Andrews, which at the period in question, constituted a portion, we think, of the parish of Nichol forest;—the lands of Ellerbeck, now—if we are not wrong informed—in the possession of Francis Jeffery, Esq. Lord Advocate of Scotland;

---

wealth that Gilnoch had now acquired, and, in his *next*, of the increasing power and consequence of that chief over those of the other clans,—who contemplated Gilnoch's ruin, which he effected, by inducing him, under a promise of forgiveness, to present himself with a train of his retainers before his sovereign and yield him homage. Gilnocby unfortunately listened to Maxwell, and approached James with forty, some historians say but thirty, of his followers all costly attired and well mounted, at Fiddleton at the entrance into Ewesdale; but ere he came within any moderate distance of him, he gave the signal for a body of Military lying in ambush, who instantly surrounded Gilnoch and his followers, and conducted them to Cairlenrigg, near the confluence of the Tiviot and Frosty-lee, and there hanged them on the trees, and interred their bodies beneath them, where their graves are visible at this day.

—and some portion of the lands of Moffat, belonging to Lord Hopetoun.

All the chiefs of the clan of the Armstrongs may be said, too, to have possessed very respectable residences,—Gilnochy the castellated towers of Langholm, Canobie, and Kirk-Andrews, all superior edifices, as their remains testify at this day, most particularly the one at Gilnochy; Kinmount had a residence in Canobie called Woodslee, now the property and the residence of one of the Elliots, besides his castellated mansion at Kinmount, the site of which is now covered by an extensive farmstead called Sark-Tower, in the possession of Mr. Church the tenant of the lands.

But to return to some account of the individuals of the clan in general:—and what I am now going to observe of them is from an intercourse I have had with several of them. Lowered as numbers of them are in rank in the world now, as far as wealth and valour bestowed, and reduced as many of them must necessarily be almost to absolute poverty, yet have they, for such they absolutely betray, the consolation of reflecting that the *honour* of those of their ancestors who resisted, though unsuccessfully, to the last extremity, the annihilation of the Border compact of freedom and independency for so many centuries maintained with every possible effort that men are capable of, remains *unsullied*. In truth it is almost marvellous with what equanimity of mind and temper, it is observable, they frequently can advert to and contemplate their present state consequent from their ancestors' noble and undaunted spirit in risking as they did, and in the end losing, wealth, power and rank in the world.

Before we proceed further with our narrative, let it be permitted us to ask, where, with perhaps the exception of the highland clan of the Campbells, will be found a name so numerously abounding in any other district at home, where their first ancestor settled himself, or so spread over the surface of the globe, or at least over those parts of it where the government, under the shadow of whose wings they have hitherto been protected, has any kind of sway, authority, or commercial intercourse, as is the *name* of *Armstrong*?—And here we will remark a circumstance which, we are persuaded, will not a little surprise many of our readers—that notwithstanding so great a number of the descendants of this once formidable Border clan is yet remaining amongst us; and notwithstanding also, as it is well known, many, *many* individuals of them have by their talents and industry raised themselves to wealth, nor less to respectability of character, yet but few, very *few* have found their way into *court*, or into any of the different employments under government, nor even in the various professions, that of the *medical* only excepted in the kingdom—for it is a fact, the truth of which we had, seven years ago, opportunity of ascertaining beyond all disputation, by careful examination into the lists published in the Royal Calendars,—the Almanacks,—and various other public registers that we might depend on of the year of that period 1825—That not one of the name of Armstrong was to be found in the Imperial parliament;—not one among the higher offices at Court;—not one among the Peers of the three kingdoms;—not one among the Governors of our Colonies, nor in the Diplomacy, nor among the Consuls; nor among the Baronets; nor in the knights of the different orders, or knight Bachelors;—nor among the professors of the different universities of the three kingdoms;—neither among the dignitaries and proctors of the English Church; nor among the Stipended Clergy of the Kirk of Scotland; nor among the Judges, the Advocates, Writers of the signet, or Solicitors in the Scotch Law Courts; neither among the Judges, Masters in Chancery, and Sergeants in the English Law Courts; and not even in the different grades of our Admirals; and but two were found in the grades of our Generals; and three only registered among the Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels in our Army. An inquisitive stranger to our country, to notice this observation or rather remark of ours, might be led, and naturally enough too, to imagine this large body of men in a manner interdicted by the constitution and laws of the kingdom from any share in its government, however competent in abilities of mind thereto: and he might become strengthened in this conjecture when informed that several of the Scots, the Johnstons and the Elliots, sprang from ancestors, who were held in as little estimation as those of the Armstrongs at one period of time by the government of the country, have been intrusted in offices of the highest importance, and some of them ennobled by the Peerage. We are indeed aware but of one individual of the Armstrongs, who has made any figure in the Annals of Britain since the Border compact was annihilated,—we allude to Archy Armstrong, who resided at the Stubholm, immediately below the junction of the Wauchope and the Esk, and was a subjugated individual of the last Moss-trooping marauders of any consequence in numbers or terror in the country, especially about Bew Castle in Cumberland, commanded by a William Armstrong, called for distinction sake *Christie's Will.* This Archy was distinguished for his wit, and became a celebrated Jester in the court of Charles I., but was soon dismissed in disgrace from this dignified office for his "insolent wit," as it was termed, on Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. For, one day, when this prelate was about, as was his duty at the king's table, when he chanced to be of his sovereign's dinner party, to say grace, Archy intruded, and begged permission of the king to peform that duty; and it being granted him, proceeded with great gravity, "All praise to God, and little *laud* to the deil." After his dismissal from court, he retired to the parish of Arthuret in Cumberland, where he died at an advanced age, and was buried within the church of the parish where may be now seen a tablet to his memory. His name, it can hardly be doubted, will go down to posterity so long as that of Laud shall have place in British history, and that, no doubt, will be, till annals of our Island are no more.

It is not difficult to conceive how the families, and of course the name, of the Armstrongs, had so greatly increased, particularly towards the close of the Border compact, when we call to mind that every male born under it was registered a *retainer* to one or other of the chiefs, to whom they became attached, in after life, so strongly, that it was rare to hear of any one leaving his home to seek for other protection. But how are we to account for their continuance in such great numbers, notwithstanding so many of them must have spread themselves abroad to seek for bread, immediately on the dissolution of the clanship in the manner we have already described it? Only two causes occur to us as likely to have thus operated; to wit, the Handyfist marriages* which had so long obtained in the Border districts, as they had always done in the Highland districts of Scotland, and against which there was no law that either of the parties might not covenant again, however frequently prior contracts had been broken by them;—and the indelicate—to give it no worse a name—promiscuous intercourse of the sexes so notoriously prevailing now, as it had done for centuries, among all the clans of the Border districts, both on the north and south side the Esk, though we are obliged to confess, from our own observance, we think with less reserve on the northern side.

The *first* custom we have named has passed away since the beginning, though not sooner, of the last century—but the latter, we lament to say, is in no degree diminishing—we will not, however, soil our pages with describing this intercourse, but content ourselves with noticing, it has doubtless tended to the corruption of morals, and most assuredly to the increase of bastardy. Traverse these districts, and particularly that immediately around Canobie, and you will want no further proof of the evil arising from these wretched customs,—must we proceed?—It is hardly to be believed how few individuals you meet with, if you enquire of them from what chief of their clan they are descended, or who were their fathers, can satisfy your curiosity. That there are, notwithstanding, numbers of the clan of the Armstrongs from the original tree in a lineal legitimate male descent remaining, there can be no reasonable doubt. We have heard of a great-great-grandson of John of Gilnochy, who kept the principal Inn at Hawick in the memory of several yet living in that neighbourhood; and we saw about forty years ago in that Inn a large Oaken Cradle, which was known to have been brought from Gilnochy tower, in which the boisterous chief was accustomed to be rocked asleep by his valets.

We knew also two sons of the Host of Hawick Inn, tenanting a farm at Gilnochy under his Grace Henry of Buccleuch. There was likewise, to our knowledge, an old gentleman at Glensier in Sark parish, known under the designed name of "John O' the Garden," who had proof, he averred, in his possession of a legitimate lineal descent from *Kinmount Willie* of notorious memory; and we once had personal acquaintance with a gentleman near Edinburgh—who had been in the service of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, who in his cups was used to boast he was a Firebrass, a corruption of the French Fier-à-bras, signifying *Hector*, intimating thereby he was descended truly from Hector of *Harielaw*; and that he came certainly from the town of Harielaw, we had the means of ascertaining beyond all dispute. Hence, then, we have a genealogical line of legitimate descent of these men, from Fortinbras's ancestor flying for refuge into Denmark

---

* The parties intending to enter into these depraved contracts, met at a particular place, on a certain day, most commonly at the return of an Annual Fair or Wake, when they joined hands in the presence of witnesses, and agreed to cohabit together for one year, to prove whether they should like one another well enough to become man and wife, and if at the expiry of that period they were satisfied with each other, the nuptial knot was tied by a regular priest; if otherwise, they separated, the man becoming burthened with the child, should one have been born to him within the year of trial, or the woman pregnant at the moment of separation,—unless, however, the woman should agree to take the charge upon herself, which it was optional in her to do, in preference to the man, and then he became exonerated from having any thing more to do with either mother or child.

A. D. 787, to the present year 1832, a period of one thousand and forty-five years, comprising, short only of five years, thirty-five generations, reckoning thirty years to a generation; is there, it may be asked, a family in the united kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, however long it may have been ennobled, or otherwise dignified by the Sovereigns of either of the kingdoms, that can boast of a descent, uninterrupted on the male side, of greater, or even of equal length?

J. T.

SONG.—Tune—"*Gramachree.*"

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Fair maiden with the bright blue eye,
Thou'st stol'n my heart away;
Thou'rt mingled with my dreams by night
And in my thoughts by day!—
And oft thy name steals from my lip
Or faulters on my tongue—
O! ne'er was I beguil'd before
By one so fair and young!—

Thy image, lovely as the morn,
Appears in all I see,
For nature in her fairest forms
But breathes and speaks of thee!—
Thy voice is in the song that falls
On ev'ning calm and fair;
And in the rose's op'ning tints—
Thy beauty's pictur'd there!—

O! welcome love, if this be love—
—Aught else it cannot be—
To think that all my joy or woe
Finds sympathy with thee!—
To wander 'mong the buds of spring
Or flow'rs of summer gay,
And sing—'O! maiden ever fair,
Thou'st stol'n my heart away!'—

[We intended to introduce the following article with certain observations of our own. Lest, however, delay should stamp it of too old a date, we act on the Horatian counsel—'Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.' Hence our readers have the contribution without comment.—Ed.]

THE
REFORM BILL AND SOME OF ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The Reform Bill, if it passes, must materially change the present constitution. It is the new Magna Charta. Let us ask, by whom is it to be carried into effect? By Barristers; and were we assured that they shall be Barristers learned in the law and not merely in name, who could be more proper? We find that the judges are to name Barristers who shall revise the lists of Borough votes, have power to insert and expunge names and rectify mistakes in the lists, to summon witnesses, administer oaths and collect evidence in various ways. A new Court (the times are prolific in such things) will be established in each County, City and Borough, where these new judges will settle and sign the lists in open court, and be invested with authority to adjourn from time to time. It is generally conceived that some degree of study is necessary to acquire the title of a Barrister, whose office *entitles* him to such situations as these; the presumption of a common-sense view of the matter favours the general opinion—that some course of study or examination is gone through. It is known that dinners are eaten and names set down, but it is not known that these dinners and names are *all* that is required. It is known also that all persons, who go to the bar with a view to practice, become the pupils of a Conveyancer or Special Pleader, but it is not known that the attendance is any thing but compulsory, and may consist either of ten months or ten days, which is more frequent. Indeed the majority of the public are deceived in this respect; we do not mean to say that Barristers in general have not, by their own exertions, become competent to the practice of their own profession. But we do mean to say that a great many Barristers are totally ignorant of any branch of law, and that the granting a degree to an ignorant person is injurious to the interests of the public. The legislature is greatly deceived on this point; it constantly acts on the supposition that a Barrister is necessarily a lawyer. The machinery of all kinds of acts is left to be carried on by the bar. They are appointed exclusively to all sorts of situations,—most properly, in our opinion, if the public be made secure that the degree, which entitles them to the office, is appropriately conferred. But the fact is, that the men to whom these places and situations are given are not properly qualified; they are taken from among the Barristers who are not lawyers, and hence it is that we so constantly hear complaints in the administration of justice in our police offices, in our colonies, and in inferior judicial and legal situations of all kinds. It is explained, when it is known that the persons appointed to these situations may be Barristers who have never read a law book in their lives, and who have been subjected to no examination. It must therefore astonish every well-wisher to the cause of reform, to whom these facts are known, to find that to the same class of bunglers and incapables, as have in so many instances made nullities and absurdities of our best framed laws, has to be entrusted the managing of the machinery of the Reform Bill. It is too certain that the eminent members of the profession will neither be the persons selected, nor is it probable that such men, whose merit is sure to meet with an abundant reward, would accept of such offices as are necessary to the completing the ministerial scheme of reform. We shall have the briefless Barristers of quarter-session circuits sitting in a court to determine on the right of Englishmen to vote in the election of their lawgivers, where the nicest points of the law of conveyancing, of landlord and tenant, and of the local customary tenure and prescriptive right to the elective franchise will all have to be mooted. Nay, if the Reform Bill is to be carried into effect in this mode, we scruple not to assert, that the dissatisfaction, which is sure to arise from it, will go far to strip it of its popularity, and make the electors, who will have lost that elective franchise which it was in the power of no Barrister to take from them, and which the laws of the land guaranteed, bitterly regret the change, when such a judge shall have power to take away one man's right to the elective franchise and give it to another, and feel the absurdity of being declared an elector one year by one judge, and to have no vote next year by another; and such are the consequences which to a greater or less degree must ensue. The consequences of the Reform Bill, dispassionately speaking, and without leaning to the theories of the Reformer on the one side and the Anti-reformer on the other, have been but slightly considered. The immediate and one of the most important effects of reform, in our opinion, will be the elevating the House of Peers as a branch of the Legislature to a position which it will be dangerous for it to occupy. In the present state of affairs, the House of Peers as a body seldom put forth their power; they have hitherto intrusted their interest to the nominees of the Boroughmongers sitting with the Commons. Reform, by taking away from the Peers the privilege of transacting their business by deputy, will, while destroying the pernicious power of such of their body as are Borough-proprietors, at the same time raise from comparative insignificance that very large portion of the Peerage whose power has been so long usurped by the proprietors of Boroughs. Then, it may be asked, will the House of Peers stand co-equal in power (except in regard to money matters) with the Commons?—and it will be answered that the constitution places them in strict equality; but in the moral power, which holds its sway by the means of public opinion, the House of Commons must always have the ascendancy. There are several great questions which must come before our Legislature in a very short time. The affairs of the Church will be canvassed, the East India Company's Monopoly, the Bank Charter, the Corn Laws, and many others, deeply affecting the weal of the people. In all or most of these questions the people's voice will be heard, and into which scale they will throw their weight is evident enough to all. Our present representatives are generally men inclined to liberal measures; and should there soon be a change, their successors are not likely to be less so. Unless some great alteration should take place in the opinions of the members of the upper house—and there seems but little hope that such will be the case—the two houses, it is reasonable to suppose, will meet in uncompromising opposition on most of these questions; or should one give way to the opinion of the other, that one will be the House of Peers, who will thus vote themselves the tools of the Commons. The Peers themselves, and a certain class of politicians have canted much about the House of Peers being the safeguard of the Monarch against popular encroachments on the prerogative, but to any one, who is at all acquainted with the constitutional history of his country, this assumption of the Peers can appear very little better than ridiculous. Whenever a Bill has come before them that was calculated to militate against their interest, or they imagined was likely to do so, (such as the Reform Bill) this favourite cry was sure to be heard,—indeed it has proved the most efficacious instrument in guarding some of their most absurd privileges from the attacks of common sense. But whenever their power was really needed to support the King, how has that power been exercised? They voted the exclusion of the bishops from their house when episcopacy was the best support of the throne; condemned Strafford to death; and ultimately they deprived Charles I. of the command of the military and naval forces of the kingdom, denied him the privilege of appointing the great officers of state, restricted his power in granting titles and conferring pardons, and in a word reduced the prerogative to a mere sound, and the functions of Royalty to an empty pageant, and forced Charles to exclaim "that his towns were taken from him, his ships, his army, his money, and nothing remained to him but a good cause and the hearts of his loyal subjects."

Alnwick. H. P.

AWAKE, MY HARP.

Awake, my harp, once more awake
 And echo forth my sorrow!
Awake to-day—I will not break
 Thy slumbers on the morrow!
For thou and I must bid adieu,—
 Aye, bid adieu for ever!
My hours to come are short and few,—
 I'll smile again—no, never!

Oh! oft, when rumour's accents fell
 My heart's fond hopes to smother,
I thought of her, who promised well
 She ne'er would wed another.
Confiding fool! I checked those fears,
 That o'er my mind came stealing,
For I had deemed that Beauty's tears
 Betokened earnest feeling.

For her my native shores I left
 'Neath poignant anguish smarting,
Of ev'ry joy, save one, bereft—
 The *pledge* she gave at parting.

Mid storm and sunshine that was near,—
  My solace on the billow;
By day it banished ev'ry fear,—
  By night it smoothed my pillow.

My exile o'er, I sought again
  The spot afar off gleaming,—
The cliff-girt island of the main
  Oft trod in fancy's dreaming.
Time flew with leaden wings;—too soon,
  Alas!—it brought the token
Of all a faithless one had done,—
  Of vow and promise broken!

Awake, my harp, once more awake
  And echo forth my sorrow!
Awake to-day—I will not break
  Thy slumbers on the morrow!
My hours to come are short and few,—
  I'll smile again—no, never!
Adieu! my harp—a long adieu!
  Sleep on,—sleep on for ever!

AER.

◆

HOSPITAL CASES—CONSUMPTION.

It is melancholy to reflect on the universal dominion and certain fatality of this scourge of our island. Every plan which human ingenuity has devised for its cure has been vain; and in attempting to combat it, the physician is but fighting a retreating battle with Death. Worse than the sentence against the first-born of Egypt, it is continually "weding away" our best and our loveliest; nor have we any token, that the destroying angel may pass by our thresholds!—As when that sore affliction fell upon the Egyptians, there is a great lamentation in the land, "for there was not a house in which there was not one dead."—Insidious also as fatal, it spreads its meshes around those in the full vigour of manhood and the fairest bloom of beauty; and as it closes in upon the victims, causes a thousand hearts to wither, whose happiness had emanated from hopes of their future success. Manly genius and female loveliness are its common prey;—and bright as stands Britain in science and literature, and fair as her daughters are reckoned, how much higher both in genius and beauty would her children appear, were this peculiar scourge of *her* coasts removed!

About one in five of the deaths which occur in Great Britain have been ascribed to Consumption: about 55,000, in England alone, annually. It is as provoking to the physician, as universal in its fatality; for active measures cannot be had recourse to, and he must tread the beaten track which has always yet led to—Death. He may prescribe medicines, and advise change of climate; but he knows well that the demon has clutched his prey, and will not leave it until it sinks lifeless beneath his grasp.

This fatal yet beautiful disease has been often made the subject of poetry. Wilson, who, as Johnston said of Goldsmith,—beautifies every thing he touches, and Irving and Wordsworth have exquisitely described it in its more lovely forms. In their hands, it is like a stately edifice which is beautiful to the eye, shrouded in its green mantle of ivy and crowned with the thousand wild flowers which breathe their spiritual sighs to the evening,—but which, to the wanderer amid the "glimmer and gloom" of its ruined arches, affords but the smell of noisome weeds, and the spectacle of grandeur and beauty fast passing away.

It is in the Hospital only that Consumption can be contemplated in all its horrors. Look down that long array of couches where misery in all her shapes may be seen;—from the "moping madman and the idiot gay," to the wretch whose glassy eye and livid features bear the impress of death;—Consumption claims as her own MOST of the mockeries of human form which met your gaze!

Mark the shrug of the physician, as he passes them with some vain question, and mutters "*Phthisis confirmata*" to the students around. In the female wards, in the space of twenty beds, you may trace Consumption in all its stages. A blind man might tell, from the slight hard cough of the disease in its incipient state, down to the low thick difficult expectoration of the advanced stage, the various states of the patients. But mark the difference of the forms of the disease. Some are pale, crushed, beaten down, as it were, like broken and soiled lilies, with leaden eyes and long pale transparent fingers clutching the very bed clothes for support;—others are feebly attempting to read or sew, while a few, flushed and excited, are laughing and even—alas! jesting with the misery of their fellow-sufferers!—misery, which they are themselves doomed in no long time to undergo! It is affecting, even to the most superficial observer, to notice the appearance of the patients at different times in the day. Walk round the wards in the morning, and you find them weak, pale, hopeless:—visit them in the evening, when the exacerbation of the hectic fever, which attends consumption, takes place, and you see them full of hope and confidence, framing schemes of future pleasures; busied with the anticipation of approaching convalescence; and many of them so beautiful, of so exquisite a complexion, and with eyes of such lustre that you yourself can scarcely imagine that disease can so exactly simulate health and loveliness. But so it is. I have a brief tale of common misery to tell connected with this disease. The circumstances of the case created much sympathy at the time, and though those who were then my fellow-students are now dispersed over the world, I yet doubt not but this record may meet the eyes of some who beheld the sufferings and death of poor Ellen Rainals.

She was a native of Denmark. Her father was a merchant whose extensive concerns kept him constantly engaged at a seaport town some distance from home, and thus his daughter has risen from childhood to the slender beauty of womanhood, without the opportunity of weakening or destroying by her affectionate attentions a love of money which had become the ruling passion of the old man's life. The sole companion of Ellen Rainals, during her youthful years, was a brother,—a boisterous sporting lad, who, except the day was foul, was rarely by his sister's side for half an hour together. Sometimes his excursions lasted for weeks, and during all that period his sister was left at home with a few books or her harp to cheat the time away. Yet he was kind to her in his way, and Ellen learnt to bear with patience and even to love the boisterous glee so different from her own gentle disposition. Her mother was long since dead, and she could now think with calmness of that sad bereavement. In this I would fain describe Ellen Rainals such as I knew her before her misfortunes, but a painter might as well attempt to give an idea of mind by shape and colour. She seemed all spirits. Endowed with a naturally retiring mind, her want of all society had increased this disposition to a degree almost painful to behold. In the innocence, and almost in the ignorance (so far as the workings of worldly minds were concerned) of a child, she had reached the first bloom of a lovely woman;—the transparent complexion peculiar to her countrywomen, took the hue of her passing thoughts and feelings as naturally as the placid lake reflects the passing sunshine or cloud;—a perfect child of nature, it seemed as natural for her to smile and to be happy, as for a flower to look bright and beautiful. It was not to be expected that she had acquired much knowledge;—but that which her mind had naturally led her to love and to acquire, was well fitted to increase the enchantment which dwelt about her. With the poets, particularly the wild old bards of her native land, she was familiar, in the knowledge of flowers she was much skilled,—these, and music, of which she was passionately fond, were her whole accomplishments. Such was Ellen Rainals when I first saw her, during a short visit to the part of the country where she dwelt. It was some years afterwards when I beheld her in her last illness, and dreadful indeed was the change which had taken place in her fortunes. I learned the particulars of her story, partly from herself, and partly from the wretch who had destroyed her—for he too finished his life in the Hospital, after a career which might even be considered as an expiation for his crimes. Of him I will speak in a future chapter,—meantime, I will retain the form of narrative in tracing Ellen to the close of her life.

Among her father's commercial friends was a Mr. L—— an English merchant reputed to be of great wealth, if that term can be applied to a man addicted to extensive speculations, and consequently liable to ruin on the failure of any of his schemes. This gentleman's son, in the course of his travels, called on old Rainals, who not choosing to be encumbered with an idle young man, and yet wishing to conciliate his favour, dispatched him to his country house where Ellen and her brother resided. The frank gentlemanly address of the young Englishman won the heart of young Rainals,—they coursed, shot and fished together,—they explored the old ruined towers with which that part of the country so much abounds; and Ellen on their return would explain to them the story, and sing them the old ballad connected with the former tenants of the wasted strongholds. Many weeks wore away in this manner, and the Englishman found himself a fixed inmate at Lewistadt. He had plighted his faith to Ellen and won her's in return, with the free consent of her father; who considered that the son of the rich English merchant might be of service to him in his speculations. But he was destined to a severe punishment for his unnatural selfishness. Young L—— knew that his father's affairs were in a most precarious situation, and that he was at this very time gathering together all sums of money which he could procure without rousing suspicion,—in order to secure something from the ruin which was impending.

Influenced by this knowledge,—the young man pressed Ellen to name an early day for their nuptials;—and shortly after departed for Copenhagen with her as his wife. But the old Danish stockjobber was not a man to be hurried in his disbursements. Some suspicion respecting old L——'s affairs had already transpired, and he refused to pay down Ellen's portion. Meantime the young couple sailed for England, where the first news which greeted them was the failure of the great English merchant, and his departure with certain sums of money—no one knew whither. And now commenced the misfortunes of poor Ellen Rainals. So soon as her husband discovered that Ellen's father was determined not to assist them, but on the contrary sent him an abusive letter containing an unpaid bill of large amount, which was due to him by the firm, of which his father was the head, and in which he himself had a share,—and when after various enquiries he was unable to discover the retreat of the absconded merchant, the young man gave himself up to all manner of dissipation, and soon involved himself in complete ruin. But why should I dwell on the misery which these unhappy young creatures suffered during many months of the most abject poverty? I saw, as I have before said, the closing scene of the young man's life, and it was dreadful to behold his wasted and prematurely wrinkled face working with the pangs of shame and agony of soul, as with all the bitter eloquence of remorse, he poured out curses on himself, for the misery with which he had bowed down the young spirit of his gentle and uncomplaining wife. It appeared, that urged by want, and love of those gratifications which money alone could procure, and which he had long been accustomed to enjoy, he had joined a gang of desperate characters, and been engaged in the perilous situation of a passer of base coin—the most dangerous and, it appears, the worst remunerated occupation connected with forging. He had been at length detected, but escaped from the police by the assistance of some of his accomplices, and after skulking about the city for some days, succeeded in getting out of the country. There are few hearts, so hardened by vice and wretchedness, as not to be susceptible of moments of good and pure feeling. Even this poor wretch seemed to have been overcome by the remembrance of his young wife—"a stranger in a strange land," without a friend to help or means to support her, and now in the last months of pregnancy. He wrote her a penitent and incoherent letter, detailing his crimes and the necessity for his banishment, and enclosing her a small sum of money. She never heard of him more!—Oh! who may paint the sickness of soul, the utter loathing of life which this poor foreign girl felt, as day after day, alone and almost famishing, she looked out from her squalid apartment upon the bustle and noise and cheerfulness of a populous city? Or who may imagine the utter loneliness and desolation of heart, in which she lay down upon her miserable pallet, drenched with the bitter tears which silently streamed over her faded cheek, throughout her uncompanioned night?

The flagged causeway and paved street thronged with the commercial crowd, and reflecting the noon-day blaze of the summer sun, seared her eyeballs with their bright and monotonous glare, and contrasted strangely with the sombre dreariness of her own squalid garret. Gentle and timid as was her nature, she declared to me, on her dying day, with a shudder which even approaching death could not prevent, that often she had been on the point of throwing herself from her window into the street, to end at once her existence and her sorrows.

But maternal feelings proved stronger even than despair, and she lived on in her misery for the sake of the unborn infant whose features she longed "with all the longing of a mother" to gaze upon, before she might close her eyes in death. Let me hasten over this period of wretchedness. In pain of body and mental anguish, a child was born to the unhappy Ellen Rainals, and she, who had been nursed in luxury, and whose slightest wish had been obeyed with alacrity, was now indebted to the unwilling charity of a decrepit old woman for assistance in this critical period.

It is well known to medical men, that diseases which have taken deep root in the constitution, frequently lie dormant during pregnancy, and break out afterwards with redoubled violence. The misery which this poor girl had suffered, from anguish of mind and privations of every kind, had already laid the foundation of consumption in her delicate frame, and it was dreadful to behold the rapidity of the disease which developed itself after her accouchement.

By the representations of her fellow-lodger to Dr. A——, a man who does honour to his profession and to mankind,—she was instantly removed to the Hospital, accommodated with a private room, and supplied with every thing that could conduce to her comfort. She could not be prevailed on to part with her infant; it was now the only link that bound her to existence, and gradually sinking to death herself, she continued to watch the feeble form of her child,—as the closing evening still seems to linger until the flowers of the valley have folded up their leaves in rest.

Yet there were times when the disease seemed to become stationary, and sometimes I have heard her in an evening, as I passed the door of her room, singing to her child some sweet low melody—breathing of hope and remembered happiness. But her infant would utter a feeble cry,—and her song would cease; and then you might hear the deep long sobs bursting from her bosom, as if the force of her sorrow would rend her delicate frame to pieces. At other times I have heard her speak enthusiastically and even cheerfully of her father-land, dwell with fond minuteness upon the beauty of Lewistadt, and remind me of incidents which occurred during my short stay near her dwelling. I would fain have had her removed from the Hospital, but "she was very well where she was," she said,—and she would gaze upon her infant for a minute, and then turn her blue eyes glowing through her tears, in the unnatural brilliancy of consumption, upon me, with a glance of such deep and sorrowful meaning, that I gave up the point. It was plain she knew that both her child and herself were dying, and though the natural clinging to life and to her offspring gave a melancholy to her anticipations of this event, it was clear also that she looked forward to it as the end of her sorrows; and as she marked the fading eye of her infant, a calm resignation mingled with her natural grief; and she was willing that herself and her infant should die, for the hope was strong in her that they would meet in the land where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest." It was a sight to touch the hardest heart, to see the young creature, herself supported with pillows, attempting to suckle her dying child; vainly trying to yield a little more natural nourishment to the infant into whose veins she had already poured the poison which was fast destroying her own life; and to see her long, pale transparent fingers steal, like a moon-beam, over its wan, shrunken features, as if struggling till the last to possess herself of the consciousness of its existence, by feeling for the movement of the lip unseen to her dimmed eye, and trying to discover the warmth of the breath which to her anxiously listening ear seemed gone for ever.

It was on a lovely summer evening, that I received a message from Ellen Rainals desiring to see me as soon as possible. I went immediately, and found her sitting up in her bed;—as I entered, she held out her hand cheerfully towards me, and beckoned me to sit down. There was a strange unearthly fixedness in her eye, which had always, in the last stages of her illness, been restless and brilliant, or flitting and lustreless. I had never for many weeks seen the child out of her arms; it was now laid by her side, as if asleep. She saw me looking towards it—"Ellen is dead," she said, "she died an hour ago."—I attempted to utter a few words of comfort—"Hush!" she said, "it is well with her,—and I feel *that* in my heart, which tells me I will never again see the light of the sun which is now streaming over the sweet valley of my own Lewistadt! Oh! how beautiful and sacred that sun-set seems to me!"—She stopped for a moment, gazing at the beams as they played upon the distant river, and then said suddenly —"My poor husband! it is well he does not witness this; may the Father of Mercy blot out his errors as fully as I forgive him the suffering he has caused me and my poor baby!"—She took the dead body of her child into her arms, and kissed it repeatedly—then laid it upon the coverlet upon her knee, raised its head upon a pillow, and smiled sadly as she looked at the little arrangement. The sun threw a broad light upon the bed;—I offered to close the blind—"Oh! let me gaze on it to the last," said she; "for see! how beautifully it gleams on Ellen's cheek." I retired and sat down at a distance from the bed. "Ellen and I will be laid in the same grave?" said she enquiringly— "I promised it." She then turned again towards her child. I thought I saw her head fall slightly back upon her pillow,—but her cheek glowed in the sun-light with such a beautiful and life-like tinge that I could not think she was dead. I walked to the bed-side, and was about to speak,—the sun dropped that instant out of sight,—and the sudden paleness, which overspread the features of the Danish girl and her child, showed that their griefs were gone for ever.

DANIEL MERSHAUM.

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

INTRUDER, thou shalt hear my tale,—the solitary said,
While far adown beneath our feet, the fiery levin play'd,
The thunder clouds our carpet were—we gaz'd upon the storm,
Which swept along the mountain sides, in many a fearful form.

I sate beside the lonely man, on Snowden's cloudless height;
Above our heads was glory, but beneath more glorious night,
For the sun was shining over us, but lightnings flashed below,
Like the felt and fiery darkness of unutterable woe.

"I love in such a place as this,"—the desolate began,
"To gaze upon the tempests wild that separate me from man,
To muse upon the passing things that agitate the world,
View myself as by a whirlwind to hopeless ruin hurled.

My heart was avaricious once, like yours the slave of feeling—
Perish such hearts—vile caves of crime! Man's selfishness concealing,
For self! damned self's creation's lord,—man's idol, and his god,
'Twas torn from me, a blasted, bruised, a cast off, worthless load.

Some say there's wildness in my eyes, and others deem me crazed,
They trembling turn and shun my path, for which let Heaven be
They say my breath is blasphemy—they marvel at my fate [praised.
While 'tis my happiness to know, they pity not but—hate.

My father fell from peace and wealth the day that I was born,
My mother died, and he became his fellow-gamblers' scorn,
I know not where he lived or died—I never heard his name,
An orphan in a workhouse—I was thought a child of shame.

Some friend by blood had lodged me there, and bought my keeper too,
Who pledged his oath he would conceal what of my tale he knew;
Death came to him, he called on me the secret to unfold,
But died while he was uttering the little I have told.

My soul was proud nor brooked restraint, was proud and I was young,
And with an eager joyancy I heard his faultering tongue
Proclaim me not of beggars born, yea as he speaking died,
I—greedy—mad to know the rest,—stood cursing by his side.

I looked upon the homely garb that told my dwelling place—
It hung upon me heavily—a token of disgrace!
I fled the house, I went to sea—was by a villain prest,
But the stamp of his brutality was printed on my breast.

Like vilest slave he fettered me, my flesh the irons tore—
Scourged—mocked, and worse than buried me upon a lifeless shore,
Where human foot had never trode, upon a barren rock,
Whose caves ne'er echoed to a sound, save billows as they broke.

'Twas midnight—but the morning came. I looked upon the sea—
And a melancholy wilderness its waters were to me;
The heavens were black as yonder cloud that rolls beneath our feet,
But neither land nor living thing my eager eyes could meet.

I naked sate upon the rock—I trembled, strove to pray—
Thrice did I see a distant sail and thrice it bore away.
My brain with hunger maddening, as the steed the battle braves,
I plunged me headlong from the rock and buffetted the waves.

Methought I saw a vessel near, and bitter were my screams,
But they died within me echoeless, as the voices of our dreams;
For the winds were howling round me, and the suffocating gush,
Of briny horrors rioted—the cry of death to crush!

My senses fled. I lifelessly upon the ocean slept,
And when to consciousness I woke, a form before me wept—
Her face was beautiful as light, but by her side there stood,
A group whose savage glances were more dismal than the flood.

They stood around exultingly—they snatch'd me from the wave,
Stole me from death—to torture me—to sell me as a slave—
She who stood o'er me weeping was a partner of my chains,
We were sold, and separation bled my heart with deeper pains.

I knew not what her birth had been, but loved her with a love,
Which nor our tyrants' insolence nor mockery could move,
I saw her offered to a Moor—another purchased me!
But Heavens! my arms once fetterless! ere midnight I was free.

Memory with eager eye had marked her master's hated door—
I grasped a sabre—reached the house and slew the opposing Moor—
I bore her rapidly away,—a boat was on the beach,
We put to sea, saw morning dawn, beyond our tyrant's reach.

I gazed upon her silently—I saw her sink to sleep,
As darkness gathered over us upon the cheerless deep—
I saw her in her slumber start, unconsciously she spoke—
O death! she called upon *his* name who left me on the rock.

Then! there was madness in my breast and fury in my brain—
She never heard *that* name from me,—yet uttered it again!
I started forth and grasped her hand,—'Are we pursued,' she cried,
I trembled in my agony, and speechless o'er her sighed.

I ventured not to speak of love in such an awful hour—
For hunger glistened in our eyes, and grated to devour
The very rags that covered us—its pangs I cannot tell
But in that little hour I tore Eternity from hell!

For the transport of its tortures did in that hour surround,
Two spirits on the bosom of a shoreless ocean found,
As we gazed upon each other with a dismal longing look,
While jealousy, but not from love, our tortured bosoms shook—

I need but add that we were saved, and by a vessel borne,
Again toward our native land to be asunder torn,—
The maiden of my love was rich, was rich—and I was poor,
A soulless menial shut on me her wealthy guardian's door,

She knew it not, nor would I tell,—tell! by the host of heaven,
My tongue became the sepulchre of sound!—my heart was riven—
I fled society and hope—the prison of my mind—
A world of inexpressible and guilty thoughts confined.

I brooded on my miseries, ambition fired my soul,
Sweeping round me like a fury, while the beacon and the goal,
Of my sleepless ever turbulent desire was to have
The hand that mine had rescued from the fetters of a slave.

At length blind fortune favoured me,—my breast to joy awoke,
And then the wretch who left me on the isolated rock
I met within a distant land, nor need I farther tell
But, that we met as equals there, and my antagonist fell.

Awhile I brooded on his death, and gloomily it brought,
A desolateness round me stamping guilt on every thought;
I trembling found how bloodily my vengeance was appeased,
At what vile price my bosom was of jealousy released—

For still the breathing of his name by her I loved had rung,
In remembrance like the latest sound that falleth from the tongue,
Of those best loved and cherished when upon the bed of death,
They bequeath to us their injuries to visit in our wrath.

But soon those griefs evanished, like a passing summer storm,
And a gush of hope like sunshine flashed around me to deform
The image of repentance, while the shadows of remorse
Retreated from its presence with a blacker gathering curse.

I hurried home in eagerness—the leaden moments fled—
My burning tale of love was told—was told, and we were wed—
A tumult of delightfulness had rapt my soul in flame,
But on that day—my wedding day—a mourning letter came,—

Joy died on every countenance—she trembling broke the seal,
Screamed, glanced on me and lifeless fell, unable to reveal
The horrid tale of death that told her new made husband's guilt,
The hand that she that day had wed, her brother's blood had spilt—

That brother in his mother's right another name did bear,
'Twas him I slew—all shrank from me in horror and in fear—
They seiz'd me in my bridal dress—my bride still senseless lay,
I spoke not while they pinioned me and hurried me away.

They lodged me in a criminal cell by iron gratings barred—
And there the third day heavily a funeral bell I heard.
A sable crowd my prison past—they gaz'd on it with gloom—
It was my bride, my beautiful, they followed to the tomb!

I was acquitted—but what more had I with life to do—
I cursed my fate—my heart—the world, and from its creatures flew!
Intruder thou hast heard my tale of misery and of guilt,
Go—mingle with a viler world, and tell it if thou wilt."

NOCTES GOURLIANÆ.—No. I.

Daisy-Bank, the residence of David Gourly. The Parlour.—Time, Seven o' Clock.—David Gourly and Della Crusca.

DAVID GOURLY.

I DOOT, sir, ye will think Daisy-Bank but a dowy place throughout the night, an' mair especially as ye wunna alloo me to help ye to a drap o' our Islay whusky to put the neb on your cauld yill.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Nay, nay, my kind sir, does it not accord with reason and common sense, that he must have a very poor opinion of his friend, of his conversation, of his talents, and of his society, who cannot enjoy his company—who is not able to endure it, without the aid and the assistance of spirituous liquors. Is it not undeniable that he must feel very little interest in the subject of which he speaks, who cannot become animated with its importance, until a portion of intoxicating liquors has heated the animal passions? I conceive that spirits are altogether unnecessary and pernicious for conversation, for liveliness, and mirth. They burn up the social affections—they destroy the physical energies, and the cheerfulness obtained by every *one* glass, is *one step* ascended on the ladder of insanity!

DAVID GOURLY.

Haw! Haw! Haw! That's maist *intemperate* language, howsomever, nor can I see that ava; for confoun' me gin I could say ony thing worth a pinch o' snuff, unless I had a wee drap speerits to clear my head. It's nonsense gan aboot the bush wi' the maitter,—I mak free to confess, that I couldna for the verra life o' me sit hummin' an ha'in, in a twa-haund crack wi' the best fallow I e'er met wi' without a thumblefu' to gie the blue deevils the fling. Od keep us! it gars me a' grew to see ye sniff, sniff, sniffin' ower that sma' yill;—wull ye no at ance an' to be dune wi't, tak a quiet sook out o' the toddy jug?

DELLA CRUSCA.

You will excuse me, sir,—you will not succeed in overruling my determination. I have become a member of a Temperance Society, and by so doing, I have nailed up the door of Intemperance. You may tell me that it is more manly to abstain from spirits, and be temperate in all things, without giving a pledge, by which I bind myself and become the servant of a bond;—I will answer your question, by asking another—Whether is it safer to avoid temptation altogether, or wilfully to risk, to *tempt* temptation, for the mere sake of trying whether it or our powers of resistance be the strongest? By your admitting that it is more noble to resist—

DAVID GOURLY.

Losh preserve us! I ne'er admitted ony sic thing.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Hear me, sir,—By your admitting that it is more noble to resist, you are admitting that in ardent spirits there is the presence of evil—and where is the merit of resisting an evil, when the evil exists merely

in accordance with your own will and deed. By your mere admission of resistance, you are admitting the possibility of your falling a victim to the power you resist. And how can you pray in the words of our Lord "Lead us not into Temptation," while you are affirming, and acting upon the principle, that it is more noble, and more manly to permit, and enter into temptation, than to avoid it?

DAVID GOURLY.

An' what for wad ye no be puttin' awa' that blash as weel as the ither? Isna the presence o' evil in wine? Moreover, I shud like to ken distinckly the difference between it an' whusky. Now ye are alooed to drink the ane, while ye are forced to steek your een, an' to turn awa' your head frae the ither wi' a perfeck loathin', as if the thoosand ills that flesh is heir to lay in ambushcade in a caulker o' guid Scotch drink. Heard ye ever o' sic unacoontable conduct,—there's surely as muckle o' the *evil speerit,* as ye are pleased to ca' it, in the wine as in the whusky; an' I hae mony an' mony a time thought that he wha could sit for ony length o' time drinkin' the former maun be a doonright doitered sot. Troth, sir, it's nae better than burn water, an' far ower cauld for my stamach at this time o' day; an' yet I'll uphaud it against ye that the maist feck o' your wine-bibbers are gien to get themselves fou as auld drucken fiddlers. Has it been weel certified, or can ye say as sure's death, that nane o' your temperance chiels get ower far ben wi' the yill an' the wine? But aiblins, I'm ower hard on ye now—shove across the jug as ye'll no hae't, an' I'll sing ye a sang fu o' the true Scotch speerit, in mair senses than ane, *(sings.)*

THE BARLEY BREE.

TUNE—"*Bide ye yet.*"

The barley bree! the barley bree!
My benison on the barley bree,
What reddens the haffets, an' brightens the ee,
Like fu' brimming bickers o' barley bree!

Gin ye wad be strang, sir, and scaithless frae sairs,
Gin ye wad live lang, sir, untroubled wi' cares,
Then tak ye this wholesome bit counsel frae me—
Instead o' cauld water, drink barley bree.

The barley bree! the barley bree!
Come fill up the bicker wi' barley bree!
Nae swilling o' swipes or thin gruel for me
Unless they're weel season'd wi' barley bree.

It cheers the faint-hearted, it warms the cauld,
Maks wise men o' haverls, and young men o' auld,
Gars douf dowie bosoms loup lightly in glee,—
Hurrah for auld Scotia's barley bree!

The barley bree! the barley bree!
Hurrah for the land o' the barley bree!
My ain honest kintra, oh! blessings on thee
Thou land o' guid fallows an barley bree!

Noo thae verses were written by Maister Wilson the sticket minister, an' what wad ye say to hae them humbly inscribed to the members o' the Berwick Temperance Society, and put in prent in the Border Magazine!

DELLA CRUSCA.

While I admire the vigour and naïveté of the song, I cannot help lamenting that the author's genius should have been drawn into the service of the drunkard. Such compositions have a very bad tendency, and the pernicious influence which they exercise over the inexperienced heart, has instigated thousands of our youth to their own ruin. Spirituous liquors are neither necessary for health, for strength, nor for existence, and they are healthier, stronger, and fuller of life who never taste them. It is all very well to tell us of the exchange of soul and of sympathy, and of the expansion of heart produced by intoxicating liquors; but it is fitting to remember that they likewise beget shame, disease, prostitution and crime; nor can we ever think the night's jollity over in the morning without a headach.

DAVID GOURLY.

A headach!! wha minds a headach! It's true feelosophy to purchase pleasure wi' pain, an' for my ain pairt, I think the writer o' the lines I hae just sung, is deservin' o' unqualified praise for his nervous an' beautifu' sang. Its features are entirely Scotch, an' surely ye haena to be tauld that a bard o' nature's ain makin' maun be keenly alive to the cheerfu' an' pleasant humanities o' this world o' ours. Ye're no ane o' them wha wad fain apologeese for sic men as Robbie Burns an' Ferguson! Ma faith! could ony o' the twa hear o' the racket that has been raised ower their cauld clay by the chawk chowers, an' vinegar drinkers o' ye're Temperance Societies, they're wad be a fine colleyshangie here, or I'm a' cheatit. Puir chiels! there were nae Hippocrene's or Helicon's wi' them,—'Guid Auld Scotch Drink' was the only muse they coortit, an' yet whar will ye meet wi' productions sae weel steepit in the natural dews o' poetry, or fin' twa hearts mair delicately susceptible to the finer impulses o' the internal an' external world. Heard ye ever o' human laws that are mair influential than their compositions? An' what waur is the peasant lassie, windin' doon the lang glen in the happiness o' her ain innocent heart, that she has been taught to sing the sangs o' Scotland's twin-stars o' genius. Tell me if they will lead her to the abjuration o' the faith that her forefaithers sealed wi' their heart's best blood on her native hills? Na, na, it's the dilutions o' trashiness, concoctit by a herd o' rhymin' guid-for-naething gentlemen, an' the hidden venom o' the *Little* schuil that ought to be visited wi' the waters o' truth, an' swept awa wi' the besoms o' destruction. The writings o' Burns and Ferguson address themselves to our nawtional an' patriotic associations, an' link us closer an' closer to our hames an' to our country, nor is there a heart in a' bonnie braid Scotland that disna hallow the memories o' them baith.

DELLA CRUSCA.

My good sir, you cannot but admit that spirituous liquor destroys the quickness of the apprehension, and the strength of the memory;

and as a lively imagination, and a clear conception, depend upon parts in our structure, which are easily impaired, there is nothing that more immediately affects those organs, by the help of which we conceive, reason, and remember. Is it reasonable to think we can inflame our brain without injuring it? and though we drink to raise our spirits, by thus raising we weaken them, for whatever fresh vigour we may seem to derive from the bowl, it is a vigour which wastes them, and ruins its source, our natural fancy and understanding. The hand of friendship may attempt to hide the bloat which attaches to the sepulchre of Burns, by mellowing it over with the bright halo which his genius shed over his native land, but it was his thoughtless follies that laid him low, and stained his memory. Nor will his proud and far-flown fame ever palliate for a moment the deep debaucheries, whose repeated indulgence too frequently fired his muse to lewdness and profanity, and at last crippled the force and the grasp of his mind, and hurried him off the stage of life, bowed down with a variety of painful distempers, in the full blossoming of manhood! What a mournful picture does the fate of Burns and Ferguson present to the rational mind! What lofty ruins to contemplate!—Ferguson! ill-starred Ferguson! See him plunging heedlessly on in the giddy and boisterous round of dissipation, deserting himself, abandoning his own discretion, and relinquishing all hopes of his God's assistance, madly borrowing support from his misfortunes, from the inflaming bowl, till at length reason is hurled from her throne—his mind, a sad, sad blank,—and the marvellous youth, whose harp had already taught his wild mountain land to echo its beautiful and sprightly lays, is torn from the sheltering roof of a tender and disconsolate mother, and huddled out of sight in the cell of a lunatic asylum.

DAVID GOURLY.

Mercy on us! but ye're preaching noo wi' a vengeance! An' yet I wush ye wadna sa anither word aneut aither the ane or the ither this night. For though it be contrar to the rules o' guid breedin' I canna help frae tellin' ye that I look on ilka attempt to blacken their fair fame as a misdemeanour o' nae little magnitude. Burns was a jovial warm-hearted fallow, an' Ferguson was a canty callant, an' for this a vile, hypocritical crew whose approbation I wad consider a disgrace to the auld collie that noo sleeps sae soon on the hearth stane, raised a thoosand revilin' falsehoods, an' the world believed their slander. But I'm glad frae the bottom o' my heart that they baith had the manliness to expose, an' the honesty to despise sic cantin', flap-eared boobies; for in spite o' a' their daffin ye will find that the character o' Burns an' Ferguson will brush up to as perfeck a moral polish as that o' ony o' the inspired pairt o' the poppilation o' the nineteenth century. But let us change the subject. Wi' your permission, here's the "Border Magazine."

DELLA CRUSCA.

Thank you, sir, might I beg a short communication from your pen to grace its pages?

David Gourly.

To tell ye the truth, my pen might as weel be in the goose's wing as ony whar else the noo. The fack is, sir, I'm devoored wi' visitors; I'm never a day without some,—an' yet—as I sall answer, od, man! but I'm glad to see them.

Della Crusca.

I can appreciate the hearty honest squeeze of that hand. It is *felt*, and I shall long remember with gratitude and pride, Daisy-Bank's hospitable master and mistress.

David Gourly.

Hoots! I wadna hae ye to speak o't. Wha's the Editor ken ye o' Tait's Magazine? Its garrin Blackwud's folk cock their lugs brawly.

Della Crusca.

Two of the principal conductors of the defunct Edinburgh Literary Journal—Bell and Weir—are said to be connected with it. Be this as it may, it is got up with extraordinary talent, and its first and second numbers have exhibited specimens of most powerful composition. It is out and out a political Magazine. But there is no heaviness nor fustian about its material. The writers use the thrilling good old language of England, full of its home power,—and though I might object to the unnecessary warmth in which they occasionally indulge, yet as the politics they espouse are supported by the great mass of the nation, I can well forgive the saucy, cutting, trenchant style of its political papers. It might be properly called the National Magazine!

David Gourly.

Aye, that gars ane scart their head;—but I see ye're a whig, or ye wadna hae thocht sae highly o' them. I ax pardon, sir, for differin' wi' you,—yet I canna admit that the gratification to be derived frae the readin' o' them is aither considerable or endurin'. They are owre shallow, pert, an' vapid, to become extensively popular. An' wi' scarcely ane exception I dinna see that ony o' the light articles contain muckle promise. Nor can ye hae a presumption in the Magazine's favour, frae the names that hae *clubbed* to produce it; for I'm no single in my opinion, when I affirm, that nane o' them a', wha are said to be attached to Tait's publication, afford a pledge that ony man o' letters wad tak, for the guid and substantial value o' its contents. Only look at yon attack on Soothey, an' *our* late King, an' sae if ye can help frae turnin' pale wi' anger at the puir frenzied cretur wha wrote it. But isna the poetry a' unco sumphish?

Della Crusca.

With regard to the light reading I think it puts forth at least as fair claims to popular favour, as any I have met with. Whether or not any of the reigning dynasty of big-wigs have lent their talents to the literary undertaking, I cannot say;—but certain I am that close, scrutinizing, and philosophic pens are engaged in its composition. And if solid ability, and a thorough acquaintance with the national character and *wants* of the people have any claim upon the public mind, Tait's Magazine will have its reward. The lines "On the late remarkable silence of the Poet Laureate" are unspeakably harsh. But the poetry of the second number is full of strong feelings and good conceptions. Motherwell's "Scottish Ballad" is worth more than the price of the Magazine. It is replete with beauty, simplicity and power.—I fear, sir, you have read the publication with the assistance of Tory spectacles.

DAVID GOURLY.

Eh? It's kittlier readin' through Tory specks than Whig anes. Ye wad see that they hae ta'en Leigh Hunt under their guardianship: stap awee, there's a queer sort o' jookery-pawkery in yon notice. But nae doot they'll butter ane anither.

DELLA CRUSCA.

My good sir, you have not to be told that the author of "Rimini" is suffering at the present time from shattered health and family difficulties. And when such a plea has been made out, every feeling of justice and generosity forbids us being unguardedly influenced against the man, by the political and poetical opinions which he may entertain. I wish no spurious sympathy to be created for him. As a single-minded consistent advocate of the great principles of public liberty, even in the worst of times, his name will long be dear to every true lover of his country. As a poet, his wit is versatile, his apprehension ready, and his penetration strong and clear,—and in the face of the abuse that has been heaped upon him by Kit o' the North, and the legion of godless witlings, who put their trust under his shadow, his genius will ever sparkle brilliantly in the galaxy of our literary firmament.

DAVID GOURLY.

Aye, Maister Hunt's tried lang to trample on our venerable institutions, that's sure aneuch—an' even our time-hallowed, improvement-proof constitutions are no sacred amid a' their glorious antiquity frae the evil designs an' machinations o' sic demagogues,—for weekly an' daily, through the medium o' an infidel an' revolutionary press are they instigating the ignorant to their ain ruin, forbye the ruin o' the state. An' yet I can only pity the stoopit idiowits wha believe that Leigh Hunt is qualified to enter upon the feelosophy o' government, an' define political, personal, an' *moral* rights, because he wears velvet knee-breeks wi' lang silk ties, an' writes stiff an' affected verses on Paddock-stools.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Seriously, have you read his "story of Rimini," or his "Hero and Leander" where the theory he brings forward in his notes to the "Feast of the Poets" is so happily and beautifully exemplified? In brief, I would beg leave to say that the vividness of description, combined with the melting tenderness, fine taste, and expressive sweetness, displayed by the author, can never be without interest.

DAVID GOURLY.

That soun's weel, yet I didna think ye had ken't sae little aboot him an' his obscene writings. But, to be sure, a' men maun hae their crotchets, sae I'll alloo ye the pleasure o' harpin' ower yours. Wrote ye ever in a Leddy's Album?—Maggy, my dear wee pet, fetch me yon braw book, wi' the bonnie pictures in't, frae your faither's desk. Dinna knock the ink-pud ower on't.

[*The child places a splendidly bound Album in Mr. Gourly's hand.*]

Do you ken I aye thought that the Albums o' green girls were filled wi' trash, trifles, and butterflees, to sae naething o' the sublime thoughts o' idiowits, an' the *scandalum magnatum*—is that guid Latin? I extracted it wi' some ither scraps, frae a book o' accidence, for the purpose o' juggin' my common places into "college triteness"—but that's rinnin' awa' frae what I'm speakin' aboot.—I jalouse ye never saw ony thing finer than that engravin' o' Wilkie's Bagpiper. He's the king o' painters, sir,—look at the blendin' there o' the simple an' original, the plain an' the profound, the calm an' the enthusiastic, a' brought together wi' an effort o' manual labour an' acquired practical dexterity, an' *composed* by an effusion o' mental energy. An' what an exquisite embellishment there is, "Christ blessing the bread," by Carlo Dolci. Hoo shooblimely simple is the arrangement o' the whole. Ane gazes on it as if it were a piece o' painted music! for its a' suffused ower wi' genius an' holy imaginations. Hech! but there's a grand engravin' o' Martin's. What a magnificent composition! thae black skies are fu' o' lightnin'; I see't as plain as a pike-staff, ane might clutch it; an' only look at thae deep masses o' shade, an' thae pyramids an' temples, an' that uncoontable concourse o' people, fu' o' intense misery, a' rushin' they kenna where. What graspin' power is seen in the conception, an' yet it is a power that is guided by discriminatin' tact an' feelin'.

DELLA CRUSCA.

I perceive you are not of the number who affirm that Martin's mind is tinctured with enthusiasm even to the verge of insanity.

DAVID GOURLY.

They're daft fules wha said sae. Sumphs! ye'll ken that our Jeemes, the Airtist, can *talk the maitter weel*, though he hasna acquired ony practical skill in the art that he professes. Weel, sir, he's ane that blushes at Martin's "hideous jumbles," forsooth, an' to shew off his mother-wut, the cretur will tell ye that it wad tak a lang calendar month to hirple up the flights o' steps that lead to his unearthly pillars. Wheesht! wheesht! that's him comin' ben. Let's turn ower. Be seated, Jeemes.

DELLA CRUSCA.

Are the literary contents respectable?

DAVID GOURLY.

'Tweel they're a' that. Ye may select your ain fawvorite,—here's mine. (*reads.*)

LINES,

Written by Dr. Southey in a Lady's Album.

WHILE this fair page before me open lies,
It were an easy thing to write upon it,

Of sorrows, sensibilities, and sighs,
  In sympathetic song, and plaintive sonnet:
But yet, methinks, 'tis better not to try
  Such sentimental theme to show my art in,
Lest you should, reading of my tearful eye,
  Think of your own, perhaps, and—Betty Martin!

DELLA CRUSCA.

Admirable!

DAVID GOURLY.

It's funny aneuch, for the Poet Laureate. But what do ye think o' Albums yoursel?

DELLA CRUSCA.

The possession of an Album, sir, by every lady, whose education has led her to perceive that there is beauty in literature, is an evidence of the progress of Taste amongst the middling and higher classes of society; and affords in some degree a criterion by which to estimate the habits and pursuits of the fair world, in the nineteenth century. Unfortunately many Albums have departed as far from the original design of such volumes as man from his pristine holiness, and not unfrequently they resemble a beautiful, but vain and ignorant woman—(*hear*) without, all is elegance and attraction—within, all is empty, dull, tedious, and trifling, (*hear, hear.*) An Album, as its name implies, should be spotless and without blemish. The productions admitted into its pages should breathe a morality pure and exalted as the virtue of a British maiden. Every sentiment should be benevolent as the smile of a British mother. All the efforts of the pencil should be chaste as nature in her summer mood. (*Hear, hear, Jeemes.*) A true Album is a treasury in which the memories of friendship, and the remembrances of genius are bound up together. An Album should be a transcript of the mind and principles of its fair owner. Its pages are spread out as a fair parterre in which every friend is invited to plant a flower, though it be but a field one, but the thorn and the thistle are exotics to its soil.

DAVID GOURLY.

That's geyan like eloquence. I wush I could get it aff by heart, to spoot to Miss Jenny Elphinstone, the neist time she comes out bye to Daisy Bank. Jeemes, my man! the half o' that wad do your business doon at Leddy Betty's pairties. O, ye coof! dinna blush that gate.

JAMES.

I sometimes speak in my sleep. Last night, I dreamt I was holding forth in the Vatican chambers with Michael Angelo and Raphael, when after a great deal of snarling and scuffling—

DAVID GOURLY.

Yes, just sae. Ye wad be in a fine poetical predeecament.

DELLA CRUSCA.

And did not the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds whisper in your dreaming ear, that "whoever is resolved to excel in painting or in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he *rises* till he *goes* to bed?"

DAVID GOURLY.

You speak God's truth, sir, for I ken weel what it is to study. Jeemes, this is no very grateful food for the nourishment o' your ain self-importance. But that was a valuable text o' Maister Crusty's (pardon me, sir, I should hae said Crusca) an' it certainly deserves a lang commentary, an' some day soon —— Eh! he's off! an' I'll lay a hoggit o' whusky to a glass o' sma' yill, he'll no be back afore midnight.

DELLA CRUSCA.

I did not mean to say any thing offensive, and if my counsel has scarred his timidity, or wounded his pride—

DAVID GOURLY.

Sae muckle the better, he's aye the same, speak to him wha will. Let him keep his skill an' judgment to himsel, and nae loss. Do ye believe, sir, that a' fashions are absurd?

DELLA CRUSCA.

I do not.

DAVID GOURLY.

Then there is nae real absurdity in fashion,—an' my wife has as guid a right to wear a bannet the size o' a pinched farthin', as the Miss Elphinstones hae to put on their great gavy, anguller-cut anes. If the ane be absurd—so is the ither,—an' sure ye wadna be preferrin' a leddy's bannet drest up like a muckle simmer cauliflower, or a big bush in blossom, to a douce cottar's, wi' twa peony-rose knots o' ribbans round the front o't?

DELLA CRUSCA.

All fashions are, or *ought* to be, regulated by the rules of order and proportion. It is not so much the mis-timing of things that makes the ridiculous. A graceless or eccentric dress cannot please the eye in beholding it, for pleasure rises out of order, and beauty from proportion. In a fashionable dress the inventor should avoid every thing stiff and formal. It must be marked out in a natural course, and the due symmetry and proportion of every part in itself will not be confounded with that of another. You see, however—

DAVID GOURLY.

That a' fashions are a mere freak o' vanity! Wherein lies the order and proportion in the puffed-up monstrosities o' Paris? Is there ony o' nature's elegance to be seen about the puir feckless windlestraes, cased in pasteboard, that infest the stalls o' the Italian Opera? Od rot them they're naething ava but wund an' buckram. An' what's waur than that, the creturs hae the assurance to set up a titter when e'er they see a woman in her natural shape. I could find in my heart to swear a muckle aith this very minute, that I could, to see the madness o' the age in vyin' wi' ane anither in every reignin' folly. Refinement, sir, has arrived noo at the last stage o' consumption—that's beyond a' manner o' doubt;—an' I dinna ken but in a short time ye'll see its abominable influence proscribin' a' that is grand an' beautifu' in the warks o' intellect an' art. But ye can improveese, sae gie's something aff hand, connected wi' the subject.

Della Crusca.

I have not improvized for some time, yet as you wish me to dash my fingers over the 'lyre's loosened strings,' I will make the attempt, feeble as may be the music, and harsh the execution.—*(writes.)*

THE TON OF TO-DAY,

Mirrored in the TEARS of a doating Husband!

O who may paint the anguish of a doating man who grieves,
To see his wife's two slender arms enclosed in "gigot sleeves!"
I vow I'm like a cypher, when standing by her side,
For by a hideous regime, her shoulders are as wide
As those of Barclay's draymen,—and oft, O fie upon it!
She places on her little head a huge umbrella bonnet!

She, with her lord and master, went forth to walk at noon,
But at the Park's strait entrance she dropt down in a swoon!
For as she struggled edgewise, to press her body through
She crumpled many yards of silk, and squeez'd the buckram too;
And this did put her narrow soul in such a shocking passion
That she *shew'd off*, in consequence, while railing 'gainst the fashion!

O who may paint the anguish of a doating man who grieves,
To see his wife's two slender arms enclos'd in "bishop sleeves!"—
I have her full before me,—my poor ambitious wife,—
As on the night she all but lost her dear and precious life!
But sure her hands will never more a pair of snuffers handle,
For oh! her sleeve took fire when she rose up to snuff the candle!

In her own proper person, my board she will not grace,
But an egregious outline she offers in its place;
And what is truly monstrous, she's call'd the tailor in,
To have a pair of muslin———O, to *name* them were a sin!
Alas! alas! her conduct, a fearful lesson teaches,
For who can tell how soon my wife may seek to wear the *breeches!*

David Gourly.

Weel, that's maist extraordinar!—O man! but I wush we had the guid auld times back again—*(sings.)*

O wae is my heart for the guid auld times,
That hae sped like a dream awa,
For there's naething seen in the warld noo,
That a body can like ava!—

But I'll hae to gang ben the hoose to ripe the ribs o' the kitchen fire, as I'm gaun to roast the twa "Glasgow Magistrates" for sipper, that I hung up by the necks in the mornin' ahint the press.

[*Silence, with slight interruptions, and no conversation for about half an hour.*]

MATHEMATICS.

SOLUTION OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

Solution of Question 4th, by Mr. Matthew Paxton, Etal.

HERE 8d. the deficiency at 3d. a-piece, being added to 3d. the overplus at 2d.; and their sum divided by 1 (the difference between 3d. and 2d.) gives 11, the number of beggars required.—General Rule:—Divide the sum of the deficiency and overplus by the difference between the sum *proposed* and that *given* to each person, and the quotient will be the number required.

Solution of Question 5th, by Mr. Matthew Paxton, Etal.

As the expense of digging the pond at 3d. a *solid* yard, and that of enclosing it at 16s. a *lineal* yard are to be equal,—by dividing 192, the pence in 16s., by 3d. we obtain 64 as the proportion of solid yards in the pond to one yard of its periphery;—and 64 being divided by 3 (the depth of the pond in yards) gives 21⅓ yards as the proportion which the area of the base, or superficial area of the pond one yard deep, bears to one yard of its circumference;—whence the question is merely to find the diameter of a circle, whose area is to its circumference as 21⅓ to 1. Now, as the area of any circle is always equal to the rectangle of its circumference and *one-fourth* of its diameter,—it is evident that 21⅓ yards are equal to ¼ of the diameter of the pond; and, consequently, by multiplying this number by 4, we obtain 85⅓ yards or 256 feet for the diameter itself, which being multiplied successively by 3.1416, 21⅓, and 3, we have 268.0832 lineal yards for the circumference, 5719.1082⅔ square yards for the superficies, and 17157.3248 solid yards for the content. Hence either 268.0832 yards at 16s.—or 17157.3248 at 3d. give £214 9s. 3¾d. 0.8976 for the expense.

Solution of Question 6th, by Mr. W. Weatherhead, Teacher, Swinton.

As 90° (radius) : cot. (azimuth) 59° 1′ 27″ :: cot. 37° 30′ (=2½ hours, time from 6) : sine 51° 28′ 22″, latitude of Greenwich, the place left. Then, As 90° : cos. 51° 28′ 22″ :: diff. long. in miles (350) : 218 miles, distance between the meridian of 0° and 5° 50′ in latitude 51° 28′ 22″. Again, As 236.7 : 90° :: 218 : sine 67° 4′ 44″ bearing of the place arrived at from the place left. Lastly, As sine 67° 4′ 44″ : 218 :: cos. 67° 4′ 44″ : 92. 168 = 1° 32′ 11″ difference of latitude, which taken from the latitude of Greenwich gives 49° 56′ 11″ latitude of Land's End (nearly), the place arrived at. P. S. The Wolf Rock and Lizard Point are nearly of the same latitude as that found by calculation: which of the places are meant, I am not certain.

We have also received solutions of the foregoing as follow:—of Q. 4th by Mr. Giles, Mr. Weatherhead and Mr. Ingram; of Q. 5th by Mr. Ingram, (who will observe a slight difference in his result) and Mr. Giles; and of Q. 6th only the one published.—Our mathematical friends will see the propriety of postponing additional *Questions for Solution* till the commencement of a new volume.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND VARIETIES.

Mr. Burnet, bookseller, Leith, is preparing for publication—and for this purpose has engaged the services of a talented Editor—The Unknown Poets of Scotland. The object of the contemplated work is, in the words of the publisher, "to rescue from obscurity and neglect, in so far as it may be competent to effect that end, the merits of men of genius, whose modesty or whose unfavourable position in the world has hitherto debarred them from doing this justice to themselves; and who, from these circumstances, or from others equally depressing, might otherwise sink into the grave 'unnoticed and unknown.'" Along with the specimens, it is intended to give biographical sketches of the authors, in such cases as the authors themselves will permit, or the interest connected with their lives shall demand. Mr. Burnet concludes his prospectus with soliciting the favour of communications from humble and retiring merit, either immediately through the individuals in question, or their friends.

Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Here, on the 26th ult., Mrs. Thomas Bogue, High-street, of a daughter.

At 29, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, on the 27th ult., Mrs. M'Gilchrist, of a son.

Here, same day, Mrs. Patrick Clay, Union-street, of a daughter.

Here, on the 7th inst., the lady of Captain Raynis, 42d Royal Highlanders, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Edinburgh, on the 20th ult., Mr. Alexander Wilson, tenant in Whitrig, Berwickshire, to Janet, second daughter of Mr. James Glasgow, Edinburgh.

At Swinton, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Lee, Mr. William Gilhome, Alnwick, to Isabella, second daughter of Mr. Bookless, merchant, of the former place.

At Kilmarnock, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. John Hill, merchant, Kelso, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr. James Mill, distiller, Old Rome.

DEATHS.

At Plymouth, on the 12th ult., George, only son of Mr. William Bell, innkeeper here, aged 34.

At Southampton, on the 14th ult., Frances, the youngest daughter of the late Capt. William and Lucy Baird, and sister of Sir James Gardiner Baird, Bart. of Saughton-hall, Mid-Lothian.

On the 15th ult., Mr. Robert Taylor, tenant of Paxton North Mains, in his 84th year.

At Etal Moor, on the 16th ult., Mr. William Dixon, farmer, aged 86.

At Eccles Tofts, on the 23d ult., Miss Hogarth, aged 45.

In Berwick Workhouse, on the 29th ult., Mr. John Moscrop, aged 77. He was many years a teacher in this town, and once possessed a library seldom equalled in point of numbers or value, especially in a private station. The bibliomania clung to his constitution till the last.

At her house in Union-street, on the 2d instant, Miss Armorer, aged 80.

At Sheffield, aged 37, George C. Brown, M. D., only son of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Brown, professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the University of Edinburgh.

At Haggerston, on the 4th inst. the Rev. Mr. Tidyman, pastor of the Roman Catholic congregation there, aged 71.

Here, on the 6th inst., Elizabeth, wife of Mr. William Smith, cooper, aged 55.

Here, on the 11th inst., Agnes, wife of Mr. Thomas Alexander, cooper, aged 34.

In Northumberland street, Newcastle, in the 52d year of his age, Christopher Cookson, Esq. Recorder of this Borough, and also of Newcastle, much respected.

To Readers and Correspondents.

H. P. is assured that the statement which startled him is a plain unvarnished fact, for the truth of which we appeal to the confession of the yet surviving and astonied compositor.

If N. P. will favour us with his real name, which shall not be divulged, he may expect to have a page allotted to the lines he sent us some months ago.

Let the patience of our numerous *poetical* contributors hold out a little longer, and they shall speedily and in good earnest have justice administered to them.

M. J. is under consideration; likewise a paper which, whatever be its other merits, we certainly regard as a *literary curiosity*. An *English* essay by a *German* is not an every-day publication; at present we may only express a hope that this foreign friend and our readers will be better acquainted ere the lapse of many weeks. Several articles forwarded in company with the foregoing met a hearty welcome at NESTOR HOUSE.

We are grievously disappointed at the non-arrival of Mr. Mallock's volume, which prevents us from fulfilling a recent promise.

Several articles in readiness are unavoidably postponed for want of room.

The present Number concludes the FIRST VOLUME; and it is intended that the SECOND VOLUME shall be completed at the end of the year, when Title-pages, Index, &c. will be given.

End of the First Volume.

D. CAMERON, PRINTER.