

THE SUN TO THE EARTH, ON THE DAWN OF MORNING.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the valleys laugh,
Let the mountains smile, and the hills look gay,
And flowers lift their heads as they fondly quaff
The beams of the bright returning day.
I come! I come in my splendour now,
Chasing the gloom from the welkin's brow;
I come! I come with my gladdening ray,
Driving the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the rolling streams
Pour forth their song to the morning breeze,
Reflecting abroad my brilliant beams
In forms like the dreamer's phantasies.
I come! I come on the wings of love,
Let all to meet my embraces move;
I come! I come on the wings of day,
To chase the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the woodlands ring
With music's sweetest, gladdest sound;
Let the lark ascend on delighted wing,
And tell his joy to the heavens around.
I come! I come! let the glad sound spread,
And wake the drone from his drowsy bed,
As my ploucer, the twilight gray,
Scatters the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let each waking eye
Be gladly turned to the eastern sphere,
And every heart be fill'd with joy,
To see my beams of brilliance near.
I come! I come! let all rejoice,
And wake the song with a cheerful voice,
I come! I come with a flood of day
To sweep the shades of the night away.

Nottingham.

Metropolitan for June.

From Bentley's Miscellany for June.

THE WIDOW CURED, OR MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.

It was in the year—, but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates; when Quarz was at Berlin,—you, of course, knew who Quarz was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpointist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was the man who, as he was leaving the orchestra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by the Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head, and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parentheses, Quarz was forty-one: tall, and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which, joined to a talent whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received everywhere. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth, who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In his house, after the fatigues and adulations that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he sought for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute due to his genius, and praises that came from the heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore." There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not, shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet, though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits: whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with her accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews, the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely, and examining events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their memory. They now and then spoke of him, it is true, but less and less, till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peaceably in his case of wood, "was quietly inurned," *requiescat in pace*.

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable at an irreparable loss, and can conceive no folly greater than his or hers had they doomed themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so feebly, nourish the flame by all means; but when once it is extinguished, it is a waste of time

and common sense to trim or supply it with oil. There is an old French song that runs thus:—

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour long temps."

Thus, as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she thought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so? With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilette—in smiling on her visitors—in coquetting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we may despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry, no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draped with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends or new acquaintances, and more than one guest at the time took his seat at her dinner-table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome; and he had this advantage, that come when he might she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

One day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favourite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side, and a violent headache. Quarz was "*aux petits soins*," and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed, and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say, what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote?

Don't be impatient—much. As you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed, by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favourable opinion of her symptoms: whilst Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set its fatal seal. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the stern decrees of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

"I see," said she with a feeble voice, "I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. Doctor I am grateful to you. I had rather know the worst, than flatter myself with a vain delusion."

"Well," said he, "since I must—since all the aid of medicine is vain, I leave you, madam." He cast a melancholy glance at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minutes afterwards, they were again summoned.

"Joachim," said the dying lady, addressing Quarz; "you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—before I take my eternal rest, I have one favour to beg of you—one only—say, will you refuse it on my death-bed?"

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place. He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

"I hoped it would be so," said the widow, with a voice still feebler; "but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing further to wish for."

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound him to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn up in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow, with a trembling hand, affixed her signature to the paper; and all was over.

But all was not over.

"Doctor;" cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly, and completely dressed, out of bed. "I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband."

Now look upon the *tableau*. The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary, wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived; the doctor biting his nails at being deceived, as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, said smilingly aside.

"A good actress, 'faith! If I were an author I would write a part for her."

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty, and rich besides.

WRITING FOR THE CLOSET AND THE STAGE.—As the difference between the effective oration and the eloquent essay—between Pitt so great to hear, and Burke so great to read, so is the difference between the writing for the eye of one man, and the writing for the ears of three thousand.

From the Athenæum.

T. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., of Downton Castle, in Herefordshire, the President of the Horticultural Society of London. A correspondent has favoured us with the following biographical notice of this lamented gentleman.

Mr. Knight was born at Wormsley Grange, near Hereford, on the 10th October, 1758. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Knight, a clergyman of the church of England, whose father had amassed a large fortune as an iron-master, at the time when iron-works were first established at Colebrook Dale. When Mr. Knight was three years old, he lost his father, and his education was in consequence so much neglected, that at the age of nine years he was unable to write, and scarcely able to read. He was then sent to school at Ludlow, whence he was removed to Chiswick, and afterwards entered at Balliol College, Oxford. It was in the idle days of his childhood, when he could derive no assistance from books, that his active mind was first directed to the contemplation of the phenomena of vegetable life; and he then acquired that fixed habit of thinking and judging for himself, which laid the foundation of his reputation as an original observer and experimentalist. He used to relate an anecdote of his childhood, which marks the strong original tendency of his mind to observation and reflection. Seeing the gardener one day planting beans in the ground, he asked him why he buried those bits of wood; being told that they would grow into bean plants and bear other beans, he watched the event, and finding that it happened as the gardener had foretold, he determined to plant his pocket-knife, in the expectation of its also growing and bearing other knives. When he saw that this did not take place, he set himself to consider the cause of the difference in the two cases, and thus was led to occupy his earliest thoughts with those attempts at tracing the vital phenomena of plants to their causes, upon which he eventually constructed so brilliant a reputation.

It was about the year 1795 that Mr. Knight began to be publicly known as a vegetable physiologist. In that year he laid before the Royal Society his celebrated paper upon the inheritance of disease among fruit trees, and the propagation of debility by grafting. This was succeeded by accounts of experimental researches into vegetable fecundation, the ascent and descent of sap in trees, the phenomena of germination, the influence of light upon leaves, and great variety of similar subjects. In all these researches, the originality of the experiments was very remarkable, and the care with which the results were given was so great, that the most captious of subsequent writers have admitted the accuracy of the facts produced by Mr. Knight, however much they may have differed from him in the conclusions which they draw from them.

The great object which Mr. Knight set before himself, and which he pursued through his long life with undeviating steadiness of purpose, was utility. Mere curious speculations seem to have engaged his attention but little; it was only when facts had some great practical bearing that he applied himself seriously to investigate the phenomena connected with them. For this reason, to improve the races of domesticated plants, to establish important points of cultivation upon sound physiological reasoning, to increase the amount of food which may be procured from a given space of land, all of them subjects closely connected with the welfare of his country, are more especially the topics of the numerous papers communicated by him to various societies, especially the Horticultural, in the chair of which he succeeded his friend Sir Joseph Banks. Whoever calls to mind what gardens were only twenty years ago, and what they are now, must be sensible of the extraordinary improvement which has taken place in the art of horticulture during that period. This change is unquestionably traceable in a more evident manner to the practice and writings of Mr. Knight than to all other causes combined. Alterations first suggested by himself, or by the principles which he explained in a popular manner, small at first, increasing by degrees, have insensibly led, in the art of gardening, to the most extensive improvements, the real origin of which has already, as always happens in such cases, been forgotten except by those who are familiar with the career of Mr. Knight, and who know that it is to him that they are owing. Of domesticated fruits, or culinary vegetables there is not a race that has not been ameliorated under his direction, or immediate and personal superintendence; and if henceforward the English yeoman can command the garden luxuries that were once confined to the great and wealthy, it is to Mr. Knight, far more than to any other person, that the gratitude of the country is due.

The feelings thus evinced in the tendency of his scientific pursuits, was extended to the offices of private life. Never was there a man possessed of greater kindness and benevolence, and whose loss has been more severely felt, not only by his immediate family, but by his numerous tenantry and dependents. And yet, notwithstanding the tenderness of his affection for those around him, when it pleased Heaven to visit him, some years since, with the heaviest calamity that could befall a father, in the sudden death of an only and much beloved son, Mr. Knight's philosophy was fully equal to sustain him in his trial.