

POETRY.

A FOREST REVERIE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(From *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.)

Up to the forest hie!
 Summer is in its prime!
 'Tis glorious now to lie
 In the glades of heath and thyme
 The bees are there before us,
 Hanging in many a flower;
 Let us list their joyous chorus,
 Through the basking moonlight hour.
 Let us see the golden sun
 Amid the wood boughs run,
 As the gales go freshly by,
 Through the clear blue summer sky;
 Let us hear again the tune—
 The chiming sound,
 That floats around—
 The woodland hum of noon.
 I scent the ancient sward,
 I feel it 'neath my tread,
 The moss, the wiry Nard,
 And the harebells bend their head!
 I see the foxglove blow
 Where the plough did never go:
 And the streams,—the streams once
 more
 Hurrying brightly o'er
 Their sandy beds; they roll
 With the joy of a living soul.
 Ye know the wood-walk sweet,
 Where we are wont to meet:
 On either hand the knolls and swells
 Are crimson with the heatherbells;
 And the eye sees,
 'Mid distant trees,
 Where the moorland beauty dwells.
 There let us haste again;
 For what has life beside,
 Like spirits young and fair
 In the open summer tide!
 Come all! come all; we'll taste
 Our dearest joys anew:
 Come to the hoary waste,
 Ye spirits, loved and true;
 There will we advance
 Through dales of old romance,
 And breathe on woods and streams
 Our own poetic dreams:—
 For generous, young, and fair,
 No world's weight do ye bear;—
 Nor its madness,
 Nor its sadness,
 Nor soul estranging care.
 Come! in the sun bright sky,
 'Mid mountain clouds we'll trace
 A spirit land where lie
 Some fair ethereal race,
 Or in our coming years
 We'll dream of fame and love,
 And robe this vale of tears
 In the hues of Heaven above.
 Our life shall seem to run
 A flower track in the sun.
 The poet's wreath—the patriot's heart—
 These shall be our noble part.
 So have we dreamed;—and here
 These thoughts shall re-appear.
 A summer day
 Thus cast away,
 In memory shall be dear.
 Oh foolish foolish heart!
 Can thus a thought betray;
 Thus unto thee impart
 The glory passed away!
 Summer is in the forest;
 The bee hangs in the bell;
 The oak—the oldest, hoariest—
 On the ferny slopes stand well;
 Sweetly the crimson heath flower blows
 Sweetly the living waters flow;
 But those glad souls are gone—
 I am left alone!
 One and all! Oh! one and all,
 Those souls are gone beyond recall!
 Some are fled,
 And some are dead—
 And I—am the sad world's thrall!
 I stand upon this height—
 I see those wild haunts dear;
 And say—"Amid this blight,
 What dost thou lingering here?"
 A mystery dim and cold
 Is opening on my heart;
 I know how feel the old
 For the young I have seen depart,
 Oh! fair is earth!—'tis clad
 In our own affections glad;
 Bounding heart and glowing brain
 Lead us on through wood and plain:
 Still—"Oh, beautiful!"—we cry—
 For the loving souls are nigh.
 In after years

We come in tears—
 And the beauty has gone by!

RESPECTABLE MEN.

It is curious to observe the changes which have from age to age taken place in the signification of terms in our very mutable language. This has gone, in some instances, to an extent so considerable, as not to puzzle a little antiquarian and commentators on the more ancient of the poets in the mother tongue. Not only have words become obsolete, and been changed for others of different roots and derivations,—not only has the English language become crowded, or, in this case, rather enriched, with synonyma of slightly different shades of meaning,—but the very accentuations have been altered; and what we at present mean to complain of as bearing most upon our present subject, the very significations of the words themselves, have undergone revolution either in the vital meaning, or in its application. Numerous instances of this must occur immediately to every person who has read much of our early literature.

The word RESPECTABLE, which in the olden time was applied by our wise ancestors, to those persons only, whose virtues entitled to esteem or regard, has gradually been adapted, by a more modern idiom, to an exclusive application of its own. If used as an epithet to an individual or a family, it means that they are wealthy—that they are considered good for a certain quantity of money on Change or elsewhere. A dictionary at once presents us with the true definition, that is "worthy of esteem and regard."

If we take a glance at one or two public spots in this magnificent town, we shall not want for illustrations of what the world deems respectable.

Let us first take a view at 'Change. See you yonder group of fashionably dressed gentlemen, who are lounging under one of the arches of the Piazza? They are chatting together—it may be on business—or it is just as likely that they are gossiping on politics. Suddenly there is a commotion amongst them; all eyes are directed to one point. A little fat gentleman has just quitted the news room, and is directing his steps towards the spot where they stand. He is about to address them, and every one seems awfully conscious of the presence of a round corpulent mortal, worth no one knows how many hundreds of thousands of pounds.—Observe with what bows of deferential attention they receive him; some of them assuming actions and expressions of visage almost reverential.

"Now what will that little rich gentleman do for them that they should treat him with so much distinction?"

"Nothing. If any of them were suddenly to fall from his place in society, he would be the very first to keep aloof."

"Have they any expectations from him?"

"None."

"Is the wealthy gentleman supereminently distinguished by the possession of any ennobling virtue—as charity or the like?"

"No. On the contrary, he is mean, tyrannical, intemperate, and avaricious."

"Well, but surely the gentlemen expect to gain some good by his wealth?"

"No. He does not even give good dinners."

"Then why, why do they make a show of regard towards a man merely because he possesses that which they can never hope to be the better for?"

"That is the question! Ask any one of the individuals on 'Change who he is, and notwithstanding his vices, you will receive for reply, that 'he is one of the most respectable gentlemen in Liverpool.'"

Turn we now to our excellent friends the tradesmen, as the aristocrats of the mercantile community please to term them, as though they were other than tradesmen themselves, seeing that their incomes are the product of trade. These shopkeepers, sneeringly so termed, form a class of honest and thinking men, who are the very spine, ribs, bone, blood, and sinews of the state. Yet does the same perversion of idea exist amongst them on the particular subject of respectability.

Let us glance at a certain respectable hotel. Turn we into the handsome and snug parlour. The conversation is absorbing, and our entrance has not disturbed it in the most trifling degree. These are a knot of clever and well educated people. Hear what just and enlarged views of men and things are expressed—how clear are the ideas of several of them on the present state of affairs. They are by no means all of one mind. Yonder staid, quiet looking old gentleman in the brown coat, is a Whig; his next neighbour, the youngster so fashionably dressed, is a Conservative; that tall lean individual in the shabby black coat, with aspect so melancholy, is a Radical; while yonder fiery looking young man, who talks so incessantly is a thorough Republican. But soft, the door opens. Let us scan the person who enters with such a self-satisfied air. He is a stout broad shouldered man, with a large animal looking face, which shines with the grease which exudes from

its pores. He wears a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, both with gilt buttons, a white neckcloth, and drab pantaloons. A long gold chain, to which a large bundle of seals is appended, dangles from beneath his vest, and rolls from side to side over "his fair round belly," as he waddles along. But mark the sensation which his presence has created. He is a rich man! He has cleared an immense fortune by dealing in old rags. Now though he is incomparably the most stupid individual who frequents the room, yet as he passes along, every seat is respectfully presented him; but he holds on his way till he reaches the ponderous arm chair by the chimney corner. This is instantly vacated in his favour, and he sinks heavily and sulkily into the throne of dignity, as a matter of undenied and undeniable right.—How dead the silence that pervades the room till the operations which are to conduce to his comfort are completed! At length his chair is arranged to his satisfaction, his pipe is filled with the weed, and the smoke is curling round his nose; the rum-punch is mixed to his liking, and he condescends to begin his discourse. Every ear is turned to listen, every eye is directed to him with attention, and we, who know how matters stand, and can judge without prejudice, pronounce him a blockhead, and long for the social "feast of reason" which his presence has put a stop to. "And how is it you will ask, "that men of so much intellect can suffer such a stultus 'to bear the palm alone' from those whose powerful minds might easily crush him into insignificance? Ask any one of the party, and the answer will be, that "he is the most respectable person who attends their society."

If we go into an assembly of mechanics, we shall observe the same incongruity. The deference is paid altogether to the RESPECTABLE, because the more wealthy member, and not to the best and wisest, as in justice and propriety it should be.

It is however, in vain to try to alter this state of things till time shall have brought about those changes in men's minds which shall make them confer epithets of respect only on those that are worthy, and render honour to whom alone honour is due; a change which the rapid spread of enlightenment would seem to promise is not so far distant as many may imagine. Thus, in this instance at least, shall we improve by retrograding, by returning to the plain simplicity of our fathers.

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

(FROM WILLIAM HOWITT'S PANTIKA.)

They had now full time to observe the character of this place, and contemplated it with a sad interest. It was but a small city but it was enclosed with high and strong walls. It was surrounded by hills of considerable elevation; and to the north and west the heights of Hermon rose grandly and boldly to the view. Little trade or manufacture of any species of goods appeared in the place; the revenues of lands devoted to public justice, and the money drawn from the maintenance of the fugitives, seemed to constitute the chief wealth of the inhabitants part of whom, accustomed to the melancholy scene perpetually passing, went to and fro, and looked upon flight and fear, and the shedding of blood with eyes of unobservant apathy; while another portion passed their time in attending the tribunal, watching the events, and listening to the extraordinary proceedings of the daily trials. Some circumstance was ever occurring to gratify the thirst of novelty; to sooth their unappeasable love of seeing and telling striking and singular things. And truly strange and fearful were the things daily seen and done. Dreadful the guilt, the passion, the vengeance that were compelled to flee, and abide their judgment here.

Within the city, strong guards paraded the streets, surrounded the tribunal, and were posted at the doors of prisoners previous to trial; while some with dark and savage countenances, with souls on fire for vengeance, walked sullenly up and down, with fierce rolling eyes, impatient of the day of trial, which should give their victims to their hands. Others who had been acquitted of the charge of murder, but found guilty of manslaughter, and therefore doomed here to spend their lives, till the death of the High Priest, a period, probably equivalent to their own existence, sauntered about or sat in the sun, objects of the most pitiable dejection: watching with vague dreamy eyes, the clouds, or the people in the streets or the very sparrows that chattered and fought in the last before them. It was fearful to know that you were daily amongst murderers, and men in whom the excess of passion and guilt had slain all the peace and hopes of life. Yet every precaution was taken which could prevent injury to the fugitives from their pursuers, or from their own hands,—often more to be dreaded: every one entering the city was examined, and their weapons of offence taken away; and daily were families coming, some from the distant parts of Israel, to take up their abode with the father, the brother, the husband, who was doomed here to dwell. Many a curious, many a moving scene did they

present. Women with their children might be continually seen coming down the hills, with their ass laden with all their little worldly wealth; weary, yet persevering wayfarers leaving all their old abodes and old familiar friends, to cheer the one unfortunate heart, imprisoned in the city of crime and sorrow. Often too might the laden waggon, the gay chariot of the wealthy be seen coming on the same errand.

Such were the scenes which Dalphon and Shallum witnessed. Now they would attend the tribunal, and behold those instances of human passion, the terrors of speedy death, the frantic joy of unexpected deliverance, which fearfully impress the spectator; and listen to relations full of wonder, and curious developments of man's heart. Now they would sit on the house top, and perhaps discern some unhappy being flying towards the city for his life, on foot or on steed, alone, or guarded by a troop of friends and perhaps as he neared the gate, see his enemies already before him, start from their ambush and slay him on the spot.

It was a terrible circumstance, that every highway to the city, notwithstanding the precautions of the law, decreeing the width, the goodness, the clearness of the road, and the erection of bridges to facilitate the chance of escape, was beset with eyes that watched for blood. The nooks and hollows the little openings between the hills, were tenanted by lyers in wait, who there erected rude booths of boughs and turf, and were ready at any sound of approach to peep forth. The flying wretch who traversed these roads with his life in his hands, and beheld the guide posts with the large words, REFUGE! REFUGE! upon them, like voices of ominous warning sounding in his soul, saw, to his inexpressible terror, as he drew near to the city, wild ferocious countenances, put forth fierce glaring eyes gleaming from the black and smoky huts of many a hidden hollow.

The wretch who had borne the tedium of many years in the city, smitten at length with a quenchless desire of liberty and home and hoping perhaps, that the flight of time, so burdensome to himself, had conquered the vengeful spirit of his adversary, would suddenly sally forth, and find that hatred was stronger than the fear of death. Here would his unweariable foe desery him, spring upon him, and stretch him in his blood.

They would observe some woe-begone man, seated on the city wall for days and weeks, gazing fixedly, intensely, on some point on the distant horizon, for in that direction should the friend, the succour come, to save him by a certain day; and as the day drew nearer, more eagerly and wildly would he look and look. In the earliest dawn of morning, amid the latest gleam of eve, would he be discerned; and after it came not, perhaps some eye that had noted him, day by day, on his station, would miss him, and he would be found a battered mass at the rocky foot of the wall.

A starch merchant lately died in England leaving a fortune of a million to each of his six children. The secret of his gains consisted in feeding some 3, or 4000 hogs yearly upon the refuse of his manufactory, which is generally thrown away for its offensiveness, but which consists chiefly of the gluten, or most nutritious portion of vegetable matter.

AN INCH OF A MISS AS GOOD AS A MILE.—At a late duel at Dublin, between Mr Ruthven, the successful candidate, and the Lord Mayor, the former was shot through the hat on which Mr Jacob, the Member's second, indignant at such a scratch, and that the parties would not come to a third fire, exclaimed with an oath preliminary, "d—n you, you ought to have had a hatter instead of a gentleman for a second, and walked off the ground in high dudgeon.

Say what's most like a brace of LAWYERS? Nothing so much as two stout SAWYERS: For which ever side they pull or thrust, From several BLOCKS COMES DOWN THE DUTTS

A smart Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to one Wilkins, near Penteract, having insulted a gentleman, by calling him Pontius Pilate, was very severely corrected for it. The master, at every cut he gave him, cautioned him never to say Pontius Pilate again. This the lad carefully treasured in his memory; and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to the belief instead of saying he suffered under PONTIUS PILATE, he said he suffered under TIMOTHY WILKINS SCHOOLMASTER!

RAGE FOR MUSIC.—Such has been the demand for the music of Gustavus, performing at Covent garden, that the publishers are said to have employed day and night, more than forty presses since its first representation, and to have consumed more than 3000 reams of paper in the publication!

HOW TO GET ON.—The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

Do not that now in your youth, which you may repent of in old age.