

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,

In nameless print—that I have no devotion ;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,  
And you shall see who has the properest notion  
Of getting into heaven the shortest way :

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er  
To where the last Cesarian fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along :  
The spectred huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,  
Which learn'd from this example not to fly  
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?  
Ah! surely nothing dies, but something mourns!

#### MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

"Which is Mrs. Arbuthnot?" said an elderly of the old school, whose bent form and silver locks told a tale of years gone by, to a young aspirant in diplomacy, during an entertainment at Lady Strong's, at Putney. "Which is the confidant of Princess Lieven, and the counsellor of the Duke of Wellington? Do I see her in that lovely woman, sitting near our host, with that singularly sweet expression and bright laughing eye?"

"No, that is the celebrated beauty, Rosamond Croker, the niece of the sarcastic secretary. The object of your inquiry is nearer home—hush! speak lower—look to the right of Mr. Holmes; see, she is listening with evident satisfaction to the *badinage* of the great captain. With his grizzled hair, hooked nose, and piercing eye, how like an old eagle! Now, now, she looks this way."

"And that is Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the old gentleman, musing. "Those faultless feminine features and clear pale countenance—"

"Which," interrupted his youthful Mentor, "are invariably of the same delicate hue, and at no time, rare instance in a woman of fashion! masked with rouge: look at her well—for she's a woman that has served her country."

"Her country—how? when? where?"

"Those are questions more easily asked than answered ;

but as nothing ostensible appears, we must suppose it to be in the way of *secret service*. And," continued the young diplomatist, "such she must have rendered, and of no common description. Otherwise there would never have been granted, under an administration on principle hostile to all extravagance—to unmerited pensions—to every species of expenditure un sanctioned by necessity; under a premier who pared down the Custom-house clerks without mercy—whose watchword was "*economy*" and general order "*retrenchment*"—who spared no salary, and respected no services—a pension of no less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM TO HARRIET ARBUTHNOT. No, no; rely upon it, her claims upon her country are weighty, and her services in its behalf unimpeachable."

#### SHIRLEY.

It is next to impossible to doubt that it was by the fall, if not by the death of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of those imperishable stanzas, which first appeared in his *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. "Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind." Frequently as this noble dirge has been quoted, it must not be omitted here:—

"The glories of our mortal state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings :  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still :  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death's purple altar now,  
See, where the victor victim bleeds :  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb—  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

#### DESCENT OF THE BISHOPS.

The present amiable and respected primate of all England chances to be the son of a poor country clergyman. The Bishop of London derives his descent from a schoolmaster in Norwich. The father of the Bishop of Durham was nothing more than a shopkeeper in London. The Bishops of Winchester and Chester boast of no nobler lineage than belongs to the sons of an under-master at Harrow. Bishop Burgess, as all the world knows, is the son of that illustrious citizen with whose excellent fish-sauce civilized men are generally well acquainted; while his lordship of Exeter dates his parentage through a long line of hereditary innkeepers in the town of Gloucester. Besides these, we have the Bishop of Bristol, the son of a silver-smith in London; the Bishop of Bangor, the son of a schoolmaster in Wallingford; the Bishop of Llandaff, whose father was a country clergyman; with many others, whom it were superfluous to enumerate. Lincoln, St. Asaph, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, all spring from the middling classes of society.

\* The evening star.