

so deeply. We do not think that he ever endeavours to give his pieces a colouring of place and country. But more on this point hereafter.

SUMMER.

The months we used to read of  
Have come to us again,  
With cheerfulness and sunniness  
And rare delights of rain;  
The lark is up, and says aloud,  
East and west I see no cloud.

The lanes are full of roses,  
The fields are grassy deep;  
The leafiness and floweriness  
Make one abundant heap;  
The balmy, blossom-breathing airs  
Smell of future plums and pears.

The sunshine at our waking  
Is still found smiling by;  
With beamingness and earnestness,  
Like some beloved eye;  
And all the day it seems to take  
Delight in being wide awake.

The lasses in the gardens  
Shew forth their heads of hair,  
With rosiness and lightness  
A chasing here and there;  
And then 'll hear the birds, and stand,  
And shade their eyes with lifted hand.

LEIGH HUNT.

AGNES MOLESWORTH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Jessy was fitting about like a butterfly among fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at a country town.

'I hate concerts,' said the pretty little flirt. 'To sit, bolt upright on a hard bench for four long hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!'

'I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you,' said Agnes, a little archly; 'his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.'

'Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome: he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music! pursued Jessy, 'the noise they called music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except the guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none, except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.'

'Do you call that music?' asked Agnes, laughing. 'And yet,' continued she, 'it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing him recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music.'

'It is music which you are neither of you likely to hear again, interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.'

Agnes stood as if petrified: 'Ungrateful! oh, father!' 'You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa,' said Jessy, always good natured, 'poor Charles! what can he have done?'

'Refused your hand, child,' said the angry parent, 'refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?'

'Why, really papa,' replied Jessy, 'I am much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done.' And off the gipsy ran, declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and daughter remained in the conservatory. 'The heart is untouched, however,' said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

'Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,' replied Agnes, 'but has he really refused my sister?'

'Absolutely.'

'And does he love another?'

'He says so, and I believe him.'

'Is he loved again?'

'That he did not say.'

'Did he tell you the name of the lady?'  
'Yes.'  
'Do you know her?'  
'Yes.'  
'Is she worthy of him?'  
'Most worthy.'  
'Has he any hopes of gaining her affections?'  
'He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by its object.'

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared to be collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favourite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expressions of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maiden-like to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known; I can hardly tell how, all that your kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford; and designed me and your larger possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbours. And with some little change of person, these arrangements may still, for the most part, hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affections, or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious, indeed, if she be not content with her destiny. And let me live with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no other thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness. Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes! And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, which reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now, mine own sweetest, do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh, father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together.'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that Cupid had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had contrived for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

A GRANDFATHER.

'Samuel Veller,' said the old gentleman, 'has conferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather, vich had long laid dormouse, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinet in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys—that ere little anecdote about young Tony, sayin' as he would smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother.'

'Be quiet, can't you?' said Sam, 'I never see such an old magpie—never!'

'That ere Tony is the blessedest boy,' said Mr. Veller, heedless of this rebuff, 'the blessedest boy as ever I see in my days! of all the charmin'est infans as ever I heard tell on, includin' them as wos kivered over by the robin red-breast, arter they'd committed soicide with blackberries, there never wos anything like that ere little Tony. He's always a playin' with a quart bottle, that boy is! To see him a settin' down on the door step, pretendin' to drink out of it, and fetchin' a long breath arterwards, and smokin' a bit of fire-wood and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather—to see him a doin' that at two year old is better than any play as wos ever wrote. 'Now I'm grandfather! He wouldn't take a pint pot if you was

to make him's present on it, but he gets his quart and then he says, 'Now I'm grandfather!'  
Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture, that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result, but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who taking a firm grasp of the shawl just under his father's chin, shook him to and fro, with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

'He'll do now, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, who had been in some alarm himself.

'He'll do, sir,' said Sam, looking reproachfully at this parent, 'Yes, he will do one o' these days—he'll do for himself, and then he'll wish he hadn't. Did anybody ever see such an inconsiderate old feller,—laughing into convulsions afore company, and stamping on the floor as if he'd brought his own carpet with him and wos under a wager to punch the pattern out in a given time? He'll begin again in a minute. There—he's a goin' off—I said he would!'

In fact, Mr. Weller, whose mind was still running upon his precocious grandson was seen to shake his head from side to side, while a laugh, working like an earthquake below the surface, produced various extraordinary appearances in his face, chest, and shoulders, the more alarming because unaccompanied by any noise whatever. These emotions, however, gradually subsided, and after three or four short relapses, he wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and looked about him with tolerable composure.

WINDOWS.

'Afore the governor vith-draws,' said Mr. Weller, 'there is a pint, respecting vich Sammy has a question to ask. Vile that question is a perwadin this here conversation, p'raps the gentl'men will permit me to re-tire.'

'Wot are you goin' away for?' demanded Sam, seizing his father by the coat tail.

'I never see such a undootifel boy as you, Samivel,' returned Mr. Weller. 'Didn't you make a solemn promise,—amountin' almost to a speeches o' wow,—that you'd put that ere question on my account?'

'Well, I'm agreeable to do it,' said Sam; 'but not if you go cuttin' away like that, as the bull turned round and mildly observed to the drover ven they wos a goadin' him into the butchers' door. The fact is, sir,' said Sam, addressing me; 'that he wants to know somethin' respectin' that ere lady as is housekeeper here.'

'Ay! what is that?'

'Vy, sir,' said Sam, grinning still more, 'he wishes to know whether she—'

'In short,' interposed old Mr. Weller, decisively, a perspiration breaking out upon his forehead, 'whether that ere old creature is or is not a widdler.'

Mr. Pickwick laughed heartily, and so did I, as I replied decisively that 'my housekeeper was a spinster.'

He expressed great satisfaction on hearing this, and apologised for the question, remarking that he had been greatly terrified by a widow not long before, and that his natural timidity was increased in consequence.

'It was on the rail,' said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis; 'I was a goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage vith a living-widdler. Alone we wos; the widdler and me wos alone; and I believe it was because we wos alone and there was no clergymen in the conveyance, that that ere widdler did'n't marry me afore we reached the half-way station. Ven I think how she began a screamin' as we wos a goin' under them tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a fadin' and kitchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight-locked and perwented all-escape. Ah! It was a awful thing—most awful!'

RAILROADS.

Mr. Weller was so very much overcome by this retrospect that he was unable, until he had wiped his brow several times, to return any reply to the question, whether he approved of railway communication, notwithstanding that it would appear, from the answer which he ultimately gave, that he entertained strong opinions on the subject.

'I consider,' said Mr. Weller, 'that the rail is unconstitutional and an invaser o' privileges, and I should very much like to know what that ere old Carter as once stood up for our liberties, and won 'em, too,—I should like to know wot he would say if he wos alive now, to Englishmen being locked with widders, or with anybody again their wills. Wot a old Carter would have said, a old Coachman may say; and I assert that in that pint o' view alone, the rail is an invaser. As to the comfort, vere's the comfort o' sittin' in a harn cheer, lookin' at brick walls or heaps o' mud, never comin' to a public house, never seein' a glass o' ale, never goin' through a pike, never meetin' a change o' no kind (horses or otherwise), but always comin' to a place, ven you come to one at all, the werry picter of the last, with the same pleasesmen standing about, the same blessed old bell a ringin', the same unfortunate people standing behind the bars, a waitin' to be let in; and everythin' the same except the name, vich is wrote up in the same sized letters as the last name and vith the same colour. As to the honour and dignity o' travellin', vere can that be vithout a coachman; and wot's the rail to sich coachmen and guards as is sometimes forced to go