

"The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English, a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggel described it,—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the
GARDEN,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign, from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, you certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory."

THE LADY.—Od man, but that same Luttrell must have been an even down witch for a guesser! I wonder how he looked when he heard tell o' the battle o' Waterloo!

THE DOCTOR.—I do not think that the ladies of Bermuda will weep many tears to the memory of Erin's bard. Hear how ungallantly he discourseth in a letter to his maternal parent anent the womankind of these fair regions:—

"These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the most distant not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest colored sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming

in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid."

THE MAJOR.—Is there not a description of the Falls of Niagara?

THE DOCTOR.—There is. Open your ears and listen.

"I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. 'Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no further than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing—imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder, and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which fancy would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested in reality. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to give even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara.'"

THE LADY.—If pleasing to you, gentlemen, we'll postpone the farther consideration o' this book, till the balance thereof appears. Let