

## POETRY.

## FOTHERINGAY.

BY THE REV. J. PARRY.

I stood upon the solitary mound,  
Where the proud castle once appeared its Keep;  
And as I passed within the grassy round,  
Which far-gone Time hath hallowed—from their sleep  
A thousand visions thronged the mental eye,  
Raised from the sepulchres of memory.

Before me frowned a lone and shattered wall,  
The wreck of many years, and at its base  
A river poured its waters musical;  
Whilst in the distant landscape I might trace  
The tangled forest's outlines, and around  
All Nature's glories in each sight and sound.

And in its antique beauty rising high,  
Yon 'House of Prayer,' which passing years have  
swept  
Less fiercely than the wrecks that round it lie—  
Spoiled of its earlier grace, that Fane hath kept  
Much of its splendour still: its long array  
Of shaft and arch yet triumphs o'er decay.

But not on things like these the Pilgrim dwells:  
He communes with far other themes, and holds  
Converse with the departed: from the cells  
Of recollection all the past unfolds  
Its treasures; and upon the raptured gaze  
All gorgeous still, the pomp of vanished days.

Descends; or, in some sadder mood, may rise  
The thoughts of her, who in her latter years  
Counted the lonely watches, and with eyes  
Dimmed by the agony of burning tears,  
Tears such as captives shed, saw hope depart,  
And knew too well the sickness of the heart.

Yes—ruined Keep! her's is the name that flings  
Such witchery o'er thee; nor may time efface  
The spell that wins us, in our wanderings,  
To walk where Mary walked, and fondly trace  
All that reminds the spirit of her doom,  
Her hapless beauty, and her bloody tomb.

And Schiller's glowing song hath shed around  
Thy time-worn ruins, Fotheringay! a charm  
Which may not perish: all is holy ground  
Where the Bard's step hath been, and ripe and  
warm  
The young creations of his mind appear,  
Gathering fresh fame as wanes each fleeting year.

Then fare thee well! thou lonely, moss-grown wall—  
I had not greeted thee with idle lay,  
But that my feelings prompt me to recall  
A pilgrimage—the journey of a day—  
In which I roved, well-pleased, and at my side  
A friend, right-dearly loved—in good and evil tried.

## THE NOVELIST.

## A DAY AT VALENCIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA."

Sad was the noble cavalier;  
Sad, and without a smile was he.

DR. BOWRING.

NOEL MORDAUNT was the younger son of a younger brother: at sixteen he was taken from Westminster School, and placed with a merchant of some eminence in the city; but Noel should have been so placed sooner or never. Signally distinguished in all his exercises, and with a heart that panted to pursue some pathway up the hill of fame, he was ill qualified for a counting-house. But his father was a stern man; a temper naturally severe, had been yet more imbibed by a life, that was one long struggle with pecuniary difficulties; and his will was to all his children as a law not to be questioned even, far less disobeyed. Mr. Freepport, a Spanish merchant who was under some obligation to Noel's father, for a service rendered to a poor relation of his in Northamptonshire, having invited this boy from Westminster, took a fancy to him, and without consulting his wishes, made such a proposal to his father as was gladly and gratefully accepted. Accordingly, the victim Noel exchanged his happy school desk for the hated one of an office, and instead of sitting behind the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, with his hand twisted in his hair, musing over a theme, he was perched on a high stool behind a heavy ledger making entries. He had been accustomed to pass his holidays in the country—had once spent a Christmas at Eaton Hall, where he had been told of the famous distich made by Queen Elizabeth on one of his ancestors—

The word of denial and letter of fifty,  
Makes a gentleman's name that never was thrifty.

And as he thought of it, and felt his increasing dislike to trade, he deemed it prophetic of his ill fortunes. He fretted, he pined, he read poetry and plays, devoured the romances of chivalry whenever he could find or steal opportunity. It was as life from the dead to him when, at the expiration of about two years, his master proposed to him that he should learn the Spanish language, in order that he might be qualified hereafter to conduct the correspondence of the house.

One Dillon, an Irish priest, who had been educated at Salamanca, was his instructor; but he soon informed Mr. Freepport, that the pupil had learned all that he was able to teach him. This eagerness of the youth for knowledge, Mr. Freepport, who appreciated abilities, and loved diligence, very greatly applauded; he determined to reward it by giving the willing student the best possible chance of perfecting his acquaintance with the language of Spain among its people. Accordingly he sent Noel in the very next ship which he dispatched for that country, with a letter of recommendation to a friendly correspondent of the firm, at Valencia. It was on Martinmas day, in November, 1705, that the good ship *the Hope* of London, made the land off the port of Valencia, and bearing down

with every sail set in no little pride of canvass, dropped her anchor in the roads by seven o'clock in the morning.

Boats from the shore, and boats from other vessels in the harbour immediately pushed off to her. One from an English merchant brig near, with its master, was the first that came alongside; and he gave the news of the taking of Barcelona by the Earl of Peterborough, and of the death of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who fell in the assault. "Vivan los Ingleses!" "Vivan los valerosos Ingleses!" "Viva il Rey Carlo!" shouted the Valencians, standing upon their market boats as they approached the ship. "Dia Festa!" "Dia de toros!" cried others, as they handed up pomegranates, and oranges, and melons, and huge baskets of vegetables. Noel Mordaunt was dumb with rapture. Here he was abroad. The sun was shining down upon the smooth waters, a city showing fair upon the coast, and around him a set of men, as swarthy and wild-looking as the fancy might paint Arabs. The Spanish language sounded in his ears; and, from the shore, chimed with a new, and therefore a pleasing tone, rang lively out with the promise of a holiday, from every steeple.

One painful feeling threw a shadow over his joy, and took from the perfectness of his contentment. He was a Mordaunt and a Noel; but he was landing in this place, not to join the standard of England under a Mordaunt, but simply as a merchant's clerk. However when he contrasted the counting-house which he had left in the City, and its dim yellow windows, that discoloured all things, with the bright, various, and animating scene before him, his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and he tasted the cup of joy. All, who were to go on shore, were soon ready; those who were to remain behind had, in the abundance of fruit and vegetables, in provision of fresh meat, in rest, fine weather, and a shady awning, wherewithal to reconcile and content them. "Dia Festa!" "Dia Festa!" "Dia de Toros!" Away they went to the shore. The blood of Noel circulated fast, and his heart beat happily. "Celeca!" "Celeca!"—and himself and the captain were presently seated in an odd-shaped, crazy, open vehicle, drawn by a mule, with a collar of bells, and a worsted top-knot; and driven by a man, who sat on the shaft, with his hair in a pink net, talking to the mule and them alternately, with a loud voice, and broad smiles.

The road from the port to the city, about half a league or more, ran between a noble double avenue of shady trees, and the foot-ways were filled with people in motion, or lying and sitting on benches, and underneath the trees. "Quien bebe?" "Aqua de Nieve, Quien bebe?" "Naranjas! Naranjas!" "Limas! Limas!" "Uvas! Uvas!" "Granadas! Granadas!" Amid these cries they drove on, oftentimes recognized as English, and saluted with a *Viva!* It seemed to Noel as if it was the morning of the first day of his life— as if he was then only beginning to live. It would have shifted his ballast, if he had had any; but, alas, he had none. Don Manuel Garcia, the correspondent of Mr. Freepport, was a cheerful, prosperous old gentleman. He was in high glee at the speedy passage of the vessel as there was a fine market just then opened by the turn of the war. He gave Noel a hearty reception in broken English, introduced him to a lively, dumpy old woman as his wife, to two plump little black-eyed daughters, and a sharp-looking son of fifteen, whose head was then full of the festa, and who seemed not a little delighted at the prospect of being cicerone and interpreter to the Englishman. Spanish hospitality is in its way very large, and has a character in the South peculiar to the climate. Water, in abundance, is first offered. There were silver basins of water placed instantly in a cool chamber, and cold clay pots full of water placed upon the marble floor of a bathing or washing-room below. When Noel had bathed, and dressed himself again, in his coat of dark blue velvet, with his French silk waistcoat, and cravat of Flemish lace, and a few locks of his flowing hair, not ungracefully tied up with a purple ribband; he found, on entering the reception room, salvers of chocolate, fruit, iced wines, and confections on the table. A biscuit, a glass of wine, and an ice, were rapidly dispatched, and forth he went with young Manuel, his pleased and impatient conductor, to hear high mass at the cathedral. There were flowers, and incense, and music. The pomp of worship, and the novelty, if I may so speak, of ancient costumes all about him; and there was a great deal of human beauty, the character of which was new to Noel. All the eyes looked so black, and all the teeth so white, and the forms and the carriage of the people so graceful. He was, as well he might be, perfectly intoxicated; and his heart, like all natural hearts, being soon inclined to admit delight, without at all questioning whence it came, or whether it tended, he gave himself to joy.

As soon as the grand mass was over, and the crowd came out, his young guide, telling him he had forgotten some message, which he had to deliver in another street, pointed out a nearer way to the amphitheatre; and bade him sit down upon a bench in the *Alameda vieja* till he should rejoin him, and accompany him to the bull-fight. Noel was not sorry to be left for awhile alone, that he might a little still the tumult of his feelings, and analyze his sensations. He knew not that the moment which was so deeply to colour the future destinies of his life, was near; but it was even at the door.

When he reached the *Alameda*, after indulging in a gaze of wonder and delight at the large orange trees and marble fountains, he sat down upon a stone bench under the shadow of a cypress, to rest himself, and wait for his young companion. The garden was almost empty; first, it was not the usual hour of promenade there; next, the good people had either taken other roads, or were engaged in swallowing some hasty repast between the mass and the bull-fight. At the particular corner of the *Alameda*, where Noel sat, there was not a person in sight, till the small group, now to be described, approached the spot. It was close to him ere he heard the foot-falls, and looked up. Soft as was the radiance of the sweet vision, it so troubled him, that he turned pale, and trembled at the power of its fascination.

A lady, just in womanhood, with the stature of a princess, and the fair face of a sad but gracious angel, came slowly forward; a boy page held up her silken train, a bald and venerable squire walked reverently by her side, and a keen-eyed duenna, with a black mantilla above her little Castilian hat, followed close and watchful behind. The veil of the lady, which was of black lace, was fastened on the top by a caplet of black velvet, and a tufted pin, and was thrown quite behind, and hung gracefully down her back. Her hair was thick, and of a light colour, and lay off from her fair cheek and white forehead in a natural wave, just like that of the seraphs in Raphael's pictures. Her robe was of the delicate colour of the pale French rose, fastened with black bows about the middle of the flowing sleeves: a collar of fine white lace fell over her shoulders, and large ruffles of white lace adorned the bottom of her sleeves, just above her slender waist. A necklace of fine pearls received its adornment from her neck of snow; a fan, of feathers of Mexico, was pendant by a silken cord over her right arm, and her left hand, holding a white handkerchief, hung sadly down, as if she were in thought, and in sorrow. Of this Noel saw, at the moment, nothing, or perceiving saw it, but did yet so note it, as after to recollect it minutely and well. Then he saw nothing but her chaste eyes of heavenly blue, the faint carnation on her cheek, and her pensive lips of beauty.

There went a virtue out of her, as by some hidden resistless law. To the loadstone the magnet doth not more quickly and closely join itself, than flew the affections of his trembling heart, then, there, and forever to unite itself, in pure celestial love, to that of Francesca de Ayala.

He gazed after the vision wistfully, reverently. He felt a wish to follow, but a chaste fear checked him.

To be continued.

## SELECTIONS.

DR. JOHNSON.—Father O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply.—Upon which, the Doctor said to him, 'Why do you not answer me, Sir?'

'Faith, Sir,' said O'Leary, 'I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me.'

'Upon this the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, 'Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither.—Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.'

O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, 'This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me.—Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.' The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room.

THE BOWELS OF AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—Mr. Erskine, when a counsel in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, 'That he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief.' 'I'll give you an infallible specific,' replied the humorous barrister: 'Get made Attorney-General, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels at all.'

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.—This gentleman, who died on his return from Venice to England, in the year 1776, was remarkable for the uncommon incidents which attended his life; the close of which life, also was marked with no less singularity. He had been early married to a woman, who aspired to no higher character than that of an industrious washerwoman: as the marriage was solemnized in a frolic, Wortley never considered her sufficiently the wife of his bosom to cohabit with her; she was allowed a maintenance; she lived contented, and was too submissive to be troublesome on account of conjugal rites. Mr. Montague, on the other hand, was a perfect patriarch in his manners: he had wives of every nation: when he was with Ali Bey, in Egypt, he had his household of Egyptian females, each striving who should be the happy she who could gain the greatest ascendancy over this Anglo-Eastern bashaw. At Constantinople, the Grecian women had charms to captivate this unsettled wanderer. In Spain, a Spanish brunette. In Italy, the olive-complexioned females were solicited to partake the honors of the bridal bed. It may be asked, what became of this group of wives? Mr. Montague was continually shifting the place, and, consequently varying the scene. It happened that news reached his ears of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman: Wortley had no issue by her, and without issue male, a very large estate would revert to the second son of Lord Bute. Wortley, owing the family no obligations, was determined, if possible, to defeat their expectations: he resolved to return to England, and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and he commissioned that friend to advertise for any decent young woman, who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted in one of the

morning papers. Several ladies answered it: one out of the number was selected, as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom; but, behold! while he was on his journey, death arrested him in his career of vice. Thus ended the days of Edward Wortley Montague, Esq.; a man who had passed through such scenes, that a bare recital of them would savour of the marvellous. From Westminster school, where he was placed for education, he ran away three several times. He exchanged clothes with a chimney-sweeper, and he followed, for some time, that sooty occupation. He next joined himself to a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe. He then sailed as a cabin-boy, to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules. After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the consul who returned him to his friends in England. They received him with a joy equal to that of the father of the prodigal son, in the Gospel. A private tutor was employed, to recover those rudiments of learning, which a life of dissipation, of blackguardism, and of vulgarity, might have obliterated. Wortley was sent to the West Indies, where he remained some time; then returned to England, acted according to the dignity of his birth, was chosen a member, and served in two successive parliaments. His expenses exceeding his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued to the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine, a great deal of coffee, wore a long beard, smoked much, and, even whilst at Venice, he was habited in the Eastern style. He sat cross-legged, in the Turkish fashion, through choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces. One on "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;" another, an exploration of "The Causes of Earthquakes." He had great natural abilities, and a vast share of acquired knowledge. This is the son, whom his mother called "A miserable compound of levity and villainy!"—*Recreative Review.*

The Marshall de — had a chin of an immense length. M de la G. had none at all. One day at chace they set off at full gallop after a stag, which nobody saw but themselves. "What's that for?" said the king. "Sire," said M. de Carembaut, "The Marshal has run away with G's chin, and G. is after him for it."

Says a judge in a court of law, "Keep silence there! It is very strange one cannot have silence! Here have we been deciding God knows how many causes, and have not heard one of them."

SHERIDAN.—An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country house, at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards, she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," was the reply; "it certainly has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two; and off he went."

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—Shortly after the "pacification" of Europe, the Tyrolese, who were again transferred from the Bavarian to the Austrian sceptre, soon found the difference to their cost. Their mountains were overrun with Austrian douaniers; every vestige of their ancient constitution was annihilated. A deputatio accordingly, composed of two prelates, two noblemen, and two commons, waited upon Francis, to pray for some alleviation, and the exercise of their right. "So you want a constitution, do you?" said the Emperor, trembling with rage. "We do, Francis," replied the commons, with mountaineer bluntness, while the more courtly prelates and nobles almost kissed the ground. "Well, you shall have one," said the Emperor, "but let me tell you to understand that the army is mine; that if I want money, I shall not ask you a second time; and, look ye, put a bridle on your tongues; I'll have no talking." To which eloquent improvisation the Tyrolese replied, "in that case we are better without any." "And so I think," said Francis, turning on his heel, and leaving the apartment.

QUIN THE ACTOR.—When one of a company at a dinner had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, Quin stretched out his hand to take hold of it. The person to whom it belonged prevented him, saying, "Sir, that is my bread." "I beg pardon," said Quin, "I took it for the loaf."—*From Records of my Life, by the late John Reynolds.*

An Italian, haranguing a very thin audience, opened his address with the following words:—"Very few gentlemen! (Pochissimi Signori!)"

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