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from that moment I always called her in my own mind *Rawhead* and *bloody-bones*: but I never pronounced it audibly, for my aunt disliked nicknames. I could not endure the sight of the kitchen executioner; I cried till my eyes were swollen, and hugged the lifeless turkey in my arms, till overwhelmed with its blood and my own sensations, I ran up to my aunt's room to express my sorrows. She was quite alarmed at the state in which I made my appearance, and in great agitation endeavoured to gather what had befallen me. I told her all I had seen, and all I had suffered, as well as I could, and reproached her for having been so cruel as to give the cook the orders she had. My sorrows, however, soon sent me into a profound sleep, until I was awakened by my nurse, to be washed and dressed for dinner. The name of dinner shocked me—the bleeding turkey re-appeared to my imagination, flapping its helpless wings, and struggling with the ferocious cook.

As soon as we were seated at table, my aunt proposed helping me to some turkey; but, although I had hitherto loved her dearly, I gave her a reproachful look, and sat sullenly, turning from her. She, good soul, had no idea of what was agitating me, and though a very worthy woman, had never been troubled with any excess of sensibility. She desired me to amend my behaviour, and repeated her invitation to me to partake of the turkey. I resolutely said—no: she then asked me to taste the stuffing, and I innocently asked whether the stuffing had been killed too. This led her into the mystery of my behaviour, and she endeavored in vain to induce me to eat something else; but no, my mind had embraced the idea, and I could not but suspect that the very tarts and custards must have undergone decapitation as well as the turkey. In short, late nothing: my aunt was angry, and for the first time in my life, she called me a wrong-headed, self-willed child, and threatened to send me home to my father. This availed nought, till at length, after two or three days repetition of my conduct, she administered a severe rebuke, and actually ordered David to take me home, with a message that she could do nothing with me, and would not receive me again till I should know how to behave better. This affair well-nigh broke my heart at the time.

When I re-entered home, which I did, in time for dinner—I found immediately before me on my father's table a—turkey! This added fresh fuel to the flame. I was too young to express all I felt on the subject, and suffered myself to be removed from the table, sobbing and crying as if my heart would have burst. My father and mother wondered of course what could possess the child, and as I was led out of the room, I heard my father say my aunt was in the right, that I was a spoilt child, and he would see what could be done with me. I trampled secretly for the consequences.

Before I went to bed, my father came and told me that my conduct had very much displeased my aunt, as well as himself and my mother. The idea of wilfully displeasing either of them, was dreadful to me. I told my father all the story of the turkey—but he who had eaten turkey every Christmas-day, for twenty years of his life before I was born, could not understand a syllable of what I meant. Hunger soon, however, compelled me to eat something, and when I was firmly convinced that a plum-pudding had never been alive, I was comparatively happy; but I could not overcome my prejudice against the murder of turkies, or any living thing for the gratification of my palate. In truth, I was instinctively a Pythagorean: and as my prejudice strengthened, my aunt's affection weakened, and the result of all was, that when she died, a codicil to her will was found, by which I discovered that cutting off of the poor turkey's head was the remote cause of her cutting me off with a shilling, instead of leaving me the bulk of her property, which appeared to have been her origi-

nal intention; and against the part of her will in which she had considered me, she wrote with her own hand, "the child is a fool, and money will do him no good."

When my aunt died, I was a good stout boy, capable of understanding her resentment, but not of removing the cause, even in the face of its effect.

"This was the first distressful stroke that my youth had suffered," and many a pang it cost me at that early stage of my sensations. I could find no sympathy, for all my family were strangely devoted to the eating of turkey at Christmas, and to culinary bloodshed in every shape. I alone stood amongst them with pure hands, and when I saw them swallowing down huge morsels of flesh, my mind always recurred to the flapping wings, and struggling legs of the unfortunate turkey that brought all my woe; and not to speak it harshly—I believe sometimes in the fulness of my heart, I almost wished that instead of the flesh, the feathers and talons were thrust down their throats.

My next affliction brought with it a double weight of consequences; and when I see the sympathy of my readers a little awake, I will bring them to produce their pocket-handkerchiefs, their smelling bottles and their best attentions, while I seek to wring their hearts, if they be made of penetrable stuff.

—Thank you, Madam; that cambric handkerchief so kindly displayed for the occasion, almost induces me to say,—

"Ye who have tears, prepare to shed them now."

—And you, Miss—I thank you for the sympathy evinced by the production of your essence-bottle: and to you, Sir—what shall I say for your mute attention:—

"Beggars that I am—I am poor in thanks."

And now, Madam, with your permission, I will take my seat beside you, and proceed.—

I sometimes fear my worthy father went to his grave, without ever entirely forgiving me for having incurred the fatal displeasure of my aunt, although for many years after that unfortunate occurrence, I experienced repeated instances of his paternal regard. Until the age of fifteen I was educated at home, under the eye of my parents, when I was sent to a private school, where a "limited number" of young gentlemen were boarded and prepared for an entry to the great stage of life.

The number was limited, and I soon discovered the reason to be, that my master's talents and influence were both so. Oh, how deep is the cup of human misery!—in this situation I met with a variety of afflictions too tedious for detail, while I endeavoured, with all the philosophy of the *Stoics*, to sit, as the poet says, "like patience on a monument." I could never bear to witness the sufferings of others, and my excessive sympathy always made them my own. Many times have I made a false confession of crime, when I have been as innocent as a robin, in order to take the punishment on my own shoulders, when it truly belonged to another boy, who was always a *crony* of mine, that he, poor soul, might not suffer, even justly.

On one occasion, I found the cook-maid and her lover whispering their endearments in the china-closet, and having at that early age conceived a wondrous idea of the sanctity and necessary privacy of such interviews, I quietly turned the key on them, forgetting that the meat would be burnt to a cinder for want of attention, while its fair guardian, good soul, was burning with affection for her lover, as well as with a desire to get out. My good intentions were defeated, and the unhappy pair, without a loop-hole left for escape, were soon discovered by the mistress, and the music of expostulation rung through the house. The meat truly required basting, but I, whose wants were by no means so urgent, had the precedence of the meat, and received a sufficient

one at the hands of the sooty dameel, till I was moist to the skin, and the meat went to table as dry as a chip. Never shall I forget the look which she gave me as she passed the dining-room door—her eyes shot through me like the spit, and all because from a motive of pure and refined sympathy I had sought to add to the happiness of her and her swain. Unable to appreciate the delicacy of my motives, the ungrateful girl always took the opportunity of calling me a meddling booby, and from that unfortunate day I bore the ominous name of “sly boots,” which clung to me like a curse wherever I went. I imagined every one who looked me in the face intended to assail me with that epithet, until after long usage I began to feel myself identified with it so completely that I became miserable and unhappy, and scarcely knew whether I was deserving the hateful distinction or not. This circumstance, added to many others, at length roused my spirit, and I resolved, contrary to the admonitions of prudence and propriety, abruptly to flee from a place which had become so distressing to me. Did I seek refuge under the paternal roof?—No—that was no place for me: my presence there, under such circumstances, would have rendered still stronger the bitter feeling my father entertained towards the “vagaries” (as he called acts of sensibility) of such an adole-headed boy.

After wandering to as great a distance from these scenes as my narrow finances would allow of, I mixed among the motley group assembled at a village market, where I saw a brute of a drover belabouring an ox with a knotted stick, until the creature was almost wild with torture: my sensibility was roused, and in the fervour of my sensations, I stripped off my coat, and offered my own back as a propitiation for the sins of the poor beast. (I mean the ox, not the drover), and cried quarter for him. The merciless fellow laughed loudly, and took me at my word, and I soon experienced practically what must have been the sufferings of the afflicted animal. The surrounding boors set up a wild shout, and the ox, alarmed at the fear of being obliged to resume his part in the suffering duet, made a dash forward, and by a forcible butt of his short horns, laid me senseless amongst the mob.

When I regained my erect posture and my senses, I imagined I heard a distant cry of “sly boots,” and scarcely knew whether I was covered most with mud or shame; certain it is, I was thickly bespattered with both: and when an unfortunate cur with a tin kettle tied to his tail ran howling by me, I fancied I was as miserable as he was, and even in the face of the requital I received from the ill-bred ox, I almost wished I could have exchanged situations with the dog, thinking I could have borne with true philosophy the running accompaniment which supported and relieved his vocal performance. A little reflection soon brought me to my senses, and taught my sensibility to feel, “how sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless” ox; and after a long mental struggle, I brought myself to believe that the dog might have proved as thankless as the ox.

While I was standing in this condition, “the observed of all observers,” a sedate looking gentleman, who was passing by, commiserated my appearance, and in a kind tone of voice inquired the cause of my misfortunes, seeing of course by the gentility of my dress that I was not acting in my proper sphere. After listening to the recital of my present adventure, he beckoned me to follow him, which I did without hesitation, to his residence, where, after affording me the means of a sufficient ablution, he kindly took me by the hand and led me to the drawing-room, where his wife and daughter were sitting.

After making a slight apology for bringing a perfect stranger into their presence, the worthy man presented me to them, and for the first time in my life, I felt, by

the blushes on my cheek, and other agitating sensations, that I was man enough to be sensibly touched with the beauty of the daughter, as well as by the frank mode in which she acknowledged the introduction of her papa’s protégé. She was then—(oh how vivid is the impression on my memory even now!)—she was then just in the exquisite bloom of sixteen, lovely, gentle; what attribute did not my young fancy deck her with!

I was treated with a great degree of kindness by the whole circle; and without the imputation of vanity, I may say I believe I had some claims towards being what is called attractive, possessing a very comely person and an easy, unembarrassed address, except when my peculiar feelings were called into play. In the midst of this family party, the old gentleman asked me a variety of questions as to my connections, family, and other matters: the story was painful—I could not tell part without telling all. Was I ashamed of my feelings or my conduct?—No:—still I could not readily explain a set of peculiar feelings, and relate their consequences, without the dread of incurring perhaps censure—but more certainly ridicule. I could not bear ridicule even single-handed in a *tête-à-tête*, much less could I bear it in the presence of, and perhaps administered by three at once, one of whom seemed all on a sudden to be of three times more importance to me than any other person I had ever met. If I had remained silent would not that have created suspicions that I was no better than I should be, and therefore unworthy of the kindness I had experienced. Which is the severest, ridicule or silent reproach, which might grow up into contempt? All these reflections, and many more, crowded over and agitated my mind till I could scarcely breathe: and after some further deliberation, I yielded myself up to the chance of ridicule, for the sake of indulging my love of truth and frankness. I told my whole story, from the turkey, downwards, including a variety of incidents with which I have not thought fit to fatigue my reader, and concluded with the adventure of the amorous cook maid, and my consequent flight.—The result of all this was that I grew in favour, my feelings were duly appreciated; and the only thing which called down censure, was the circumstance of my quitting my school and omitting to return to my father’s home.

I soon learnt that my worthy host was the village lawyer, and after having remained under his hospitable roof for several weeks, he proposed to communicate my situation to my father, and actually proposed to take me under his care, and educate me in his profession. My father came, and we were soon reconciled; all went on as I could wish, and my father seemed to congratulate himself on the occurrence of an accident which seemed to bid fair to be of use to me.

But to what trials was I exposed—not at the bar of justice—but at the bar of my peculiar gift of sensibility. I soon discovered that my every-day duty was completely at variance with my character. Day after day exhibited to my aching heart, the situations of many whose miseries and afflictions I felt as acutely as they themselves—but how could I alleviate them? I could not pursue my present course without seeing these things, and I could not see them without being cut to the quick; and on one occasion I sold my coat to buy bread for a starving family who had been turned out of house and home, on account of their inability to pay their rent. I was always poor, always overwhelmed with sympathetic sufferings, and my chief happiness seemed to consist in rendering myself unhappy. Years passed on in this way, and how I endured them I know not.

But there was a load-star that bound me fast to my situation. That kind creature from the first seemed to understand my character. Time had made us familiar; we read together, sang together, talked together, and walked together, and no one ever dreamt of mischief

any more than we did. My heart and soul were overcharged with deep emotions, I could scarcely comprehend the extent of what I felt, and she was equally ignorant of the nature of her own condition:—'twas passing strange:—and thus we proceeded, till on one bright summer's evening, we were sitting under a spreading acacia tree in the garden, reading Shakspeare's "Tempest," dividing the characters between us. At length we came to the scene between *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*, and as she proceeded with the part of *Miranda*, I saw her countenance change, the blood mantled in her cheek, and her voice grew tremulously soft. She paused where the poet did not contemplate a pause—she faltered where the poet was eloquent—and when she uttered the words

"I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of—

her very heart seemed to me on her lips; she endeavoured to proceed, but the channel of utterance failed for a moment; at length she pursued the text,

"But I prattle
Something too wildly;"

and then abruptly closed the book, and by her sudden motion dashed my cheek with a warm, eloquent tear, which from my cheek soon trickled down to my heart; she turned down one avenue, and I another; we read no more that day, nor the next, nor the next; we never asked each other why; but we never read again in that book.

Time passed on, and the string which had discoursed such "eloquent music" was not touched again; each seemed afraid to wake the spell that had wrought so strongly, and each suspected the full chord with which that string would vibrate if touched again. I could not, dared not touch it; she ought not—delicacy forbade. Here my excessive sensibility cut my heart-strings.

If a boor glanced at her as she walked through the village, I felt disposed to cudgel him for his impudence. If an equal claimed her attention, and whispered his pleasantry in her ears my spirit was up in arms: yet why? I had laid no claim to her—I had not the courage to secure my prize—I had not the fortitude to lose it. I was jealous where I had no right, I was confident where I had not the resolution to muse the dreams of hope into reality. Oh how bitter, how sweetly bitter was all this—the work of that sensibility—overflowing sensibility, source of all my woe, past, present, and future!

Oh Isabel—Isabel! bright, bright vision;

"No more, no more, oh never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

Perished—perished for ever: the vision and the heart, its freshness and its fervor!

And shall I linger over the sad story, which clings to me like a vampire, and drinks up my life's blood! Did she fade like a summer flower, pining in silent love, letting concealment like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek—did she sadly number the hours gone by when hope made her heart beat quickly, and imagination winged its way on fairy pinions—did she sink into her grave, the victim of unrequited love, blessing with her dying breath the name of him who feared to say he loved her? Oh my heart! Did she all this for thee? No!—she eloped with her music master.

Shortly after this event my father died, and I became in my turn the possessor of the small patrimony on which I reside. I fled from the world and from society, wearing out myself in the living death or dying life which I described at the commencement of this sketch. I am a broken-hearted recluse—my Isabel, a widow with fifteen children.

THE GAZETTE.

A cool and refreshing evening had succeeded a sultry day in August, and the park at Brussels was crowded with pedestrians. One military group were earnestly engaged in perusing an English newspaper; it was to them a most important document, as it contained the Waterloo gazette: and yet its columns were a mingled source of pleasure and regret:—it notified their own promotions, and recorded the death of many a valued friend.

"Denis, you have succeeded to a gallant soldier," said Frank Kennedy, to the newly-appointed colonel of the 28th. "Poor Hilson! long will his loss be felt; so brave, and yet so gentle! The men adored him. When he fell, the groan of anguish that burst from our square will never leave my memory. At that moment the lancers assailed us in front and flank: our close and sustained fire dispersed them; and during the temporary lull that succeeded, we laid our colonel's still warm body in the earth, and covered it with a few sods. He sleeps where he fell; and where could his gallant spirit find a meeter resting-place?"

"'Tis all the fate of war. Hilson's death gave me a regiment and made you a major, Frank. It was a pity, too that McCarthy did not survive to enjoy the reward of his heroism. His regiment speaks of his actions with enthusiasm."

"No wonder; his deeds were worthy of an age of chivalry. In every charge McCarthy was foremost in the fight. How he escaped so long is astonishing. To him, Waterloo was a succession of personal encounters. Numbers died by his sword; and, where he perished, a crowd of cuirassiers were heaped around, and told how desperate his dying efforts had been."

"After all," said the little major, with a sigh, "war requires a set-off for the numerous calamities it inflicts on life and limb; for my part, I am ruined."

"Ruined! why what the deuce ruined you? There you are, fresh as a recruit; a lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and senior major of the gallant 28th."

"Ah! Denis; this infernal scar upon my cheek; it quite disfigures me. You know one looks to a quiet retirement after a little more service, and is it not melancholy to think that my features and fortunes are both blemished?"

"Ha! ha! and does a scratch upon the cheek render a man not marketable? No, Jack, no; that very scar gives you a martial and distinguished air, that, if I be any judge of beauty, will render your natural charms irresistible."

"As Melcomb has alluded to 'quiet retirements' and future fortunes, I have made up my mind to—"

"Do what?" exclaimed the lieutenant-colonels together.

"Marry!"

"Marry!"

"Ay, to-morrow morning; and have to request

that you will both honour my nuptials with your presence."

"Melcomb will, Frank; but I, I could not have assurance enough to meet the lady, after the pains I took to assure her you were the most profligate rascal in the service."

"All is forgotten, Denis. My dear Lucy unites her entreaties with mine."

"Well, if I could believe that my friendly efforts to ruin you, were forgiven, I would go."

"I have not spirits," murmured the little major. "Curse upon all lancers; it is an atrocious weapon, none but Turks and Calmucs should use it; it is a sinful and unchristian-like tool; it disfigures a man unmercifully;" and a groan bespoke the grief this late spoliation of his beauty caused to the little warrior.

"Come Jack, rouse thy courage, you shall see Frank noosed in the morning, and who can tell but that thyself, man, shall be the next adventurer in Hymen's lottery?"

Melcomb shook his head. Denis continued, "Is it because that Poonah painter at Canterbury gave thee the slip, that Jack Melcomb should despair? Come to Ireland with me, and by the assistance of Saint Patrick, I'll marry you out of hand."

"Are the Irish ladies particularly humane?"

"They are, the darling creatures!" replied the lieutenant-colonel. "Come with me, and beyond that blessed stream, the Shannon, I'll insure you an angel, with a name four syllables long, an excellent fortune, if it be only recoverable, and a pedigree, commencing in the Ark, and ending with the battle of Waterloo. Egad, I have known a man marry there, with so little delay, as prevented him obtaining his own consent. Did I ever tell you the hymeneal adventure of the redoubted Captain Plinlimmon?"

"Never," said the little major.

"Come to the hotel, you shall hear it over a bottle, for it's but a dry story. Come away, Kennedy, this night thy freedom ends: Lord, that men, when they are well, cannot keep themselves so!" and Denis McDermott led off his companions, singing the old ditty:

"A bachelor leads an easy life;
Few folks that are married, live better:
'Tis a very good thing to have a good wife:
But the trouble is how to get her!"

"WHEN SHALL WE TWO MEET AGAIN?"

Go ask the breeze that bears me on
Over yon blue and pathless main,
And it will tell how soon!—

Go ask the waves that roar
Round my bark as she holds her way,
And as they wildly pour
On the beach where thy footsteps stray—

While the rude wind whistles loud,
And their crests are white with foam,
They may tell, that without a shroud
I have sought my last cold home.

And will those bright eyes shed
A tear on the sulcu wave,
When it tells that I have sped
To a cheerless, lonely grave?

When shall we two meet again?

And must I answer thee? can the pilot tell thee
when tempests shall vex the sea?

Though his bark sail smoothly on,
And the port seem just in view,
Yet their rage may burst anon
And o'erwhelm his gallant crew.

I have watched yon clear blue sky,
I have mark'd the glassy main,
And have told when storms were nigh.—
But I cannot tell thee when!

When shall we two meet again?

And must I answer thee? Oh ne'er! oh ne'er!
till when our spirits are set free!

When the evils being over
That around us now are cast
Together they may hover
And smile upon the past.

"And when shall we two meet!"

There is something in that tone that asks,
though passing sweet, telling me I am lone.

Go ask the destined wretch,
If from the upas tree,
He still has hopes to fetch
Its fruitage and be free.—

And if a smile shall beam
Upon his pallid face,
Through which his soul may seem
To thee to answer "Yes"

Oh let thine eyes impart
That ray of hope to me,
And then this aching heart
Shall bless and cling to thee—

As one whom waves have torn
From his reclining vessel's side,
To the plank on which he is borne
Afloat o'er the waters wide.

"When shall we two meet again?"

Oh in that question all that tell of grief and pain
upon my spirit fall!

In childhood first we met,
 When our hearts were free from care,
 And I remember yet
 How those days were bright and fair ;

And had'st thou ask'd me then
 As we sported merrily,
 "When shall we meet again?"
 I could have answer'd thee.

But those words have now a tone
 So sad, so drear to me,
 For they speak of days long gone,
 And can I answer thee ?

As the passing bell that tolls,
 To the prisoner doom'd to die,
 When each echo as it rolls
 Through his cell, tells his hour is nigh.

So sound those words to me,
 Like that heavy and slow death-bell,
 And I only can answer thee
 In that one wild world.—"Farewell."

THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
 The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—
 A home, if such a place may be,
 For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 'To warm her young, and to teach them spring
 At once o'er the wave on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! O'er the deep !
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
 fish sleep,
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard !
 Ah ! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :
 Yet he ne'er falters :—So, Petrel ! spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

FRENCH TOMB-STONE WAREHOUSE.

A LADY, well known in the fashionable circles of Paris, lately lost by death, a relative who had been domiciliated with her for some years, and who, being in some measure a dependent, took all the drudgery of housekeeping arrangements off her hands. Though an Englishman, I happened to stand on the footing of a particular friend in this family ; and having, for several years past, been accustomed to wait upon the lady as her attendant to all parties abroad, her assistant when she received at home, and her aide-de-camp when the orders to shopkeepers were of too delicate a nature to be trusted to a footman,—my services, on this sorrowful occasion, were naturally expected, and as naturally offered.

I shall say nothing of the order of the funeral ; every thing was conducted with decency, and, at the same time, with a magnificence worthy of the opulence and respectability of the family, and calculated to impress on the minds of the spectators, the magnitude of the distress which the gloomy pomp represented by all the external emblems of woe. This painful ceremony finished, a monument to the deceased became the next object of attention, and I was requested to take the necessary measures for having a suitable one erected.

In order that I might worthily execute this interesting commission, I consulted my friend the Marquis of R., who had lately lost a consort whom he highly respected, but never lived with ; and to whose memory he had erected a superb marble, which testified, with all the pathos of poetry, how much the heart of the survivor was torn by the violent separation. On enquiry of this gentleman what tradesman had so well served him in his affliction, he said he was unable to inform me, not having yet paid the expenses of the funeral ;—he referred me however, to Monsieur G——, the well known friend of his lamented wife ; who had taken, as he expressed it, all the burthen of the thing on his own shoulders, and had kindly relieved his wounded feelings by seeing that *Madame* received all those attentions which were due to her after death, as he had, still more kindly, been unremittingly assiduous *aupres d'elle*, during the life-time of the ever-to-be-deplored lady.

To Monsieur G——I accordingly went, without delay, and found him dull and disposed to be silent. He said little of his lost friend, but seemed to think much ; and, as he appeared disinclined to entertain company, I quitted him as soon as he had furnished me with the address of one of the most celebrated Parisian dealers in monuments.

Le Sieur M. N. is the owner of a most magnificent establishment in this way ; taste, order, and smiling politeness there reign ; and, walking along the first gallery into which I entered, surrounded by angels and genii, and nymphs shining in the purest alabaster, conducted by a bowing *employe*, I thought to myself—'this is indeed *smoothing the passage to the tomb.*' The

delicacy of the tenderest nerves would not be startled here by the mementos of death.

I found it would be necessary to wait a little before I could explain the purpose of my visit, for the master had customers with him. His talents were well known, and no genteel person at Paris likely to want a monument, would think for a moment of being furnished by any other than M. N. His improvements in his art had been recorded in the Magazine of Inventions, and some of his finest articles were exhibited at the fêtes of French industry, as a proof of the increased consumption of the nation. As I advanced towards the great man, I found him too much occupied with a couple of gentlemen, dressed in deep mourning, to observe my approach; and I was, I must confess, struck by the simple dignity with which he conducted business. In the *Almanac des Gourmands* it is said of Beauvilliers, one of the master spirits of French cookery, who did things in his art which *the world will not willingly let die*—that, with one of his sauces, a man, with a good appetite, might eat his own father! It would be doing injustice to Le Sieur M. N. to limit his panegyric to saying of his monuments, that a man might desire one for his own father: this would be affirming but little; if I may speak from my own feelings, I would say, that no one who enters this warehouse can quit it without being seduced into desiring a monument for himself, nay, stipulating that it should be finished off hand, and sent home without delay.

When I came up to the party, I found the customers had but just commenced their bargain;—

'I want a tomb-stone,' said the elder of the two.

'For a man or woman, sir,' asked the master, with Lacedemonian brevity, and Parisian quickness.

'For a worthy gentleman who was rather advanced in life before he left it.'

'Have the goodness to step this way then; the *men above forty* are to the right. Bachelor, or husband sir?'

'Our late friend was a married man.'

'Vastly well: John, be ready to show the articles for the *married men above forty*.

'We wish a stone that shall express the virtues of the deceased: his children greatly regret his loss.'

'Ah! that's quite another thing; you ought to have mentioned at first that he was the father of a family: John, the gentlemen wish to see the *fathers of families above forty*—they're on the other side, you know, close to the *friends in need*.

The mourners proceeded with the attendant towards another wing of the extensive building, when I took advantage of the opportunity, thus afforded me, by addressing the master. First I complimented him on his powers of classification, which I considered as unsurpassed by those of Linnæus himself. 'Sir, I find, the arrangement convenient,' was the modest reply of the hewer of stone. 'Time and trouble are saved to all parties.

People by this means are always prepared for death, as one may say,—and I avoid getting into scrapes with the living. Formerly, sir, nothing could be more precarious or puzzling than the trade of a maker of monuments. It was as bad as portrait-painting: no satisfying the first demands of grief without exceeding the decisions of reflection. I have seen an epitaph in gold letters ordered with tears in the eyes; and, when the bill has been presented, the inheriting sorrower has insisted that they were commanded in black, as most suitable for mourning. Inscriptions to the memory of faithful wives and affectionate husbands have been given to me, where epithet has vied with epithet, and exclamation with exclamation, to "make a phrase of sorrow," and, sir, would you believe it, after the chisel had done its duty. I have had the charge disputed on the ground that the eulogium was extravagant and inapplicable! *Surely we could never have said so*, I have been doomed to hear, when the instructions have been entered, right to a letter, in my warehouse book of inconsolables. In short, sir, grief is prodigal; but reflection calculates. I thought it best, therefore, as customers increased, and we had the prospect of an epidemic, to prepare a stock of ready-made articles at ready-money prices; so that a gentleman might, if he pleased, be waited upon with his monument some days before his death, or, at all events, his heirs be fixed at once, and no opportunity be left for after-repenting?

I could not help expressing my admiration of a plan founded on such an exquisite knowledge of human nature, and apparently executed with an ability and industry worthy of the excellence of the original idea. At the same time, I expressed some doubt whether the variety of the demand could be fully met by anticipation, and inquired whether they were not, after all, often obliged to make to order?

'Seldom, sir, seldom: not but that we are exposed to caprice and eccentricity sometimes. So great, however, is the extent and assortment of our stock, that one piece or other in it seldom fails to give satisfaction. The only persons, we may say, whom we have found at all troublesome, are the heirs of insolvents and foreigners. It is true, we have taken the precaution to engrave virtues suited to all the professions and classes of society; we have them too at all prices, and of every material, from marble to plaster. *Good husbands* may be had here from a guinea upwards, and *friends to the poor* at a still lower rate. *Faithful wives*, being a large department, go with us very cheap.

Our poetry is paid for by the line, but notes of admiration are charged separately. If you will take the trouble to walk round with me, I shall be happy to show you our *philanthropist* in marble, and *widows in free-stone*. We have also a handsome assortment of *politicians* in wood. Of *philosophers*, it must be confessed, that we are at present rather out; for the lead has been

used lately for bullets: but you will see several *physicians* in the block, and a number of *men of letters* complete, except the heads.'

I readily availed myself of this invitation; and, as we proceeded, my interesting conductor left me nothing to desire in the way of explanation, while I was lost in astonishment at the infinite sagacity which directed this great establishment.

'I observe,' said I, 'that all the tablets in this division are particularly profuse of moral qualities and religious impressions. They are designed for the clergy, I suppose.'

'No, sir, for the actors and actresses: these are the only people we now have, that set much store by a character for morality and religion: they demand, however, a great deal in this way, and we are almost obliged to be too full for a handsome distribution of the lines, in order to satisfy their ambition to be exemplary.'

'I have lost,' continued he, 'much good material and capital workmanship, by the political changes. *Legions of honour* are now a drug; and *senators* useless. Many a magnificent slab, connected with the imperial *regime*, I have been obliged to sell at the price of granite, for building the foundations of statues to the Bourbons; and the same police-officer, that has commanded their preparation, has brought me the order for their destruction. What vexes me most, however, is, that we are obliged to bear the damage when the selfishness of individuals speculates on gain. How many family monuments, executed to order, have been left on our hands, because relations have suddenly found it inconvenient to claim the titles and achievements which they had given in with pride! How many alterations have we been obliged to make at our own expense, to save the article from being rejected altogether! Such of the bishops as have been provident enough to order memorials of their virtue and piety before-hand, have given us a great deal of trouble in this way: Napoleon's chaplain has expected us to convert him, for nothing, into the almoner of Louis XVIII, and the preceptor to the King of Rome would have us metamorphose him, on the same terms, into confessor to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri. As to the *sentiments*, they give us much less trouble than the titles: loyalty and devotion stand as before, it is only necessary to substitute the word *loyal* for *imperial*, and this, you know, is with us the affair of a moment. Courage and fidelity are still apropos; we must only be careful to interpolate the Bourbons in some principle part of the inscription. efface the eagle and engrave a lily or two in their places. All this people expect us to perform as a matter of course; but—'

Le Sieur M. N. was interrupted in his complaint by suddenly meeting with his two customers, who were in fact seeking him. They had seen a monument of which they much approved: and the head of the esta-

blishment, when their choice was pointed out to him, complimented them very much on their good taste. 'They could not have selected anything,' he said, 'of a prettier melancholy, or of a purer marble: the price was only five hundred francs, and as there was at present no inscription on it, they might have anything they pleased engraved, for which, however affectionate, he would charge moderately by the letter. The gentlemen seemed startled by the price: they, however, proposed an inscription, and inquired how much 'the best of parents—tenderest of husbands,' would come to? M. N. made his calculation: on hearing its amount they seemed more appalled than before, and one of them instantly said—'Suppose then, we were to leave *the best of parents* out of our lamented friend's monument? It would come cheaper then: and, in truth, perhaps the less we say of his conduct as a father, the better; 'I was just thinking,' replied the other, 'that propriety as well as economy seemed to require us to drop the allusion to his conjugal life: it was not in the domestic circle that our departed relative (and here the speaker's voice faltered) displayed most brilliantly the many virtues and amiable qualities by which his character was unquestionably adorned.'

The result of the discussion I did not wait to hear: finding that the dealer in memorials was likely to be occupied for some time with these sincere mourners, I made an appointment with him for another day; and, when I saw him again, I learned, on enquiry, that the two gentlemen had gone away without ordering any monument at all.

NOVEL READING.

A good novel is a very great treat, and ranks high among the productions of human wit, nor does the primary and direct effect of it appear to us to be necessarily dangerous to the morals of any reader; but the tendency of the indiscriminate reading of novels, or even of the frequent reading of good ones, must be to encourage in all minds, and especially in the tender minds of young women, the baneful habit of imaginary indulgence; and such suffer years to slide away in a dreamy state of half-animation as to all the useful purposes of their station. It is this which makes novels more dangerous to females, than to our own sex; almost every man has of necessity that collision with mankind, that disturbance and interference of real business, and worldly interests, which may serve to rouse him perforce from his dream, and disenchant him from the web of romance, in which he has entangled himself; but a young woman, living at home, with no property to manage, no interest to cultivate, no family to provide for, no contentions at the bar, or in the senate, no bargains on the Change, no intrigues in the country; nothing, in short, that she cannot in some measure transform and accommodate to her own ideal world, lives as it were

spell-bound, a stranger to her real duties, wasting her energies and her sympathies on imaginary sufferings, and unattainable and undesirable combination of qualities; her first suitor she conjures into a repulsive and detestable wretch, to whom she is to be sacrificed for money, or she arrays him with all the splendours and glories of the favoured knights of romance. In either case, she stores up much unhappiness for herself, and her family; she rejects a worthy and an honest heart, or she wakes a married woman to 'butcher's bills and brewing,' to plaguy servants, to imagined neglects; in short, to the ups and downs, the clouds and sunshine, of a married life, which, for our lasting good, are so diversified, and from which solid happiness may be extracted by a well-regulated spirit with reasonable expectations; but which is so unlike the paradise of a girl's imagination, that the hour, who comes therefrom, is a creature unfit to breathe, and hardly able to live in the cloudy atmosphere. What too is more important, and more to be deplored, is, that she comes to her new situation, ignorant of its duties, and but coldly disposed to the performance of them; they are too humble and unostentatious, and they require too inglorious and unseen sacrifices for her to take delight in them. Real life is, as it were, a cheat and a fraud upon her; the lesson of disappointment may be too hard for a mind enfeebled as her's, and there is a danger that she should, instead of unravelling the dreams of her youth, and submitting cheerfully to the change, coldly wrap herself up in herself, become soured in her temper, and retire from all her social duties and affections to the seducing drams that load the shelves of her closet.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

The most important thing at setting out in life is to make a just estimate of our own worth and talents. If we suffer vanity and self-conceit to overrate our estimate, we render ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of others; and if want of due ambition make us underrate ourselves, we lessen in proportion our real value, for few people will rate us above our own estimate. By a due estimate of your own value in your intercourse with mankind, you will equally avoid meanly cringing to those you suppose above you, and domineering over those below you, each of which equally speaks a little or uncultivated mind.

A certain degree of respect is due to persons of peculiar merit, or who fill elevated stations, but civility is due to every one in life, whose base conduct has not forfeited it. An easy, kind, and pleasing address, without sacrifice of dignity, is among the most valuable acquirements, and is within the reach of every person. It is a kind of current coin, that will pass universally even among savages, and will gain you friends with those who cannot understand your language.

Remember that time and exertions are the only true source from which to gain property, therefore never sacrifice the one, nor neglect the other.

In all your business transactions, the reputation of prudence and perfect honesty will give what control you need of every man's purse; and the easiest way to obtain that reputation is to deserve it.

You have doubtless had, and will still have many offers of *friendship*; but never suffer yourself to consider any person your friend but whose character will make his friendship valuable. Never displease your friend by any apparent want of confidence; but never let it be in his power to injure you, should he prove perfidious.

In forming your plans of business, listen with attention to the advice of others, especially those of experience, and weigh every circumstance deliberately in forming your opinions, always reserving to yourself the right of being governed by *your own* opinion, whatever it may be; and when you have settled upon your plan, pursue it in spite of every thing, but impossibility, or the discovery that it is morally wrong.

Should you meet, as you doubtless will, with disasters in the pursuits of life, never suffer your mind to be depressed, nor give way to a moment's despondency.—Cheerfulness and courage are as necessary to the mind as food is to the body; and remember, under all circumstances, that to despair forms no part of the duty you owe to yourself and to the world.

LORD ERSKINE was distinguished through life, for independence of principle, for his integrity, and for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said—"It was the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

The wisest plan of economy, with respect to our pleasures, is not merely compatible with a strict observance of the rules of morality, but is, in a great measure comprehended in these rules; and therefore the happiness, as well as the perfection of our nature, consists of doing our duty with as little solicitude about the event, as is consistent with the weakness of humanity.

He whose ruling principle of action is a sense of duty, conducts himself in the business of life with boldness, consistency, and dignity, and finds himself rewarded by that happiness, which so often eludes the pursuit of those who exert every faculty of the mind in order to attain it.

The man who aims exclusively at his own welfare will be sure to miss his object; as beauty cannot see itself except by reflection, so happiness is to be caught only by rebound.

LUCID INTERVAL OF A MAD PRISONER.

MAD! exclaims the reader. Oh no, surely not! Will you tell me, that when the worst and dreariest calamity that in grief can visit virtue, or, in retribution, sin—has fallen upon a fellow being; when the bosom is fevered, and the heart burns, and a storm is howling in the caverns of the brain, deserted as they are by reason, and shut out from light;—when love's blessed spirit is lost in frenzy, and memory makes way for despair;—when all man's intellects lay prostrate, and all his affections are banished, all his hopes undone; can the law, holding a tyrant power over one who acknowledges no dictates, and is irresponsible as a child, follow up an awful divine visitation, with the hollow mockery of human vengeance, and take the madman from his fit asylum, to close upon him the portals of a jail!

What the law *can do* it is no part of our vocation to establish; but what it *has done* we are free to tell, and we answer the question which we imagined for our reader, with the assertion, that it has many times committed the insane to prison for the crime of debt.

* * * *

A few days since it was my lot to read the funeral service over the body of Frederic Storr. He was buried in some ground attached to a small chapel in the rules of the King's Bench, within which he had resided twelve years. A few hired mourners saw him committed to the tomb, and one woman, who wept very bitterly, but who I afterwards ascertained was not connected with him by any positive tie of kindred. He had travelled friendless from the living grave of his prison to the darker, but scarce drearier dwelling below the earth! I had known him for some years previous to his death—he was mad, save at occasional lucid intervals; when memory seemed to return with sense, and he could converse with presence and rationality of mind. Strangely too, at those moments he could recall and talk of the tormenting visions of his insanity and none was then more aware that he had been mad. He could go back too, to the early events of his life, and often narrate the incidents that had brought him into jail.

I happened one morning in my ramble round the rules of the prison, to meet Storr coming through the little gate before his dwelling, and by his salutation I perceived that he had an interval of sense—one of those beautiful episodes of light and reason that for a time restore order in the brain. I spent the whole of that day with him, endeavouring to amuse his mind, while it retained its empire, with rapid and changeful conversation, for of itself it seemed to revert, through the power of memory, to the stormy 'Past,' of Storr's unhappy life. Towards evening, Storr's uneasiness upon this point increased, and at last I was obliged to allow him to unburthen himself of the history, which he was fond of narrating, of what had fallen out in the dark page of his destiny. The story is here presented to the reader as from the lips of its melancholy hero!

* * * *

My Mother died when I was sixteen. I shall never—no, not even in madness, forget my mother's death. I was with her to the last. I alone—for my father was away then—and she kissed *me* with her last kiss, and smiled upon me with her last sweet smile, and blessed me with her farewell words. I remember I had been a wild boy; I had given her many moments of pain and heart-ache, and she often feared that my irrepressible levity and impetuous folly would in the end be my ruin. A fear of this sort seemed to pervade her spirit before, on holy wings, it took its far flight to God; for just before she died, she said, with her mild quiet voice and look, 'Dearest Fred—do—do be steady when I am gone;' and I promised it fervently. 'I will, mother, I will indeed!' See, see, how memory makes me weep!

My father came home. He grieved a little, but his sorrow was shallow and unenduring; and it soon fled after my mother was carried to her grave. I know not even if it lasted out the mourning suit. But if my father soon forgot the dead, he did not neglect the living: he saw me keeping the promise I made to my dying mother—'to be steady after she was gone.' I had exchanged the saloons and theatres for study, and given up dissipation for my books. He began at once to interest himself in my pursuits, and set himself, well competent to the task, to complete my education. The channel into which he turned it, blasted the better feelings, and blighted the flowers of my heart, and made me what you see me now. I had become steady with a good motive: alas! he taught me how to remain so with a bad purpose.

My father was a sordid man; but his selfishness denied to him the power of enduring those privations by which he could have sown in early life, the seeds of a fortune that might have swelled into the Leviathan wealth of a Daring or a Rothschild, and he now sought to revive the lost opportunity in his son. He went cunningly to work, and filled my mind with a cursed learning; he awoke in me a bad ambition by teaching me the knowledge of the power of gold. Poverty he made me fear, and wealth worship. He alchemised my affections and turned the current of my heart. The love of man changed into the love of Mammon; all bright dreams vanished, only those which money seemed to gild. The charms, the glorious beauties of external nature, lost all loveliness in my sight, and became as nothing before the glittering attractions of a bank, or a vision of the interior of an Iron chest. To accumulate became a passion with me, and the spirit of usury an idol in my heart. So my father was gratified, and he rejoiced to see me a miser and a Mammon-lover, at the age of twenty-one.

Before he died, I had made a profession of that which he had taught me to adore. He saw me engaged in partnership with a Bill-broker, equally famous for his extortionate discounts, and his impenetrability of heart; and when I stood before my father's bed side in the hour of death, he left me and the world, saying—'Fred:

my boy, God bless you, I am going now, but I'm glad to leave you in the way of making your fortune.'

The first sacrifice I made at the altar of money was by a marriage, for *its* love alone, to a thoughtless and senseless girl, who had no other positive attractions than a pretty face and a heavy purse, the first of which was generally confronted with a mirror, while of the latter I took especial care myself. The fortune procured me some pleasure; but the only moment of real happiness I ever enjoyed with my wife was, when, at the end of the first year of our union, I made the discovery that she was not likely to encumber me with the expense of children.

I devoted myself to my business, which I told you was that of bill-broker, with intense diligence; but oh! I look back upon it with more intense disgust. All the elements of the earthquake, that has since shattered my heart and overturned my brain, were moulded in its cursed crucible, in which I sought my gold. Upon the sea of life it foundered me, and I am now tossed there a wretched wreck. By the God of Heaven it was a fearful trade. Tell me not of the soldier on the plains, nor the doctor at the bed of suffering, of torture, or of death: the scenes of the battle and the plague are a feather in the balance of misery, when weighed against those which I have seen and *caused*—yes, I, the relentless agent of other's sorrows, bartered for usury and begot in guilt.

We had connected ourselves in a short time with a host of attorneys, Jews, bailiffs, money-lenders, and all the offscums of our trade. Does a man fall from his horse, he goes to the surgeon to have blood let,—*and* so did we—leeches in another sense—bleed the hundreds, who having fallen in circumstances came to us for temporary relief. The tide seemed at first to flow from their *purses*, but often did it eventually prove to be the blood of the *hearts!* *All our connexions had to live.* This was the great secret of the misery which we caused. It was our business to discount bills with enormous usury, under a certainty that they would not be paid when due, although we were sure of it soon after,—*but we never waited.* The bits of paper were passed over to the lawyers with whom we were linked, and each took his turn, with a dishonored bill, to arrest the unfortunates, who had their names attached, either as drawers, acceptors, or in the way of indorsement; for to increase cost we invariably issued writs against them all. Then the Jew bailiffs were brought into play, and they made money either by arresting the parties, or by taking fees not to arrest. Thus it was an organized system of plunder, of which we were the polluted source. The tide of accommodation rolled onward from our house, but its streams were pregnant with poison, and brought heart-burnings to all who drank. As our connection increased, we held in every prison in London, victims whom we had arrested, and not a few in the jails of county towns; and yet not one in-

stance can I recollect that the persons whom we kept in durance deserved imprisonment, for they would have paid us if we had not sent them thither, and we were the swindlers, upon system, by whom they had been decoyed, in a moment of need, into the debis which we now sought to punish them for owing. Injustice, custom, and the desire of wealth, had effectually closed the avenues of sympathy in our hearts, and our feelings were petrified, or we could not have lived under the ordeals of touching narrative, tear-waking eloquence, and affecting appeal, which we had daily to undergo. God!—in that brief period what a life was mine. Day after day did I enter my counting-house to find on my desk letters that should have warmed an icicle to pity, and melted an avalanche into a torrent of benevolence and human mercy for my kind! Here was a tale from a lone woman, that her house was desolated by *my* execution, that her husband was in prison at *my* suit. There lay a letter from a young victim just taken to a spunging-house, the first step on his extravagant path to jail, where, by *our* means, his heart was to be hardened, and his morals made corrupt. Now I read the statement of a father, that his wife must die, his business be neglected, his children starve, if I kept him within stone walls. Personal intercessions, too, poured in upon me. A mother from the Bench, a wife from the Fleet, a daughter from Whitecross street, a sister from the Marshalsea or Horsemonger lane, would come before me in quick succession, sometimes mocking their own hearts, by assuming the smile by which they hoped to charm; but oftener with tears, entreaties, and deluding hopes, soliciting the liberty of those they loved. Strange that I could be so coldly callous as to have left them unrelieved, bowed down by their oppression, for a purpose—in which humanity was forgotten for gold—so worldly as an enquiry into the validity of a new bill! Since then I have wept burning tears for every shilling that I gained by usury, and raved out curses upon my own head, in madness for every prayer of affection that my brutality refused to grant.

'Soon, soon, soon followed retribution; it rushed upon me fiercely like a Niagarean torrent; it gave no warning, it brought no compassion, it left no hope;—it burned my heart, stone as it was, to a cinder; ravenously as a vulture it fed upon my spirit, and set a deal of darkness upon my brain. The curse of the ruined, embodied in the form of fiends, danced around me in my vision; they put my soul in fury, they encircled me with torments in fever, and from my dreams their howling woke me raving mad! Mad I have been!—mad I must be!—mad I am!'

'No, no, no!' said I fearful of a relapse, from the rising energy of the maniac, and at once I sought to change the theme of talk; but he was not to be diverted.

'No,' said he as he resumed, with a manner calmed by my effort to distract him from his story; 'no, I have told you so far, and while I can I will tell you all. We

went on with our damnable game of usury, and as we made money we increased our speculations to a large extent. At last we had out an immense number of bills indorsed with our own names, of which however we were pretty confident as to the respectability of most of the acceptors. About the time they became due, I had occasion to leave town for a week. During my absence the day of payment came, and nearly all the acceptors disappointed us with excuses. In this dilemma my partner gave immediate orders for the working of all the engines of the law, and in the interval drew in all our capital, pulled upon all our resources, and borrowed every where that we had credit to enable him to gather in these heavy outstanding responsibilities. When he had succeeded, and was prepared to meet the bills—startled at the enormous amount of money, which he had collected in his hands—a new idea seized him: judge of its brilliancy and whether it was profitable or not, when I tell you that with my return was developed the discovery that my money (I give it precedence for having loved it best) and my wife were gone off together with my partner, who had left me all the heavy bills to take up as I could. I was totally ruined, and never did a man more deserve to be so.

On the day of my arrival I was arrested by one of the very lawyers who had lived by our firm (how many of us have cherished the serpent by which we have been stung) taken by a bailiff, who I had a hundred times employed to take others, to a sponging house, and thence by *habeas* to jail.

From that time I became a haunted man—haunted by the living not the dead. Shadows would not have scared me, but realities were appalling. I was tossed from prison to prison, just as my difficulties withdrew from me or gathered around me, and like the wandering Hebrew, I had no resting-place away from the misery which I had made. Now it was that my own scarlet crimes first flashed upon me with their conscience-goad and accumulated horrors. Was I in the Fleet prison? There I encountered men whom I had thrust before me into the den; their tale of ruin was told to me in mockery of my own; I saw the gentleman who had once called on me in 'fine attire,' pinched with penury and robed in rags. I learned that the wife who had once reached my house, but not my heart, with her appeal for mercy, was dead; the children whom she had brought with her to rouse pity with their tears, were now crying within my hearing, not for their father's liberty, that had been long hopeless, but for bread. Do I leave the Fleet, and (again arrested) find myself a prisoner in Whitecross-street?—the young profligate who is blaspheming by my side was accounted virtuous until plunged into a sphere of dissolute companionship by me; and yonder drunkard, reeling on with his pot of ale, was both a sober and an honest man till I impaled him in a prison, where sobriety was scoffed at,

and honesty despised. I was the perpetual inmate of jails, and there I was perpetually tormented with the presence of my victims. To whatever cell I might retire the cries of the orphan rang in my ears; the tears of the widow fell upon my heart. Conscience carried me over houses that I had desolated, and fancy led me to graves that I had filled. This—this the triumph of remorse was cruel; but when I turned from the dread convictions of my own thoughts, and went again among my fellow prisoners, it was agony, to endure the presence of those whom I had wronged.

'At last, after a term of suffering in the other prisons I got removed to the King's Bench, and there I hoped I had no victims—I was wrong; yet all the first day I saw no one whom I knew, and then

'The strong delusion gained me more and more,' but the events of night dispelled it.

'About eleven o'clock, the hour fixed by law for the retirement of the prisoners, an alarm of serious illness was raised, and an expression of general indignation pervaded the debtors as to the cause. A woman, they said, was dying of want in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the poor side of the prison, and a number of persons had gathered round the door of the apartment in which the sufferer lay, I followed, mechanically with the rest, and saw what they saw. Little could they feel what I felt.

'The crowd, as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, dispersed in groups to talk over the poor woman's fate. But I—I could not leave—an impulse which I could not resist, a chain which I could not sever, bound me to the cold stone on which I stood; I could not pass from the door of that room, although I yet only knew that a poor woman had laid down to die, and I had seen nothing but a curtainless bed and a barren chamber, as they had been dimly revealed by the light of a small lamp to all who had gathered without. But after all had gone my heart remained a beating listener to the voice that made itself heard in its most secret cells—a whisper of destiny that mysteriously connected my fate with hers, here the miserable tenant of the desolate room; a spell of mingled terror and excitement was upon me and around me, and I felt that I must go within to see her die.

In another moment the doctor of the prison entered, and I stole after him into the room. There was a deep shadow of the vaulted roof in one corner, and in its darkness I stood to listen and to gaze. The physician had intended to order the patient's removal to the prison infirmary, but he saw that it was too late. On her low bedstead she lay dreaming away her spirit, in her last earthly sleep; the next would be the sleep of death. A woman, who from pity had sat up with her, would have awakened her to the doctor's presence, but he would not have it. 'Let her be,' said he, 'it will soon be over.

'By her lay her young children, one on either side awake, watchful, silent, their eyes filled with tears, and

fixed upon the poor parent who was soon to leave them alone in the world. As she turned her face to the wall we could not see her, but in her dreams she murmured of her want and woe. My heart beat so loudly as almost to make an echo; it startled all within. The doctor turned towards me, and would have spoken, but again the dreamer murmured, and I heard *my own name upon her lips*. Gently she spoke it, and in sleep, but to me it was as God's announcement of eternity in rolling thunder. I felt it as the unravelment of fate; the right hand of retribution was stretched out to seize me—my hour of punishment was come. I tottered towards the bed to satisfy my sight (at that moment I would have given my life that my ears had played me false); the woman, as if destiny had determined she should confront me in death, turned towards me, her features flashed upon my eyes and blinded them, a mist was before me, I stood as a man in a dark fog—one gasp, one cold shiver, and the rest was chaos.

'I saw no more of the patient. Soon after I had been carried insensible from her chamber she died, died of grief and starvation—ANOTHER OF MY VICTIMS.

'She had been left a widow with her two fatherless boys, and out of kindness for her husband's memory she had put her name to a bill after his death to accommodate one of his former friends. Upon that bill two years before, I had arrested and thrown her into prison; there she lived friendless and penniless. Often had she sent her eldest boy to appeal to me, with the touching eloquence of childhood, for his mother's liberty; but no, I had no deity but gold; and mercy had no resting-place in my heart. I let her starve—I let her die! Oh, God! *Hers* was the final triumph.

'Never till I saw her face in her dying hour, did I know that she was the same fair and kind creature whom as a boy I had wooed and loved before my mother's death; whom as a monster I had deserted after my father had changed my worship and altered my faith, and despoiled my heart of purity of early passion, to place there Mammon's altar and Moloch's priest.

'I awoke with the brain fever which overtook me, a wild raving madman, but not so mad as to forget that I was a murderer too. The vision of that woman and her children was ever before my heart and eyes, and not less was I haunted by my other victims. Aloud I counted over the courses of those whom I had wronged and ruined. I shrieked forth imprecations upon my own head for hearts that I had blighted and homes that I had despoiled. The wife, the widow and the orphan, the husband, the father and the friend were revenged upon me with the terrible vengeance of my own voice. They bound my limbs and chained my body, but they could not prevent me from cursing myself, from crying aloud in the hell-pains of my spirit, from raving with the agony of my remorse. And now who dares say that I am not a murderer when the fiends of darkness are pointing at me, and my victims are besetting me with their cries? Look, look, look!—yonder where the sun has cleared away the cloudy mist; there they come to

torment me; see how the children weep; hark how the mothers wail in the storm. There is a hand pointing at me through the tempest, and look, my name is written in tears and blood upon the sky!"

* * * *

I could not now stay the wild ravings of the maniac, for with the conclusion of his story, and the memories which it had called up, his lucid interval had ceased.

A Clergyman.

VILLAGE CHORISTERS.

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage, two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules and asses in the world put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector resides and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with weakness. The practical principle of his demeanour has always been—any thing for a quiet life. He would not speak a harsh word, or think an unkind thought to or of any human being; but he is now and then tempted to think that when the Apostle Paul recommended the Christians to live peaceably with all men, he put in the saving clause 'if possible,' with particular reference to village choristers. Snatcham choir is said to be the best in that county; such, at least is the opinion of the choristers themselves; and he must be a bold man who should say to the contrary. They are no doubt very sincere when they say that they never heard any better than themselves; for, to judge from their singing, one would not imagine that they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham church does not boast an organ, and it is well it does not, for if it did the whole choir would insist upon playing on it all at once; but instead of an organ it has a band of music, which has been gradually increasing for some years past. It commenced, about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-pipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. It was soon found, however, that the dulcet notes of a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of sounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir, so a second flute was added by way of reinforcement; but all the flutes in the world would be no match for the double bass voice of Martin Grubb the Snatch-

am butcher, under whose burly weight and hurly-burly notes the whole music-gallery trembled and shook. To give pungency to the instrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalists felt it a point of honor to outscreeam the instruments, and the miscellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller's son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter, just as it happened, was put into requisition for extra duty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could sing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more you heard that kind of a noise that it produced by singing through a comb. It used to be said of him that he sang as if he had studied music, in a mill during a high wind. To the two flutes and the hautboy were added two clarionets, because two of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, and had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the son of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical talents, and accompanied his father at home on the violoncello which instrument, with the leave of the rector, was added to the church band in a very short time,—a time too short, I believe, for the perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his leave to any thing, especially to what the singers asked; they might have had leave to introduce a waggon and eight horses if they had asked; but still the rector did not like it, and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his parishioners, he trembled lest the young one should have a turn for music, and introduce into the gallery some new musical abomination. It was next discovered that only one bass to so many treble instruments was not fair play, so to the violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the bassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more at present; but if the movement party retains its ascendancy, triangles and kettle drums may be expected. The present state of Snatcham choir is as follows. In the first place there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick brownish gray hair combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin and a short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is the leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, a shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Isaachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pipe, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the haut-

boy; Gregory Plush the Tailor, who plays the serpent together with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

The renowned choir has for a long time considered itself the *ne plus ultra* of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the performance of any music that was ever composed. The old fashioned psalm tunes are therefore all banished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tunes of 'lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,' and such-like Vauxhall and Saddler's Wells music. The members of the choir too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within unless they war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges they stick together like a swarm of bees; but at other times they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a precarious sceptre, for James Gripe is mightily tenacious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those tunes which superabound with bass solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes; and their alternate choice puts one very much in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long necked bottle, too narrow to admit the Fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and in treble solos, leaving the butcher as mute as a fish; but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in bass solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delighted consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away at his violoncello as though he would cut it in half from very ecstasy. Cornelius Pipe and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers one and all think so, that Snatcham Church and Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms were all made to show forth the marvellous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there come merely for the music, and that the prayers and the sermon have no other use or object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over

and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise. So little attention do the Snatcham choristers pay to any other part of the service than that in which themselves are concerned. That during the whole course of the prayers, and in all the sermon time, they are whispering to one another, and conning over their music books, sometimes almost audibly buzzing out some musical passage, which seems to require elucidation peradventure to some novice; and Master Grubb the younger is so delighted with his violoncello, that he keeps hugging the musical monster with as much fondness and grace as a bear hugs its cubs, and every now and then, in pleasing anticipation of some coming beauties, or in rapturous recollection of some by-gone graces, he tickles the sonorous strings with his clumsy fingers, bringing forth whispers of musical cadences loud enough to wake the drowsy and to disturb the attentive part of the congregation. And then the good rector casts up to the musical gallery a look, not of reproof, but of expostulation, and thereupon Master Grubb slips his hands down by his sides, and turns his eyes up to the ceiling, as if wondering where the sound could possibly come from.

The supplicatory looks of the musical baited clergyman are on these occasions quite touching and most mutely eloquent: they seem to say—'Pray spare me a little: suffer me to address my flock. I do not interrupt your music with my preaching; why should you interrupt my preaching with your music? My sermons are not very long, why will you not hear them out? I encroach not on your province, why will you encroach on mine? Let me, I pray you, finish my days on earth as pastor of this flock, and do not altogether fiddle me out of the church.' But the hearts of the 'village musicians' are as hard as the nether millstone; they have no more bowels than a bassoon, no more brains than a kettle drum.

Another grievance is, that these Snatcham choristers have a most intense and villainous provincialism of utterance: it is bad enough in speaking, but in singing they make it ten times worse; for they dilate, expand, and exaggerate their cacophony till it becomes almost ludicrous to those who are not accustomed to it. The more excited they are, whether it be by joy or anger, the more loudly they sing, the more broadly they blare out their provincial intonations; and it is very seldom indeed they ascend their gallery without some stimulus or other of this nature. If they be all united together in the bonds of amity and good will; if Master Grubb have suspended his jealousy of Gripe, and if Gripe no longer look with envy and hatred upon Grubb; if some new tune be in preparation wherewith to enrapture the parishioners; if there be in the arrangement tenors and trebles enough to satisfy the ambition of Gripe, and bass enough to develop the marvellous powers of Grubb,—there is a glorious outpouring of sound and vociferation, which none but the well-discip-

lined ears of the Snatcham parishioners can possibly bear. The walls of Snatcham church must be much stronger than those of Jericho, or they would have been roared to rubbish ere this. But if the agreement of the choir be the parent of noise, their disagreement is productive of much more. More than once the Grubb and the Gripe factions have carried their animosity so far as to start two different tunes at the same time. And what can be done in such a case? Who is in the wrong? If the Grubb faction were to yield, they would betray a consciousness that they had not acted rightly in their selection of a tune; and if the Gripe faction were to withdraw from the contest, or to chime in with the Grubbs, they would seem to show the white feather: so they battle it out with all their might and main, and each party must sing and play as loud as possible, in order to drown the noise of the other. After church time the Grubbs threw all the blame on the Gripes, and the Gripes retort the blame on the Grubbs, and a man need have the wisdom of a dozen Solomons to judge between them. So excited with passion, and puffing, and singing and playing, have the parties sometimes been after a *flare-up* of this kind, that they have looked as tired as two teams of horses just unharnessed from two opposition stage coaches; nay, the very instruments themselves have appeared exhausted, and an active imagination might easily believe that the old big burly bassoon, standing in a lounging attitude in one corner of the gallery, was panting for want of breath. Such exploits as these, however, do not frequently occur, and it is well they do not; when they do, a reconciliation generally takes place soon after, and an apology is made to the good pastor, more, perhaps from compassion to his infirmities than out of respect to his office or his years; and his mild reply is generally to the following effect—'Ah! well my good friends, I think another time you will find it more easy to sing all one tune: I marvel much that ye don't put one another out by this diversity of singing.'

There is also another mode in which the parties manifest their discrepancy of opinion, or discordancy of feeling, and that is by the silence of half the choir. Now one would think that such an event would be a joy and a relief to the good man, who loves quiet; and so it is physically, but not morally: for though his ears relieved from one half of the ordinary musical infliction, yet he is mentally conscious that evil thoughts are cherished in the breasts of the silent ones, that they who sing are not praising God in their songs, and that they who sing not are not praising him by their silence.

—“Captain Parry invited me to an Esquimaux concert, in which five ladies, and a gentleman performed. Their tunes were monotonous, but sung in good time; all the women had remarkably sweet voices. In return for the songs the officers treated the natives with some instrumental music. The wife of Okotook appeared to have a very accurate ear, and seemed much distressed at being unable to sing in time to a large organ.”

Lyon's Arctic Voyage.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

ON THE PATHETIC.

Laughter, whether long and loud, such as we see convulsing the ribs of a country squire when relating one of the achievements of his youth, or short and low like the giggle of a young maiden who does not know what else to do—laughter of all sorts and kinds, except perhaps the hysterical, “betrays the vacant mind.” But we go even farther than the poet, and boldly advance our belief that laughter is not only a proof of man’s intellectual emptiness, but of his depravity. People of a serious turn rarely proceed beyond a smile, and that more in sorrow than in gladness. How absurd to hear a bishop in the ecstasies of a guffaw! With what a just estimate of the iniquity of laughter has the seriousness of a judge past into a proverb! The hyena also is said to laugh, and the hyena is an animal of the most unchristian disposition. We might fairly enough argue from this that he who resembles the hyena in the attribute of laughter would also bite like a hyena—like a hyena would despise the commandments, and like a hyena would seldom go to church. But we waive the inference, though justified by many similar arguments we have lately seen.

It is our object on the present occasion to show the infamous and contemptible nature of liveliness in all its branches. In conversation we can pass over without much reprobation the attempts we see so pertinaciously made to set the table in a roar, for we uniformly perceive that a languid melancholy succeeds all their efforts, and that vivacity long continued produces a deliciously sombre feeling which is nearly akin to despair. In laughter such as this, the heart is sorrowful, and the soul is justly punished for the hypocritical hilariousness of the countenance. If these, then, are our sentiments about persons who assume to themselves the reputation of lively talkers, with what unmitigable contempt and hatred must we view the conduct of any human beings—if indeed the creatures are really human—who seriously meditate jocularity in print, who set forth their facetiousness in types, and affect to be witty, quaint, humorous, or jocose with pen and ink!—The thing is almost too horrible for belief; and yet we are forced to confess that the state of affairs is such as we have described it—that many Numbers of this very Magazine contain stories which almost force one to laugh whether or no—and that there seems a growing disrelish for those delicious tales of sentiment and sorrow which were the sweetest and purest delight of our younger days. But perhaps we blame the authors of our own time unjustly. It is not every one who can weep over a dead ass, though it seems easy for any one to laugh over a living one. The science of the Pathetic has never hitherto been studied as it ought. Its rules have never been defined. Aristotle, a person who lived before periodical literature had reached its present palmy state, and, therefore, had very few advantages for forming his taste or judgment, laid down certain rules touching the poetic—so also did a Roman gentleman of the name of Florace; but the inferiority of their labors is proved from the neglect into which their canons have fallen. Roscommon devoted his attention to the subject of Translation,

and Pope gave directions on the art of Criticism, but we are unacquainted with any treatise on the art and mystery of the Pathetic. For many hundred years our authors have gone on ignorant of the means by which the greatest triumphs of the tragic art have been achieved, trusting to accident for the calling forth of involuntary sighs, and unconscious of a power of creating sadness, which, we flatter ourselves, will no longer be denied to writers of the very humblest capacity.—After the perusal of this disquisition we will venture to say, that any one of his Majesty’s faithful subjects may “ope” whenever he pleases “the sacred source of sympathetic tears.” None after this will have to accuse the literature of England of being frivolous or amusing. Sighs and groans will resound from one end of the island to the other; and novels in three volumes, and romances in five, and even auto-biographies in one, will be the most tear-moving tragedies imaginable. After the intense study of many years we have reduced the whole science of the pathetic into certain rules, by a rigid adherence to which we will guarantee that any gentleman of moderate abilities will be enabled after six lessons—payment to be made in advance—to draw tears from the heart of a stone!

Pathos is distinguished from Bathos by the difference of its initial consonant. Its object is to excite grief, sympathy, compassion, tenderness, or regret. Another of its objects is to present the author before the eye of his reader as a man of the most tender and susceptible feelings, a creature of the most delicate sentiments, and, above all things, melancholy and gentlemanlike.

Our first rule therefore is—that the author shall, as a preliminary step (either in the preface or in the very first chapter,) give the public a sort of insight into his own character and appearance. It adds greatly to the pleasure we derive from any work to have an idea of the author. A chivalrous or heroic lamentation, which would be pathetic from an author of twenty-five, six feet high, with dark flowing ringlets, would be ridiculous coming from a little, fusty old fellow of fifty-seven, with his natural red locks replaced by a light brown wig. Now, though nature is capricious in these matters, and sometimes lodges a mighty soul in a very contemptible looking body, that is no reason why the author himself should be restricted in his choice of appearance. In print—if not in reality—it is possible for all men to be Apollos: and in pathetic composition it is highly necessary that the author either should have been in his youth, or remain at present—pre-eminently handsome. The second rule, therefore, we would lay down is—be handsome. The hero, you will understand, is generally considered an adumbration of yourself, and you are aware that nobody cares a single halfpenny for an ugly hero. If St. Leon and Cyril Thornton had been a couple of squab, Dutch-built, flat nosed, wide-mouthed, common-looking individuals, who the deuce would be interested in the slightest degree by the pathos of their unseemly scars? There is no pathos, we say again, in the most appalling misery which can befall an ill-favoured “mixture of earth’s mould.”

As it has been agreed upon by all philosophers that man is an imitative animal, and, according to

the proverb, is more easily led by example than precept, our third rule is, "Be melancholy yourself." This is perhaps the most indispensable of all the accessories to the pathetic. If a fellow with a great round laughing face begins telling a tale of woe, the thing appears ridiculous at once. You might as well expect a book on cookery from the living skeleton. And here we have again an unspeakable advantage over Nature, inasmuch as we have it in our power to paint ourselves in as sombre colors as we like. There should be no want on the author's part of the drops of sympathetic emotion, and you may depend upon it, when readers see a man—and here it will be useful to describe yourself as a veteran of a hundred fights—when the reader, we say, sees a gallant officer continually crying, he will in time suspect that there must be astonishing pathos in the narrative, and in all probability will "weep with thee tear for tear.

These regulations, it will be seen, refer only to the author, and not to the subject or conduct of his composition. What has been said, however, of the personal requisites of the writer, applies with equal force, in some styles of the pathetic, to the hero of the story. There are certain classes of melancholy composition that require quite another species of hero—such as the simple—the humble—or the natural. In this style, the more gentle, unassuming and meek you make your hero, or, still better, your heroine, the greatest chance you have of success. This, however, is too dangerous a style to venture on, as you must trust to the workings of nature, and not to the dictates of art. With this, therefore, we shall have nothing to do just now, farther than to say, that *Sterne's Maria* and *Le Fevre*—*Margaret Lindsay*—*Paul* and *Virginia*—and similar works, do not come within our category of the pathetic, and seem as if they had been written in direct contradiction to our rules. One of the great criterions of the reality of grief is its not waiting for the fittest places for its display. True sorrow, we know, is irrepressible, and incapable of being hid. It is therefore proper to introduce the most distressing thoughts of incidents at all times and seasons. When your heroine goes to a christening, let her sigh over the miseries of life, and, in the gayest company you can imagine, let her go into a corner of the dimly lighted hall—where every now and then she hears the swell of joyous music from the dancing-room—and there let her look out of the window up to the starless sky and weep as much as she can. We have known this have a very powerful effect, and we can answer for it, that not one reader in ten will ever think of asking the cause of her melancholy. Their sympathies are awakened at once, and it seems a sort of unfeeling impertinence to make any enquiries as to the causes of a young lady's tears.

But there is another almost certain proof of the profundity of sorrow, and that is its extravagance. People in despair always scratch their faces, and pull handfuls of their hair up by the roots. This is a known fact, as may be seen by observing the actions of *Belvidera* the next time you see the character represented by a lady of stronger feelings than *Miss O'Neil*. Your hero must, therefore, be most strictly prohibited from showing the slightest regard to the probable. Both in incident and behaviour, the more

improbable you are the better. We see how little effect the most appalling miseries produce the moment they are authenticated. As long as we ourselves considered the history of the *Black-hole* of *Calcutta* a fiction, we used to weep over it with the highest satisfaction; but, when we discovered that it was an actual reality, we experienced a sort of revulsion of feeling on the subject, and lost all commiseration for the hundred or two who were stifled, squeezed, and trampled to death. This, we suspect is an almost universal feeling, as we can prove from the conduct of certain political philanthropists, who seem very probably to exhaust all their powers of sympathy upon cases of very problematical suffering at the antipodes, and have not hitherto, so far as we have heard, subscribed a shilling of their 'rints' to relieve the multitudes who are starving at their doors. It will, therefore, be advisable, in addition to the most exaggerated incidents, to place the scenes of them a good way off.

A slight recapitulation will be useful in impressing these rules and regulations on the reader's mind and we will afterwards illustrate them in a little tale which shall exemplify the leading points of our system.

There are two rules applicable almost equally to the author and the hero, viz. be handsome—and be melancholy.

The others, which apply more to the personages and incidents of the story, are—avoid simplicity and naturalness, if such a word is allowable. Be lugubrious in season and out of season. Be as extravagant as you can, both in the adventures you narrate, and the conduct of the actors—place your scene at a distance, use high-flown words, or, as it is called, indulge in fine writing; and his heart must indeed be hardened against the noblest feelings of our nature who does not tremble with sympathetic enthusiasm over the miseries and the agonies of suffering humanity. Who, for instance, will refuse his deepest sighs to the following, which we have called *The Fatal Tears*?

INTRODUCTION.

A life spent in the din of battle, where the ceaseless cannonade of flashing artillery reverberated from the mountainous recesses, to which freedom, patriotism and the *Guerilla* chieftains of the south of Spain retired for a season, like *Antæus*, to be reinvigorated by the very efforts which was made to strangle them like the *hydra*, on the hour of their birth, has left me worn in person, indeed, with the marks of military distinction on my brow and the breast of my surtout, but fresh and vigorous in mind, and tender in feeling, as when in the hours of my early boyhood, my young heart palpitated to the tale of suffering, and my bright eyes furnished a torrent of tears to every tale of woe. Yes I am thankful to heaven, which leaves me as ready to weep as ever; and, oh! is there a happiness left to console us, like *Pandora's* box, which contained *Hope*, inestimable *Hope*, at the bottom of it, greater or more delightful, or worthier of a tender and manly spirit, than the power of bending the head under the weight of affliction and soothing the wounded spirit with a briny flood? Often have I mourned over the miseries of war—often wet my bed with the excretions of the lachry-

matory duct, to think what misery existed in the world, and I without a chance of being a spectator of it. The tender-hearted reader will enter into my feelings—I know that his manly eyes will be suffused—methinks I hear the sobs of anguish bursting from his heroic breast—methinks I see the trickling drops coursing each other down his furrowed face—and fancy pictures to me his handkerchief discharged with its precious cargo, tilt, to the eyes of vulgar contemplation, it might seem to have been submerged for many a lingering hour beneath the salt billows of the glorious and ever resounding sea. Bles't by nature with a face and person such as few men have the happiness to boast of—with cheeks that alternatively reddened and paled beneath the fluctuating influences of an artfully varied narrative—and eyes that shot a piercing ray of sympathy and condolence through the darkest clouds that enveloped in their shady folds the sons and daughters of misery and distress—a form elastic and graceful in all its movements, and a mind replete with all the tenderness of the softest nature, yet furnished with all the thunder and lightning of a fierce, a wild, a fiery disposition—I look back with regret to the days which I wasted in seeking that bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. Oh, that I could recall those days, alas! for ever vanished, and that thou, my ever adored—ever lamented—ever beautiful Anna Maria Matilda! hadst been left to me by envious fate to share the laurels which without thee flourish in vain on my ever gloomy brow; but alas! I wander an outcast from the gay haunts of men—a sharer only in their griefs, and not their joys—a wasted, hopeless, pining, friendless, sad, distressed, sorrow-stricken, and miserable man! The following narrative, the incidents of which occurred not many years ago, has been my only solace though many years of sorrow and despair. If it imparts to one human being the ecstasy of grief which it has bestowed upon myself, my pangs, my sufferings, my agonies, and my misfortunes, will be amply and enchantingly repaid.

THE FATAL TEARS.—A TALE OF WOE.

In one of those unbrageous valleys which stretch their perennial wretchedness in lingering expanse on the sandy shores of the vast Atlantic,—where huge forests shake their leafy honours over the barren and shrubless wilderaess, inhabited only by the jaguar, and the parraquet, and the tiger,—in longitude fifty-seven, and latitude forty two south east by north it was once my fortune to find myself benighted, unaccompanied and alone! How my soul gloried in the awful majesty of those hitherto unpenetrated solitudes! I looked down upon the earth, but, as it was pitch-dark, I could see very little of the soil upon which I trod; or casting my eyes up to the infinitude of space, nothing met my aching vision but a pall of thick, dark, impenetrable gloom. All around me objects were invisible. I therefore spread my cloak beneath the branches of a wide-spreading, blossom-covered magnolia, and, after a sigh over the memories of the unhappiness of my young days I laid me down to sleep. Oh, not to sleep! No; throughout the watches of that dreary and portentous night, my proud breast heaved beneath the appalling weight of agonizing recollections.

From the cradle,—through the sufferings of long clothes, short clothes, school, drill, battle and advance through the territories of a hostile foe,—up to that hour when I made myself a companion of the nameless savage of the untraced wilds, my life had been but a succession of melancholy adventures and tortured feelings. In that night of misery and solitude, I recalled every incident of my babyhood, childhood, boyhood, opening dawn of manhood, first flush of military glory, down to the last and darkest hour when on the serrated mountains of heroic Spain I clasped to my bosom in an agony of tears the young, the bright, the beautiful—but of this no more. My eyes were red when on the morrow I opened them to a sense of my situation. Dark piles of rock rose in unapproachable magnificence to hail with halo-covered summits the advent of the god of day. I never saw Sol look so pretty!

Stooping down to lave my burning forehead in the cooling waves of the secret spring which well-ed its delicious way into the upper air through the constipated bowels of the dark and humid earth, I was surprised deep within its placid waters to perceive the reflection of a human figure—another, and not my own! In such a place, remote from the haunts of men,—at such an hour, when the parting wing of darkness was still fringed with the first smiles of the approaching god,—in such an attitude, for I was stooping in nearly a state of pristine nudity,—my surprise may be imagined on seeing the figure of a tall and reverend-looking individual standing quietly with his arms folded across his breast, and a pipe of the very shortest dimensions protruded placidly from the right-hand corner of his mouth! The aromatic smell of the Virginian leaf saluting my olfactory nerves at the same time, assured me by the evidence of a second sense of the reality of the vision.—I dried my brow with the sleeve of my innermost garment, and, on turning round, said to him—

"Hail, father! I am happy to have encountered so respectable looking a gentleman in the heart of this tremendous solitude."

"Solitude!" replied the stranger, in a deep sepulchral tone; "call it solitude no longer; it is populous—crowded—crushed—squeezed with a redundancy of population."

"Oh, stranger, your words are marvellous. Tell me, I pray thee, where are the countless multitudes you describe?"

"Here!" said the old man, taking the pipe from his mouth, and pointing with the stalk of it to his breast; "ay, here; in this withered heart are thoughts that would populate a universe with their breathing creations—memories, hopes, feelings, agonies, woes, disasters—all, all are here in their living, breathing, moving, speaking, walking, writhing hideousness, horror, vitality and despair!"

"Father," said I, "let me take thee by the hand; at last I have found a spirit congenial with my own. Let us retire to some grotto consecrated to the muse of tenderest lamentation, and there let us have a delicious day of sobbing and sighing."

"Agreed," said the admirable old man,—and, having wiped from our eyes the drops of sympathy, we wandered deeper into the forest.

As I followed my mysterious guide, I could not

avoid taking more particular notice of his personal appearance. He was tall, gigantically tall—upwards, I should say, of five feet seven. Broad shoulders, which seemed adapted to support the weight of mightiest monarchies, suspending from them brawny arms, furnished at the extremities with hands of prodigious size; legs of extremely muscular appearance, which would have been eminently handsome had it not been that the knees, through some unaccountable sympathy with each other, had accustomed themselves to the very closest proximity which is compatible with the power of progression; and all surmounted by a head whose thick curling locks, now grizzled with the first snows of time, hung in wild profusion over the collar of what had at one time evidently been a coat, completed the *tout ensemble* of a figure at once lordly and attractive, at once homely and sublime!

Deeper and deeper did we advance into the sylvan wilderness—higher and higher rose my expectation of a “feast of tears.” I could guess, with the clear-sighted certainty of a sympathetic soul, that my companion was no ordinary man; that his innermost being had been harassed by the most intolerable of woes; and that in silence, in solitude, and in secret, in the depths of caves, and the umbrageousness of woods, he nursed the recollections of the severest anguish, the bitterest distress. Nor was I mistaken in these expectations. The stranger suddenly paused and said—

“Here is the home which my miseries have left me enter, and may such sorrows as I have encountered never lay their weighty burdens on the wild boundings of your young and gallant bosom.”

“Stranger!” I replied, “my eyes are surely blinded with the streams of sympathy, for I see not your home.”

“Not see my home! Seest thou not this stone indented with the pressure of my aching head? That is my pillow. Seest thou not this mossy bank, where the rank herbage has spread its wild luxuriance? That is my couch.—Mark’st thou not those Patagonian toad-stools stretching their vast longitude to the morning sun? These are the furniture of my chamber. This well—thou seest it—bubbling in perpetual freshness from the bosom of the rock? That, oh, stranger! is my cellar and my wash-hand basin.”

“Simple furniture!” I exclaimed—“admirable apartments! Here no intruding landlord interrupts the continuity of your sorrows, by tendering his weekly bill; no roof to require new slating; no floor to be repaired. If thou, oh stranger, wilt allow me I shall be happy to be your neighbor, and to establish myself in similar lodgings to these, upon the same melancholy and economical terms.”

“Try it not,” replied the stranger; “unless your woe is equal in intensity to mine, your enjoyment in such a scene as this would be temporary as the morning dew.”

“My woe,” said I, “is pretty considerable,”

“But what is your woe to mine?” Here the venerable recluse paused, and after groaning deeply three times, proceeded in a more collected tone of voice—“Your woe, whatever it may be, is as dust weighed against a mountain—as a gossamer, which weaves its filmy web from bush to bush, placed in the oppo-

site scale to the hugest whale that soothes the fever of his blood by rubbing its prodigious back upon an iceberg in the Polar Sea, when placed in competition with mine! What is the loss of friends, if death has taken them in the ordinary way?—What even the falsehood of a beloved one, if for her fickleness you have not to blame yourself? What are these—what is all—what is any thing compared to the unpronounceable and unfathomable distress which it has been mine for many a long year to endure?”

“I confess,” I replied, “the superiority of your woes; but suffer me to enjoy the narrative of your distress, that I may refresh myself this sultry morning with a torrent of tears.”

“Tears!” exclaimed the old man, jumping many feet into the air, for his activity was the most wonderful I ever saw—“There!—there!—how darest thou recall to the palpitating bosom the cause of all my misery? but pardon me, young soldier, for, from your noble bearing, I perceive you must have been at least a lieutenant, if not even a captain in the gory field, Pardon me—you know not what a pang you have shot through my heart!”

He took from his pocket a handkerchief, which, like many a matron reduced, alas! to poverty, bore evident marks of having seen better days; and having spread it on his knees, as if to be ready when he required it, he made preparations to commence his narrative. With handkerchief in hand I set myself to listen and such an hour of sorrowing exultation, and exhilarating distress, it has rarely been my lot to enjoy, or suffer.

“My name is Gribble,” he began—“my christian appellation, Timothy—my country, England—my county, Devon—”

“A countryman!” I exclaimed—“I, too, was born on Tamar’s flowery banks.”

“From earliest youth of a melancholy and musing disposition, I shunned the usual enjoyments of my years, and lived in a world of my own, which was peopled with all that was beautiful and heroic, delicious and divine. The library was my chief delight—my study, romance—my enjoyment, sorrow—to laugh was horror—paradise to weep! This went on for many years. What was it to me that people wondered at my manner of life! What though my father scowled on me, and wished me to employ my talents in the hardware line, instead of snivelling, as he basely called it, over fictitious woe! He little knew the ardor of my soul. Rather than be deprived of my rapturous power of tears—rather, far rather, would I have had the demand for pokers, tongs, gridirons and sauce-pans entirely to have ceased. Rather would I have had no customer visit the paternal shop, than forego for one hour the pleasure of indulging my feelings over some narrative of distress! As time passed on, although I could not conceal from myself that the vain and frivolous, as well as the considerate and solemn, disapproved of this manner of passing my youth, I found that, for this preference of the miserable over and gladsome, I was not alone. No!—the loveliest of her sex was as fond of the indulgence of her grief as I was; and such a congeniality of disposition drew so close between us the bonds of admiration, that in the earliest flush of manhood, e’er I had numbered three-and-thirty summers, I

made her, with many tears, an offer of my hand. It was accepted. How we wept!"

Here the old man paused, and blowing his nose three or four times in a very earnest manner, as if to bury some thrilling recollection, proceeded more solemnly than before:

"Deborah was fair—O, exquisitely fair! but she was short—O, uncommonly short! Nature had condensed into four feet five a mass of beauty that would have sufficed a giantess. Nine-and-twenty years had fully developed the loveliness of her mind as well as her form, and both were perfect—O, quite so!

"Fathers have flinty hearts. Her sire also was in the hardware line. Rivals in trade, our respective progenitors were also rivals in credulity. 'Borry!' I said one day, in the overflowing of my heart's agonized afflictions—'Borry,' I said, 'how I hate my papa!'"

"I too, oh my dearest Timothy, abominate and detest the cold-blooded monster who calls himself my father."

"Let us leave them," said I.

"With all my ardent heart's most consenting acquiescence," said she. Stranger! I was the happiest of men! But a presentiment of the horrors which awaited me made even that delicious moment be only celebrated by our tears.

"Our preparations were soon concluded. There is a certain drawer in the counter of a professional vender of the articles of ordinary commerce which is called a till. The respective tills of our fathers supplied all our wants. One large trunk, containing all our worldly goods, was forwarded to Plymouth. A vessel was on the point of sailing, we knew not whither, when we arrived. We embarked. For days, and weeks, and months, we floated on the weltering deep, and were landed at last on the Californian shores of the interior of Africa—dread abode of Hottentots and lions—where the foot of civilized man and cultivated woman had never trod. How blest were Deborah and I! Our trunk was now nearly emptied; for to satisfy the cravings of the commander of the vessel, we were forced to part with almost every thing with which we had filled it. But a few books of that chastened and delightful class which draw forth sighs in every page, two shirts and a cotton night-cap, were all that remained to us of our property. We wandered into the tremendous solitude of that undiscovered world, and finding a place sheltered by trees and watered by fountains, we resolved to make that the conclusion of our pilgrimage, and there, in gentle converse and sweet melancholy, to taste the luxury of woe! We lived there for some years. Pardon me stranger, if I pause a little, and recover strength to relate to you the terrible catastrophe."

I confess, when the old man thus addressed me, that my heart thrilled with the most astonishing emotions of sympathy and curiosity. He went on, after an interval of about five minutes:

"Our furniture, as you may believe, was scanty. My bed was, as it is now, the earth; but Borry's delicate health required, and very short dimensions admitted, of a more sheltered resting-place. The trunk—oh horrid recollection!—she slept in the trunk which had contained our clothes. One day

when, overcome by the intense heat, she had laid herself to rest in this humble couch, she called to me and said, 'My heart, O Tim, is overcome with horrid apprehensions. I feel a sort of all-overishness.'

"I threw myself on my knee beside the trunk and looked down with a melancholy sort of pride on the beautiful creature lying nestled at the bottom of it.

"'Borry,' I said, 'give not way to despair; here take again the sorrows of Werter, and refresh yourself with once more perusing the most afflicting parts of the story.' She did as she was desired—she read aloud, and her tears proved how deeply she entered into the dismal scene. But other thoughts were in my heart; deeper, sadder, tenderer, than any that were awakened by the tale. I bent over her as she read—my tears were shed in torrents—I marked not any thing but my own miserable thoughts—my eyes were fixed on vacancy—her voice still sounded in my ears." By fits 'twas interrupted,—then the strugglings of irrepressible grief—then inarticulate murmurs—then a total silence! I recalled my wandering thoughts; I cleared my eye of tears—I looked. Horror of horrors! why did I not die that instant? There! at the bottom of that trunk, seen dimly through the liquid grave in which she was enclosed, lay Deborah—my life—my love drowned! drowned in her own tears and mine! From that hour I wandered through the world with the mark of Cain upon my brow—a murderer! Stranger is it not a harrowing recollection? Ha! I see that your soul is melted. There! feel my brow! I am not mad—no—no—no—yes—yes—yes—ah!—horrid—horrid!"

On saying this the mysterious stranger darted up a tree with the rapidity of thought, and in vain I tried to discover him. His narrative has never departed from my mind. Remember thee! ay, I'll remember thee while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain.

STANZAS.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two summer currents
Flow softly to their meeting,
And join their course in silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was the scene, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
'Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Flow on in joy to meet
A purer sky, where troubles cease,
A calmer sea, where all is peace.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air
 And cheeks like opening blossom;
 Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
 And glittered on her bosom;
 And pearls and costly bracelets deck
 Her round white arms and lovely neck;
 Like summer sky with stars begirt,
 The jewelled robe around her;
 And dazzling as the noon-tide light,
 The radiant zone that bound her;
 And pride and joy were in her eye,
 And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her mild face
 A pensive shade was stealing:
 Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
 But that deep holy feeling
 Which mourns the heart should ever stray
 From the pure font of bliss away;
 Around her brow a snow drop fair
 The glossy tresses cluster:
 No pearl nor ornament was there
 Save the meek spirit's lustre;
 And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
 And angels bowed as she passed by.

MY TRIAL FOR MY OWN MURDER.

"Run for officers;

Let him be apprehended with all speed;
 For fear he 'scape away; lay hands on him.
 We cannot be too sure—'tis wilful murder!"

I verily believe if any man could look into the Sybil-line leaf of the future and catch a glimpse of the various vicissitudes and misfortunes with which he must struggle, he would turn sharply round, and seek the nearest course short of suicide, to rid himself of those trials which might shake his manhood; and so, give up all the sunshine of existence to avoid its showers. Fortunately, however, man has not the privilege of foreknowledge, a faculty which few could have the courage to render serviceable, and which most would convert into an engine of misery and affliction.

With what exquisite heart-throbbings we look backwards upon the first twenty or thirty years of our existence, and in retrospective enjoyment brood over those halcyon days (for we all have had our halcyon days,) when the heart was expanding with ever new emotions omnipotent and all-absorbing. I, indeed, have enjoyed many halcyon days, and often have I reviewed them with increased delight. But I spoke of vicissitudes and misfortunes at the commencement of this paper, and the general observation I then made was drawn from me with reference to one misfortune of my life, perhaps one of the severest, certainly the most singular, that can befall any man. I was doomed to suffer one over-

whelming evil, which stands amidst the events of an otherwise happy life, like a barren and dreary spot, surrounded by the greenest verdure and the most fragrant flowers.

"Oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!" says the moralist, when his mind is harrowed by hearing the detail of crime and wickedness. "The unerring hand of justice and retribution," says he—good man—"will sooner or later overtake the culprit:"—and, in truth, it not unfrequently happens that crime will cry aloud from its hiding-place, with most miraculous organ." I am a moralist, and oftentimes has my mind been harrowed by the detail of crime and wickedness, and I too, have often exclaimed, "oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!"—but my cry has now become—"oh! the erring hand of justice and retribution!"

Justice has indeed been truly painted *blind*, and a very expressive portrait she makes in that way. If not really blind, justice is certainly, in some cases, near-sighted or short-sighted, as some people call it; and this same blindness, or short-sightedness of justice, very nearly placed my unfortunate neck within the grasp of the merciless legal halter. I cannot now endure the sight of a blind man or a rope—they are both images repulsive to my mind—even a field sown with hemp-seed, smells like poison to me.

In what language shall I attempt to explain (so as to be intelligible to my readers, or such of them as have been accustomed to live in quiet, at a respectful distance from the reach of ropes and halters,) the nature of that charge by which the bungling and erring hand of justice overtook me. The facts are almost incredible——Perhaps—but no: I will put a truce to all surmise: I was accused, imprisoned, prosecuted, and all but condemned to the gallows—but I am innocent, in the face of the world, I solemnly protest, I am innocent—for my own murder!—Yes gentle (and I trust, now still gentler) reader, I, who am at this moment telling the painful story, have been actually accused, imprisoned, and prosecuted, and saw the halter swinging over my head, with a retributory menace, for the crime of my own murder.

A wanderer by nature, as well as by necessity, I had for many years been absent from my native country, seeking to gratify my love of variety, both in situation and society, and to amass, by my own diligence, those golden qualifications, without which a man stands but a poor chance of being looked upon in the world. The first of these objects I accomplished to my heart's content; but as to the second, I fell far short of my hopes, and returned very nearly as poor as I went; for, except a few hundred pounds, invested in merchandize, I set my foot on British ground, with about fifty dollars and a few English coins, and these for safer custody, I carried in my pocket.

Necessity had taught me economy, and therefore, instead of indulging myself with the accommodation of a

stage coach, to make my way to the metropolis, I commenced my journey as a humble pedestrian. Having travelled in this way many miles, I stopped at a mean inn by the way side to refresh myself, and was soon seated amongst the motley group of the usual hangers-on at such places of resort. Finding that, about two miles further on the road, I should arrive at a small market town, where accommodation for the night, of a much more convenient nature, could be procured, I resolved, after having sufficiently rested myself, to make my way thither to seek a place of repose.

On producing my purse to pay the demands of my host, I took out casually two or three of my dollars, and laid them on the table, surrounded by the bores of the village, who were attracted by the sight of coin so unfamiliar to their eyes; and to satisfy their curiosity, I shewed them my store, and explained their history and relative value. During the proceeding, a greedy-eyed, ill-looking fellow, seemed to fix his eyes on me and my purse, in a way not the most pleasing to me. Many men are fond of having their purses examined and admired by others; but I have lived long enough in the world to believe that no eyes are so fitting to examine such an object as those of its possessor.

I soon took my departure, and proceeded leisurely onwards to the place of my destination. The evening began to close; and on arriving at a dull part of the road, overhung by high banks, covered with furze and briars, I found myself, in an instant, stunned by a blow, administered by some one behind me, the effect of which soon disabled me from making any attempt to protect myself against further violence of my brutal assailant. I sank exhausted and senseless.

When I recovered my consciousness, for I could hardly deem myself sensible, I discovered I was bleeding copiously from my nose, and lying in a wet ditch half-drowned, apparently in my own blood, which made a great show, mingled with the water. A countryman was leaning over and humanely endeavouring to assist me. I felt in nearly a lifeless condition, although no actual fracture had succeeded the blow; and while my good Samaritan was deliberating what to do, I lay motionless, and, to his apprehension, certainly dead; for I heard him say he would go and find a doctor, but he could do no good, for all was over with me. For this humane purpose he left me just as he found me.

It was then nearly dark, and I resolved to rouse myself, and endeavour to pursue my walk for the short distance that remained. With considerable effort I roused myself from my muddy resting-place, and found my clothes, which were none of the best, wet through, and being scarcely worth the carriage I thought it best to leave them behind me, and soon equipped myself in another suit, which I carried in my knapsack. I washed myself as well as I could, and put the best face on the matter. I recollected the ill-looking fellow, who had cast his amorous glances on my dollars, and singled him out as the perpetrator of the crime; but I was

rejoiced to find that his obvious intentions were defeated, and I carried off my purse of dollars in triumph, congratulating myself heartily on my narrow escape.

I pursued my walk to the market town, and soon arrived at the inn. I had scarcely taken my seat, still suffering from the blow I had received, before I overheard an indistinct conversation amongst several men, stationed at the other end of the room, accompanied by expressive looks, directed towards me. Knowing myself to be a perfect stranger in the place, this did not excite my surprise. The conversation soon became louder and more distinct, and, at length, I heard a strangely exaggerated story of my own murder. It was confidently asserted that a stranger had been robbed and murdered a short distance from the town, and that he had been found by a labourer in a ditch, with his skull fractured, his brains scattered about the road, and his pockets turned inside out. I listened to this marvellous history with great amusement, thinking how easily a strange story is made to pass current, grounded on the slightest facts.

Having taken some refreshment, I ordered my bed, and being an entire stranger, I chose to pay for both before I retired for the night, and again produced my purse, containing my dollars and other money. At this juncture an inquisitive looking old man came up to me and looked at my dollars, and then fixing his eyes on my face, turned round to his companions, and with a significant gesture, whispered, "there's blood on this man's face—he has got some dollars—where did he come from—who is he?" This excited a general sensation. A pause ensued, and all seemed "at fault," as the sportsmen say. The inquisitive old man again approached me, and asked me in a significant manner, whether he did not just now see some dollars in my possession? I replied in the affirmative, and produced one or two. He turned bluntly round to his companions, and put his finger cunningly up to his nose. He then renewed the attack, and asked me, where I had procured them? whether there were many to be met with in this country? and a variety of other questions, all of which I answered carelessly—not much pleased with the old man's impertinence.

He then, for the first time, observed aloud to me, with a look of scrutiny, that I had some blood on my face. To this observation, I replied as coolly as I did to his questions, not choosing to gratify curiosity, and wishing to hear more of my own murder.

At this moment an addition was made to the company, by the arrival of a person who had been my good Samaritan, who found and left me in the ditch. He was full of his subject, and came to relate the "full, and particular" account to his pot companions. He stated at length where and how he found a strange man in a sailor's clothes, with his skull fractured, and his pockets turned inside out, and that he left him quite dead. He stated he went for assistance to the village from whence I came, and on inquiring at the little pub-

lic-house to learn whether I had been there, he described my person and dress, and discovered that I had rested and taken refreshment there, and, moreover, that I had a great many dollars and English coin in my possession. Having obtained assistance, he returned to the spot where he left the murdered stranger; but, instead of finding him, he discovered, that, during his absence, the body had been stripped and removed, and, as he believed, buried, and the clothes were lying scattered about on the brink of the ditch.

All this was highly amusing to me, and I resolved to let the story roll on, like a snow-ball, increasing with every step, without offering any explanation, until it should have arrived at its climax;

Again I observed inquisitive looks cast on me, and the words "dollars" and "blood" were again whispered about. The old inquisitive man quietly left the room, and returned with an athletic, busy-looking man, who soon discovered himself to me as the constable of the parish; and, without further ceremony, the old man gave me in charge to the constable, as being suspected of the murder. The constable proceeded to search me, and, on producing my purse with dollars, the man who found the murdered stranger set up a shout, and charged the constable not to let me escape; and then fixing his eyes on the blood on my face, said, he was sure I was the murderer and robber, and he would tell all he knew upon his bible oath. I now found it was high time to speak in my defence, lest the joke, which I had relished so much, should be carried too far; but I learnt, to my sorrow, that the joke had quite ceased, and that no assertion or explanation of mine could serve me one jot in proving my personal identity.

The consequence of all this, therefore, was a safe lodgment for the night in the cage, in full sight of the whippingpost, and the county gaol. Imagine my situation ye who have been accustomed all your lives to be called honest men and women, and who have never known any thing of the inside of the gaol, or other place of du-rance, except through Mrs. Fry and Caleb Williams.

In this horrible condition I passed the night, deprived of my purse of dollars and other money, and with no other prospect before me than being treated as a criminal; yet I sometimes ventured to hope I should be enabled to explain the true state of the case, and exculpate myself before a reasonable and intelligent magistrate.

The morning dawned upon me through the grates of the cage, and my solitude was soon broken by the arrival of the constable, the inquisitive looking old man, and my Samaritan friend. I was led out amidst an infuriated crowd, who were by no means sparing in their execrations, and was conducted, after much peril, into the presence of the Justice.

As my supposed crime was of a glaring and prominent nature, it was allowed to commence the business of the day. My accuser was placed before me, and in a blunt,

straight-forward manner, told his story—how he was passing along the road—how he found the stranger with a fractured skull, lying dead and covered with brains and blood—how he went for assistance, and, on his return, found the clothes scattered about, and the body removed. My own dollars, and my own blood on my own face, were given in evidence against me; the story was made complete in all its parts, and the investigation ended in my committal to the county gaol to take my trial at the next assizes, for the wilful murder of a person unknown, and the constable and his companions were ordered to make diligent search for the body. Shortly after my commitment, as if all circumstances conspired against me, the people, after an active search, succeeded in discovering the body of a strange person, almost in a state of nudity, in a canal, which ran along the back of the town, upon which the coroners sat in due form; and thus, to the satisfaction of my persecutors, a chain of evidence was made out sufficiently strong to put me on my trial.

Let those good people who preach so strongly in favour of the comfortable feelings arising from conscious innocence, and build so much on inward fortitude, and who join in the declaration of the poet, that "whatever is, is right"—let them place themselves for a moment in my situation—let them feel the horrors of a man, charged with his own murder, and unable to convince his judges that he is actually in existence. How obtuse are the intellects of many worthy people, who, in the eager pursuit of truth, hug to their hearts any antic who may chance to assume the garb of that rarely discovered personage!

Already I fancied in my gloomy reflection, that I heard the jury declare me to be guilty, and in my dreams I saw the judge put on the fatal black cap, and begin to pass on me the awful sentence of the law. Then I fancied I heard my last dying speech and confession chaunted about the streets, to be sold for a half-penny, and pasted on cottage walls, and children taught reading and the necessity of virtue from the same paper. Then the horrors of an ignominious death—the halter—the gallows—the populace—the murmurs of indignation—the shouts of "monster," "murderer," &c.—all echoing around me in my imagination. These were truly enough to drive me from my senses, and to render me incapable of supporting myself till the hour of trial.

From my childhood I had always accustomed myself to look on the gloomy side of things, and in this, my hour of distress, my brooding disposition was busier than ever. I sometimes began to question whether this was not all a dream, or whether I had not actually been murdered, and whether my present sufferings were not part of my punishment for the sins committed in my lifetime.

At length the assizes commenced, and in due course I was placed before the court to take my trial. Never

shall I forget that moment. I was roused by it. My own conviction of my personal identity was complete; but would it avail me any thing? The story on which I had to depend was nothing in the face of the evidence to be adduced. Was such an improbable story to be believed? Should I be allowed to sit up myself as the murdered man, when the witness saw him lying dead, and the body was afterwards found in the canal? It was contrary to common sense, and would, of course, be looked upon as the desperate attempt of a hardened villain to baffle the ends of justice. I had no friends to speak to my character or condition—I was alone—friendless, and the public clamour loud against me. My own dollars were more eloquent than the prosecuting counsel.

My trial proceeded. Oh! how the opening speech went to my heart! The audience shuddered as they heard the glaring facts; and oh! what looks of horror and reproach were cast at me; prejudice, with her myriad ears, was gaping on, and gulping down the plausible story. The witnesses gave their evidence with clearness and precision. The landlord of the little public-house, where I first stopped, was called to prove his having seen the dollars in the possession of the murdered man when at his house. During all the previous proceedings, this man had never before looked at me face to face; but when he was confronted with me, he gave an involuntary start, and seemed unable to utter a syllable. He fixed his eyes intently on me, and pointed to his own cheek, and stammered out, "He is not guilty!—he is not guilty!"—Hearing this exclamation, and seeing him point to his cheek I remembered I had a large scar on my own, from a sabre wound I received years before; and when the witness had regained his composure, he proceeded to identify me as the man who came to his house, in a sailor's dress, with a purse of dollars, on the evening of the supposed murder, and asserted that I could be none other than the supposed victim of brutal violence. But the body found in the canal—had it a scar like mine on the cheek? No—the witnesses who found it remembered it had not. Hope dawned on me warmly enough. I was called on for my defence, and told my tale simply and composedly, and my heart beat calmly.

The Judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and directed, as usual, that if there was any doubt, the prisoner should be entitled to the benefit of it. The jury obeyed the direction of the Judge, and their verdict of "Not Guilty" alone afforded me the melancholy satisfaction of relating sufferings not to be found amongst the destinies of any other man in the world.

Some ill-natured people, notwithstanding the verdict, still believed me to be guilty, but the majority called me innocent; and while the newspapers were zealously arguing *pro* and *con* upon the question, I slipped myself off to America, where I am now living in tolerable ease, and no one has ever since ventured to dispute the point with me, whether I am alive or dead.

CAPTAIN ROSS AND HIS CREW.

"The look-out man gave notice of a sail in the offing. No time was lost; the boats were launched and signals made by burning wet powder when, completing our embarkation, we left our little harbour at six o'clock. Our progress was tedious, owing to alternate calms and light airs, blowing in every direction; yet we made way towards the vessel, and had it remained calm where she was, should soon have been alongside. Unluckily the breeze just then sprang up, and she made all sail to the south-eastward; by which means the boat that was foremost was soon left astern, while the other two were steering more to the eastward, with the hopes of cutting her off. About ten o'clock we saw another sail to the northward, which appeared to be lying to for her boats; thinking at one time, when she hove to, that she had seen us. That, however, proved not to be the case, as she soon bore up, under all sail. In no long time it was apparent that she was fast leaving us; and it was the most anxious moment that we had yet experienced, to find that we were near to no less than two ships, either of which would have put an end to all our fears and all our toils, and that we should probably reach neither. It was necessary, however, to keep up the courage of the men, by assuring them from time to time, that we were coming up to her; when most fortunately it fell calm, and we really gained so fast, that at eleven o'clock we all saw her heave to with all sails aback, and lower down a boat, which rowed down immediately towards our own. She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that it was 'the *Isabella*, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;" on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the *Victory*. That the mate who commanded this boat was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable good evidence of our being "true men and not impostors," on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and after a few enquiries, he added that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board; repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England. As we approached

slowly after him, to his ship, he jumped up the side, and in a minute the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable's length, and were not long in getting on board of my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable looking set of wretches; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more; but if to look so as to frighten away the so-called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe, for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark, unless to be contrasted with wealth; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as we seemed to be. But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought, was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry and was to be fed, all were ragged, and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, every thing too, was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating all intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together; while in the midst of all, there were questions to be asked and answered on all sides; the adventures of the *Victory*, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done for ail of us, which care and kindness could perform.—Night at length brought quiet and serious thoughts; and I trust there was not one man among us who did not then express, where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life, and friends, and civilization. Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow, or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night;

nor did it fare much better with the rest. It was for time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change, to break through what had become habit; and to inure us once more to the usage of our former days.—
Capt. Ross's Second Voyage of Discovery.

THE PILOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and walk the deck with thee
I do not dare to sleep,
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might.
It is not apathy he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence.
Wherever thou may'st be.

ON DEATH.

The fear of death is common to all,—There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has at one time or other shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good) Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard its approach; but our instinct which is always true, first commands us to fear.—It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the *Pompa mortis* is sufficiently repelling)—but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom—without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass, and no intellect pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and heaven.

For my part, I have I confess greatly feared Death. Some persons dread annihilation. But to sleep forever without a dream—what is it if you feel it not? let me not be understood as wishing for this

state—this negation of being, I only say that it cannot generate the same fears. It is a desert without life, or fear, or hope, shadowless, so endless.—There is something very sad in the death of friends.—We seem to provide for our own mortality, and to make up our minds to die—we are warned by sickness—fever and ague—and sleepless nights, and a hundred dull infirmities; but when our friends pass away we lament them, as though we considered them immortal.

It is wise—I suppose it is wise that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient; else I should say that 'tis a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail a thing as a woman.—They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and unringing—but the leaf withers not soon, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness.—They die, and are taken from us—and we weep—and our friends tell us it is not wise to grieve, for all that is mortal perisheth—they do not know that we grieve *the more* because we grieve in vain. If our grief could bring back the dead, it would be stormy and loud!—we should disturb the sunny quiet of day—we should startle the dull night from her repose, but our hearts would not grieve as they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

The few friends of my youth are dead—save—I remember, even as a grey-headed man remembers, clearly and more distinctly than the things of yesterday, that which happened long ago—She was a pretty delicate girl, and very amiable, and I became (yes it is very true, for I remember the strong feelings of that time)—*enamoured* of her—my love had the fire of passion, but not the clay which drags it downwards; it partook of her own innocence; whether it was the divinity of beauty that stung me I know not, but my feelings were any thing but childish. She was the first object (save my mother) that I ever attached myself to. I had better have loved a flower—a weed. For when I knew her she had the seeds of death within her—consumption had caught her: his sickly hand was upon her, like the canker in the rose, and drew out a perilous unearthly bloom. The hues and vigour of life were flushing too quickly through her cheek—(yet how pale she was at times)—She faded a month in an hour—a year in a month, and at last died in the stormy autumn time, when the breath of summer had left her. Whether I wept, or raved—or how it was, I know not. It was a cold day, and the red and brown leaves were plentiful on the trees. The sun was near his setting, but the whole of the wide west was illuminated, and threw a crimson color on the windows of the room as I entered, the rays shone through a cloud of vine-

stalks and changing leaves that hung over them, and which dropped by scores on every summons of the blast. She was sitting in a large arm chair covered with white, like a faded Flora—I look on her, as it seems even now, in a parlor with flowers and some myrtles which no longer blossomed. I have ever thought of her since; through what a waste of years! The flowers that were around, looked as fragile as herself—summer companions. But the wild autumn was around her and them, and the winter himself was coming—*He came*—almost before his time, cold and remorseless, and she shrank—and withered—and died. The rose-buds lived on a little longer; but the crimson beauty of her cheeks was faded for ever—

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The Torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote which I have heard of an artist. He was an American, and had gone to England (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and—a subsistence.—They were strangers there, they had to fight against prejudice and poverty, but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation, every frown of fortune. They could think at least “all the way over” the great Atlantic; and their fancy little cherished there, had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind.

A gentleman, who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the Artist's painting room, and observing him pale and worn, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, “*she has left me.*” and proceeded in a hurried manner with his work.—She was dead—and he was left alone to toil, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and fame itself was but a shadow. And so it is that all we love must wither,—that we ourselves must wither and die away. 'Tis a trite saying, yet a wholesome moral belongs to it.

To pass from this, to a scene of a darker colour.—He was a rich farmer in Wiltshire; he was the father of two natural children (females) whom he made do all the drudgery of his house. He was a hard landlord, a bad master, a libertine, though a miser, a drunkard, a fighter at fairs and markets, and, over his children he used a tyranny which neither tears nor labor could mitigate. But he was stopped in his headlong course—a fierce pain came upon him, a fire raged in his vitals—his strong limbs, which no wrestler could twist, and no antago-

nist lay prostrate, shrank before an unseen foe. Fever encompassed him, and delirium; and in his frightful dreams, he called aloud, he shrieked, he wept like a child, he prayed for help, for ease—for a little respite—It was all in vain; though used to scenes of death, this was appalling, the raving of the sufferer was beyond belief—it was the noise of a great animal, not of man.

His eye glared, and he swore perpetually, and said that Satan was in wait for him, and pointed towards a corner of the chamber; when he made an effort, it was like the struggle of a Tiger. And then he would listen, and cry, that he heard the dull roll of drums, calling—calling—and he answered and shrieked that “he was coming”—and he came
Parce precor, p. eror

Most of my friends have died calmly—one wasted away for months and months, and though death came slowly, he came too soon. I was told that Mr.——“wished to live.” On the very day on which he died he tried to battle with the great King to stand up against the coldness and faintness which seized upon him: but he died notwithstanding, and though quietly—reluctantly. Another friend (a female) died easily and in old age, surviving her faculties. A third met death smiling. A fourth was buried in Italian earth among flowers and odorous herbs. A fifth, the nearest of all, died gradually, and his children came about him, and were sad, but he was resigned to all fortunes, for he believed in a long—“hereafter.”

I remember how I learnt to spell, and was sent in the servant's hand to a little day-school to fight my way (amidst a score of other urchins) through the perils of the alphabet, and afterwards how I was busied with parable and Scripture history, (the only food that nourished my infant mind) I was much noticed by a kindly and very amiable woman, and I still preserve the recollection of Miss S——'s tenderness towards me. I had no ambition then; no hatred, no uncharitableness. If these demons have possessed me since, they must have been cast down upon me by the “malice of my stars.” I had no organs for such things; yet now I can hate almost as strongly as I love, and am as constant to my antipathies as to my affections.

The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible, in that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed; the years pass by us one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow, our days grow populous with events; and through our nights, bright trains of thought

run, illuminating the airy future, and dazzling the days we live in. We have the unalloyed fruition of hope; and the best is, that the reality is still to come.

Among other things I had almost forgot to mention a grateful regard for an old relation, a sort of great uncle who had always treated me with kindness; he used to place me upon his knee in the winter evenings, and tell me stories of foreign countries; of Eastern and Western India; of Buffaloes and Serpents, of the Crocodile and the tawny Lion, and how he bounded through the jungles, and what the elephant with his almost human faculty could do; and how the Shark would follow ships by a strange instinct; and how the Whale could spout out his extracts of water, and hundred other marvels which I listened to with greedy ear. He never failed either in his kindness or his stories, at least towards me, he was a weather-beaten man, could shoot and hunt, and in his youth had doubled the Cape, and traversed the Indian Ocean.—But he was doomed to die.

He had been ill when I last saw him in the Christmas holidays; yet I little thought the grave was so near him—I was summoned home one day, to weep and wear mourning, and I went to the house of his widow, where he lay—dead. It haunted me for years. The servant said that *he* (what *he?* was it the dust?) that *he* lay in the front drawing-room. I shuddered and stopped, but I was assured he looked just as though he was asleep. Let no man believe such things.—There is nothing so unlike sleep, as death. It is a Poet's lie. The one is a gracious repose, a vital calm; the other a horrid solemnity; no more like sleep, than a mask of plaster, stiff, rigid, white—beyond the whiteness of shrouds or the paleness of stone—all parallels fail, we strain at comparisons in vain—I went up to see my old friend, there was a great silence all about, and the stone steps of the stair-case sent out unusual echoes. The door was opened—slowly as though we should disturb the corpse. The windows were closed, and there were long wax candles burning at the head and the feet, and over all a white sheet was carefully thrown. The length; the *prodigious* length that the body seemed to occupy, at once startled me, and I recoiled. But the servant proceeded and uncovered the lid of the coffin, after an effort I looked, would to God I had never looked, he was like stone, his mouth was bound up, and his eyelids had been pressed down, and his nose was pinched as though by famine—and my old friend was swathed in fine linen, and pure crape was crumpled about him, as though to save him from the worm and the

apping earth 'Twas poor mockery of his humble state;—and yet perhaps it was meant kindly—Three days after this he was borne away in a hearse, and I let out my grief in tears.

I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of older persons, not that they are in fact so, but it is because they themselves, have little or no relation to maturity—Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely—They have made no progress towards the goal—They are born—nothing further

The Spirit of an Infant to his Mother

Mother, I've lain upon thy lulling breast,
And felt thy gentle breathing on my brow;
My little frame is in the earth at rest.
But my young spirit hovers near thee now.
*I cannot leave thee, though on e'er'y beam
A beckoning angel hails me from above;*
(Sleep, mother, sleep, I'm with thee in thy dream;)
*Oh! e'en for them I cannot leave thy love,
Thou who wouldst murmur to me till I crept
Into thy blameless bosom, where I slept.*

*There is my little cot—no tenant now
Presses its pillow—all is still as death:
The nightlight gleams like moonbeams on her brow,
Her lips apart are rosy with her breath,
Moveless is that white arm on which I've laid,
And veil'd that bosom where I used to rest.
See, see, a tear from the fair lid has slid,
Mother! sweet mother! thy young boy is blest;—
He lies no longer near thy beating heart.
But thou and he will ne'er be far apart!*

But it seems hard when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast downwards in a moment; that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science, should be with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations, made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul, the piles and pyramids of precious thought which men heap together? Where is Shakespeare's imagination—Bacon's learning? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney, the airy spirit of Fletcher, and Milton's thought severe? methinks such things should not die and dissipate when a hair can live for centuries and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years! I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination, his reign is in solitude and darkness, in tombs and prisons, over weak hearts, and seething brains—He lives without shape or sound, a phantom, inaccessible to sight or touch, a ghastly and terrible APPREHENSION

All that has been, and is, and is to come, must die, and the grave will possess all—already the temple

of Death is stored with enormous treasures: but it shall be filled, till its sides shall crack and moulder, and its gaunt King, "Death the Skeleton," shall wither like his prey.

M.

STANZAS,

But did thy virtuous bosom never feel.
Those blighted hopes which thought could never heal?

Did thy capacious wisdom ne'er explore
An unseen world, where fame shall be no more?
Wast thou content mind's purest joys to know;
And in the silent grave, those joys forgo?
The towering heights of reason's lore to try,
To plume thine eagle fancy and to die?

Did no still voice e'er whisper in thy breast,
That those fond aspirations to be blest,
That feverish restlessness, that mortal strife,
Were the sure earnest of immortal life,
Seeds of that flower that was again to bloom,
More bright, more fair, and live beyond the tomb?
Unhappy! from these truths thou turned'st away,
Nor hail'd'st the morn' that brings that glorious day.

ON TIME.

The doctrine, that time exists only in remembrance may serve to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the language which we use respecting our sense of its passage. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations, have flown, and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them. In thinking on seasons of *enjoyment*, we have nothing but a sense of length, we merely remember that we fit the tedium of existence, but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time unpeopled with diversified emotions, or circumstances, is but one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. Time then is only a notion, unfelt in its passage, a mere measure given to the mind to its own past emotions. A night of dull pain and months of lingering weakness, are in the retrospect nearly the same thing. When our hands or our hearts are busy we know nothing of time, it does not exist for us, but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long, because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other, like ranges of distant hills.

Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life is determined on the same principles, not by the revolu-

tion of the seasons, but by the relations which the event bears in importance to all that has happened to us since. To him who has thought, or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance, far off as the day of chivalry or the line of Sesostris. There are some recollections of such overpowering vastness, that their objects seem ever near, their size reduces all intermediate events, to nothing; and they peer upon us like 'a forked mountain, or blue promontory,' which being far off is yet much. How different from these appears some inconsiderable occurrence of more recent date, which a flash of thought redeems for a moment from long oblivion, which is seen amidst the dim confusion of half-forgotten things, like a little rock lighted up by a chance gleam of sunshine afar off in the mighty waters! It is only because the mind is formed for eternity that it feels the shortness of its earthly sojourn.

THE PRESENT, PAST AND FUTURE.

L. L. L.

"The present! is but a drop from the sea
In the mighty depths of eternity.
I love it not—it taketh its birth
Too near the dull and common earth.
It is worn with our wants, and steeped with our cares,
The dearest aspect of life it wears;
Its griefs are so fresh, its wrongs are so near,
That its evils of giant shape appear;
The curse of the serpent, the sweat of the brow,
Lie heavy on all things surrounding us now.
Filled with repining, and envy, and strife,
What is the present—the actual of life?
The actual! it is as the clay to the soul,
The working-day portion of life's wondrous whole!
How much it needeth the light and the air
To breathe their own being, the beautiful there!
Like the soil that asks for the rain from the sky.
And the soft west wind that goes wandering by,
E'er the wonderful world within will arise,
And rejoice in the smile of the summer's soft eyes.
The present—the actual—were they our all—
Too heavy our burden, too hopeless our thrall,
But heaven, that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,
Hath given us memory; hath given us hope!
And redeemeth the lot which the present hath cast,
By the fame of the future, the dream of the past.
The future! ah, there hath the spirit its home,
In its distance is written the glorious to come.
The great ones of earth lived but half for their day;
The grave was their altar, the far-off their way.
Step by step hath the mind its high empire won;
We live in the sunshine of what it hath done."

No sophistry can avail in denying the power of a good or a bad conscience. It is, indeed peculiarly modified in various nations and in individuals, but it exists every where, an internal physical law in man, which should always be given its due weight and regarded as a law of nature.

ON PASSION.

Grave divines, great statesmen, and deep philosophers, are put out of their way by very little things: nay, discreet, worthy people, without any pretensions but to good nature and common sense, readily surrender the happiness of their whole lives sooner than give up an opinion to which they have committed themselves, though in all likelihood it was the mere turn of a feather, which should they should take in the argument.

Is it that we despise little things; that we are not prepared for them; that they take us in our careless, unguarded moments, and tease us out of our ordinary patience by their petty incessant, insect warfare, buzzing about and stinging us like knots; so that we can neither get rid of nor grapple with them, whereas we collect all our fortitude and resolution to meet evils of greater magnitude? Or is it that there is a certain stream of irritability that is continually fretting upon the wheels of life, which finds sufficient food to play with in straws and feathers, while great objects are too much for it, either choke it up, or divert its cause into serious and thoughtful interest?

One is always more vexed at losing a game by a single card, than if one has never had a chance of winning. The will here has a slight imaginary obstacle to surmount to attain its end, it should appear it had only an exceedingly trifling effort to make for this purpose, that it was absolutely in its power (*had it known*) it was so easy: this haunts their minds and will not let them rest, notwithstanding the absurdity of the reasoning.

The will acts in proportion to its fancied power; now in little or indifferent matter there seems no reason why it should not have its own way, and therefore a disappointment vexes it the more. It grows angry according to the insignificance of the occasion, and frets itself to death about an object, merely because from its very futility there can be supposed to be no real difficulty in the way of its attainment, nor any thing more required for this purpose than a determination of the will. The being balked of this throws the mind off its balance—and as nothing but an act of voluntary power still seems necessary to get rid of every impediment, we indulge our violence more and more, and heighten our impatience by degrees into a sort of frenzy. The object is the same as it was but we are no longer as we were. The blood is heated, the muscles are strained, the feelings are wound up to a pitch of agony with the vain strife: The temper is tried to the utmost it will bear. The more contemptible the object or the obstructions in the way to it, the more are we provoked at being hindered by them: it looks like witchcraft: we fancy there is a spell upon us, so that we are hampered by straws and entangled in cobwebs. We believe that there is a fatality about our affairs. It is evidently done on purpose to plague us. A Demon is at our elbow, to torment and defeat us in every thing, even in the smallest things. We see him sitting and

mocking us, and we rave and gnash our teeth at him in return. It is particularly hard that we cannot succeed in any one point, however trifling, that we set our hearts on. We are the sport of imbecility and mischance—We make another desperate effort, and fly out into all the extravagance of impotent rage once more. Our anger runs away with our reason, because as there is little to give it birth, there is nothing to check it or recall us to our senses in the prospect of consequences—we take up and rend in pieces, the mere toys of humour, as the gusts of wind take up and whirl about chaff and stubble. Passion plays the tyrant in a grand tragic-comic style, over the Lilliputian difficulties and petty disappointments it has to encounter, gives way to all the fretfulness of grief and all the turbulence of resentment, makes a fuss about nothing, because there is nothing to make a fuss about—when an impending calamity, an irretrievable loss, would instantly bring it to its recollection and tame it in its preposterous career—The truth is we pamper little griefs into great ones and bear great ones as well as we can—We can afford to dally and play tricks with the one, but the others we have enough to do with without any of the wantonness and bombast of Passion.

A WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

Ocean! I love to view thy dark blue face,
To hear the rippling on thy shelvy shore.
To me, thy form has greatness, grandeur, grace:
To me, there's more than music in thy roar.

Though inland landscapes are not without their attractions, yet they sink into insignificance, when compared with the everlasting ocean, as viewed from its shores. The apparent absence of all boundary, the deep blue sky, which in the dimly defined distance seems bending in reverence to the wave, strike on the mind with a sentiment of eternity, an expression of holy grandeur, deep, wild, and unearthly. Though the creator has on all things stamped the plastic hand of his divinity, though by the dark forests, the mountain glens, the roaring cataracts, he is seen, as if he was bodily present, yet it is over the boundless expanse of ocean that he delights to throw the expression of his benevolence and his vengeance. When in the creeping tranquility of twilight, we wander along the shores, and see at a distance the sun encanopied in his pavilion of clouds, throwing the hues of glory over every object that he tints. When we see the waves reflecting back his last lingering look of softness, and then murmuring calmly to the coast, as if afraid to break the stillness that reigns around, we are hushed in the repose of gentleness, and partaking in our thoughts of the silence we adore in nature, think of the deity only as the emblem of meekness and benevolence. But, when the winds are high, and the storm howls across the ocean—when blasts that 'will be raging at all hours,' lash the sea into a white mass of foam, and

hurl it with violence to the skies, it is then that we feel in unison with the restless spirit of the hour, and, taking our tone of action from the horror we behold, bend with mute reverence before the footstool of an avenging deity.

Perhaps in the whole range of external nature, there is no scene that so wholly absorbs the soul as a walk by the sea shore. The boundless magnificence of the landscape, the wonderful extent of sight, the receding or approaching tides, look us, as it were, in the face, and audibly pronounce that they are glorious scintillations of a light that burns from above. Every faculty of the soul may here find the most exquisite gratification. The lover of the wild and the sublime, while he roams along the sea coast, when Nature, like a bashful beauty, clothes herself in the veil of twilight, and hears the hollow sounding waters welcoming the approach of evening, and the wild fowl screeching around the surf-beaten crags, may be filled with transport even to satiety. The admirer of the picturesque and beautiful may find objects of adoration in every step that he advances.—He may see the upraising sun-beam stealing from the embrace of Thetis, and then mounting his chariot of the sky, the deep blue ocean whispering as it were the tale of lovers' bliss. The clear cloudless firmament, pure as the earliest smile of infant innocence, feeding the beauty of the landscape with its sunshine:—the white sails of the homeward-bound vessels moving merrily onward:—the richly tinted shells glistening upon the sands, and a thousand other objects of infinite grace, that may exhaust even the language of adoration and of reverence.

This subject is suggested by the ramble that we have at present chosen. Far removed from every haunt of man, on the desolate shores of ocean, which is now gaining imperceptibly on our home-returning steps, make us feel, deeply feel, the silent awe of the moment. We are here alone, with nothing to interrupt the meditations of the hour, or break the tranquillity of the prospect, but the sullen scream of the cormorant, as he wheels his flight among the beetling crags that tower to an awful distance above us. But hark! a sound comes pealing on our ear, it is the voice of the evening breeze, as it wakes the slumbering music of the tides, and rouses the full chorus of celestial harmony. From the darkened hills of the west the sea-fog is rising in his majesty, and hastens to spread the dull path of death over the living lineaments of nature. At distance, on the very verge of the horizon, where heaven embraces earth, and mingles with it the sweet influencings of his spirit, the Needle rocks are discovered; and when the fog accumulates on his sterile sides, and conceals them from the view, woe to the adventurous mariner who approaches them with his little barque.—But while thus enrapt in contemplation, the increasing shades of twilight remind us that we are yet far from home; the last footsteps of departing day are now hovering on the

dark abyss of night—a moment longer, and they will be no more seen, they will be numbered with the things that once were, and when the imagination is awake, you shall hear the dying voice of the day that has just gone by, and see its visionary form as it shivers like a night-ghost on the dim shores of eternity.

AN ADMIRAL ON SHORE.

I do not know any moment in which the two delightful truisms which we are all so ready to admit and to run away from, the quick progress of time and the instability of human events, are brought before us with a more uncomfortable consciousness than that of visiting after a long absence, a house with whose former inhabitants we had been on terms of intimacy. The feeling is still more unpleasant when it comes to us unexpectedly, and finds us unprepared, as has happened to me to-day.

A friend requested me this morning to accompany her to call on her little girl, whom she had recently placed at the Belvidere, a new and celebrated boarding-school—I beg pardon!—establishment for young ladies, about ten miles off. We set out accordingly, and, my friend being a sort of person in whose company one is apt to think little of any thing but herself, had proceeded to the very gate of the Belvidere before I had at all recollected the road we were travelling, when in one momentary stop at the entrance of the lawn, I at once recognized the large substantial mansion, surrounded by magnificent oaks and elms, whose shadow lay broad and heavy on the grass in the bright sun of August; the copse-like shrubbery, which sunk with a pretty natural wildness to a dark clear pool, the *ha ha* which parted the pleasure-ground from the common, and the beautiful country which lay like a panorama beyond—in a word, I knew at a glance, in spite of the disguise of its new appellation, the White House at Hammonby, where ten years ago I had so often visited my good old friend Admiral Floyd.

The place had undergone other transmigrations besides its change of name; in particular, it had gained a few prettinesses and had lost much tidiness. A new rustic beech, a green-house and a verandah, may be laid to the former score; a torn book left littering on the seat, a broken swing dangling from the trees, a skipping-rope on the grass, and a straw bonnet on a rose-bush, to the latter; besides which, the lawn which, under the naval reign, had been kept almost as smooth as water, was now in complete neglect, the turf in some places growing into grass, in others trodden quite bare by the continual movement of little rapid feet; leaves lay under the trees; weeds were on the gravel; and dust upon the steps. And in two or three chosen spots, small fairy gardens had been cribbed from the shrubberies, were seedy mignonette and languishing sweet peas and myrtles over-watered, and geraniums, tramed

as never geraniums were trained before, gave manifest tokens of youthful gardening. None of the inhabitants were visible, but it was evidently a place gay and busy with children, devoted to their sports and their exercise: As we neared the mansion, the sounds and sights of school-keeping became more obvious. Two or three pianos were jingling in different rooms, a guitar tinkling, and a harp twanging; a din of childish voices, partly French, partly English, issued from one end of the house, and a foreign looking figure from the other, whom, from his silk stockings, his upright carriage, and the boy who followed him carrying his kit, I set down for the dancing-master; whilst in an upstairs apartment were two or three, rosy laughing faces, enjoying the pleasures of disobedience in peeping out of window, one of which faces disappeared the moment it caught sight of the carriage, and was in another instant hanging round its mother's neck in the hall. I could not help observing to the governess, who also met us there, that it was quite shocking to think how often disobedience answers amongst these little people. If Miss Emily had not been peeping out of the window when we drove up to the door, she would have been at least two minutes later in kissing her dear mamma—a remark to which the little girl assented very heartily, and at which her accomplished preceptress tried to look grave. Leaving Emily with her mother, I sallied forth on the lawn to reconnoitre old scenes and recollect old times. My first visit especially forced itself on my remembrance. It had been made, like this, under the sultry August sun. We then lived within walking distance, and I had been proceeding hither to call on our new neighbours, Admiral and Mrs. Floyd, when a very unaccountable noise on the lawn induced me to pause at the entrance; a moment's observation explained the nature of the sounds. The admiral was shooting wasps with a pocket-pistol; a most villainous amusement, as it seemed to me, who am by nature and habit a hater of such poppery, and indeed of all noises which are at once sudden and unexpected. My first impulse was to run away, and I had actually made some motions towards a retreat, when, struck with the ludicrous nature of the sport, and the folly of being frightened at a sort of squibbery, which even the unusual game (though the admiral was a capital marksman, and seldom failed to knock down his insect) did not seem to regard; I faced about manfully, and contenting myself with putting my hands to my ears to keep out the sound, remained at a very safe distance to survey the scene. There, in the shade of the tall elms, sat the veteran, a little old withered man, very like a pocket pistol himself, brown, succinct, grave, and fiery. He wore an old-fashioned naval uniform of blue faced with white, which set off his mahogany countenance, drawn into a thousand deep wrinkles, so that his face was as full of lines as if it had been tattooed, with the full force of contrast. At his side stood a very tall, masculine, large-boned, middle-aged woman, something like a man in petticoats,

whose face, in spite of a quantity of rouge and a small portion of modest assurance, might still be called handsome, and could never be mistaken for belonging to other than an Irish woman. There was a touch of the brogue in her very look. She, evidently his wife, stood by marking the cards, and enjoying, as it seemed to me, the smell of gunpowder, to which she had the air of being quite as well accustomed as the admiral. A younger lady was watching them at a little distance, apparently as much amused as myself, and far less frightened; on her advancing to meet me the pistol was put down, and the admiral joined us. This was my first introduction: we were acquainted in a moment, and before the end of my visit he had shown me all over his house, and told me the whole history of his life and adventures.

In these there was nothing remarkable, excepting their being so entirely of the sea. Some sixty-five years before, he had come into the world, in the middle of the British channel, while his mother was taking a little trip from Portsmouth to Plymouth on board her husband's flag-ship (for he, too, had been an admiral), when, rather before he was expected, our admiral was born. This debut fixed his destiny. At twelve years old he went to sea, and had remained there ever since till now, when an unlucky promotion sent him ashore, and seemed likely to keep him there. I never saw a man so unaffectedly displeased with his own title. He forbade any one in his own house from calling him by it, and took it as a sort of affront from strangers.

Being, however, on hand, his first object was to make his residence as much like a man-of-war as possible, or, rather as much like that *beau-ideal* of a habitation his last frigate, the *Mermaiden*, in which he had by different prizes made above sixty thousand pounds. By that standard his calculations were regulated; all the furniture of the White House at Hannonby was adapted to the proportions of His Majesty's ship the *Mermaiden*. The great drawing-room was fitted up exactly on the model of her cabin, and the whole of that spacious and commodious mansion made to resemble, as much as possible, that wonderfully inconvenient abode, the inside of a ship; every thing crammed into the smallest possible compass; space most unnecessarily economized, and contrivances devised for all those matters which need no contriving at all. He victualled the house as for an East-India voyage, served out the provisions in ratons, and swung the whole family in hammocks.

It will easily be believed that these innovations, in a small village in a midland county, where nineteenth-twentieths of the inhabitants had never seen a piece of water larger than Hannonby great pond, occasioned no small commotion. The poor admiral had his own troubles; at first every living thing about the place rebelled—there was a general mutiny; the very cocks and hens whom he had crammed up in coops in the poultry-yard, screamed aloud for liberty; and the pigs,

ducks, and geese, equally prisoners, squeaked and gabbled for water; the cows slowed in their stall—the sheep bleated in their pens—the whole live stock of Hannonby was in durance.

The most unmanageable of these complainers were of course the servants—with the men, after a little while he got on tolerably—sternness and grog (the wind and sun of the table) conquered them—his staunchest opponents were of the other sex—the whole tribe of housemaids and kitchenmaids abhorred him to a woman, and plagued and thwarted him every hour of the day. He, on his part, returned their aversion with interest; talked of female stupidity, awkwardness and female diet, and threatened to compound a household of the crew of the *Mermaiden*, that should shame all the twirlers of mops and brandishers of brooms in the country.—Especially, he used to vaunt the abilities of a certain Bill Jones, as the best laundress, sempstress, cook, and housemaid in the navy; him he was determined to procure, to keep his refractory household in some order; accordingly, he wrote to desire his presence; and Bill, unable to resist the summons of his old commander, arrived accordingly.

This Avatar, which had been anticipated by the revolted damsels with no small dismay, tended considerably to ameliorate matters. The dreaded major domo turned out to be a smart young sailor, of four or five-and-twenty, with an arch smile, a bright merry eye, and a most knowing nod, by no means insensible to female oburgation or indifferent to female charms. The women of the house, particularly the pretty ones, soon perceived their power; and as this Admirable Crichton of his Majesty's ship the *Mermaiden* had, amongst his other accomplishments, the address completely to govern his master, all was soon in the smoothest track possible. Neither, universal genius though he were, was Bill Jones at all disdainful of female assistance, or averse to the theory of a division of labour. Under his wise direction and discreet patronage, a peace was patched up between the admiral and his rebellious handmaids. A general amnesty was proclaimed, with the solitary exception of an old crone of a she-cook, who had, on some occasion of culinary interference, turned her master out of his own kitchen, and garnished Bill Jones's jacket with an unseemly rag yclept a dishclout. She was dismissed by mutual consent; and Sally the kitchenmaid, a pretty black-eyed girl, promoted to the vacant post, which she filled with eminent ability.

Soothed, guided, and humoured by his trusty adherent, and influenced perhaps a little by the force of example and the effect of the land breeze, which he had never breathed so long before, our worthy veteran soon began to shew symptoms of a man of this world. The earth became, so to say, his native element. He took to gardening, to farming, for which Bill Jones had also a taste; set free his prisoners in the *hasse-cour*, to the unutterable glorification of crowing of cock and hen, cackling and gabbling of goose and turkey; and enlarged

his own walk from pacing backwards and forwards in the dining-room, followed by his old shipmates, a Newfoundland dog and a tame goat, into a stroll round his own grounds, to the great delight of those faithful attendants. He even talked of going pheasant shooting, bought a hunter, and was only saved from following the fox-hounds by accidentally taking up Peregrine Pickle, which, by a kind of Sortes Virgilianæ, opened on the mischances of Lieutenant Hatchway and Commodore Truncheon, in a similar expedition.

After this warning, which he considered as nothing less than providential, he relinquished any attempt at mounting that formidable animal, a horse, but having found his land legs, he was afoot all day long in his farm or his garden, setting people to rights in all quarters, and keeping up the place with the same scrupulous nicety that he was wont to bestow on the planks and rigging of his dear Mermaid. Amongst the country people, he soon became popular. They liked the testy little gentleman, who dispensed his beer and grog so bountifully, and talked to them so freely. He would have his own way, to be sure, but then he paid for it; besides, he entered into their tastes and amusements, promoted many games, revels, and other country sports, patronized dancing-dogs and monkeys, and bespoke plays in barns. Above all, he had an exceeding partiality to vagrants, strollers, gypsies and such like persons; listened to their tales with a delightful simplicity of belief; pitied them; relieved them; fought their battles at the bench and the vestry, and got into two or three scrapes with constables and magistrates, by the activity of his protection. Only one counterfeit sailor, with a sham wooden-leg, he found out at a question, and by aid of Bill Jones ducked in the horse-pond, for an impostor, till the unlucky wretch, who was, as the worthy seaman suspected, totally unused to the water, a thorough land lubber, was nearly drowned: an adventure which turned out the luckiest of his life, he having carried his case to an attorney, who forced the admiral to pay fifty pounds for the exploit.

Our good veteran was equally popular amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood. His own hospitality was irresistible, and his frankness and simplicity, mixed with a sort of petulant vivacity, combined to make him a most welcome relief to the dullness of a country dinner party. He enjoyed society extremely, and even had a spare bed erected for company; moved there into by an accident which befel the fat Rector of Kinnon, who having unfortunately consented to sleep at Lannonby one wet night had alarmed the whole house, and nearly broken his own neck, by a fall from his hammock. The admiral would have put up twenty spare beds, if he could, have been sure of filling them; for besides his natural sociability, he was, it must be confessed, in spite of his farming, and gardening, and keeping a log-book, a good deal at a loss how to fill up his time. His reading was none of the most extensive: Robinson Crusoe, the Noyal Chron-

icle, Southey's admirable Life of Nelson, and Smollett's Novels, scoured the greater part of his library; and for other books he cared little; though he liked well enough to pore over maps and charts and to look at modern voyages, especially if written by landmen or ladies; and his remarks on those occasions often displayed a talent for criticism, which under different circumstances might have ripened into a very considerable reviewer.

For the rest, he was a most kind and excellent person, although a little testy and not a little absolute; and a capital disciplinarian, although addicted to the reverse sins of making other people tipsy, while he kept himself sober, and of sending forth oaths in volleys, whilst he suffered none other to swear. He had besides a few prejudices incident to his condition—loved his country to the point of hating all the rest of the world, especially the French; and regarded his own profession with a pride which made him intolerant of every other. To the army he had an intense and growing hatred, much augmented since victory upon victory had deprived him of the comfortable feeling of scorn. The battle of Waterloo fairly posed him. "To be sure to have drubbed the French was a fine thing—a very fine thing—no denying that! but why! but why not have fought it the quarrel by sea?"

I made no mention of Mr. Floyd in enumerating the admiral's domestic arrangements, because, sooth to say, no one could have less concern in them than that good lady. She had not been Mrs. Floyd for five-and-twenty years without thoroughly understanding her husband's despotic humour, and her own light and happy temper enabled her to conform to it without the slightest appearance of reluctance or discontent. She liked to be managed—it saved her trouble. She turned out to be Irish, as I had suspected. The admiral, who had reached the age of forty without betraying the slightest symptom of matrimony, had, during a sojourn in Cork Harbour, fallen in love with her, then a buxom widow, and married her in something less than three weeks after their acquaintance began, chiefly moved to that unexpected proceeding by the firmness with which she bore a salute to the Lord Lieutenant which threw half the ladies on board into hysterics.

Mrs. Floyd was indeed as gallant a woman as ever stood fire. Her first husband had been an officer in the army, and she had followed the camp during two campaigns, had been in one battle and several skirmishes, and had been taken and retaken with the carriages and baggage without betraying the slightest symptoms of fear. Her naval career did not shame her military reputation. She lived chiefly on board, adopted sea phrases and sea customs, and but for the petticoat might have passed for a sailor herself.

And of all the sailors that ever lived, she was the merriest, the most generous, the most unselfish; the very kindest of that kindest race! There was no getting away from her hearty hospitality, no escaping her prodigality of presents. It was dangerous to praise or even to approve of any thing belonging to herself in her

The following notices of the "Mirror of Literature," have appeared in the public Journals, since the delivery of our first number. We have extracted all with selectivity, and return our best thanks to the gentlemen of the Press for their liberal and enthusiastic reception of our work.

The first number of a new periodical, published in Prescott, (U. C.) entitled "The Mirror of Literature," has been received. It is published monthly by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley—31 pages, stitched. As this work is published with a view to supply a place, hitherto unoccupied by any similar publication, in this province, there is no doubt but it will succeed. It is devoted entirely to literature, and the articles in this number, of which there are forty, are selected with the greatest taste. Such a work—and so remarkably cheap—is likely to be of much benefit to the province. The publishers "look with confidence to an intelligent community for their countenance and support," and we sincerely trust that all who can afford it will give their support. The subscription for one year, at only 12s. 6d. Mr. Lett, of the News-Room, will receive subscribers' names. *Montreal Herald.*

We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a new periodical published at Prescott, U. C. entitled "The Mirror of Literature." It is the only publication in that two Provinces which will be devoted exclusively to literature. The first number consists of articles selected with a great deal of taste; and as the work progresses, it will receive the support of original contributions. The subscription price of the Mirror is only 12s. 6d. Mr. Lett, of the News-Room, will receive subscribers' names. *Irish Advocate.*

An accession to the number of entertaining and useful Journals which circulate in this infant Colony will be hailed with unfeigned pleasure by the friends of improvement. We heartily welcome the appearance of the *Mirror of Literature*, a monthly periodical, published by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley, in Prescott, the first number of which we have just received. It contains thirty-two octavo pages of closely printed matter. The selections manifest the correct taste of the editors, and the original matter is creditable to those who contribute to its pages. We hope it may meet with that encouragement, to which it will certainly be entitled, should the succeeding numbers correspond with the specimen issued. *Christian Guardian.*

The *Mirror of Literature*.—We hail with delight the appearance of this beautiful work published in Prescott, U. C. It has every claim on the support of the Canadian people, and particularly so from the respectable manner in which it has made its first appearance. We wish its spirited proprietors Messrs. Beckford & Bayley, every success which is really due to them from their praiseworthy endeavours to enrich the literary resources of our Province. *Niagara Reporter.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of a very well got up, interesting and cheap Magazine, published monthly in Prescott, entitled *The Mirror of Literature*. It contains thirty-two large octavo pages of well selected and original matter, closely and neatly printed on good paper, and is issued at the extremely moderate price of 12s. 6d. per annum, or 15s. if sent by Post. We trust, for the literary credit of the country, it will find extensive circulation. — *Cobourg Star.*

The first number of the *Mirror of Literature*, a monthly literary journal, published at Prescott, has reached us. The ladies of Cobourg and vicinity, we have frequently heard, complain that there are few books within their reach; here is a work we dare commend as worthy their patronage and as fraught with useful, entertaining and light reading. We have perused this number with pleasure; and have no doubt, if liberally encouraged, its enterprising proprietors will make its successors more deserving attention. Its price is three dollars per annum, postage inclusive, payable in advance. It is a disgrace to the Canadas, that no

work of this description has hitherto met with any other else than a lingering death. It is time that this disgrace be wiped off and that one Canadian literary paper find remunerative support. This number contains 32 pages and is neatly printed in large octavo with good type and paper. *Cobourg Reformer.*

We have this moment received the first number of the "Mirror of Literature," published monthly at Prescott by Beckford & Bayley, and have only time to notice it in general terms. The Mirror is devoted to general literature, and contains a great variety of selections from European and American writers, which cannot fail affording a rich treat of amusement to the reader. The selections, as far as we have glanced over them, appear to have been judiciously made and arranged with good taste.

The Mirror contains about thirty-four pages of reading matter, and may be bound in volumes to suit the fancy of the reader. The terms are only fifteen shillings per annum when sent by mail; which is indeed cheap, considering the quantity of valuable reading afforded. We wish the proprietors success in their undertaking. *British Dig.*

MIRROR OF LITERATURE.—We have received the first number of this periodical published at Prescott, by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley. The work is neatly executed, and is not inferior in appearance to any thing of the kind ever attempted in the Canadas. It contains thirty-two large octavo pages and is to appear monthly. From such examination as we have been enabled to give to the articles comprising the contents, we doubt not but they will be found both instructing and amusing. This work being the only thing of the kind at present published in the Canadas, it is well entitled to the consideration of the reading portion of the community; and the price (12s. 6d. per annum) is so low as to place it within the means of most people who have any desire to patronize such a work. The proprietors have our best wishes for the success of their enterprise. *Bruckville Recorder.*

A new monthly periodical, published at Prescott, by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley, has been kindly handed to us by one of the proprietors. It is a handsome specimen of the art of printing, as well as an instructive and useful companion to the reading community. The work contains 32 large octavo pages, filled with selections and original matter of no common order. Each volume will contain 394 pages, accompanied with a title page and index at the end of every year for the small sum of fifteen shillings. We trust our friends will see the propriety of encouraging so respectable a publication. It is worth double the money being neat, handsome and interesting. *Cornwall Observer.*

The "Mirror of Literature" has been received. It is printed in Prescott by Beckford & Bayley, monthly, and contains 32 pages. This is a very interesting publication, and deserves the patronage of all who are favourable to literature and useful knowledge. *Bathurst Courier.*

MIRROR OF LITERATURE.—This publication which we noticed as about to be published at Prescott, U. C. by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley, made its appearance last week. It is a work containing 32 pages—the original and selected matter being well chosen, and promises to be a valuable publication. We can see no reason why the work should not receive a liberal patronage, as from its appearance it certainly bids fair to merit it. There is, we believe, no publication of the kind in Upper Canada, which should stimulate the citizens of that Province to exert themselves, in order that they may have within their own territory, a work devoted to literature. We heartily wish the enterprising publishers success in their undertaking. — *St. Lawrence Reporter.*

PROSPECTUS,
OF THE
MIRROR OF LITERATURE,

Published at Prescott, Upper Canada:
BY BECKFORD & BAYLEY.

The rapid progress of Canada within a few years, in improvements of every kind—in agriculture, population, manufactures and commerce has induced the publishers to make every exertion to render this periodical, the most complete and valuable work of the kind ever published in this Province.

In the compilation of this work, great care will be taken to make it innocent, instructive and elevating. It will contain selections of the most illustrious Historical, Dramatic, Biographical, and Poetic subjects of European and American writers, which cannot fail of being acceptable to the refined and literary.

Persons who are desirous of procuring this interesting journal for a family, are requested to make immediate application; as the first number will be issued the present month.

The work will be published every month, each number containing thirty-two large octavo pages—making three hundred and eighty-four pages of reading matter, in each volume. A title page and index will be furnished at the end of the year, with a Frontispiece, representing two youths holding up a Mirror—with the following inscription.

—To hold, as 'twere, the Mirror up to Nature;
To shew Virtue her own feature; Scorn her own image,
And the very age and body of the time,
His form and pressure.—*Shakespeare.*

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