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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1839.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

THE EXILE'S VISIONS OF HOME.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A vision of green woods and sunny braes,—
A vision of bright waters and fair fields,—
Of primrose paths, and lonely hedgerow ways,
Orchards and huts—such as the woodman builds
Among the autumnal forests!—Memory strays
To England, and through Fancy's glass discovers
The treasures of the past—the wealth of days,
Whose time misspent around me, ghostlike, hovers—
Chiding, with grave rebuke and solemn tone,
For wasted seasons, now for ever gone!

A vision of home-gardens, rich and rare,
Flowers on the stem and fruits upon the bough,
And glad eyes glancing from redundant hair,
And frank young voices, true and mirthful now,
Too soon to learn craft's lesson, sorrow's strain,
Taught in that cruel school—the world!—Around
I look on scenes I ne'er may see again,
Save thus in fancy. Yonder hill, tree-crown'd—
That moor remote, where mosses gaily show
Brown, orange, lilac tints, blent in one gorgeous glow!

And there are forms beloved, with gentle eyes,
And hands that welcome me with pressure kind;—
O! let me sleep for ever,—never rise
From the rapt dreams, which thus my senses bind!
But Truth—that slowly, sorrowfully steals
Through the strange dazzling mists of blinding Error—
Arouses me to watchfulness, reveals
The far-off land I pine in—and in terror
I shut my eyes,—but shut my eyes in vain,—
Fancy, hath fled, and shattered Memory's chain!

JENNY TAMSON'S SURPRISE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE are sayings which become proverbial, and form what I may call the floating wisdom of mankind: and there are sayings of a limited nature, which, like the voice of the stream, are heard but in the district whence they arose. From one of these latter my little story comes.

Some years ago—but in matters of truth it is well to be particular—on the eleventh of July 1831, I wandered into a valley on the Scottish side of the Tweed, with which some of my school-boy feelings were connected. I had been a round score of years away, and all seemed altered: the hills, and the streams were all that remained to me, and I set down the changes which man or time had wrought on what I loved, as personal injuries. "See," I said to myself, "the old family of Drumcoltrum is gone, and the new proprietor has cast down their tower, where the wild-hawk built for a century beyond the reach of the most venturesome school-boy: and here too—the little stream which once made its way southward through a fragrant wilderness of hawthorn and hazel, and beneath whose overhanging banks of turf I used to grope for trouts—is now confined between two straight walls of stone, and lifts up its imprisoned voice, with a tone in which there is something of lament: And what is this? Why the Trysting-tree, hung in summer with garlands of honeysuckle, and beneath whose shade I first committed the double folly of love and rhyme,—is stubbed out by the merciless hoe of this bone-manuring lord, and here lies its venerable trunk withering in the sun, with the names of a hundred lovers, and the rhymes of ten district bards, obliterated for ever." I could look on this no longer; so turned my steps into a little wild rocky ravine, on whose flinty sides I was sure improvement would break its teeth if it tried them.

Here matters went more to my mind: I took off my hat, and kneeling, drank heartily from a clear cool spring, at which a thousand school-boys, as well as wild-deer, had drunk in their day; when I looked up, the old cottage stood before me, where I now and then supped curds and cream: the same thin blue smoke seemed ascending from its wattled and rope-bound chimney: the hedge of wild plum which hemmed in the kale-yard and afforded shelter for some hives of bees, was not a hand-breadth higher than when I was last in the land: nay, I imagined the very birr of the spinning-wheel of its thrifty inmate sitting at the door in the sunshine, was the same, and the same, certainly, the air which she was crooning. I was at the old woman's elbow before she saw

me. She started so as almost to upset the wheel, and exclaimed, "Heh, sirs! this is Jenny Tamson's surprise owre again."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise," I said, "and what sort of surprise was that, dame?"

"Eh! and wha are ye that comes sae far to ask so little?" she answered, tartly. "Ye'll be one of thae travellers who come and clink down an auld wife's words and looks with pencils and keel-vines, into a book of travels, and come owre us a' wi' a Jenny Tamson's surprise.—Awa' wi' ye."

"No, no, Elspith," I said, holding out my hand, "ye are far mista'en in me, as the ballad says, which ye used to sing, and to which I listened, when I should have been learning the Proof Catechism. Know ye not the cheep of the bird that grew up under your own wing?"

"God guide me!" she exclaimed, "and have I seen one of my ain burn-bank bairns for a stranger frae the Trent or the Thames? Ye meikle gowk! ye hae gi'en me a waur surprise than Jenny Tamson gat."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise again," I said; "why Elspith, this saying has grown up in the land since I left it!"

"A'tweel has it," replied the old dame, "and meikle beside that: were a' things to stand still, think ye, because ye were awa? But yere grown up, and I am grown down, and Jenny Tamson has waured us baith, for she's grown a lady."

"What!" I inquired, "is she one of the Thomsons of the Butterhole-brae, and cousin to the Thomsons of Nether-bar-fegan?"

"The same, lad, the same," said Elspith; "but ye mauna ca' her Jenny Tamson ony mair: she's my lady now, and carries her head aboon us a': and Butterhole brae has changed its name; they call it Bellevue, nae less; and for a reeky hovel wi' a sour hole at the door, there's a braw structure wi' pillars and girle-whirlies at the head, and a grand flight of polished steps, wi' an approach through the policies. As I gade by the other day, instead of the cheep of the sparrow under the thatch, there was the music of lute and dulcimer; but, wad ye believe it, the poor fowk, wha hate to see ane step at ane stride into a lady, ca' the place Bonnie Bellevue when they ask for an amous; but nae sooner is my lady's back turned, than they cry, 'Jenny Tamson's surprise—Jenny Tamson's surprise!' and so the word goes round the land."

"Well, Elspith," I said, "this is all new to me, and, I see, not very pleasing to you; what! did you expect to become a lady through the love of some young lord, like those you loved to sing about in ballads?"

"Me!" exclaimed she, "nae sic notion ever came into my pow: no but what I think the Howiesons are as worthy of the name of lady as ony Tamson that ever sauld butter light o' weight in Dumfries market. But wherefore should I desire to change my lot? Do I not sit as saft and live as bein and snug—thanks be to you—and sleep as sound—thanks be to God and a good conscience—as if I were Lady Howieson, of Howlet-glen, and had a dozen fowls' feathers in my tappin, and a half dozen idle sluts to wait on me? Na, na; I hope fortune winna come Jenny Tamson's surprise owre me."

"I trust, Elspith," I said "that fortune will not be so spiteful; but you forget I am fasting; you owe me a bowl of curds and cream. I never get such curds and cream as yours any where."

"If I were sixty years younger, my lad," she answered, "ye might hope to come owre me with a blaw i' my lug like that, But, God forgie me, why should I say such things? Is not this house and all that is in it your ain sax times told, and why should a bondwoman who owes life and all that make life sweet, to your own kind heart, not hasten to do her best to please one that she prays for duly night and morning?"

"It is owing to your prayers, Elspith," I said, taking her old withered hand in mine, "that I prosper—but these are excellent curds: I think your skill increases with your age; but sit down beside me now, and tell me about Jenny Tamson's surprise. I long to hear by what strange road she walked into distinction."

"By a road not strange, but straight and beautiful," said Elspith; "her ain loveliness and her ain merits; but ye shall judge for yourself. Ye see when douce John Tamson of the Butterhole-brae died, he left but ae child, this Jenny,—my lady now I mauna ca' her,—to heir his property; for he had beside the land, which is gravelly and stony enough to justify the saying, that it was the riddings of Nithsdale, some sheep on the hills, some cows in the byre, and some bonds in the bank. Now the lassie was fair to look upon, and mild and gentle to all, rich and poor; at the school she was

up wi' the best at the lessons: in the dance ye wad hae thought her feet and the fiddle were sisters twin; and in the kirk her voice was sae sweet and melodious, that Tam Wilson, the preacher, said they might brag in the episcopal kirk how well they worshipped God, by means of that machine called the organ; but in a note o' Jenny Tamson's voice there was mair real rapture than in a whole St. Paul's Cathedral of pipes and whistles. Ye mauna think now that the lassie was a demure creature wi' a solemn psalm-singing look: she could be serious and thoughtful; but in truth she was equal to ony thing, and whatever mode she was in, she tempered all with such discretion and propriety, that the whole dale said, 'Jenny Tamson will make a capital market if her mother will let her.'

"Her mother, however, was na sic a fool as folk took her to be: she kend a light pound of butter frae a heavy one, and hawke-lock wool from hiplock; what they meant was, that she wad drive the poor lassie into some bargain, where the whole question was of bonds and not of hearts, and the quantity of land more carefully measured than the amount of affection. Weel, ye see, the lassie grew up as I said, fair to look upon, and when she was eighteen ye wadna hae seen the like o' her in a simmer-day's riding: she gaed to the kirk and was one of the doucest there: she went to the fair, and she was aye the nandsomest; and she went to the harvest-dance, and seemed to trip at over men's hearts; and yet she cared for nobody, when a' fowk cared for her. It would look liesome like, were I to tell the names and numbers of those who pined for her: there was sic riding and rinning as seen never saw. Butterhole-brae was like a cried fair; young men thought she would like health and strength, and the rapture of youth; old men imagined she would prefer the wisdom of years; while harum-scarum Tam Frizell cried, 'Stand all aside, Jenny prefers a half-and-half man, ane that's neither auld nor young, like me.'

"But not one of them was Jenny's choice; her refusal drove Jamie Corson to the sea, where a tempest rose and swallowed him up: had she raised the storm, there might have been reason in her sorrow; but she had a tender heart, owre tender, for she cried when wee Andrew Dobie died in a delirium of drink with toasting her health in brandy. 'Another half-mutchkin,' he cried, 'the thoughts of Jenny Tamson's beauty mak me mair drouthy than ordinar.'

"Her cruelty, as a rhymor called it in song, was the talk of the country side, and more than ane said, her pride would get a downcome: but no downcome came: her mither took her to task; it was an awful thing to hear them at it, as my ain niece, Peg Paterson, then ane of her servants, tauld me; for if ever a mither sought to sell her daughter to the devil, and Luckie tried it that day; and this brings me to Jenny Tamson's surprise.

"'Jenny,' she said, 'the crop is profitable; the butter and cheese have risen in the market; black-cattle, as well as sheep, have done us a good turn; and we are richer since your father's death by a full thousand pounds. Now all this is for Jenny Tamson, yet she gangs maiden both to kirk and market, and forgets that men of substance sigh for her, and that her, mither was a wedded wife and mair at her years.'

"'My dear mother,' said Jenny, 'you had the choice of your own heart: there is not a man in all the vale that I wish to oall mine.'

"'The choice of my heart!' exclaimed the other, 'when had woman ony sic choice? She is a slave to her parents or to custom; she cannot go up to a young fellow, and say, Lad, I love you;—she maun wait for those that fortune may send her; and when did fortune take a young thing's part, and send her the lad she loved? Na, na, Jenny, I had no choice of my own; your father was warmer with liquor than with love, when he came and wooed me: my father was by the side of the punchbowl when he gave his consent, and more was thought about the luck-penny, and the exchange of commodities, than about your poor trembling-hearted mother.'

"'Oh, mother, you make me sad to hear you!' said Jenny, shuddering at this dark page in the chapter of domestic history.

"'Weel, but ye mauna be sad, my bonnie woman,' said her mother in a soothing voice; 'for here comes the Laird of Tulzieknowe; no so young as he was ten years since, but descended from a renowned house; they had fame in border story, the lairds of Tulzieknowe—Jenny, he will make a husband of the best.'

"'Before Jenny could say a word by way of answer, the laird had sprung from his horse, and, booted and spurred, with a wa-

ter-proof great-coat on, an oil-skin covered hat on his head, and a heavy brass-headed whip in his hand, came stamping into the chamber, and seated himself in an arm-chair, with a scoss which made the floor quiver.

"Jenny," said he, "I have been at Lockerbie Lamb-fair, and there was not one of all the fighting Bells of Gottenbie; nor the wild Irrings of the Scroggs, durst say 'peose-mum' to the Laird of Tulzieknowe: Jenny, I'll make you queen of the border; you shall be a crowned princess among all who sell lambs by the score and deal in tarred fleeces or unlaid wool."

"But, laird," said Jenny, with a look and voice of great simplicity, "you have not come off, I fear, so well with the lads of Lockerbie as you imagine: one eye is not the same colour as the other, and there's something wrong with your brow, as if it had received what men call the Lockerbie lick."

"Aha, lass," said he, "you have an ee in your head: that touch on the eye was a gift from Jamie Carlyle of the Skipuire; he was led hame blind for't; and this welt on the brow was a wipie from left-handed Will Halliday; he got better than he brought—casalties, Jenny woman, casalties; but that's nought; when ye are the lady of Tulzieknowe, ye'll have some practice in the art of repairing cloured crowns and bruized banes; this hand of yours is a saft one, and will be useful in our dale during a fair-time." As the laird said this, he gallantly seized the hand of the heiress, and all but bit it, striving to imprint a kiss on what he called its "lamb's-wool side," namely, the palm.

"It is not known how far this fighting gallant would have carried his homage; for he was interrupted by the coming of a second wooer; one equally boisterous and far tipsier than himself,—an Armstrong by name,—who had just succeeded to a small estate, called Howeholme, contiguous to Butterhole-brae, the careful acquisition of an uncle, who had over-reached others and pinched and pined himself to gather gains which were soon to be scattered by his heir.

"Heiress!" exclaimed this second wooer, "just rise up and use your ain een, and they are bright anes, and of a similar colour,—which is mair than I can say of Tulzie's een there—and they'll convince ye that to marry me is the most profitable speculation ye ever made." She rose as he desired, and with a demure air walked towards the window, and looked out in the direction which the new wooer pointed: "There!" said he, "d'ye see where the sun is shining on that fine green holm, sax hundred acres and odd; all ploughed and cultivated, and bringing clear three guineas an acre? And then, Jenny, d'ye see, that new outstead of houses; sklate roofs; stane-stairs; with corn in the barn, cows in the byre, and horses in the stable? Now, thae acres and thae houses are mine, and they shall all be thine if ye will consent to have our names called on Sunday thrice, that we may be married on Monday; for my great bet of drinking three dozen of bottled porter in three hours and a half, comes off with Will Swan, the English rider, on Tuesday, and marriage, like other follies, should be done suddenly." She was about to answer, when he clapt his hand on her mouth, and said, "Another word, Jenny, another word! Only look how bonnily my land lies into the Butterhole-brae; the one takes the other in its arms, and cries, Oh, to be married."

"What answer she would have returned to this offer can only be guessed. A third wooer, a hoarder, and laird of a small pendicle called Misercraft, appeared on the field, and his coming was announced by a fit of coughing, which seemed about to separate soul and body. He recovered from this, however, and came tottering into the room, looking first at Jenny, then at her two wooers, and finally at himself; for there he was as large as life, in a looking-glass; and it was evident that he saw his whole length for the first time; he went close to the mirror, took a front view, a side view, and finally rose on tip-toe, and as he rose he smiled and muttered, 'No sae far amiss; I see myself to mair purpose here than in a bowle of spring-water.'

"Tulzieknowe looked at Howeholme, and Jenny looked at all three, while her mother, not at all perplexed by this surplus of woosters, began to weigh the merits—that is to say, the wealth—of each in a balance; and it was plain, from her looks, that she inclined to her last-come candidate.

"Jenny," said Misercraft in a whisper, "I have been lang in coming, and I see there are folks before me, wha, I dare say, hae taid for your hand; but they are friends, hiny, real friends; I have a wadset on the lands of Tulzieknowe, which will make ye lady of them without the fash of marrying the laird; and as for Howeholme there, I hand him by the cravat; he is coming quietly into my plaid-neuk—as quietly as I hope you'll come, my bonnie lady. Yere mither there will tell ye what a gowden down-sitting ye will get; we hae talked the matter owre, and made things sure and sicker, sae here's a bridal ring for ye,—it's pure gowd."

"Pure gold," replied Jenny with a glance of which he did not see the archness, "and would you wear and waste precious gold in a matter where bare hands can do the work?"

"The old man turned round to her mother, and said, 'O, but this is a precious lassie; I never heard such a sentiment out of

ony head before; I'll tak' her in her sark; she's an inheritance of herself.'

"Take him, Jenny; take him," whispered her mother; "he has ten thousand pounds of gude set siller, and bonds and bands innumerable—never mind his looks, and as for his cough, there's music in't; his auld brass will buy you a new pan."

"It was evident that neither Tulzieknowe nor Howeholme were easy on the appearance of this third candidate: but they resolved to put on a bold face, and uniting their forces, give him battle, in the presence of the heiress. Tulzieknowe took the field first: while the other wet his throat with a bumper of brandy, took his station a little in the rear, wiped his lips, and tried to stand steady. Tulzie cracked his whip thrice, making the knotted-thing come each time within an inch of Misercraft's foot, and said, 'Weel, old grip-the-gowd, we're glad to see you: od! I thought that cough of yours was serving ye heir to an inheritance in the bedral's croft: but ye have gien auld bare-bones the slip, and are come to woo. But a lass of warm flesh and blood canna take your iron-banded box to her bosom; and as ye have nothing warmer to offer, I would advise ye to slip hame and content yourself with your twa Dalilas, pounds and pence.'

"As he said this, he turned half round on his heel, cracked his great whip close to the miser's face, and gave room to Howeholme, who, cheered on by brandy and a belief in his own good looks, spoke with freedom.

"I wad hae ye, Jenny woman," said he, "to buy your bridal dress of a kirkyard colour, and put on a widow's cap beneath ye're feathers; for Misercraft there canna lang survive the toil, and what's warse, the outlay of bridal and bridal-dinners; ye will be a rosie young widow with a great jointure, and no a jisp the waur for having been married."

"Loud laughed old Misercraft at this, and his laughter was mingled with a fit of coughing, in which the water of good humour ran fast from his eyes; he clapt his expanded palms, one on his own knee, and the other on that of the heiress, and cried 'That's good! that's capital! I never take offence at the nettish words of real gude fellows whose whole life is spent in driving fish into my net; I look on them as my best friends; as men, Jenny, made for thy behoof and mine: let us be kind, therefore, to these lads; they are twa bright spokes in the wheel of our fortune—I bid them baith to their bridal.'

"These words were addressed to inattentive ears, for all eyes were turned on a splendid chariot, which, preceded by two outriders, in liveries, now entered the narrow road that led to the house, and struggled up the steep ascent, showing at every jolt, on the rough and stony way, the form of a handsome young man, attired in the style approved in the circles of the south, and who, unlike some of the visitors in those magic circles, seemed as much at his ease as a peacock when it lifts its train in the sun, amid the children of the dunghill.

"Mair grist for my mill, mair grist for my mill, Jenny, my woman," exclaimed Misercraft. "This is a pigeon prepared for the plucking,—a pig ready for my spit. Jenny, ye are just as good to me as ten thousand pounds laid out at ten per cent.; ae laird drinks, another laird fights, and a third, better than baith, puts his estate on his back, and all for my advantage: ye are a jewel of a lassie—a real jewel."

"A message was now delivered by one of the servants: it was fast followed by the stranger himself. In he came, handsome, good-looking, and self-possessed, and with a look of demure simplicity.

"I have seen this chap before," muttered old Misercraft—"seen him before, that's certain; but he's no for my mill,—he's no for my mill; a cut aboon me, a cut aboon me."

"Tulzieknowe resolved to puzzle him out.

"He's a Rabson!" he said, and of 'a rough-riding race! Ye'll be the family of Fouflesh now; or, aiblins, one of the Rabsons of Whackawa? I'm connected with them by my mother's side."

"It may be as you say, sir," replied the stranger; "but I come not here to settle descents or matters of pedigree: I am but a passer-by, as it were; an admirer of hill and stream, and not insensible to the beauties of Butterhole—what do you call it?—brae. The situation is really fine, and the prospect beautiful."

"As he said this he put his glass to his eye, which Misercraft remarked was of pure gold, and stepping up to the window, surveyed the scene, which is really a fine one, with a nodding and approving look—

"A plaic," he exclaimed, "of great capability: fine sweep of the stream; noble ascent of the hill—but nature wants man's hand here."—He then turned to the old dame, and inquired, "Your sister, madam, I presume?" indicating by a nod that he meant her daughter.

"No, sir," replied the dame; "she's my ae daughter, as we of this land word it, and heiress, I may say, of a bonnie bit o' land, and a fair penny of siller. Ye'll no be o' thae parts yersel' now, I jalouse."

"He looked full in her face, and said, 'I should think so; but I have no remembrance of the hour of my birth. A correspondent of mine desires me to inquire about one Wattie,—no,

that's not it—let me look at his letter—one 'Willie Leslie,' whose mother was a Robson, who lived hereabouts while a boy; but you do not remember him, I see.'

"What gude will it do me, think ye, to remember him?" said she, bitterly, "A perfect deevil, that I should say sae! as fu' o' mischief as an egg's fu' o' meat: if he evades hanging, he'll no get his full reward."

"The stranger, on this, walked towards the door, and seemed uncertain what to do: a whelp came to him, and began to snarl. He gave it a touch with his foot, when out sallied the mother with her bristles on end, and her white teeth shown; but when about to fly at him, she stopped, regarded him for a moment, then set up a low howl of recognition, and ran to communicate the discovery to her whelps, who all yelped in chorus. The stranger hurried to his chariot, and drove away.

"There was one, however, who made the discovery earlier than the poor collie, and this was the heiress herself. The voice, the look, and the air of the stranger, reminded her of other days, and of a youth, the orphan son of a poor and honest pair, who, swept away by a disease, which scourged the country like a plague, left him, when some seven years old, to the cold charity of the world. Yet he found friends: one put him to school, another clothed him, and a third purchased books, while from all he got a bed and a mouthful of food; though the care of no one, he took care of himself, and became a good scholar, and before he was fifteen years old, his handsome form, and manly looks were remarked by ail; and as Nature took the task of superintending his manners upon herself, he was perfectly well-bred. His company was acceptable to even the wise; and those who saw far into the future began to prophesy his fate. One affirmed that he was a kindly good-hearted boy; marvellous at his look, knew more of history than any elder of the parish, and would make a figure yet. A second, and this was the good wife of the Butterhole-brae herself, declared that he was an 'ill-deeing deevil; ever for evil and never for good, and wad come to an end that wad have vexed his poor mother, had she been permitted to see it.'

"Hout-tout, good wife, ye shouldna prejudge poor Willie," exclaimed a third; "mair betoken that yere ain Jenny, there where she sits, and reddening like a rose—was beholden to him for mickle of the lear that makes her haud her noddle sae high now. They aften looked into ae book thegither at school, and I have seen them wi' my ain een wandering hand in hand like twa babes in the wood down the wild-cat glen —"

"If it is of William Leslie ye speak," said a gipay lass, inserting her tawny cheek and bright eyes between two of the cronies, "I'll tell ye for saxpence, what will become of him. He'll rin off to a far foreign land, and then come hame, and—but, dame, this is a bad saxpence: I canna withdraw the curtain of truth farther on a bit of watered copper like this."

"Gae away, wi' ye, insolent curtie, as well as cheat," cried the good wife of Butterhole-brae. "My hen-bawks will no be the better of your visit."

"The gipsy laughed and sang, as she tripped away, after her asses and panniers.

"All this, and much more, was present to the mind and heart of Jenny Tamson, as her eye followed the departing stranger.

"It's Willie himself," she said in her thought, "come back after his seven years weird; and how manly and noble he looks. It is but as yesterday that our cheeks lay together over the lesson at school, long after we had learned it: and it seems but an hour since we gathered blaeberrys together on the Fairy-Knowe, and palled nuts in the wild-cat linn; and the ripest and sweetest were aye for 'my wee Jenny,' as he loved to call me. Ay, and dearer than a', on the morning when he was missed, his last foot-steps were seen under my window, and around the flowers which he planted and watered in my little garden—I have watered them frae my een since; and auld Marion the nurse told me that she saw him wandering at midnight like a spirit by the Trysting-tree, and down the walk where I have since set so many flowers; and looking around our house, and up at my window. The very dumb creature knew him, and forbore to bite: and how could I see the lad I have loved sae weel, pass and re-pass over my own threshold, and refrain from leaping into his arms? and yet he must have caught a glance of my ee too, and I'm sure he would see it was wet. But I deserve to lose him, were it only for listening to these three miserable apologies for manhood."

"She rose, and her three wooers stood and looked at her, and at one another, and seemed sensible that fortune was on the turn against them.

"What," she said sorrowfully, "has the drunkard, the bully, and the miser seen in me, that they should hope for my hand, and come here with their contemptible offers, as if a woman's heart were a matter for the market? Begone!"

"As she said this, she hurried out of the house into a little neighbouring arbour, where she had planted the flowers which her lover delighted in, now so wondrously returned, and taking up an instrument of music, sought to soothe her mind with one of the airs which, when a boy, he loved. Her mother followed, and seating herself near, continued to gaze on her daughter, awed by the vehemence of her feelings. While this was passing, one

of her cousins came and put a letter into her hands: she allowed the instrument to escape from her grasp, and her fingers trembled so, that she could scarcely break the seal.

"Your heart's owre full for ought, my love," said her mother; "let me see this epistle;" and she snatched the letter from her daughter's hand, glanced on it, and exclaimed, "Heh, what a surpriso! Jenny Tamson, ye'll be a lady."

"Yes, madam," said Sir William Leslie, stepping forward; "but you will be surprised to find that I am the ill deeing geet, as fu' o' mischief as an egg is fu' o' meat; but yet to whom you gave more kisses than cuffs when he was an orphan child."

"Is the heaven aboon me and the earth below me?" cried the old lady, in vast surprise; "and are ye the wee wicked ne'er-do-weel that used to pull my goose-berries, steal my apples, and wad sooner hae put the kye into the corn, than turn them out?"

"But, madam, said Sir William, 'you have not bid me welcome yet; nor said that I am to be preferred as a son, to the drunkard, the bully, and the miser.'"

"Welcome, ay welcome," she said, "as the flower to May, as the sun to sinmer; and prefer ye as a son! I could never sander ye when ye were bairns, and needna' try, I see, to do't now. This day shall be one of rejoicing to me yearly as it comes round, and its name shall be Jenny Tamson's Surprise."

"The old good-wife kept her word, and the day is still one of gladness annually to the whole country side. And sae I have tauld the tale," concluded Elspith, "of Jenny Tamson's Surprise, and how the owre word rose in the land."

WHY WOMEN WERE MADE LOVELY.

I have often thought that the only form in which despotism is endurable is when it is exercised by a beautiful woman. There is such a dignity in the pretended unconsciousness with which she wears her authority, yet so evident a relish in the exercise of her power! With what a condescending swan-like ease does she look down upon us inferior water-fowl! How serenely happy is her existence! She has no need for circumspection. Customs are cobwebs to her; and all the ordinary restraints of society only foils wherewith to set off her celestial superiority. Nature has taken care of her motions. She has no need to observe how her arms are placed, or whether her body has the bend graceful, or whether her eyes express nonchalance, or whether her toes turn out, or whether others' glances are searching out her conscious defects. So far from it—she is not even aware of the existence of such sensations of doubt—the torment of all those whose are ill at ease on the score of their personal appearance. One can conceive an inexpressible felicity the portion of the possessor of such charms. I cannot think but that there must be a kind of instinctive pleasure in the use of those fine limbs—a consciousness of the fire or the soft languishment of those expressive eyes. Everything a really handsome woman does is so naturally graceful that one cannot help fancying there may be in them a capability for a kind of pleasure which ordinary mortals cannot enjoy, a pleasure arising from an intuitive harmony of motion. At all events we have imagined an ineffable spirituality of enjoyment in the existence of angels, intimately connected with their supposed perfection of form; and it will but be one step farther to suppose the same to belong to a lovely woman, who surely is in the next degree of being to the angels.

I have an hypothesis as to the motive which dictated the expenditure of so much of the divine art in fashioning the superlative loveliness of woman—in making her that pure typification she is, of all that is majestic, all that is soft and soothing, all that is bright, all that expresses the one universal voice of love, in the creation. To work out one's own hypothesis is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable offices in literature. The only thing in the actual world at all comparable to it in pleasant labour is the first fitting on a well made French glove. The gradual easing of the fit on the fingers—then the broad expanse of dazzling softness in the palm—and finally the full perfection of the delicate outline (especially if you have a hand to be proud of), all these typically express the progress of that labour of love—the working out your own hypothesis. Hypothesis is the first born of philosophy, and, like all first-born, is still her favorite child.

It seems to me highly probable that the beauty of woman, and her fascinations were ordained towards an end, compatible with our ideas of what will be the ultimate condition of man, but which is still very far from being attained. The province of woman in the human economy seems very analogous to that of the moon as contrasted with the sun—it is a regulating, refining power that she exercises, and, as the moonlight flings over the creation a hue of purity and spirituality, so does the influence of the peculiar mould in which the female mind is cast, bring out, in an atmosphere of heavenly benignity, all those finer emotions in the heart of man which are lost in the glare of the high noon-tide of his being. But that woman is really designed to play a much more important part in the world than she heretofore has, appears to me to be the natural conclusion to be drawn from her past history. I also hope to show satisfactorily that it is to her beauty we

are to look as the great feature which is to characterize her ultimate triumph. It is this that has been her power through all ages. Our religious records almost begin with a startling evidence of it, for all men seem to agree that, but for Eve's fascinations, Adam would never have been weak enough, or bold enough, (as the opinion may be) to commit that act which first sullied the purity of the human soul. The ancients paid ample tribute to the power of beauty. Its worship is the invigorating spirit of their mythology. The Venus of their creed—truly the only one of their pantheon to whom a consistent idolatry was paid—is the very ideal of beauty, and her irresistible power the typification of that which woman was to exercise on earth. Jupiter could not resist her—Mars was her slave—and even the wild deities of the woods and plains are reclaimed from the lustful savageness of their ideal nature by her, or by her fair shadows, the nymphs of the fountain or the groves. The middle ages, so barbarous in all things else, in the respect of women anticipated a far future time. When the ferocity of the feudal lord, or of the barbarian conqueror, could be restrained no other way, woman stood forth in all the winning dignity of her loveliness, and the victor became a slave. Thus was the consistency of nature preserved. While the man was in what may be called the preparatory state of his nature—while the thirst for glory, and the uncontrollable workings of manly strength, carried him on as by a flood, and left him no leisure nor any taste for the pursuits of the intellect—woman held her ascendancy by the power of her beauty, aided by the natural ingenuity which seems a happy device of nature for setting it off to the best advantage—a kaleidoscope kind of variability, presenting the same splendid materials in a thousand ever changing forms.

Thus it appears clear from the past, (and to this we may add the evidence of the present as regards many countries of the earth), that whatever may have been the state of man, whether he have been utterly brutish, or whether he have been martially disposed, or whether he have been as now, lost in voluptuous indulgence, the beauty and fascinations of woman have placed her in the ascendancy. Now, the deduction I am about to draw from these premises will startle my fair readers, and, I trust, provoke the indignation of the males. My hypothesis is, that the scheme of the creation has been misunderstood as regards the relative position of the two sexes, and that although the superior strength of man has enabled him hitherto to maintain his self-created dignity of "lord of the creation," yet that the intent of nature always was that, ultimately, the other should be the predominant sex. Every thing that passes before our eyes helps us towards this conclusion. The reign of brute force is now over; and that of intellect and feeling is at hand. Woman, hitherto driven by the necessities of her situation to preserve her ascendancy by the power of her beauty only, can now enter the bloodless lists of mental conflict on fair terms of equality. What is the evident result?

The present age has already afforded irresistible proofs that the female mind is of a texture far finer than that of man, and that it is capable of producing, with the additional charm of a spiritual refinement in all the higher branches of thought, specimens of art worthy to bear away the palm from any the male creation ever put forth. Very well. Then the conclusion is irresistible, that the time is not very far distant when male and female intellect will be generally on a par, and further, that in certain departments of mind the latter will shoot a-head. When, however, the omnipotent fascination of beauty is added to this intellectual equality, or superiority, what on earth is to prevent the fair from being the dominant sex? From that moment they must be. For the only ground of man's superiority heretofore—the rule of might as opposed to right—having been exploded by the improved sentiments arising out of intellectual cultivation, what has man left with which to compete with woman for the superiority? The result is as inevitable as the foundation is true. So, if there be any man on the face of the earth who would be disposed to murmur at such a rule, let him at once set himself to work to put a stop to that spirit of mental improvement which seems to actuate the age; for the necessary consequences of the subjection of that portion of man's nature in which he is allied to the brute—his physical strength—will be the immediate reversal of the position of the sexes, and the establishment of Woman on that throne which would seem to have been always her right, and to fit which she is so admirably fitted by the beauty with which nature has adorned her.

There are three celebrated coral fisheries in the Mediterranean, but corals are procured in many seas. The best is procured in submarine caverns. It is enlarged by the insects which generate it. It is ten years in attaining its full height of a foot. There are nine shades of red, and several of white coral. It grows in depths from 60 to 600 feet. In growing it preserves an exact perpendicular direction. In the South Seas the little animal raises the bases of islands of this hard material, carrying it nearly to the surface of the water, forming at first dangerous shoals, which ultimately become fertile islands.

ANCIENT, INTEMPERANCE.

BY THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The effects of intemperance in the days of old were similar to those witnessed in our own days. It transformed the amiable, the honorable and the wise, into the silly, the sensual and the sanguinary. And did it not, in thousands of instances, (some of them very distinguished,) result in death? Look at Anacreon, the celebrated Ionic lyricist: his long life was disgraced by the most disgusting conduct: he was at last choked with a grape stone, and died. The memory of his vices was perpetuated by a statue in the citadel of Athens, "representing him as an old drunken man, singing, with every mark of dissipation and intemperance." Look at Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse. So overjoyed was he by learning that one of his tragedies had gained a prize, that he "offered a solemn sacrifice; feasted his subjects, and drunk to such excess as to cause his death." Look, also, at Alexander the Great. Peculiarly blessed in natural endowments—in educational advantages—and in all the facilities necessary to the attainment of unbounded power, he made himself master of the world:—then became the slave of his own passions; then murdered, in a drunken revel, the friend to whom he owed the preservation of his life; and then perished himself, leaving the corpse of a sot on the topmost throne of the earth. Hephæstian, another of his friends, had previously died from the same cause. Marius, the stern Roman Consul, is said to have hastened his death by intoxication; and Jovian, one of the last of the emperors, is thought to have fallen a victim to the same awful vice. Besides these individual instances, there might be others mentioned in which multitudes were involved in ruin. I will call up to your recollection one or two. The Scythians invaded the dominions of Cyaxares, king of Media, took possession of a part of them, and retained it for nearly thirty years. The Median monarch, still being unable to expel them by force of arms, resorted to stratagem. He invited the Scythians to a feast. They came—abandoned themselves to intoxication—proved an easy prey to their foe—and lost at once their conquest and their lives. Again, when the Fidenates marched against Rome, and threatened it with destruction, unless the citizens would comply with a condition which they would have scorned as long as they had life; Philotis, a maid servant, devised and accomplished a successful plan of deliverance. At the head of all the female slaves, in appropriate disguise, she presented herself and her associates to the enemy, as though the matrons and their daughters had indeed obeyed the bidding. A feast was prepared—the Fidenates were soon drunk and asleep; and then the lifted torch of Philotis called forth the Roman bands to certain triumph.

To what extent the excessive use of intoxicating liquors prevailed among the mass of the people in olden times, I am but partially prepared to say. There are no statistical records; or if there be any, I am ignorant of them. We have already seen that some of the most distinguished men in history owed their ruin to intemperance. Many other names might be added, such as Æschylus, among the poets; Trusias of Bythynia, among kings, and Tiberius, Trajan, and Verus, of the Roman Emperors. Of Tiberius, it was said by Seneca, "that he never was intoxicated but once all his life:" the explanation of which is, that from the time he took to drink to the time of his death, he was never sober. Mark Antony is reputed to have been the greatest drunkard in the Roman Empire; and to have written "a book in praise of drunkenness." Marcus, the son of Cicero, was such an abandoned inebriate, that according to Pliny, he appeared desirous of rivalling or excelling even Antony. From these conspicuous cases (and they might be multiplied almost indefinitely) we would be justified in the inference, that intemperance prevailed to an awful extent among the populace; for they generally follow patrician example. The same inference may be drawn from their mythology. Several of their gods and demi-gods, as Bacchus and Silenus, were nothing more than personifications of drunkenness. Indeed, we know that drunkenness was a part of their religion. The very name of their feasts was derived from the opinion that "they were obliged, in duty to the gods, to be drunk." And the manner in which they celebrated their almost innumerable festivals, particularly the Bacchanalia, affords the most mournful evidence that the vice was general, in its lowest degrees and most loathsome associations. Men and women, like bands of furies, "ran about the hills" with shameful gestures and frantic exclamations; and indulged, according to St. Peter's description of Gentile corruption, in every "excess of riot." Their entertainments were likewise disgraced. "Drink, or begone" were the alternatives of the guests. It was customary to drink to gods and friends; frequently a brimming cup for every letter in the name. Drinking-matches were common. In one instance, thirty persons died on the spot, striving for the prize; and soon after six more in their tents. These facts exhibit a most deplorable state of society; and this existed among many people. Not only the Greek and Romans, but the Egyptians, Scythians, Persians, Parthians and Germans, were all addicted to drunkenness. Of the inhabitants of a town in Sicily, it was said, "The people of Leontini are always at their cups;" and the Lesbians were sunk so low that their name became a proverb indicative of the vilest dissipation.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.

BURNS.

The story of Burns is as familiar as his poetry; his habits and opinions shine undisguisedly through his verse. The mention of his name brings his manly character and figure at once before us, overtopping the scene like his own fine sketch of Edinburgh Castle—

“There, watching high the least alarms,
The rough rude fortress gleams afar.”

We had a long and memorable conversation lately with the poet's eldest surviving son, who was about ten years of age when his father died, and who remembers him distinctly and affectionately. This gentleman was, after Burns' death, placed by some friends of the family at college in Scotland, and from thence was transferred to a situation in the Stamp-office, London, in which situation he continued clerk until within the last few years. He retired with an allowance of £120 per annum, in obtaining which he was aided by the active generosity of Lord Brougham, then chancellor. Mr. Burns now resides in the town of Dumfries, where his illustrious father closed his brief and glorious, but troubled career. This gentleman says that full justice has not been done to the poet's ardour of study and intense desire for knowledge. He was an incessant reader—of history, politics, poetry, and whatever else fell in his way. His mind was ever in action, burning, blazing on, in its rapid course, “to that dark inn, the grave.” Burns had, by his father's fireside, or in moments snatched from severe toil, mastered the first six books of *Euclid*. He had also taken instructions as a land-surveyor, and his son possesses his measuring-chain, a link or two of which is sometimes begged as a relic of genius. He kept up his acquaintance with the French language, of which he had gathered a scanty knowledge by a fortnight's attendance before harvest on his early and kindly preceptor, John Murdoch, at Ayr. The poet's son seems fond of pointing out the favourite walks and scenes of his father on the banks of the river Nith. The ruined Abbey or College of Lindisden, which stands in a solitary spot, where two waters meet, about a mile and a half from the town, was one of his chosen haunts. It is surrounded with soft swelling green mounds, the remains of a bowling-green and flower garden, and some old ash trees. “On one of these little knolls,” says the son, “I have often seen my father stand, while he told me to play about till he wished to return home. On this spot he could command a view of both the Gothic windows of a chapel, through which the sky and trees seem a perfect picture, encased, in a massive frame—and it was here, after a long midnight reverie, that he composed his “*Vision*.”

“As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.”

When we visited the spot, the ash trees were bare, and the winds howled through the old ruins; we forgot the monks and mans that once tenanted the place, but the poet stood visibly before us in the light of genius, and so he will stand to many a future generation, ennobling the scene with associations unknown before.

Mr. Allan Cunningham has given a graphic description of the poet's death, in the midst of misery and distress. “On the fourth day,” says the biographer, “when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face—and expired.” Burns' son, who saw his father expire, says this is a pure romance—Mr. Cunningham must have been egregiously misinformed. The poet was too much crippled by disease, and too much enfeebled, for such a strange exertion. He lay, a helpless wreck, his mind wandering in delirium. His last words were—“That d—d rascal, Mathew Penn”—an incoherent ejaculation, prompted probably by some dread of the law and a goal—for Mathew Penn was an attorney, and the poet was a few pounds in debt. Alas! we may say with William Roscoe—

“'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends,
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.”

Burns, a few days before his death, begged five pounds from Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, and ten pounds from his cousin, James Burnes, of Montrose. His haughty spirit was crushed and broken—the iron had entered into his soul. Yet let us say, in justice to those friends who saw the poet daily, and

should have ministered to his wants, that Burns' situation, horrible as it was, must have been made yet more gloomy and terrible by his imagination. His family knew nothing of these applications for money till after the poet's death, when two bank drafts—one for five pounds from Thompson, and the other for ten pounds from Mr. Burns of Montrose—were found among his papers. They had never been used.

Let us also correct a trifling error of Mr. Cunningham, in justice to Mrs. Burns, who had a native taste and delicacy of feeling on many subjects, far above her station and opportunities. “Though Burns now knew he was dying,” remarks Mr. C., “his good-humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bedside—“Alas!” he said, “what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow and not worth plucking. He pointed to his pistols, and took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation.” Burns did not present his pistols to the physician; but a few weeks after his death, his widow, knowing that the relic would be appreciated, sent them to Maxwell as a memorial of the poet, and a token of her gratitude.

It is in the country of Ayr that we must look for the chief localities of Burns, and for traces of his early musings. The most imperishable of his lyrics consecrate the banks of his native stream. We have followed his steps from the cottage in which he was born, to Tarbolton, where he became a freemason and a poet. The books of the mason lodge yet remain, and no man could be more devoted to the mystic craft than brother Burns. He is recorded as having been present at almost every meeting; he often presided, and the minutes are signed by him as chairman. Near the lodge is a thatched, one-story cottage, in which Burns established a debating club, and where he shone as “a bright particular star” among a few wandering rustics. His mind was now developing itself, and his genius found a vent in these humble scenes of distinction. But close by was the abode of Highland Mary, and Burns' soul was touched with new and deeper emotions. Mary was but a poor dairymaid, in the proud castle of Montgomery. She was, however, eminently lovely and virtuous, and the young poet met her daily among scenery of the most beautiful description. The castle stands on a high bank, wooded and precipitous, and at the foot of it murmurs a stream, half hid by foliage, near which the lovers used to meet at *gloaming*, or twilight. A thorn tree is still pointed out as the trysting-place—

“Who that has melted o'er his lay,
To Mary's soul in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?”

This was the day on which Burns and Mary parted. They stood on each side of a small brook; they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows, to be faithful to each other. The lovers never met again; Mary fell a prey to disease while her vow was yet fresh upon her: the poet mixed in many scenes; he burst into distinction; mingled with the high-born and the illustrious, and removed, with other ties, to scenes far removed from the wooded banks of the burn of Faillee and the river Ayr. Yet never was the day of the scene forgotten. Years afterwards, when he resided in the vale of Nith, Burns' wife watched him, one evening in September, striding up and down slowly, contemplating the starry sky. He fixed his eyes on a beautiful planet, “that shone like another moon,” and he poured out his soul in impassioned verse.

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest;
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?”

This is the most beautiful and touching passage in all Burns' life. His after-loves were of the earth, earthly, but his passion for Highland Mary was as pure as it was fervent and lasting. It dawned upon him at the most susceptible period of life; it let in enchantment upon those scenes and objects which he had previously looked upon with coldness or aversion; it gave a finer tone of humanity to his whole moral being. Let us not admit the dictum of Byron, that “the cold in clime are cold in blood,” since in peasant life, among the woods of Ayr, was nursed in solitude and obscurity a passion as deep and thrilling and romantic as the loves of Tasso or Tetrarch, and immeasurably beyond those of Sidney and Waller. Sacharissa and the fair ones of Arcadia must yield to the dairymaid of Montgomery Castle!

When Burns' fortune assumed a darker complexion, and his temper was soured by disappointment and neglect, the constitutional melancholy to which he had been ever prone gathered force, and he delighted in stern and desolate scenery. Amidst the gaieties and splendour of Edinburgh, he had dark forebodings and dis-

mal thoughts. We have heard old John Richmond at Mauchline (with whom the poet lodged and slept in a garret room in the Lawnmarket) state that, on returning from the routs of the nobility, the poet would throw himself gloomily on his bed, and beg his friend to read him asleep. In later years he sought the woods, delighted, in a cloudy winter day, to hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. “It is my best season for devotion,” he writes; “my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, walks on the wings of the wind.” In another letter he says that the first of January, or New Year's day, the great carnival of Presbyterian Scotland, where Christmas is little celebrated—the first Sunday in May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the *beginning*, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the *end* of autumn, these had been, time out of mind, a kind of holiday with him. What follows, has been repeatedly quoted, but we cannot resist transcribing the passage. What would we not give for a similar declaration from Shakespeare?

“I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I never view and hang over without particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs, of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.”

This noble passage is conceived in a spirit of poetry which Burns seldom reached, and never excelled, in the fetters of rhyme. Something of the same meditative and philosophical spirit is found in his tender lines on scaring wild-fowl on Loch Turit, and in his verses written in Friars Carse Hermitage. The religious opinions of Burns were early tinged with Socinianism, if not Unitarianism. His father had written a little manual of devotion for the use of his family, (which we believe still exists in manuscript with Mr. Gilbert Burns' descendants,) in which he inclined to the Arminian doctrine. The poet was thus led from infancy to look with some distrust on the rigid Calvinism of the Scottish church. Afterwards he associated with some heterodox ministers of Ayrshire, at a time when “polemical divinity was putting the country half mad,” and his feelings, prejudices, and predilections all tended to fix upon him the peculiar heresy or belief to which we have alluded. It continued with him through life. When in his latter days he praised Cowper's “*Task*,” he expected its “scraps of Calvinistic divinity.” The opinion of the country people was, that the whole Burns family were believers in the unpopular creed of Socinus. There still lives an old man named Humphrey, who has found refuge in a poor's house in Ayrshire, on whom Burns wrote a coarse epigram—

“ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

“Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bletherin' b—ch
Into thy dark dominion!”

The aged polemic was a stone-mason, and built Burns' out-houses at the farm of Mossiel. He is now in his eighty-second year, but lively and acute, and still ready for a theological argument. The occasion of the above lines he describes in terms like the following. “I saw Burns one day coming towards me on the road from Mossiel, and I began to consider what I should say to him, for there was nobody in the whole country side was a match for him at an argument. I had been reading Quevedo's “*Visions of Hell*,” and so when the poet came up to me with his usual question, “Weel, Jamie, what news?” I said there was strange intelligence from the lower regions—that there was a controversy among the condemned spirits, whether they should keep on the *auld deil*, or prefer, in his place, a certain wild poet of Ayrshire: the elder part of the assembly were for keeping on the ‘*auld deil*,’ but the younger ones, who knew the poet's writings, were keen for appointing him to the command! Burns laughed at this; he called me a bletherin' b—ch, and soon after wrote the verse.” We tried to confine this old man to Burns' history, but he wandered into polemics, and could only speak vaguely as to the poet's wildness, his Unitarianism, and his unrivalled powers of conversation and debate.

We need not say much of Burns' politics. He was at first a Jacobite, and afterwards a Jacobin—two very dissimilar characters. The first was a boyish whim, that had its seat in national partialities, and in the poetical feeling of sympathy for departed power and greatness. “A stranger filled the throne,” and Burns did not inquire whether the will of the people and the cause of good government had placed him there, or whether it was acquired by usurpation. When the French Revolution burst upon the world, many generous spirits were touched by the spectacle of a great nation throwing off the manacles of ages, and vindicating the native

rights of man. Burns caught the flame, and spread it among his countrymen. His, "Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," and other songs, were kindled at the new altar. He was then fallen from his high estate in the town where he lived; he dwelt carelessly among men, and had ceased to entertain or express respect for power and authority. The world was not his friend, nor the world's law; and the bitterness of his solitary hours, the comparative penury of his fireside, no less than the daring flights of his genius, disposed him to listen eagerly to the oracles of French freedom. He lived to see that bright morning set in blood and darkness, and in his last hours he turned again to the old fabric of the constitution. On his deathbed he also counselled one of his friends and neighbours "never to doubt as to the religion of his country." Thus on two of the most important of human considerations "the boy was father of the man," and the man returned to the hopes and feelings that had inspired him when a boy.

From early habit and necessity, Burns composed his poetry chiefly in the open air. The sun, lighting up the woods and rivers, inspired him with joy and gladness, and with the true materials of poetry before and around him, and in his heart he needed not the incentive of books. While he held the plough, or scattered the seed along the furrows, he was at liberty to "mutter his wayward fancies," and to shape them into verse. It was thus that he composed his "Mountain Daisy" and the "Mouse's Nest." Even "Tam o' Shanter," which would seem to have been the inspiration of flowing cups and merry nights, was written out of doors, to the murmurs of the Nith and the waving of the woods at Ellisland. His solitary rides, as an exciseman, were converted to the same service, and if he crooned over a song, or conceived a happy idea in his elbow-chair, he was never satisfied till he had sailed out, stick in hand, and completed the sketch in the true study of nature.

"The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!"

Hence, Burns' rural and woodland descriptions are true as nature itself. Such images were ever present to his mind, and rose unbidden to his tongue and pen. When he commemorates the death of a friend, he indulges in no undertaker-like catalogue of mourning weeds and trappings of woe: he does not, like Milton, call on the Sisters of the sacred well from the seat of Jove, to join in his grief; but he invokes all nature—the rivers, forests, hills, and plains—and all the seasons.

"Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
The cowslip cup shall keep a tear:
Thou, Summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay green flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost."

Nor, in this exquisite elegy, are the humbler objects of external nature, so well known to the poet, overlooked.

"Mourn like a grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strong, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!"

Mourn, little harebells, o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every glassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
Come join my wail."

These were the tools with which the poet worked—the authorities he consulted—the pandects he followed and obeyed. We have sometimes marvelled what sort of a poet Cowper would have been, if his lot had been cast in Scotland. Would the northern Burns have inspired a different strain from the brooks of England? Would he have sung of Bruce, and Wallace, and Scotch drink,

as he sang of Wolfe, and Chatham, and ladies' employments, and sober tea-parties? Thomson did not wholly forget Scotland in England—Campbell is still full of it. James Montgomery was born in Ayrshire, but he owes nothing to Scotland but his birth: he had not time to inhale the spirit of the mountains, and his Muse is wholly English. Wordsworth would have been a sort of Ossian, if born in the Highlands—wandering up and down, lamenting the decay of chiefs and clans, a firm believer to the second sight, and celebrating solitary mountains and valleys, overhung by mists, roaring waterfalls, and the moanful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes!

Having, at the commencement of this sketch, alluded to Burns' eldest son, we shall here subjoin a pleasing and spirited copy of verses by that gentleman, on the accession of Queen Victoria. Poetical talent is seldom hereditary, but we believe our readers will admit that at least a small portion of Burns' lyrical genius has descended to his son.

"THE GATHERING OF SCOTLAND.

Air—*The Campbells are coming.*

"Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen!
Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen!
Of the blue-bell and gowan, and thistle so green,
Oh twine ye a wreath for our gallant young queen!
Let the lion of Scotland wave bright in the gale,
With the cross of her glory all stainless and pale;
Let them shine o'er our hills and our valleys so green,
As they shone o'er the sires of our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, etc.

With the spear of his fathers the Johnstone shall ride,
The spears of the Border shall gleam at his side;
The Flowers of the Forest in pride shall be seen,
The men of Buccleuch, round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, etc.

The Gordon shall march through the mist and the dew;
And Douglas, the noble, the tender and true;
The Grene and the Ramsay the battle shall glean
With the swords of their fame for our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, etc.

Mac Garadh his banner with pride shall display,
With its well-crimson'd buckler of Luncarty's day;
Argyll and Breadalbane in might shall convene
Clan-Dermid's bold race round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, etc.

Like the mist of Ben Nevis, that darkens the glen,
The clansmen shall shadow the heather again;
The swords of their chieftains in light shall be seen,
Like the sunbeams of war, round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, etc.

The fir on our mountains in triumph shall wave,
Our mountains where wander the free and the brave,
With the oak of Old England, majestic and green,
True Liberty's tree, o'er our gallant young queen!
Oh, come ye, etc.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

There are various classes of dreams, which present interesting subjects of observation. One class includes those in which a strong propensity of character, or a strong mental emotion, is embodied into a dream; and by some natural coincidence is fulfilled. A murderer, mentioned by Mr. Combe, had dreamt of committing murder, some years before the event happened; and Dr. Abercrombie received from a distinguished officer to whom it occurred, the following history; in which a dream of a very improbable kind was fulfilled, ten years after it took place, and when the dream was entirely forgotten. At the age of between fourteen and fifteen, being then living in England, he dreamt that he had ascended the crater of Mount Etna; that, not contented with what he saw on the outside, he determined to descend into the interior; and proceeded accordingly. About the top, there seemed to be a good deal of flame and smoke; but a short way down, all was quite; and he managed to descend by means of steps, like the holes in a pigeon-house. His footing, however, soon gave way; and he awoke in all the horrors of having nearly suffered the fate of the philosopher Empedocles. In the year 1811, being then a captain in the British army, and stationed at Messina, he made one of a party of British officers, who proceeded to visit the top of Mount Etna. By the time they reached the bottom of the cone, several of the party became so unwell, that they could proceed no farther; but this gentleman, accompanied by two other officers, and two guides, proceeded upwards; and, after a severe scramble of several hours, they reached the summit, in time to witness the rising of the sun. "After having rested for an hour," said the officer, "and had something to eat, I said to my companions—'We are now on the top of this famous crater; why should we not pay a visit to the bottom?' I was of course

laughed at; and on applying to the guides to know if they would accompany me, they said—'We have always heard that the English are mad; but now we know it.' I was not, however, to be put off; and, being strong and active, determined to go alone, but Captain M. at last agreed to go with me. The guides would not assist in any way. The circumference of the crater is about three miles outside; the interior is like a large amphitheatre; with an area of about an acre, I should say, at the bottom. It is only towards the upper lips of the crater, that smoke now issues; no eruption having taken place from the bottom for very many years. At one particular part of the crater the matter had given way, and slid down; so as to form a sloping bank to the very bottom. To this point we proceeded, and found our descent easy enough; and without much difficulty, or any great danger, we stood in the course of an hour, to the no small astonishment of the guides, on the very lowest stone on the inside of the crater of Mount Etna. In the centre is a large hole, like an old draw-wall; partly filled up with large stones and ashes. Our ascent was tremendous, and the fatigue excessive. I suppose we were at least five hundred feet below the lowest part of the upper mouth of the crater; and as our footing was entirely on ashes, and stuff which gave way, the struggle upwards was a trial of bottom, which I believe very few would have gone through. We reached the top much exhausted, but very proud of our achievement; and we had the satisfaction to learn at Catania, that we were not only the first that ever went down, but the first who had ever thought of it. When in bed that night, but not asleep, the dream of ten years back came to my recollection for the first time; and it does appear to me remarkable, that I should have dreamt of what I never could have heard of as possible; and that ten years afterward, I should accomplish what no one ever had attempted, and what was looked upon by the natives as an impossibility."

To this part of the subject we are to refer those instances, many of them authentic, in which a dream has given notice of an event which was occurring at the time, or occurred soon afterward. The following story has been long mentioned in Edinburgh; and there seems no reason to doubt its authenticity. A clergyman had come to this city, from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn; when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire; and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children; who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger. Without calling in question the possibility of a supernatural communication in such cases, this striking occurrence may perhaps be accounted for on simple and natural principles. Let us suppose that the gentleman had a servant, who had shown great carelessness in regard to fire, and had often given rise in his mind to a strong apprehension that he might set fire to the house. His anxiety might be increased by being from home; and the same circumstance might make the servant still more careless. Let us further suppose that the gentleman, before going to bed, had in addition to his anxiety suddenly recollected, that there was on that day, in the neighbourhood of his house, some fair or periodical merry-making, from which the servant was very likely to return home in a state of intoxication. It was most natural that these impressions should be embodied into a dream of a house being on fire; and that the same circumstances might lead to the dream being fulfilled.

FASHION constantly begins and ends in the two things it abhors most, singularity and vulgarity. It is the perpetual setting up and then disowning a certain standard of taste, elegance, and refinement, which has no other formation or authority than that it is the prevailing distraction of the moment; which was yesterday ridiculous from its being new, and to-morrow will be odious from its being common. It is one of the most slight and insignificant of all things. It cannot be lasting, for it depends on the constant change and shifting of its own harlequin disguises; it could not depend on the breath of caprice; it must be superficial, to produce its immediate effect on the gaping crowd; and frivolous to admit of its being assumed at pleasure, by the numbers of those who affect, by being in the fashion, to be distinguished from the rest of the world. It is not anything in itself, nor the sign of anything, but the folly and vanity of those who rely upon it as their greatest pride and ornament. It takes the firmest hold of weak, flimsy, and narrow minds, of those whose emptiness conceives of nothing excellent but what is thought so by others, and whose self-conceit makes them willing to confine the opinion of all excellence to themselves, and those like them. That which is true or beautiful in itself, is not the less so for standing alone. That which is good for anything, is the better for being more widely diffused. But fashion is the abortive issue of vain ostentation and exclusive egotism; it is haughty, trifling, affected, servile, despotic, mean, and ambitious, precise and fantastical, all in a breath—tied to no rule, and bound to conform to every whim of the minute.

"The fashion of an hour marks the wearer."

William Hazlitt.

THE SAILOR.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! dwellers on the stable land,
Of danger what know ye,
Like us who boldly brave the surge,
Or trust the treacherous sea?
The fair trees shade you from the sun—
You see the harvests grow,
And catch the fragrance of the breeze
When the first roses blow.
While high amid the slippery shroud,
We make our midnight path,
And even the strongest mast is bowed
Neath the wild tempest's wrath,
You slumber on your couch of down,
In chambers safe and warm—
Lulled only to a deeper dream
By the descending storm.
But yet what know ye of the joy
That lights our ocean-strife,
When on its way our gallant bark
Rides like a thing of life—
When gaily toward the wished-for-port
With favoring gale we stand—
Or first your misty line descrie—
Hills of our native land!
But yet there's peril in our path,
Beyond the wrecking blast,
A peril that may whelm the soul
When life's short voyage is past;—
Send us your Bibles when we go
To dare the threatening wave,
Your men of prayer—to teach us how
To meet a watery grave.
And Saviour—thou, whose foot sublime
The foaming surge did tread,
Whose hand, the rash disciple drew,
From darkness and the dead.
Oh, be our ark, when floods descend,
When thunders shake the spheres—
Our Ararat, when tempests end
And the green earth appears.

Hartford, May, 1839.

SONG.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of heaven!
There's not a spot where we have met,
A favourite flower or tree;
There's not a scene, by thee beloved,
That is not prized by me!

Whene'er I hear the linnet's song—
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark, upon the golden west,
The rosy clouds decay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
And mem'ry clings to thee.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

M. DAGUERRE'S PHOTOGENIC DRAWINGS.—In a letter to the New-York American, Mr. Walsh gives the following account: "I was admitted to M. Daguerre's laboratory, and passed an hour in contemplating his drawings. It would be impossible for me to express the admiration which they produced. I can convey to you no idea of the exquisite perfection of the copies of objects and scenes, effected in ten minutes by the action of simple solar light upon his *papiers sensibles*. There is one view of the river Seine, bridges, quays, great edifices, etc., taken under a rainy sky, the graphic truth of which astonished and delighted me beyond measure. No human hand ever did or could trace such a copy. The time required for this work was nearly an hour—that is, proportionable to the difference of light. Daguerre is a gentleman of middle stature, robust frame, and highly expressive countenance. He explained the progression of his experiments, and vindicated his exclusive property in the development and successful application of the idea, with a voluble and clear detail of facts and arguments. To the suggestion, that the exhibition in the United States, of a collection of his drawings, might yield 'a handsome sum,' he answered that the French Government would soon, probably, buy his secret from him, and thus gratify his wish—the unlimited diffusion and employment of his discovery. The sum which the Academy of Sciences ask for

him, is two hundred thousand francs. He had already acquired great fame as the painter of the Diorama."

A FEW FACTS ABOUT LONDON.—London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high; it contained in 1831 a population of one million four hundred and seventy-one thousand nine hundred and forty one. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwalk, and Lambeth districts. In 1834 there entered the port of London three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six British ships, one thousand two hundred and eighty foreign ships; two thousand six hundred and sixty-nine were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six seamen. The London Dock covers twenty acres. The two West India Docks cover fifty-one acres; St. Katherine's Docks cover twenty-four acres. There are generally five thousand vessels and three thousand boats on the river, employing eight thousand watermen and four thousand labourers. London pays about one-third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about one hundred and twenty thousand, rated at upwards of five millions sterling: about one-third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public-houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upwards of ten thousand; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhere about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, squares, places, and rows, they amount to upwards of ten thousand; and on account of their extreme points, no individual could pass through them in the space of one whole year.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FANCY.—Dr. Willis, an old grammarian, who wrote upwards of a hundred years ago, in noticing the significant roots of the English language, gives various examples. Thus words formed upon *st*, always denote firmness and strength, analogous to the Latin *sto*, as stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, stately, etc. Words beginning with *str*, intimate violent force and energy, as strive, strength, strike, stripe, stress, struggle, stride, stretch, strip, etc. *Thr* implies forcible motion, as throw, throb, thrust, through, threaten, thralldom, etc. *Wr*, obliquity or distortion, as wry, wrest, wreath, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, wrack, etc. *Sw*, silent agitation of lateral motion, as sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim, etc. *Sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion, as slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, slink. *Sp*, dissipation or expansion, as spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring. Terminations in *ash*, indicate something acting nimbly and sharply, as crash, dash, gash, rash, flash, lash, slash. Terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully, as crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The most that can be argued from some specimens we imagine is this, that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words.

AN AWKWARD ANNOUNCEMENT.—Lady A. and her daughter having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Hon. Lady A. and the Hon. Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that, in future, he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter, and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *simple Lady A.* and *plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

COLLOQUY.—The following colloquy took place, lately, between an inquisitive gentleman and his butcher boy:—"What are your politics?" said the gentleman, "The Queen's, sir." "What are the Queen's?" "Moin, sir." "What's your name?" "My name," replied the boy, "is the same as father's." "And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as moin." "Then what are both your names?" "Why they are both aloike," said the boy. The gentleman turned on his heel and the boy shouted "Anything more, sir?"

THE MILLER AND THE FOOL.—A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." "On this John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

THE BANKRUPT BANKER.—An extravagant bankrupt banker was asked by his vexed creditors how he could account for the disposal of his capital. His reply might be applicable to many others if were they as candid—"I have educated my sons and married my daughters."

COMPLIMENT ON THE SPOT.—D'Orsay, in remarking on a beauty-speck on the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is *far-fetched*," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the spot."

FAMILY EXPENSES.—Archdeacon Paley, in a familiar table discourse touching upon the expenses brought by original sin upon husbands and fathers in the way of cambric and satins, says—"I never let my women, (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Arch-

deacon Paley and the Misses Paley,) I never let my women, when they shop, take credit; I always make them pay ready money. Sir, ready money is such a check upon the imagination!"

It may not be unimportant, occasionally, to view the extent of the means, and fertility of the sources, whence the botanist can draw his gratifications. In considering the great number of plants united by such close affinities, yet each one distinct from its congener, the mind can but be strongly impressed with the magnificence of that design of the divine Creator, of which we here catch a glimpse, in the detail of so inconsiderable a portion of his care. It must be kept in view that nature, in the aggregate, presents us with unity of design. We usually examine isolated scraps, to compare their differences: when, however, we consider that all creation is comprehended under one regularly graduated whole; that it exhibits, step by step, a progressive development, from the lowest quality of inorganic matter, up to man, the most perfect of animated earthly creatures: how utterly incapable are we of tracing those gradations, and almost invisible distinctions, which lead from being to being, through the ascending scale of creation!

These considerations should be impressed on the mind of the young naturalist. None can comprehend all the laws of nature, but the outline of her works is more obvious. We may read the index to her operations, although the details are not unfrequently in secret characters. The whole may be seen as composed of an alphabet of simple elements—elements which combine into matter, as letters into words; matter combines into beings, as words into sentences: and again, as series of sentences make chapters, so series of beings constitute classes, and of these the incomprehensible book of creation is compiled, and perfected by the hand of the original lawgiver.—MAUND.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1839.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL LEE.—One of the most remarkable self-educated men of the present day, is the Reverend Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. The following outline of his life will prove interesting to all our readers. It is abridged from the report of a Bible society in England.

Mr. Lee was born at Longnor, in the parish of Condover, and county of Salop: the date has not been mentioned, but it was probably from ten to fifteen years antecedent to the close of the last century. The only education he received was that of a village school, where nothing was taught besides reading, writing, and arithmetic. At twelve years of age, he left this school, and was placed at Shrewsbury with a relative of his own, to learn the trade of a carpenter and builder. He soon became noted for his skill, neatness, and ingenuity of his mechanical operations, and for his dexterity in those performances on musical bells for which England is remarkable. But it was in the acquisition of languages that he chiefly displayed the powers of his extraordinary mind. To this study he appears to have been impelled purely by the force of his own natural gifts. He had no example before him, to raise in his breast an anxiety to excel as a linguist: he had no one to recommend the study to him, as likely either to improve his mind or advance his fortune. Of the steps by which he acquired languages we have no detailed account. Mr. Archdeacon Corbett, in describing his progress at a meeting of the Shropshire Bible Society in August 1818, speaks of him as commencing his studies in Latin about the year 1806, and as prosecuting them under the pressure of severe labour and many cares, without the stimulus of either hope or fear; seeking concealment rather than the smile of approbation, and very scantily supplied with materials. "At this time," says the venerable archdeacon, "his earnings were barely sufficient for the poorest maintenance; yet he spared from his pittance to purchase such a grammar as could be met with upon the book stalls of this town (Shrewsbury); and when he had read through one volume procured in this manner, he was forced to pay it away again, as part of the price of the next book he wished to purchase." He omitted at this time none of the hours usually devoted by his fellow-artizans to manual labour, so that the time he could devote to study was very small. His opportunities were further abridged by a disorder in his eyes, which forbade reading at night. Nevertheless in the space of six years, and while still, we believe, under twenty, he had taught himself the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan languages, being able to write as well as read the first three. This, says Archdeacon Corbett, he did, "unaided by any master, uncheered by any literary companion, uninfluenced by the hope of either profit or praise."

The obscure and almost secret studies of this singular youth at length brought about a slight change in his situation. He was promoted from his mechanical labours to the scarcely less servile drudgery of teaching a humble charity school. The change brought him little advantage, as far as leisure for study was concerned; but it did him an important service in introducing him to the notice of the eminent Oriental scholar, Dr. Jonathan Scott, who had been Persian secretary to Mr. Warren Hastings in India.

MOYLA.

A CANZONET FOR THE GUITAR.

Old Air—"Donnell."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

And is it so—and is it so?
Is Love so frail a thing?
Then let it go—then let it go,
On fancy's vagrant wing!
I little thought—I little thought,
Such change as this to see;
But thou hast taught—but thou hast taught,
How faithless hearts can be.

Moyla!

And is it so—and is it so?
And can'st thou me forget?
Oh tell me, no! oh tell me, no!
And I will trust thee yet.
It cannot be,—it cannot be,—
Thou would'st but speak in vain;
My heart in thee—my heart in thee
Can never trust again.

Moyla!

And is it so—and is it so
Thou hast requited me?
The tear will flow—the tear will flow
When I remember thee.
Like scattered flowers—like scattered flowers,
The odour lingers yet,
Of blissful hours—of blissful hours,
I cannot all forget.

Moyla!

THE REFEREE CASE.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

By Emma C. Embury.

The outline of the following sketch were related to me, by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion; a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and most comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say, in the language of *Æneas*, "*quorum magna pars fui*."

"Many years ago," said Mr. E—, "I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which is disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character. After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when the youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and, after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress. A merchant of New-York, in moderate but prospering circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavoured to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years passed away: the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort, requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof, when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and

spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth.

Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

"It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aron Barr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance. Small in person but remarkably well-formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch-traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable. But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you, that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked: his foot had that quiet, steady movement, which involuntarily makes one think of treachery, and in the course of a long life I have never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Barr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin fingers to one of the pages desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Barr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone, 'Do you know this lady?'

Answer. 'I do.'

Burr. 'Will you swear to that?'

Answer. 'I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter.'

Burr. 'Can you swear to her identity?'

Answer. 'I can.'

Burr. 'What is her age?'

Answer. 'She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April.'

Burr. 'When did you last see her?'

Answer. 'At her own house a fortnight since.'

Burr. 'When did you last see her previous to that meeting?'

The Plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was, 'On the fourteenth day of May, 17—'

'When she was just three weeks old,' added Burr. 'Gentlemen,' continued he, turning to us, 'I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-

sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for a deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not enquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father.'

"Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied,

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our only supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father.' She paused.

'Would you excite my own child against me?' cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. 'You are not my father,' exclaimed she vehemently. 'The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father? you, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father,' pointing to the agitated defendant, 'there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!'

"She drew her veil hastily around her as he spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

'Gentleman,' said Burr, 'I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice.'

"I need scarcely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well-merited shame."

NICKNAMES.—There are some droll instances of the effect of proper names combined with circumstances. A young student had come up to London from Cambridge, and went in the evening and planted himself in the pit of the playhouse. He had not been seated long, when in one of the front boxes near him he discovered one of his college tutors, with whom he felt an immediate and strong desire to claim acquaintance, and accordingly he called out, in a low and respectful voice, "Dr. Topping!" The appeal was, however, ineffectual. He then repeated it in a louder tone, but still in an under key, so as not to excite the attention of any one but his friend, "Dr. Topping!"—The Doctor took no notice. He then grew more impatient, and repeated, "Dr. Topping!" two or three times pretty loud, to see whether the Doctor did not or would not hear him. Still the Doctor remained immovable. The joke began at length to get round, and one or two persons, as he continued his invocation of the Doctor's name, joined in with him; these were reinforced by others calling out, "Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping!" on all sides, so that he could no longer avoid perceiving it, and at length the whole pit rose and reared, "Dr. Topping!" with loud and repeated cries, and the Doctor was forced to retire precipitately, frightened at the sound of his own name.—*W. Hazlett.*

When seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting so ever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds, but fall on without any fear where they have been before them.